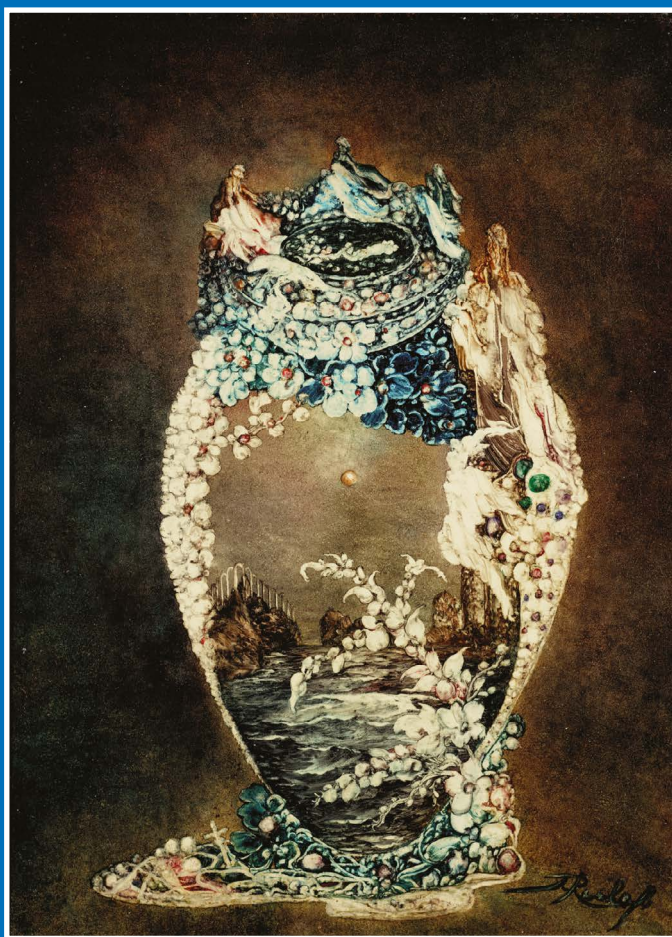
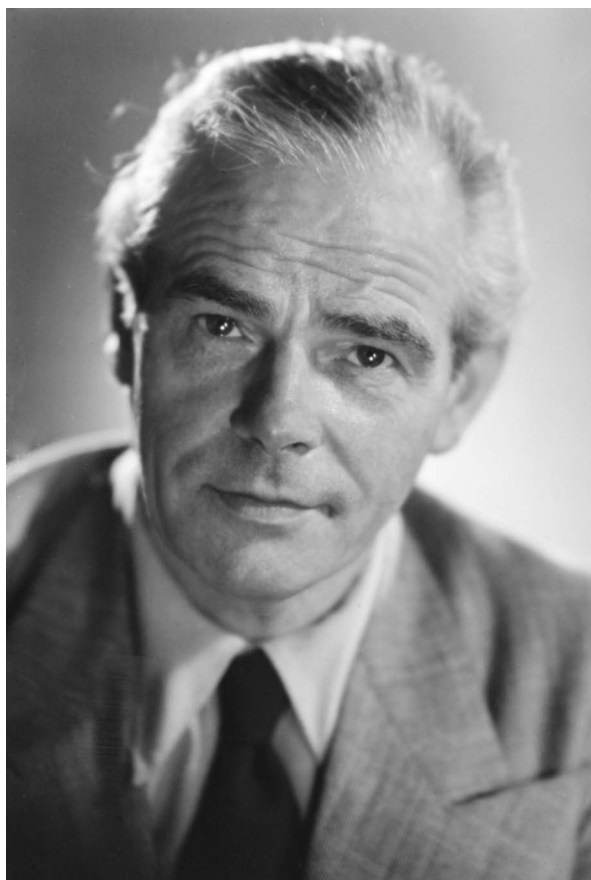


Jozef Rulof

Masks and Men



The Age of Christ



Jozef Rulof
1898-1952

Jozef Rulof

Masks and Men

The mentally ill person



The Age of Christ

Contact and copyright

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On the cover you can see an illustration of a painting that Jozef Rulof received from the hereafter.

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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) refers to the basic article ‘Explanation at soul level’ as you can read that on the website rulof.org.

With kind regards,

The board of directors of the Foundation The Age of Christ

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)
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Questions and Answers Part 1 (1949-1951)
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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, 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), and all the articles are on our website 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.

1948

Part 1

*This Trilogy has been dedicated to all those people who can
bow their heads, because they do not wear a mask.*

Alfredo

Introduction

Dear reader,

As an introduction to this amazing 'trilogy' which was given to us by a 'Fool', I would like to start with:

'After reading this trilogy, do you still say that all 'fools' are abnormal?- I do not bear thinking about that.'

* *

*

Now that it is all over, it appears that the first phenomena became apparent when Erica realised that she was to become a mother. However, from the moment when the young life awakened in her, the troubles started, I felt the urge to make notes and without these none of us would have found the right path in this wonderful maze and this remarkable trilogy would never have existed either.

The facts now speak for themselves. Now we have to accept that everything was experienced and calculated beforehand. Every thought achieved consciousness and its own personality through the fool, and an academic thought that he could set up a faculty up; however, later he had to accept that he knew neither himself nor the phenomenon and the fool. Then he was faced with a terrible 'mask' ...! and also with his own helplessness, his poverty, his unawareness!

Thousands of 'masks', both material and spiritual, were revealed to us. Masks of unprecedented depth and with a universal consciousness. None of us had thought that all those things could happen. What is a person? What are we, if we feel like 'people'? How is such a machinery really constructed? We do not know? The fool knew!

Through our fool, we learned to understand that we could not think. He placed us before direct 'laws', laws on which university faculties are based. He analysed our big dictionary! Our heads were bowed, we received a different and more beautiful life through him. Everything was wonderful!

A death talked about loving things and gave you bouquets of lilies-of-the-valley, daisies and forget-me-nots. He did it in such a natural way so that you would just see clearly how good and how human he was to you. That same death spoke to you as a person, he wore thousands of beautiful, yes even

'divine' garments, was different each time and caressed you as if you were his child. However, something usually happened then and you, as a sensible person, as a normal being ... were in a dizzy, trying to find yourself, so awkwardly you behaved at that moment ...

There were also times when you thought that you could crush 'him' under your feet, you experienced that so intensely, you knew that he was crushed to 'death' by your personality, but later you heard 'him' roaring with laughter somewhere near you and you knew again that you meant nothing as a person as soon as you were faced with 'masks'. I saw 'him' at the top of a tree laughing at me. I no longer wish to think about what happened to me then. In nature I became peaceful again, everyday things made me toe the line, with some willpower I got my self-control back, but the others fell, they experienced those troubles in their own way and, like me, had to accept the 'masks'!

What can you say about supernatural justices, which are just lying in the street gutters of the town and yet no one notices them! The fool knew all about it, he could tear off the 'masks' and show them to us, he gave them new life and a new, more beautiful garment, he gave them 'sandals' to wear, which we normal people have not yet worn, so beautiful that in comparison, even the blue of the sky which is so lovely for our eyes, was like a child's drawing compared to a master piece. The fool showed us 'heavens' and he showed us normal people the 'universal' truth and we were faced with the 'supernatural mask.' It was so powerful ... so unearthly and so 'divine' in colour and nature, that you thought you were seeing a young 'God'. I know that this is difficult to accept, but you will find out for yourself when you get to know the 'masks'.

Who dares to say about himself: 'I am a human being?' Yet this is really simple, isn't it. We are human beings! However, when the 'mask' falls, you are faced with yourself as a human being, you have to accept that you are still not a human being! The fool, René, the son of Karel and Erica Wolff, also taught us that. It was he who knew about human beings, and not we, the normal in spirit.

If you think you are capable of thinking, and you consider this to be a simple function in life, then, like we learned, you will have to accept that this is not thinking. If this mask also falls, you will be faced with your own inhumanity, your pathetic and useless nonsense - and you will know that you still have to earn this supernatural or social being.

However, if the laws for our life start to speak, as a result of which we human beings ... have become human ... you will be faced with a new mask again. What do you do if you understand a bit about science and things in this life interest you? Then you start to ask questions. However, I and mil-

lions of others have not yet got an answer to those questions. When our fool was born, yes, even before this life saw the light of day, masks already fell at your feet. You were right on top of them and yet you did not understand them. He was to explain them later when everything became valuable to our lives, even if we were going through terrible misery!

When you are a mother, nature speaks to your life, you give birth to a child, it is all natural, do you think that you know then what is really happening? Did you think that you were a mother, even if those things happen in your life and you are connected as a mother to the 'Divine Process', and completely one for a long time? Millions of mothers think that, no one knows about the great miracle, that is also a 'mask'! However, when our fool became conscious, we saw how 'divine' this process is, but also ... how misunderstood.

When you are expecting as a mother, and you discover, after counting the days, the hours, as it were, which separate you from the new life, that God has laid a half-conscious being in your arms, then you fall to the ground, and, unless you have enough willpower, you become desperate and you weep until your tears run dry. However, then you will be faced with a horrifying 'mask', one which has you completely in its power, which crushes you and tortures you to death as it were, and which turns life into a terrible problem. How many have not had to accept that? How many mothers did not cry their eyes out because they saw their little lives ruined? Our fool explained both what happened and the 'mask', so that they, all those mothers also received a new life and could bow their heads. Even if they struggled on, the 'knowledge' brought incredible happiness, precisely now, at the moment when they had been connected to a horrifying form.

Then what, if your child -stillborn- does not even want to see the light of day? When the mother is faced with this 'mask' and has to accept that she has carried a dead child for days, then not only the 'death' fells her, no, she rebels against the God of all life. Life is no longer worth living, everything is darkness, destruction. But then come the questions! And all those questions are 'masks'! Harsh reality? Our fool lifted up that 'mask' and a mother got new blood, her human heart started to beat a little more calmly, the human soul or spirit, the personality or human 'will' surrendered! But what are these things? Do you know them? No one on this terrible Earth knows them. The fool showed us how amazingly beautiful this cursed Earth is. He gave the answer, he received it from a source which is everything and for all life; and that same mother, that deceived soul, finally thanked God for everything that He had given the thinking human being and that He had given her the strength to carry on.

But then there was a bombardment of questions! Is there a God? And if

there is a God, why is He so harsh and horrible? How can He approve of all this? How can He favour one life and destroy another, who is also His child? Do you get an answer? Why is one person, who wants good things, terribly ill, and another person, who lives recklessly and destroys everything, does extremely well? How is that possible? How can God, who is a 'Father of Love' after all, allow that? Does He not see that some women murder their children, while we are waiting? They are masks!

The God of all life is the most horrific mask which a human being is faced with. Millions of questions are waiting to be answered. Is one academic capable of doing this? What are you, if you are a divinity student, a theologian? Do you then know all about God? Are you then able to support the searching person, the religious person and tell him all about his God so that there are no longer any masks?

No, but our fool has explained those laws to us. If you think that you are something, have made something of yourself, we learned that you are still nothing! Man cannot think! When a person says: 'I love you' and he wants to convince you of that love according to the laws of life, then he should say: 'Yes, there is love, if you are given flowers and beautiful things!' But try going further than that? Did you think that you knew yourself? Did you think that you knew the human being? Did you really think that you are the way you speak yourself, as your words are mildly materialised? When that mask also falls, you will be faced with your empty and meaningless personality and you will have to accept your fall. Did you think that you were sincere, even if you shout it out, even if you want to convince everyone about that and even if you do such good deeds, you are open to the life of God, one day the new mask comes to you and fells you. Now you have to prove what you can do and who you are, whether you really possess love, if you want to represent justice, the 'mask' forces you and then you will usually succumb!

We all had to accept that, the fool taught us to tear off our own mask and through him we got to know the God of Love and Justice!

As a person of this world you cannot think. We are not people of good will, we lie and cheat each other, even if you are telling the most sacred truth, Divine matters, things which are gifted to you through religion and priests, hypotheses why the Prophets lived and died, you do not know the 'mask'! Only after our fool had also crushed this to the ground, did we normal people see that we did not know any justice, that we had deformed the God of all life - even if you have made a divine scholarship for yourself. Isn't it terrible? Yet you will see those 'masks', and you will learn to love them and then thank the 'All-Father'!

No one knows himself! But our fool taught us about 'man'. Do you not believe it? We could not believe it either, but we had to accept it. Are you trying

to say that you can love? Are honest and upright? That is what you thought, but that is not true! When the masks fall you will be poor and your own love will be meaningless. Only the 'mask' is capable of that!

Now try saying that you feel love for your wife and children? What is love? You don't know! Why do we live on Earth? Why are we man and woman? Why did God create us and where did we experience our first life? Do you believe in 'clay and some breath of life' as a result of which we began human life?

When I reflected upon all those Divine matters, I asked thousands of questions and did not get an answer. Why must we die and why is life so short? You do not achieve anything in one short life. When you are almost finished you have to go! Then all those troubles, which everyone gets his share of; everything is actually trouble. Why is one life healthy and does another life have to be blind? I was faced with thousands of masks, but I did not get an answer. I felt as fit as a fiddle, but, looking around me, I asked: did God create all this misery? What did God mean by these inhuman things? Why does He strike one life with madness and does He give another life talent? Is that not sad, not contradictory, if you have to accept a God of Love and Justice? They are 'masks'!

All of us got an answer from our fool who looked behind the masks and gave them a pure and supernatural garment - and what is more meaningful: a garment acceptable to us, because we recognised ourselves in it.

One of us lost life, this, but that mask also came later back to our life and was happy. Hans did not know himself, he had to work through many masks until the last one for his material life and then he got to see them for his soul and spirit. None of us dares to say: 'It is I myself who is now speaking!' We learned that we did not yet know ourselves, we still had to bring 'this self' to awakening. Only much later, when a few thousand 'masks' had fallen, did we understand a bit about ourselves and we then saw that 'Death' came towards us, smiling. He has removed his 'Scythe'. He, himself was wearing 'Sandals'! I have never seen such nice sandals. The garments which he wore, sparkled like stars couldn't. And precisely that horrendous mask, the prehistoric animal, which destroys happiness instantly just like that and enjoys provoking, torturing the people, that cold, satanic 'Death' wore a golden garment and Heavens radiated from his eyes!

At that moment I was lying in the heather staring into space and it was raining daisies, lilies-of-the-valley and forget-me-nots for my little humanity! I then heard angels singing, they were Heavenly sounds. I saw that all those souls can be like spirits and they were like we people, only more beautiful.

They called to me: 'Good day, Frederik!' Carry on! Carry on, then all those thousands of 'masks' will fall and you will get to know yourself and you will

get to know us and 'Him'! Now you are faced with eternity, with the supernatural, the eternity now, the revealed! Can you hear us, Frederik? Do you wish to know why God created all those things? Do you wish to see all those Masks fall, which knock you down, mislead you and mistreat you? Do you wish to go through life upright and do you wish to know contentment and happiness in everything, even if you are faced with your dead and with your fool child, with your sickness, your deception, your sorrow, your deceived love? We know that, Frederik! We! Did you see our sandals? Our divine garments, Frederik? Did you think that you were dreaming? Just open your eyes, even then you will see us! Isn't that strange? But watch out, Frederik, be careful, remain human! Continue to stand on your own two feet, use your willpower. However, you do not know whether God has given you your own will, do you? The fool will tell you!

Can you see behind this blue? A new Mask! This is why we are wearing new garments, we are busy creating them! Can you see us? Can you hear the sounds from the Universe?

That comes to you just like that! I do not believe in spiritualism, I do not believe in anything, because I cannot accept that God has created all this misery on Earth. They are Masks to me!

What is happiness on Earth! If you have everything! But is that true? Do you know the person with whom you are connected by marriage? Will you really go back to God with that person? Will you soon experience a Heaven with your children? Can you say from the bottom of your heart: I die for you, I love you so much? Do you know what you can bring about with your words and deeds? Who knows? You need a fool to explain it to you, but then the supernatural worlds speak to your consciousness and something happens, which was usually brought to your life from beyond your own thoughts. Now you stand there again as a person and do not know where to do look to, it is helplessness! Masks?

Socrates once said: 'Normal people are the Fools of this world and the Fools are the normal people, the Spiritually conscious!!!' Whether he had to drink his poison for this is not important but we have to accept the truth of his words. We can now say: Well, Socrates, you were right! A normal person is unaware, fools are aware. Now that psychologist falls and lies at your feet. Or ... he gets to know the next mask and can carry on. If he cannot bow his head, then he will be at a standstill and he will not come off his own pedestal! Good day man? Just stay there, you will not progress, you will have to wait for centuries. You can no longer be reached as a person. You are nothing and you want to be something and mean something, but this mask calls you to an eternal halt! Doesn't it? Did you think that you were an academic? Why were you made a doctor? What are you if you are called a doctor? Who are

you then? Better than I or anyone else? Do you know where the soul comes from? Does a person have a soul and is a person also spirit? Are you laughing? Now, academic, you are faced with your own mask!

I could continue to ask thousands of questions, but we will do that later, as I have asked them for my benefit and for your benefit and after which we were able to see the 'masks'. You cannot ask a single question without touching a mask! Why do so many people find themselves in humiliating circumstances, people who live in the jungle, for example, and why were we given the white, yet so beautiful body from God? Why do we live in such a beautiful little castle and do all those millions of people have to accept only destruction?

If you consider the plan of creation, you will be faced with gigantic masks! If you consider the Bible, then your own personality fades and you are faced with the 'Last Judgement'! You see yourself lying under ground, just a few little bones, the main part is carried away by insects, but soon, whether you like it or not, will you have to appear before God, the Father of Love, and will your life be judged? Good grief, that is some mask! In addition, must you then accept that the world could end at any moment and that you will irrevocably experience your last moments? What do you make of this mask? It does not bear thinking about. I tremble and shake at the idea and who wouldn't? Is that possible? Is it really the case? Does God wish to call us back one day, after having slept as 'a heap of bones' for centuries? Must we people arise and appear before Him? Goodness, I cannot work it out! However, our fool also threw that mask at our feet. I was the first person who caught it out, Hans and Karel had started to sense it, and Minister Dicksma was delighted with me and called out: Thank God, that dreadful mask has also been destroyed! What a blessing for the millions of His children as a result of which we live and go back!

Just consider for yourself how many masks have been created for your life. The biggest of all have to do with our own lives. In the first instance, they are 'God', soul, spirit, hells and heavens, eternal life or eternal damnation! Now you are faced with a universe! It is a hole, also a slippery slope on which you stand and as a result of which you see your own destruction. Then the Universe follows, fatherhood and motherhood, life and death, happiness and poverty, justice and injustice created by God. You are faced with a jungle of misery! There is no happiness. Anyone who says, I am happy, does not know himself. Anyone who says, I know everything, is deaf and dumb! If you know everything about your faculty, you still know nothing! You see, they are masks! And what kind of worlds? What love do you give to your own life every day? Why do you live with her and you with him! Why did you not have any children and why did you get a fool? Masks! I cannot help it, I did

not have the answer, it was our fool who inspired this 'University' and gave it new life!

When you are still involved with visible things, it remains simple. However, now we descend into the soul and spirit. We are now faced with supernatural masks. Is there one psychologist who knows their laws? Is there one astronomist to be found in this world who knows the Universe? They are masks! Our fool not only showed us the mask, but also explained it to us! He was a young God at that moment. He did not create an appearance, he penetrated the first moment, each thought and inspired us to be one with him! Now you are faced with a human castle which is haunted. You are the ghost yourself! You tremble and shake from yourself, but you long for some love. We got to see, feel and experience that love! You have never before experienced such a beautiful thing, so sacred, but yet so human. I know that everyone wants some of that crazy love. We enjoyed it and could not get enough of it, even Karel, who did not want anything to do with invisible things anyway, went along with us and he fell to his knees from happiness and gratitude. The curtains, for our lives, had only been torn open for a few hours at that moment. What would happen if you could stay here for millions of hours?

Then violets fell from the sky, we gave each other a bouquet of them and thought of something nice to make the other person happy. What had seemed like misery a few days ago was now awe-inspiring happiness. You saw yourself and your God who had created you. You danced for joy because you knew! There are no troubles, however great, which you cannot overcome, you know! Is all that because of a fool? Yes, a fool took us to the 'Masks' and tore them away for our life. Then we recognised ourselves and entered a different, better self, a subsequent, but true bliss. Oh, how good life was then! How awe-inspiring. Everyone should know! Grasp it, look for it, think, learn to think, and learn to feel the way it should be.

Now you are faced with the moment, the play is starting! The people in the hall are ready, waiting for the great news. They will get to know themselves and their masks! Now you are faced with a shape, like a person, a soul and spirit, that thing is speaking to you! How will you reply? It is visible and it is invisible, yet you can hear it and feel it! It is near and yet far away! It walks and you hear the rattling, you can also feel the sharp scythe but you can also see that the thing is not sharpened. You walk completely naked through the street and yet no one sees that you are undressed. What is it?

You write letters and it is not you, yet it is you who is holding the pen! Then you do something and beg for help. I ran out of the door and tried to find it in nature, where I found myself again! Otherwise, a part of the Mask had disappeared!

You sing and think you sing yourself, you play the piano and think that you can, when the 'Mask' appears you see that it was him! Good gracious, can you deal with this?

You talk in an awkward way, you stutter, a moment later you are analysing things in a scientific way which would make a real scientist dizzy. Do you know that mask? You understand everything, you have seen a bit of the world and yet, if the mask appears to your life, you are no longer anything at all! You feel that you are a mother and you can say: My child will have a beard later, so it is a boy. Who gave you this certainty? Then you are faced with your own mask! You are walking in the street and you are not there, you are somewhere and nowhere and yet you are yourself, you greet everyone and yet you know that you are not there yourself. What do you do then?

You devote your life to your patient and yet that patient dies, just get annoyed, if you are a good doctor and a humane scholar, the mask will laugh at you and then you will be left standing. Sadness does not help, it is powerlessness, the mask of this life leads you to the death of your own personality, a moment later it calls to you: I am already there, I greet you, can you see my incredibly beautiful but new garment? Would you have believed it, dear doctor? No, but you can see it, it is true!

If thoughts flow into you and you write poems, which later don't even belong to you, what do you do then? Still try saying that you know a part of yourself, still try saying that all fools are abnormal when you get to know those masks through a fool. That is perfection, the only thing which is good and true about you! The first act is still not finished, we are not nearly finished, because this play connects you with the supernatural in a person! You float and walk at the same time. Can you also do that now under your own power?

You are at sea and you have your own compass, a moment later you can see that you do not have one and you are at the mercy of the anger of the elements. It is night, it is storming and there is thundering and lightning! What do you do? There is only one compass and that lives beneath your human heart, but you do not yet know, you do not even know that it is there. What do you do now? If this mask appears to your life and you realise how small you are, then you will thank God on bended knees for His help, but now something wonderful has happened! You have immediately become another person. You now give your life for what you did not used to believe in and you are as happy as a child! The other mask elevated you to that world and you came home safely! Isn't this amazing?

You are dying, you will die, you will be buried, but a moment later you are sitting on top of your own grave weaving a wreath of daisies, violets and lilies-of-the-valley ... You look around you calmly and you know that all is

well and you are like a wise person, you expect something which will definitely come to you, as a result of which you will receive the first 'universal' kiss. What is it? What happens at that moment when you as a human being feel coarse material! Earthly? Social? Even if you are a King or a Queen, an Emperor, however great, you fall down and pray, you beg, only now you can give your pure kiss! Is that the crazy love which we people wait for?

What then when you see that 'Heaven and Earth' kiss each other? What will you do when you can see, feel, experience this as an ordinary, normal person? Did you still think of walking away, escaping from yourself? Yes, you thought that, but you can now stay where you are. Yet this is not the Last Judgement! Not at all, Heaven and Earth also love, for that matter, every insect carries, creates, participates in that wonderful thing, which we people do not know, but call 'Love'!

I bless the moment when our fool was born. We bless all those troubles, how happy we became! Now do not lock your bedroom door, what you have to experience is still to come in, even if you do not want to listen to that knocking. What do you say now, good morning or good evening? What day is it? Is it day or is it night? Does that still mean something when the masks fall, the masks are explained? I tell you, then there will be no hour or day, week or year, there will only be you and that is what it comes down to, after all. You yourself and the love for which you live! And still in this universe! Now there is eternal love for you! You will no longer die, a death will only bring you other 'sandals' and you will also wear the new garment. Do you recognise these divine gifts for yourself? Are you prepared? Are you ready to follow him now?

Come on, we will begin! Follow me! Decide for yourself whether you have to say good morning or good evening. I know what I have to do. I am ready! Now dare to continue. I tell you, at the end of this maze you will be down on your knees saying thanks for what was given to you on the way. However, I am telling you, our fool will light our way! Hold onto him, hold onto his life, do it and you will reach the end! I am very curious which 'sandals' you will wear and what your garment will be like. I already know one thing, you will thank God for what you were able to receive, see and experience, if not, then you are too much like the living-dead, too unaware, too inhuman, and you have no longings to be loved and cherished. You are now hypocritical, wicked, not a normal person, because every soul wants love, wants happiness, wants to have a nice garment, if your city consciousness has awakened for your human feelings and thoughts!

Just admit it! Carry on! The play can start! We are standing at the footlights of this world. The people are sitting there. Who is on the stage? Is it you yourself? Who is it? Look, a shadow ... another one, another one, I can

see all of them. However, do you possess those 'eyes'? Yet it lives in you, it thumps beneath your heart! Did you see that? Did you see that, Frederik? Isn't it wonderful? Now the first material word falls! It is night or light! Can you hear the first kiss? Can you taste the silence? That is a 'little human castle'! Oh, oh, get to know yourself! Weeping is no use to us now. Be man or woman! Understand your first footstep.

Frederik, can you understand why my child is upsetting me so much?

Although I had just said, when it was all over, that I believed that the very first symptoms occurred when Erica knew that she was to become a mother, I now imagine that these were present before Karel and Erica thought about attracting a little soul. In fact also according to the fool, because due to his “mad” consciousness, Erica lost her human way of thinking, her own character. It is an entirely different matter whether this is possible. There was no longer any question here of watering down the wine, both of them had to swallow this wine as naturally as possible. I imagined that this was part of the invisible, intangible, which we people know nothing about. In all honesty, they were the closest to my own thoughts. However, I had to show my colours: I was completely off the mark and wrapped up in other problems.

Karel is actually too down-to-earth for it. He does not talk nonsense during the day. He knows nothing about this attraction and rejection; he is not interested. He readily admits that he does not know about this illness. To him it is sentimentalism, and a slight over-sensitivity of the mother.

If you think that you can possess Karel, you will lose him. He is exactly as Erica now feels. She is in trouble, but a moment later, you see her wandering in a universe like a butterfly. It does not feel any anxiety, there is no evil, although, as we know, such a little creature has only a few hours to live. If you can see the truth in this comparison, then you will understand that you will be able to see her fall before you at any moment and another personality will be revealed to you.

I already said, Karel sees her situation differently. He does not beat about the bush: Erica is fantasising! However, you keep seeing a different personality in him as well. You do not get to know him. He does not expose his inner self. However, later I had to accept that he was the only one who remained himself in this incredible pandemonium. He does not want to be hung and strangled by problems, which are universal for people like us. He says: do not break your neck, lay off it, life is as simple as possible. Although Erica was already complaining and trying to elevate Karel to her life, he remained unrelenting. Her symptoms did not have any effect upon him. Karel does not want anything to do with inessentials. He sees his task as a doctor as something ordinary, and he also stifles any sentimentality as far as this is concerned. He wants to see everything with the naked eye and make it comprehensible, and he avoids glaucoma like the plague. Now try saying that he is wrong? He smothers every thought, which touches even the slightest on

the invisible or tries to prove it, he has both feet firmly and consciously on the ground.

Every mother experiences something and so you do not have to make a fuss about it. Is what Erica is experiencing supernatural?

When she asks him: what does a mother think about the unity with her child, he shrugs his shoulders contemptuously and she gets a beating or tumbles into a ditch.

When she uttered the first words and she clung to these symptoms, I for myself started to think in a different direction. Karel calmed down a bit, he was no longer so impetuous, rash, but he lets her know that he and all earthly science do not yet know anything about it. After all, you cannot disregard science. However, that was when the trouble started.

If you become connected soul to soul, you will start to see things differently. One mother experiences her wonder very naturally, it is dead simple for her; another makes a great fuss about it and considers it a work of art. One mother gains self-respect through it, another loses herself and is faced with destruction. All that happens from bearing a child, a natural process inside you? Karel did not know what to do about it, but he felt destroyed by it. I heard him say:

“At the end of the day, I do not know everything either.”

At that moment, he felt that he had given himself a beating. A moment later, he involves you in a conversation, he offers you a cigarette and asks you to sit down, because he wants to talk about Erica's symptoms. He jumps with you into a ditch, leaves you in the mud and watches you from dry land to see how you will get out of it. He does not lend a hand. He gets out immediately, considering himself soiled by nothing, but confronts you with the facts. As if he is extremely interested in everything and he is upset by it, he dances with your vested self through Erica's world and laughs wildly at your awkwardness. You are now faced with reinforced concrete, you see and feel his personality, but you do not know how to approach it.

Therefore, it took a good while before I had fathomed him out, but from that morning onwards, I played with him. He did not see me again until I died; but I have to admit that it was he who suspected in which armour I had hidden. I did so to protect myself from his merciless swinging back and forth. Yet, he was a such a good man.

“Is Erica playing games with herself, Frederik?”

Find out for yourself. For him, there were no problems. He says that problems are matters that you do not know about, the origin of which you do not understand. It is a large henhouse, with ten cocks and one chicken, but even that one chicken would like to be a cock. Even when you are drunk, you sometimes say things that are true, which you would not think of say-

ing if you were sober, but they are usually to the point, because you see the other person blushing. Is Erica making problems out of everyday matters? He shows her how to do it, but we see two different worlds here, they are children in an adult body.

Karel says: all that thinking as a city person just upsets you. People are no longer natural and then they start to search. A pig and a cow, a dog and a cat do not experience it any differently. You can learn from it!

However, just a second later you are faced with a poetic personality and you hear him say:

“Millions of mothers are faced with these revelations, they strive for sacred mercy, a comforting world which they wish to embrace, but they feel as if nothing else exists. Like Our Dear Lord!

“When I was still a child”, he continues, “life was no longer a problem, I already saw then how it had to be done, because animals give the best example.”

Did I understand it? I did not yet understand it, however, I thought I understood some of it.

“What do you want from me, Erica? A mother gives birth to triplets and feels completely normal. Another brings half a person into the world and makes a great fuss about it. There are also who want to drink and drink themselves to a stupor. I do not know or understand any of it, because I am not interested in those things. But what do you want?”

Now Erica gets such a wet bath, she feels as if she has been thrown into his ditch and she just has to try to get out again. “Do not cry now, it will not help you anyway. I am a man and you are a woman. Or do you want to change places? Now if that were up to us, there would not be much left of Divine matters. Just get on with it, which is all there is to it.

Is he wrong?

However, now we see him in his own castle. The blinds are closed. He is the ghost! People pull the bell, but he does not let anyone in. He goes in and out, cannot find any peace. He does not think of sitting down next to the hearth. For that matter, we see that there is no fire. He does not know! We also know that Karel does not like open hearths, they give out too much heat and your back remains stone cold. Erica is unexpectedly standing before him and is longing to be treated humanely. It is her husband. Take off your coat, Erica, and sit down by the hearth. Can you feel the heat? Or are you cold? What is the matter anyway? You are now faced with the phenomena, with a person, and you are his wife. You would give your life, your soul and bliss, but you do not yet know what this is all about and what it means. Yet, you feel drawn into that life and you also descend into it. However, you feel that you are outside. It is raining; it is freezing cold, shivery, mercilessly uncer-

tain. That is what you possess. It belongs to you alone. Is it happiness?

You know very well that this is your beating. One moment you are standing there wondering, yet you find yourself again and wander into a park where all the seats are occupied and there is no place for you. You do not realize that it is winter, that the earth revolves around the sun and it does not pay any attention to all that human triviality. If you possessed that insight, you would see everything differently, but you are beaten, you go to pieces. Something in your character stops you. You do not see it yourself! Can I understand that?

Now you can know that you are able to analyse your own character. You are faced with yourself! You are standing right on top of yourself and you do not feel it. You can know that this life will not reach out to help you, but you are one with that system of flesh and bones, it belongs to you! In misery, you try to find a kind word. Is that happiness then?

I heard him grinding his teeth, saw him tumbling into his ditch, but I did not interfere. It was a new problem for Erica and immediately afterwards she was faced with yet another problem, because the door was closed too loudly!

Will things change? Do all mothers have problems when they are carrying their children? Do men have no understanding of maternal hypersensitivity? If I think about it, I hear Erica saying, I am not experiencing motherhood, but madness.

She asks for information everywhere; she questions other mothers where she thinks they can help her. "Do you also have troubles? How do you feel? 'Are' you or 'aren't' you? Is there still sunshine for your life? Is it you sitting here or someone else?"

Who can help her? Karel cannot! Nor can his learned friends. But there are phenomena and they are forced on her life of feeling, and turn her personality into a circus and a hospital!

Karel says that I have to study psychology. In his opinion, I am suited to it. Five minutes later, he adds: "You should become a paediatrician."

How about going into that? However, you have to know him. If a word happens to pass my lips, then he asks:

"Did I say that?"

You see his smile, his playful character, his farming origin, and then you can forgive him for everything. You now climb an apple tree with him, you run through his orchard, he lets you eat the best fruit, and he shows you how wonderful God is with all His things, but a moment later he jumps with you over a ditch which is too wide and you fall in head first. Before you really know what has happened to you he has disappeared again. You can just see him running round a corner, waving, and then he disappears before your eyes. This is Karel! When that happened to me, I thought, good heavens,

what a lot I am learning from the doctor!

However, none of this helped Erica in the least. She continued to search for the secret. She wanted to get to know about herself and all her symptoms. However, they remained a mystery, shrouding motherhood: they became nightmares. She lies there crying for hours, you do not see any tears. Yet she is crying! She feels helpless, tired of life, awkward. She does not know, but she seems to be thinking about it.

Before she became pregnant, she had a cheerful character. Now that has gone! Always harmonious, that is also gone! What I see is a miserly personality. Her beautiful features have disappeared, and she seems older than she is. You would not even have expected it from Anna, her servant; apparently, her spirit is stronger.

Anna knows what she wants. I believe it is she who drags Erica through her symptoms and gives her the strength to bear her misery. Especially now that Karel says that her childishness must end before it makes him sick. Does Anna understand it? I do not know. She does not say anything, but we understand each other.

Is Erica to fail as a mother? Anna does not say a thing. However, I have the feeling that she knows something about it. She has a certainty about her, which we lack. She can suddenly act powerfully and with self-assurance. When you think that she is in the kitchen, and you saw her busy there only a moment ago, you see her behind the house picking flowers which she arranges artfully. She is making a statement by this and I understand her.

I felt that our worlds corresponded, have something to do with each other. I do not yet know my own life and had never thought that you could say such great things as a result of something so ordinary. She does it! And she knows it. I wondered: is that female, or male; do we men possess such things? What is it? Should you also descend into this? You are faced with it and you are not aware of it. You look at it and you do not see it. If you are completely one with what is happening, you see a "universe" of happiness. A person becomes so deep then. And all because of an ordinary woman like Anna!

The reason why I suddenly became certain that Anna understood more than we did was due to an occurring feeling within me, of which I did not know the origin, but which gave me the certainty: horrible things were hanging over our heads, something nasty! Erica is not acting! She is not capable of it. But I do not know yet. However, it exists!

For Karel it is only a growing process, an activity! When Erica asks him: "What is life really like, Karel", the farmer's son laughs. A moment later, she gets an answer, which is no good to her. The farmer has now become a doctor. Science protects itself behind nature; pears, apples, pigs, horses and other animals are given injections and have become laboratory specimens. With a

bit of mumbling he puts an end to the subject, but she asks me:

“Frederik, do you understand why my child is upsetting me so much?”

The farmer smiles again, I am left speechless, but she does not wait for my hesitation to pass and continues:

“I would like to know what your opinion is, Frederik. Why do you not say anything?” I cannot say anything, my childish inner life refuses. She does not wait for my answer either and says:

“It is destroying me. Frederik, I had not thought that it would be so difficult to have children. I know exactly what I feel, but I cannot express myself. How awful it is! Yet, I am really not a pathetic person. What do people really know about it? Nothing? Is the life of a child at this stage already capable of influencing the mother’s life? Does a little soul like that have power over the mother? Can that life already think? People think that I am showing off and that I am extremely clumsy. However, should I approve of my child destroying me? Destroying my character? That is the way it is! Karel laughs about everything. He is no good to me. Do you not see, Frederik, that I am no longer myself? Have you never heard of these symptoms? Never read about them? I place more store by your feelings than by Karel and his friends’ knowledge.”

How should you answer, when you have no understanding of such matters? You can bow to it, shake your head and worry a little. You are searching blindly, however, you have a hesitant attitude and wait until they answer themselves. You feel your powerlessness and then eventually say: a specialist doctor is required for this. You are not satisfied, you are poor, and it is the limit of your consciousness.

When I called in one afternoon, Anna said that Karel wanted to put an end to the complaining. He had forced an “extraordinary specialist” upon Erica. A man who he did not even like himself because of his terrible fuss. And he was precisely the man he had to have. This independent doctor now had to put a name to Erica’s symptoms. “One faculty needs another”, Anna adds, and she tells me that Erica is expecting me.

I go inside and am faced with a new problem. Erica’s help, her doctor, but Karel’s cosmic wind. Look: Karel rushes out the door. He is like a wild bull. I can read on his face: “You cannot fool me”. However, I am faced with an influential person, but I send out my thoughts to Erica. “Now, now, my friend you should not have done that. It is not exactly mean of you, but to me it is monstrous.”

I stumble to a corner of the room and collapse into a chair. Oh, Frederik, what a mess. What does Erica want? What does that female soul want from me? Why is she involving me in all of this? I feel her thoughts, but she ig-

nores me completely. Also the doctor! We are all in the same boat. It is Erica who rows. There is a storm on the way. However, I see that there are fish here. However, it is she who casts the fishing rods. The doctor puts bait on the hook; the academic just has to follow her. She casts the rods and no longer looks at the person. I am shocked, now I can see that she is capable of acting like this. I take my hat off to this personality; it is a work of art!

However, the man does not like me and, of course, I know why. This is really useless. Everyday nonsense. What do I have to do with this science? What does Dr. Wolff want? Thanks, but no thanks; this is just the thing for a doctor's wife. She has lost her marbles. Poor Erica, can't you see that?

She also introduces the academic to me. That on top of everything else.

"This is Frederik, our family friend. Dr. Van Stein."

The academic does not see me, which he is right about, after all. It is quite rude of him, but he is in the right. Karel would never have put up with that, he would have let it rain pears and apples and would have kicked you into his ditch. Erica talks about her complaints in my presence. What a drama.

"It starts at night, doctor. It overcomes me. Then those fits of crying. I want to control myself, but I cannot. I am afraid. I have lost my control and myself. I am there and yet I am not. I feel worthless and small and you can see yourself how big I am. Sometimes I feel like pulling faces. And I do, but then I see that I suddenly burst out laughing like a stranger. I can feel it clearly, doctor, but can anything be done about it?"

Van Stein is yawning. The "university" is now being cleaned. I can see that women are cleaning the windows. A man is standing on a ladder and the doorman has fallen asleep. Now I can see that a portly man dashes out the door and gets into his waiting car, as if he is needed for an emergency operation. However when I try to compare all of this with what I just heard, it becomes pitch black around me and I suffer from a glaucoma. What a mask this is. A moment later, I can see that "Death" is kissing daisies. I can also see that lilies-of-the-valley shine Van Stein's shoes. Greenfly climb up his legs and bite his calves. Did you see that? The doctor can feel it, he scratches himself, but he does not know that Erica sent all those greenfly to him, and the academic falls for it. After all of this Erica has to catch her breath, meditate, then she can continue again for herself.

"Yes, doctor, at night it is really bad. It sometimes overcomes me during the day, it can suddenly overcome me, you see? I can actually feel it. Yes, that is it! Work that out, doctor. Are you familiar with these symptoms?"

The doctor cannot see it and I know nothing about it. Van Stein is frozen like a statue. Do you not know what it is, doctor? I suddenly saw it taking shape a moment ago. Yes, I think I know! However, Van Stein suddenly whispers something, which Erica cannot fathom. It only makes her flounder.

She also says that it is a great mystery and then continues:

"I am there and I am not there, doctor. Sometimes I break out in a sweat. I feel strong and capable of a lot, so that I would like to do art or something. There are moments when I could drink a full bottle of Dutch gin, I am so thirsty and I long so for a stimulant. It then burns inside me, as if the child is talking to me. Can a child like that think, doctor? Can the child already influence you now? Is the child fully aware?"

Van Stein fiddles with his fingers and almost slides off his chair. He sinks away deeply. He is thinking. Erica asks:

"Is there perhaps something else which you should know, doctor?"

Such a little child, how honest she is, how selfless, how naïve! She immediately resumes and does not allow him the time to think about it.

"Those thoughts creep up on me, doctor. They lie in wait for me. However, they are still abstract and ego-centric."

I now know that this is no longer the old Erica! Where does she get this from? I have difficulty in remaining seated. Van Stein is also grave, he wants to act and he cannot. Erica is ahead of him again and says:

"They are horrible feelings, doctor. But there is nothing else the matter, I feel fine physically. It is as if it is raining inside me, I can no longer see the sun, I am walking in darkness all day."

That is also completely natural, Erica, but Van Stein wants to give you a beating. However, he does not, because he does not know where. He now sees his university lying in the street gutters. You are playing with him and his great life. He manages to pull himself together, puts his doctor's certificate under his right arm and puts on his hat. He now looks like Darwin's ape. He is man and ape at the same time, but he does not know that. He stands shakily before you and your problems, but he now forces himself upon you in a slightly wild fashion. He feels caught. But your female intuition wins from male wisdom. Just watch out!

Van Stein still wants to examine her. These two souls, who have nothing in common with each other, go upstairs. They are like fire and water, visible independence and supernatural sensitivity, directly received through motherhood. Or is it something else? Van Stein is wearing a mask. Erica is open and exposed. She is now involved with daisies and violets, but it is not a bed which she lays at his feet. He will lose himself as a result. Now an academic is haunted. Van Stein sees ghosts!

Erica enters her own castle, she rules there. The academic rings the bell. He sees that the door opens and closes. Yet, he rings again, a bit louder, and pushes in the door. He already wants to enter. He is lying flat on the floor and now sees that the marble in the hallway shows footsteps. To him this is the sign that many people enter and leave. So, it is not a supernatural being,

after all? He sees a person like himself. But a bit different, he is half mad!

However, what do you do if, during such a conversation, you are put in a chair as a layperson and treated kindly? I do not smoke much, but now I really felt like having a cigarette as never before. I am burnt out and see the couple coming downstairs. There they are again. I do not even want to listen anymore, but I have to. No! I do not think there is such a thing as coincidence. But short-sightedness does exist! I hear Erica talking about a conversation she had with herself. Then the bombshell is dropped for Van Stein in the middle of his conscious and knowledge. How merciless a woman is in such a condition, I whisper to myself. I no longer know her; she is like a mad woman. Do not believe him anyway, Erica, he does not know what to do about your symptoms. Even if you were to drink ten bottles of gin in a few hours, he would still not believe you. You have only made a fool of yourself and your husband. You will now be talked about; you will become "the talk of the university". You will now have to arrange your own flowers and clean your own windows. Did you not see a scarecrow? Good Lord, Erica. It is all Karel's fault!

"Doctor, does it not mean anything to you that I have longings for a drink? Does it not mean anything to you that I walk outside and think that I am inside? I eat and drink and it is not me. I feel that someone else is eating for me. Does that not mean anything to you? It is like I just said, it is an intimate conversation with myself. But it comes from inside me, Doctor...!"

I sit in my chair and hear talking inside me. I hear: "Just go away!" "Get away!" and similar expressions. I now know that it is Erica and I do not know her yet, I have never seen her behave so harshly and rudely. It is becoming commonplace! Yet I am not mistaken, she said it! Oh, Karel, what have you got yourself into? How stupid of you! Just like a child. It will cost you your stupid head. You will still have to learn to bow your head. Why did you do this? Van Stein will look into it, Erica throws him out, although she controls herself and makes the best of a bad job. She follows the knowledge as far as the living room, then Anna takes over from her and the door closes.

Well, Erica, you are rowing yourself into a ditch. Now you can put on the bait, he is casting your own rod, eats and drinks well and lets you and your child starve. Can you not predict this? If he had gone into what you said, dear, he would have died on the spot. I saw your soul; Erica, I could feel it! You are not talking nonsense! However, you made a fool of yourself, because we stupid people have not yet developed a language for it. Such feelings cannot be materialized. You are on fire and there are no flames. Just work that one out. Did you want this idiot to do it for you? Did you not see him lying in the street? Did you not see how he picked up his doctor's certificate and pushed down his hat so much that no one would recognize him again?

"Can you understand a 'chap' like that, Frederik?"

It is another harsh word from maternal lips, as a result of which you see her intellectuality shrivelled, which you would not have thought possible before. How nasty we people are. Or is it because we do not yet know ourselves? Even if Rome declares you a saint, you must pretend to yourself that it is not you, or that better and higher self will floor you.

"That's Karel. Are you happy now? Why did that man not say anything? Frederik? Am I a dreamer?"

She does not talk any more, but pours herself a drink. It is another phenomenon, which I never saw before from her. She asks me:

"Did I used to be like this, Frederik? I am ashamed, but it really does not bother me. Is this not something peculiar as well? I am going mad, Frederik. Is that passion a part of me? That is impossible! My soul is ailing! I am going crazy! It just crawls up from inside me and attaches itself to my throat and the roof of my mouth."

I am deeply shocked and ask: "What did you say?"

She is herself again and continues:

"Did you not understand me just now? It attaches itself to my pharynx. It is very itchy and I am dying of thirst."

"But then wouldn't you be better to have a drink of milk or something else?"

"Milk? The very idea, Frederik. It has to burn as far as my throat, through my whole body. When I drink alcohol, I rinse away those feelings and it is as if the child is talking to me. Then it subsides. I thought that it reached my stomach. Sometimes it goes even deeper. However, that could also be my imagination. Yet, Frederik, it has to do with the child. You know what I mean. Do you not understand me? What do you think?"

"I said, let's hope that you stay normal."

She only vaguely hears me and asks:

"Please help me, Frederik. You can do it! I am afraid."

"Discard those thoughts, do you hear?"

She comes to with a shock and is as happy as a child.

"You see, you can help me, Frederik. That's it ... you are already helping me now. Do you understand?"

I was shocked by my own words, by their sound. Was that me? She looked at me, because she did not know me like that either. She immediately continues:

"I cannot accept that this is a growing process. Something tells me that we are experiencing horrible things. I ask you, Frederik, will you help me? Will you not abandon me? Will you come as often as you can. Or will I have to fight it out alone with Anna? You may think that I am weak and that it is a

strange carry-on. I swear to you, I do not understand myself. I have changed, I am not as I used to be, I am sick! How horrible! However, I have to fight it out with myself. Karel does not have the brains for it and the patience to listen to me and yet that would do me good. I can look at the light and I cannot see it. Is that perhaps a psychopathic characteristic? Will you help me, Frederik?"

"I will do my best, Erica. Will it be any good to you? Do not forget that I am a layman. Even if I love children a lot and I am interested in everything to do with them, I know nothing about them! However, I advise you: act ordinary. As far as the sun is concerned, it will come back again. Do not look at it, stay close to home, do not rack your brain."

She contemplates this, I try to fathom her out, it is the only thing I can do. I do not yet know where I should start my own research, if I want to achieve the unity of soul to soul and receive the answer from her. I think that this is the only way. I have to support her. As a child, I also had my own thoughts of which my mother said: "Look at you going round worrying, it cuts me up." It is irritating you. I laughed at her and did not understand it. Now I believe that she was right. Also I felt only that sensation. A soul touched me; it could also be life, or another personality. It is all the same situation for Erica, I believe, her intimate conversation. How stupid we people are, how poor our language is, we are oafs. Wantonness from the "Achterhoek", Gelder's vulgarity, we have the consciousness of a pig. I also believe that I am getting to know Karel better. However, Erica is alone in her misery. I am busy helping her! I think I can accept that I can do it! I am suddenly filled with happiness! What a lot I have learned. Frederik, you are now becoming a man!

She suddenly asks me:

"What is feeling, Frederik?"

I swallowed the words that I was about to say, but which were too coarse for her life. I had wanted to express a curse; I was so shocked by her question. This will mean nothing to an outsider; it is a wonder to me. Erica feels that I am becoming one with her soul. She suddenly gets that knowledge from me just like that. I do not know this side of her personality either. It is something entirely new. "I do not know what feeling is", I answer her, but she has dozed off and has forgotten about her question. The realisation radiates from her that she knows that I have put the clocks back by centuries. All social wisdom and sense now go overboard. Yet she is awake, she mumbles her question again. I hear: "Feeling is life and life is feeling!" I am not any the wiser from it, but she is thinking. We will see later who is right. Perhaps we will never get to hear the answer. She is talking to Van Stein; she is therefore talking in her sleep. These are sober, natural phenomena, and everyone has them from time to time. I can feel that it comes from within her. The dull

sound of the voice is not hers. This is also something new to me. I am capable of giving up my ideas as if there was no coincidence. Everything is becoming predestined. I mean, what a lot I am learning. Who sent her to me? Who chased me out the door to meet her? I go back to that moment and become lost in my memories. Now I am faced again with my first acquaintance with her and my feelings are talking to itself!

In front of me is a woman who still knew a short time ago what she wanted. Now she is like a piece of driftwood. It's a row-boat which is drift ashore. I would like to tell her, but it is too harsh and cold for her personality and too unfriendly, because she is not like that: due to your kind, the world will end. You have lost control and you are now sailing under the compass of another life. Your ship is sinking, you can see land, but when you cast the anchor, it does not stick!

It is as if she is on the way to her own grave! A moment later she is standing on top of it; she is resting on her gravestone after picking flowers and imagines that she is connected to heaven and earth, of which she does not know a single law, like me and millions of other people! She is now wearing a mask and behind it, an individual is laughing at us. But we do not know that person! Did you see that mask? It is good at art and it drinks bottles of gin, it is in front of you and it is not there. It looks at the sun and there is no light. It has passion, strong powers and false airs and graces. It irritates you day and night, but it is the worst towards midday. You can say nice words through that mask, like a poem.

Can you now hear that thundering outside? Do not be shocked, it is Mother Nature! It is also thundering within Erica. She sees her own grave; she is standing on top of it. She pulls Karel's doorbell and freezes as a result of his inner self: I am starting to understand. I believe that I am starting to feel all this misery!

"Yet you can help me", she utters. Her dreams during the day are not so bad, she feels an increasing happiness for herself, and she needs help.

Is this telepathy? Unity of people? Like soulmates? I do not like those words, and I have always hated saying them. I do not take part in occultism, and I hate spiritualism. That is for women who have lost their husbands. The only thing, which I have respect for is that they are no longer afraid of death. They are just like children who are playing a nice game, because death is no longer shocking to these people. It is all very interesting, but I do not like it.

I now suspect that Erica's soul is talking to me. A short time ago, she would have laughed at all of us. Now that has come to her. Was it of its own accord or through her child? She mumbles "because of that life" and that makes me afraid. While dreaming, she takes over every word from me. It is shocking to me, if I did not know so much about the world, I would now

clear off. I am not that sad either. But can you understand it?

Is it only her vocal cords that speak to me? What is it? Her unity with Mother Nature? You could give her what for! Her words knock me for six again when I see that she is wide-awake and she says:

"You have to think, Frederik, if you carry on thinking like this, you will make it. You can do it, you have to sense things!"

Did you hear that? They are my words, my thoughts, and my choice of words. She is analysing me! She is unravelling my soul; she knows my personality. I am now in a bath wearing my clothes and a hat. The tap is closed, but water is trickling over my big toe. What a shock for a person. Now she says from her grave:

"Did you think that it was raining, Frederik? It is as dry as a bone outside."

I feel pressure on my throat, I have more difficulty breathing, and it is tension. I would like to call for help, but think it is stupid. I would give her a fright and I myself would tumble into Erica's ditch, because Karel has nothing to do with any of this. However, this is a terrible example, which is now a matter of feeling, but we people suppress it with our fanciful decency of behaving normally in everything. It is a maternal attack, turned around and compared to Mother Nature. Because while I was thinking and analysing it was raining inside me. She says that it is as dry as a bone, in other words: continue, do not look for another way, this is the one!

Try saying that everything she says is nonsense, hysteria, and maternal sensitivity! But is it maternal tenderness, her pure inner life? Or is everything becoming hazy?

You are now outside in the moorland, on the ground, no, inside it. There is a good view from this place. You see paradise above you, people are smiling at you, but you do not know where it comes from. Did you see that smile?

These are precisely the greenfly of the doctor. They are also your own! They tickle your legs, your head, but especially your heart and your inner life. You start to think that it is intuition, your sensitivity, but you are receiving it. After all, you went into the countryside! You want to have some peace, away from the everyday, social rot around you. You are dying, dead tired, but as open and aware as a child. Now your windows are cleaned. The violets are horse riding. The forget-me-nots shine your shoes. However, high above you in the sky, you read a prayer which makes you cry. Or rather it moves you to tears.

Did you not see that?

I write down in my notebook that a mother, expecting her child, gets supernatural and lowlife thoughts. However, I have to accept that it was not me, because I cannot do that myself. I am too dopey for that, too childish. Yet, what is it? I could now tell myself: when you started taking notes, you

already drifted northwards, while you wanted to reach the sober West, which your notes were intended for. I also move with another compass. But a dog smells it, wags its tail to express its disgust and runs away. What are we people trying to achieve? Yet, I tell you that I am happy. I learned an enormous amount today.

Erica is clearly awake and asks me:

“You have seen much of life, Frederik. You have read a lot. You are so different. Just believe me, tell me what you know. Help me!”

I can feel by her talking that she is exhausted. She has no strength any more to think, her longings have become unreal. I believe that she already asked me to help her a moment ago. “Of course I shall!” I let slip, “I will do what I can”, but I make it clear to her that she must find it ridiculous. Nevertheless, I remain inwardly connected to her. I have the feeling that I have aged greatly and that months have passed since I came in here. It is strange, I feel that, when I surrender my feelings for eighty percent, I can hear the voice of her soul. And she can hear mine. Will this lead you to madness? I do not know and I did not think about it either. It does not matter to me, I have become a bit stronger since I started to think. Yet I am treading my own path. She is treading hers. We meet each other somewhere in this space. She invites me to tea and cake; I have to pay for my own treat. A moment later, we are sitting outside, together on our way, and it has rained. You can smell the rain in the woods, and it is rather musty. We feed the ducks; there are no people. We are alone in this world and are like a second Adam and Eve, if I could believe in the first one. Just follow life and you will know!

We live a carefree existence, and there is nothing to disturb us. We do not have children and we will not have any either. We are too old for it. And we do not believe in the wonders of the Bible, we do not want to hatch out children any more at the age of ninety. We tremble at the thought. We no longer have the patience. There, suddenly I have a brainwave ...!! I now know. But will she know? Hold on tight, Frederik, and do not believe anymore in coincidences ... Everything has been worked out beforehand! If you remember that now, you will be able to carry on. Now you can see her sun better and also your own light. Sharper and more virginal. There is no cock crowing. You are not yet able to wait for the Gethsemanese answer. Do not believe that nonsense. Look beyond it, only then will you go higher and come closer to Him. His heart chamber, and you will see that His blood flowed for you!

Erica’s experience put into words was:

“Frederik, surely you do not believe that I am talking nonsense?”

I would have liked to kiss her, this good child of Karel’s, if I had had the strength for it, but I thought it would be too unfriendly. No, my poor soul, you are not talking nonsense, you are as natural as can be, even if I still have

to find it out for myself. I am in the middle of it; my constitution will cope with it. However???

All the same, I say that what we are talking about is ridiculous. It will have to come to an end. I can tell you that seventy percent of me no longer believe in coincidence. Now I uttered, without much sound, but with a shock to my system:

“My Erica, the materialisation of words only takes shape when you light the fire of your human will!”

Oh, Frederik, ... Are you not frightened of yourself? I thank heaven that she has not understood my words clearly, because she did not react sufficiently. I repeated them to myself and thought they were wonderful. Not anything like my usual! Then what? I established again that I was sent those words; another person in this world gave them to me. Because I do not believe in a subconscious. Like Karel, I would say, whom are you trying to kid. Are these Erica's thoughts? I cannot accept it. Now a death is laughing at me, which gave me a few of its violets. However, I felt that these thoughts as words brushed past my own on the tip of my tongue and wrote themselves as it were. Read the sentence again and you will have to agree. It is art. I wished that I had a style like that and could say such things. Also supernatural?

I said to her that I believed in her, she did not need to worry. And I was telling the truth, for just now, of course, because I had been in that wood where it smelled so musty. She nods and is content with everything.

I really believe that we will experience great things, but also miseries, which are just as great. I already see the house on fire. We all run onto the street. When you are outside, you stand with a poker in your hand, while you let the treasures burn. Now you have to feel what it means. I do not yet think about it, because it is becoming too much for me today. However, I know that this is also a mask!

Can you see behind it?

Before she became a mother, as I already mentioned, she was a beautiful woman, without a grain of feeling for occult science. Now you would say that she has become that herself. I was never able to discover those feelings in her, which bring us to telepathy and whereby we reach out for a sixth sense. Her body is not suited to it, even she seems a bit provincial, I would say that her build, the colour of her eyes, are not ready for it. She dresses really well, but there is something about her, which is not from the city. Can a person like that bear and deal with the depth of an occult law? According to eastern yogis, the human body has enormous meaning. Those people can see as it were by your body who you are, they know your wandering gait as surely as they know a snail with its house, they knead you from front and behind without you knowing. Is this all hearsay? Not at all, I have seen the world.

Has Erica any of this? Is this nonsense? What is it then?

She takes over thoughts without knowing it. Just think about it, I also feel that we will soon be faced with these laws and the true experience of them. Only then will you feel more respect for my thoughts. Now you are still laughing, you shrug your shoulders, but then we come closer to each other and everything gets respect for our own personality. As spiritualists know, Erica is wavering ... She wavers in another life, and I am that and that is her own child. At least if it is a child. What is it then? I want to apologize. I really thought of a dog. However, if I go into it deeper, as you will see and feel if you go along with me, this wonderful thing is not so bad after all. I myself already understand it. You?

I do not know whether it is already time to analyse it. Yet I would really like to convey my feelings to you, if I could make you happy in this way. What I have to accept is that we – now you will have it – are descending towards animal consciousness! Now I have said it ... Can you feel that it is possible? That we are busy minutely analysing her soul? You would like that. It is not yet at that stage. Would you say that it ... is possible? Animal consciousness ... It sounds tremendous! How can it be? I let go of it completely ... I want to be free of every influence. I do not go on while everything is unsettled, nor do I want to walk on ice from one night. However, another mask is already laughing at you!

She did not possess those feelings either before she was carrying the child. However, I have to accept, even if a few drinks do not matter – for many doctors it is a medicine as long as it is in moderation – that she, our Erica, is capable of emptying bottles. Her inner life is now tuned to canine consciousness. Is bestial! True or not? Therefore, it is also something worthwhile. Which she has to fight against as a mother and through which her self-respect is being destroyed. What will Dr Stein think of her? She is a sexual imputation to him. That is why it is such a shame that Karel has forced this misery upon her. Is it a pity? Are pities created? I will just say, if Erica had not complained so loudly, I would not have got to know her, in other words: do not go into it too deeply, but it is a little wonder. The sun is shining for me!

Karel lets her wait at his door as a beggar and that must not happen either. “You see, Frederik”, she says ... “that he lets all kinds of people into his castle, but I do not like those frills. There is no help. The fire has gone out. Ugh ...!” Which throws me completely again, because she is busy getting that out of me which is part of my inner life. She chooses metaphors, which I would use, and she makes jokes that are humanly responsible. Is that madness? Has she sentimental or erotic inclinations and is she behaving in a degrading manner, which have nothing to do with each other? I ask you ... is this because of the child? Can a child already influence a mother before its birth ...? It is not as

strange and unnatural as we think it is. Admit it, it is supernatural. No specialist will be able to help her. Do not laugh, world of science, do not shrug your shoulders, country boy. You are completely off the mark. I am beside her and I am beginning to understand that I can help her.

If you let her finish talking, you will know a lot more and I will get the true satisfaction that she has got hold of my life. I repeat: before she became pregnant, she did not have any of those things ... The day before Karel had also said to her:

"All that you think of unwittingly, for yourself, what you can think of, belongs to yourself!"

Work that one out, but it is spot-on. However, it is no good to her. "Then", Erica says, "I ran out of the house to find some peace. When I came back, he started again and got me out of myself, he threw me into his ditch. Later on that day he gave me flowers from his heart and said:

"I say, dear, a horse also has to do with motherhood, but we people do not hear it complaining. Because this animal is so natural, it is not bothered by any symptoms, but birth is birth! That young foal is also a child of Our Lord. Why would you not be able to deal with it? You are a person. Listen carefully, a person. You can see the full picture, and get help; science is so far advanced. You will certainly not die from it. Do not forget, my child, I want to remain independent. I cannot neglect myself and what I have to represent. What is soul and what is life? What difference does it make to you? Get to know yourself first, but close to nature. This is what you must think about, and He who is enthroned above us has mercy on you."

You see, Frederik, that is Karel. Are they flowers from the heart? You can now see a little bit of him and his character. Then he added:

'Everything, which we people experience is predestined. Not through God, because He does not interfere in our childbearing and births, for this purpose, He created mare and stallion and He gave me the ability to make you bear fruit. Now you are immediately faced with your Bible and that incredible story, as a result of which they will not blindfold me.'

Frederik, I could have kissed him then from happiness, if he had not continued with:

'You are heading for the mental institution and I will not get you out, because everyone is powerless against it. I would say instead: you are too well-off!'

He immediately rushed out the door again and left me alone.

Later in the evening I got him back to that subject, because he can sometimes say such accurate things, with which he could now help me, if he only wanted to, or at least if he saw the purpose of it. It came so suddenly, he said:

'Erica, my patients will tell me whether I am normal. I do my best; some-

times you stand looking at those poor souls and you cannot reach out a hand. The blood then rushes to your head and it is as if you get a beating. Not by those people, but by Him, because I believe He could change immediately. I therefore do not believe in supernatural powers, laws, laying on of hands or wonders of the soul, which is nonsense, Erica ... He lets us drown in our miseries, and fight it out completely alone. He does not want us to interfere in those things, because we academics also have to accept His halt! But a cow knows it!

You could give him what for, Frederik, but you cannot do anything about it. When you hear him, you think that he is right. But it still bothers me. After all, I cannot deceive myself, can I?"

She is waiting for an answer. I say:

"You must want to be strong, that is all! Go to a doctor, then you will know what to expect. They do not know. Karel is right in himself, but he does not know what he means, at least, if we throw everything of our self overboard. He means to say, if I understand him properly: Everything is good as it comes from the hand of God and if it is not good, that means you must remain natural, because otherwise God will intervene. However, God does not intervene, Karel is faced with his dead people, he has to accept that he has nothing to say, he cannot exercise his will, against the powers and forces which face him and also his colleagues. But remember: he means it in your interests."

However, we have to try to help this soul, I thought, whatever the case, she needs help. There is more united with her than we suspect. There are powers at work here, which we do not yet know about, but we are starting to see a few of their phenomena. What will happen later when the same phenomena become stronger? We are not out of the woods yet. In addition, you are either your own personality or you are not. She is no longer her own personality.

And is that because of her pregnancy? We are faced with her inner life. Science knows nothing about it, absolutely nothing, studies are not yet of significance. If you go into it as a layman, then you will automatically gain something. You do not know whether it has an axiom. She wants me to answer, and it is true, I really know something about it ... For example, if I consider theosophy, which accepts reincarnation of those people, then I am immediately faced again with Karel and his "university", which says: the soul is on earth for the first time. When a child is given life; that is the very beginning. We are no further! Yet, who is right? It is already making my head swim. When you hear her ask: "Is such a little mite already able to influence the mother?", you are inclined to reply: "Yes, it must be the case. Where do your feelings and symptoms come from?" Yet, now you are faced with hundreds of thousands of possibilities and you knock down a parapsycholo-

gist. You stamp on your psychologist; a psychiatrist suffers from rabies. You can feel that it is not working! That is impossible. I am not able to dismiss that through, which mankind has received its character and personality, as a result of Erica's symptoms, her talk and her longing for a drink. There was now nothing left of our social thinking. We sunk into desert sands; we were not building something up but destroying it! Should "universities" succumb because of maternal sensitivity? As Karel says: through oversensitive mercy, consoling revelation? Do not make me laugh!

You will certainly feel it, it is questions and asking questions. Then there is something else. Whatever your opinion of Karel, he is choosing the correct path. I tell you, I do not hope to see him any differently than he is now. He is a natural doctor. He is down-to-earth and has his feet firmly on the ground. Karel wants to see foundations, or is it something else?

It is Erica. She cannot explain herself. She is smothered in her feelings, they do not get any material significance. She does not have any foundations either. As far as I am concerned, I will wait and go my own way. It is up to you what you do! However, I believe that I will be proved right soon.

Karel recently said:

"Frederik, if I had known that with all my knowledge I would be so powerless, I would have stayed with the cows, or I would have become a vet. An animal talks to you, the naturalness of the animal pulls you automatically in the right direction. The animal tells you how you must act, but a person with all his divine origins is deaf and dumb, unobtainable, unpredictable. You will achieve what I have achieved in six months' time. You and your childish optimism, your awkwardness, penetrate the problem deeper than we do with all our self-assuredness. I am serious!"

However, I did not fall for it, I would have to pay for it the next day anyway! Yet, is it the truth?

I say goodbye to Erica and long to be alone. Oh, that fresh air. Go to the countryside, Frederik. Fast, run as fast as you can. People are sitting on my bench. So I will carry on. I want to think. Now that I am one with nature, green and grey, and the unity of this universe speaks to me, the trees bicker about a passionate love for Him, I run out of the woods and lock myself in my room. One thing is clear to me: Erica possesses animal consciousness. It will destroy her. I let the rest sink in for the moment.

I think of her and send my thoughts to her from afar. Will it help?

"I have something to tell you. Erica, Mrs Wolff, if you are serious, if you promise me that you will stop drinking, I will do my utmost to help you. I do not yet know how and by which I should do that, but we understand each other. That is all for now!"

A few days later, when I call in again, she confronts me with the facts.

“Shall we have a drink, Frederik?” I now have to accept that the thoughts and help I sent her are worth nothing at all. I have to do it in another way, but I refuse to drink.

“Come on, Frederik, just one for the company. Do you think that I will drink this bottle straight away? Do you want to bet me? Do you want to know whether my child likes gin?”

I think of Karel, he would have given her a good beating. She feels it and says:

“If Karel sees me, it will burn within my soul. But he does not know yet, he does not have to know either, it does not matter to him anyway.”

We establish that it lives here in her. It is terrible and hard to understand. She is now a fellow, she has scholarly actions, the hand to drink and also the swig. Her cluck of delight, which you hear afterwards, but makes you tremble and shake. This is another consciousness, it is no longer from her.

I beg her to stop drinking. “Do not turn to drink”, I say. She smiles and does not mind. Yet she puts the bottle in the cupboard and asks:

“Could I be too old to have children, Frederik? I am now thirty-seven. It seems too old to me! We have waited too long. Do you believe me?”

I have to act awkward again, because I do not know. But I have my own thoughts about it. She continues:

“Why did we not have children when we should have had them?”

It is like nothing on earth, but it is a human question. She has more questions, I hear:

“Or can you have children when you want to yourself?”

Even stranger, but it is also a human question or loose talk. Furthermore:

“Frederik, in all honesty, we did not want them. But that is not quite true either. Karel likes children, I am not bothered. I do not know whether I am happy with it. I could love my children, if I knew beforehand that I knew them. I see misery enough. They are problems! Do you not think that the number of questions is increasing?”

What she just said sounds completely reasonable. Children are problems, every mother thinks the same as Erica about it. For many their offspring signify misery, arguments, destruction and, however absurd, a distance between husband and wife. The list is endless! However, are Erica’s words those of an erotic hothead? I have not worked it out for myself yet when she says: “Frederik, I think that it will be horrible. I do not hear a word from Karel. He used to talk about it constantly. Now I am expecting a child, I am alone. You would think that he is no longer interested anymore. His love for his own flesh and blood has gone. What has caused this change? Oh God, what a problem!”

A few seconds later she says:

“Well, why is a mother not capable of bearing her children on time? Why do mothers get children, even if they do not want them? One mother gets rid of them, another complains and begs and does not get them. There are women who travel the whole world to get children, but not a single professor can help them. Mothers destroy the embryo and make themselves infertile, others have an operation to achieve the opposite effect. My God, ... if you have to deal with all of this, they are such dreadful mysteries!

Fifteen good years passed. I think between the age of twenty and thirty is the best. Then you are most suited to it, I will not say: then you are open for it, you are most in harmony with the event. You are young yourself and understand everything better. Now we are having our first. Just as long as it is the last one, because I have already had enough of it.”

Is all of this nonsense, madness? However, I do not get the time to think about it when she continues, she touches upon laws that make my head turn, and which no one knows the truth of, but which every mother is tuned to.

“Frederik, are you trying to tell me that God meddles in all these things. That He makes sure that you do not get any children? That He ...!? Ask yourself thousands of questions ... Is it God who favours one woman and lets another perish? Is it through God, I ask you, that one child is gifted and another child has psychopathic tendencies? Then just keep your God, I do not want anything to do with Him!

Are you trying to kid me, I repeat, that He meddles in this misery? I know, I am talking under Karel's influence, but is he not right? You must understand, Frederik, I am not well-versed in the Bible, I have not studied it properly. I do not want to insult you, or anyone, but answer me! I am searching, but you are unravelling! You will solve this mystery for me. I do not know what is the matter with me, but it is all part of what I now feel, it is the cause of my misery.”

She is expressing my thoughts again, she is sucking a part of my life into her, as it were. It is wonderful, but certainly frightful.

If we are capable of following her, we will really be faced with the facts. I ask you, does God let children be born? Is it not as Karel says: He created a stallion for the horse and I am here to allow your womb to bear my fruit. However, he was trying to say that it is in your own hands! God gave you, us, the ability, He has nothing more to do with it! It is horrible enough. We are in a large muddy society and we become stuck with His laws. Are we animals? An animal has more capacity than we think.

The animal does not reason, it acts, but better than we people, it listens to its master. Did Erica ask for all these phenomena? Karel and she are normal people, they have richly blessed bodies and are gifted with a good intelligence. They are also simple! Karel is not imagining anything! However,

their friends, and I am one of them, do not yet know anything about this, they are just ordinary botchers. They have borrowed some wisdom and they make sure that no one bothers them. However, now God comes and upsets this life. In passing, He chops the happiness in this house into pieces, in His way. It just comes suddenly ... I said "in passing", within a few minutes, the terrible drama happened. However, Karel and Erica were not aware of it. Who could understand that? Who will explain the Universal laws to us? This couple, Erica and Karel, were one flesh, but how could Erica know that the man, whom He had given her, would poison her. She gets life juices in her, slipped away in life's depths, lost and denied herself by giving herself away in her female hotheadedness and then sunk into an extraordinary sleep filled with love, and she dreamt. She saw forget-me-nots and daisies making wreaths around her dark hair. She experienced unprecedented bliss, so awe-inspiring, of such supernatural beauty, that she saw Him in her sleep, and thanked Him for all the good He had given her and Karel. Within three weeks, she has symptoms and she has to accept that her dream has deceived her. Yes, that God Himself has deceived her.

Did God give them a child? Is it He Who gives His child a mother inclined towards drink? Is it He Who has given her all those nightmares? She was never like that before! Erica feels like smashing everything to bits ... Is that God's divine love? You see, I do not believe that! I cannot believe this, because I do not consider Him capable of it! I know that it is we ourselves, although I cannot support this claim. I am perhaps a bit too sensible for that "universal" metaphor. To Erica it seems that the blow, which she received, is given to her directly from His universe?

"Whom are you trying to fool", Karel once exclaimed, when this subject was raised for the hundredth time, I add my opinion ... I flatly refuse to give this scrag the name of "God". Erica has become pregnant because of it ... I believe that I understand this soul! Truly and indeed, she feels deceived!

When I was still a boy, I had an argument with my father about the powers and forces, which certain Bible sayings were supposed to have inspired. I still do not know who put those dreadful words into my mouth. However, I remember that they came out before I could help it. My father saw that I reacted like a mad bull, but he also forgot himself. I told him coolly that the God from the Old Testament was a brute! I immediately ran out the door and stayed away all day. Mother found me, led by her intuition, up in the attic. Meanwhile, I had nailed father's God to the beams, hung up on a firm rope and had carved Him in the decayed wood. I enjoyed myself and was barely aware that I was still alive. At that time I found so many things which people said about God were contrary to His laws of Love, and laws of Justice, with which people tried to bribe me – and how many more other children -

and which they presented us as proof of the truth. Was I such a rascal then? I do not think so. I made friends and also kept them. I, who had already learned to think as a boy, always was a support to my friends! Now, at this age, would I have to accept that I was wrong then? Do I now have to accept that the God of the Old Testament is also a Father of Love?

A theologian could try to defeat me, Erica and Karel, with his theories, or by attaching Divine origin, Divine justice to sayings from the bible. I cannot believe that all of this is justified, the policy of a God of Love ... To me it is recklessness, to speak of a universe and time, which we know nothing about ... and of which nothing is proved! Please understand, I am not talking about "Christ", nor about the events in connection with Him. Before me lie mantraps and clamps which prevent us from finding the way out, not with the Son, but with the Father, in other words the Father of the Old Testament. Now people can talk and talk, proclaim wisdoms. People can pretend to be learned, to be like professors. People have to accept those mantraps and clamps for good, because the God of the Old Testament is a stranger ... a hater. We people do not want any underground destruction. He did it! After all, the Bible says so! Are you not a person then, do you also belong to that herd-like carry-on? Are you even putting a revolver into His hand? No ... I do not believe that He is violent. I cannot accept that!

I believe Erica and Karel, but still follow my own path. I am in doubt about one thing ... Did God bring chaos into this life? We will have to wait and see. It hangs in His universe whether we will receive the answer. Oh, how those angels of His have abandoned us! "You see", I said to Erica, "I do not believe that God has deceived you! We people are like a herd of sheep. What does a sheep do if it has wandered away from the main herd, away from the man whom it respects and who must guard over it? It eats all the things in your garden. It tramples on all your good gifts. It eats up all the crops and continues until it is hungry again, then it starts all over ... Where it appears, it creates poverty and misery. Now take this to your human heart, make a comparison, look back how you left home and face up to all your deeds that you have created as a lost son. You will now know that this entire world belongs to you, all of this earth ... but you have not understood your possession! Can God find enjoyment in our failures and successes? Can He destroy you? Perhaps, but will He also do that? We people, Erica, already stumble over one word ... over thousands of trivial things, but we cannot see the basic essentials! Or, as the Bible says: We see ... we see the splinter in the eye of another so quickly but we do not notice the beam of wood in our own eye.'

When she asks, where I received that wisdom ... I cannot give her an answer ... I do not know myself. However, I felt a wonderful feeling envelop

me when I talked about it! It was as if everything was talking to me, all the things created by Him. Am I open to that? Try explaining it? I replied:

"I heard about it in the East, dear lady. Sometimes the East knows more than the West. The West likes scrounging. The East remains itself. What does this mean? That we Westerns have lost our naturalness. We now participate in scrounging. The East concentrates on what lives in you. In other words: an academic from the West is concerned with himself... He tries to solve mysteries through himself, which are obvious in nature, but the origin of which he will not accept. In the East, people say that every insect can tell you that! That animal also has its own universe. That brings you to white and black magic, or, to put it more simply ... self-knowledge! I know one thing, an Oriental is still a child of Mother Nature ... We Westerns, and along with us every city consciousness, interfere in our lives and in the quantities received from God so brutally that the truth is not known, even if it is written in giant letters."

"It is wonderful, Frederik. How well you can put things. I knew it!! You are so different to the millions of people of this world ... You are really still a child. How wonderful it is! Do you know that I sometimes take walks around the earth? Now I can do it, I did not use to be able to. Please, carry on?"

"It is a fact that even the most aware people among us would not want to swap lives with an Indonesian under any circumstances. That is, not his material life ... His inner life is higher than ours is, at least of those people who have created natural order in their own homes. Because the rest is a mess! I believe that all people on earth will one day be elevated to city life, because this is the purpose of this humanity. After all, you cannot continually renounce culture. That brings me back to Our Lord, who says: 'I will create a paradise for you!' - at least according to the Old Testament. However, look at the misery and judge for yourself! Moreover, what about Karel's scrounging? You have to be able to feel the science; the East lives according to natural laws, here we make a science of everything, but the soul of all life will show us one day that this is not only unnecessary but also completely wrong. Take court decisions. Do they satisfy the natural feeling of justice? Usually they do not! Take the Church. Does it give light? On the contrary, through the image, which it gives us of the Divine, it creates the darkness that envelops Him, only denser. It was never really enlightening for the poor of spirit, it never gave them anything, because the God which it preaches about still damns people... And I do not accept that either!

You see, Erica, that is scrounging ... spiritual science under the ground ... loose talk....! That is blaspheming God through the dead!! Selling His universe for possessions, for gold, silver ... material nonsense! I could give you

another example, which would make you understand me better. And then you would understand what I mean by scientific scrounging. I will give you an example.

Karel has a patient ... He visits him, and the patient believes that he is working on a cure. However, all Karel does is prescribe some medicine, nothing else is within his reach. Sometimes years pass, then death still comes ... Karel is faced with the fact.

All that time he lived from his ignorance ... The patient paid him, but got nothing in return ... nothing more than a bit of hope of getting better. Do you know what annoys them, what sends them to the devil, even if these gentlemen do not tell you? No, you do not know the answer. I once talked to an academic who said:

‘You are standing there like a pile of conscious deceit. You would like to throw the money you got on the corpse, because you feel like a scrounger ... A street sweeper is more upright than we learned men.’

That man then walked away. I never saw him again. However, I knew that he felt that he had not earned that money ... He had only come out with some useless knowledge that did not help and was good for nothing! Do you call that harmony with the eternal? Did you think that this is the way to use gifts of the heart and senses? I know, we humans may not think like that, but what do you expect? Look at the fuss they make, their trappings and material chatter, what are they like? Those who see their own comfort say that if we continue on the path of knowledge and find a way to bring people back their lives then we will be inviolable, that makes up for everything! However, until that time... and that time will never come!!!

I tell you, they will just have to sort that out for themselves. If Karel was to carry on thinking in that direction, I believe that he would no longer be able to accept that alm. But he does not think. I tell you, when I had to choose, when my life was starting, when I conceived the plan of becoming a doctor, I dreamed one night about this horror and then immediately abandoned all my wishes ... Never in my life, I told myself, would I become a doctor. I will not take part in scrounging! Erica, only later did I understand properly how crazy those thoughts were. Expressions of youthful sensation, because, after all, our society and evolution were standing completely still. However, this is just the way Karel is. Yet, I know that we will still hear it from his lips. He is too honest, too much a farmer ... to continue to raise his hand to a corpse! He does not like masks!”

Erica laughs about it, but she is now calm. She laughs as I have never seen her laugh before and I am pleased for her. I know who she is laughing about ... it is Karel. When I stand up to leave, she insists that I stay. “This hour is too precious”, she says, “to end it now. You have made so many things clear

to me. I have never realized that life is full of scroungers. But you are right. Karel is a right one!" I am immediately sorry for talking so stupidly.

After a short silence she continues:

"When a very ordinary person sells something, Frederik, and it later appears that the goods were faulty, that person goes to prison. For swindling or something else, society rejects such an individual. However, what do Karel and his kind do? You see, I understand. It is ridiculous if you boast about what you know, although you know nothing, at least your knowledge is powerless. Now I see Van Stein differently, now I pity the behaviour. He can say what he wants, think that I am sentimental and am probably an erotic woman. I can now see my poverty! My God, how you have helped me, Frederik. So much misery has fallen from my shoulders, through your words alone. I am so pleased with you ... Just do not be scared, Frederik, I mean that I am happy to call you my friend! I mean it. You are worth your weight in gold. Your words are so soothing! What a man that Van Stein is! I now know... I do not need scientific help. They can help me later to deliver the baby, but no more than that. It is over!"

She laughs so wildly and passionately that you can hear it in the street. She sees more than I do. She looks at the ground, but that is where Van Stein and his "university degree" are, in my opinion! I now understand that greenfly can sting people and they like to have their fun!

I have to accept again that her powers of reasoning are sharper than I thought. She used to be spiritually poorer, now it is as if she has become a thousand years older and wiser. It tells me that not everything is awful, nor becomes madness, but it can also mean growth and blossoming.

She asks again:

"Where did you get all that wisdom, Frederik?"

I replied: "You either have it or you do not ... You know, I am a stray. Sometimes I can talk about human matters. Suddenly my world of thought is closed to me and someone grips my throat, stops me completely. It is as if I have burned up my own oil. Or perhaps it is something else and I will have to go back to the East for the answer. I do not participate in theosophy or spiritualism, I remain sensible, with both feet on the ground, and I know the universe. This is not a result of my more mature age, which is not an issue. It is all to do with spiritual gifts. That immediately brings me to the question: why does God give one child so many of His gifts and does He let the other be a failure? Age has nothing to do with it, Erica. Old age is ... stupidity, youth can be ... creation, expansion!! What do grey hairs and all the experience have to do with it?

Did you think that all this came with the years? A few months back I did not know anything about this, now I am learning by the second."

I had wanted to tell her, I am learning through you, but I found that too much. I would only upset her. Yet, this was the sacred truth. A few months ago, I was still a dunce, small in spirit. Yet I feel, no, I know, that I will have to become even smaller if I want to grow old! To grow towards His antiquity, His antiquity, which is not material, but spiritual. For earthly antiquity is of no significance.

I said to Erica:

“You will change! Believe me, your child will come of its own accord! Now do not laugh, even if I express myself awkwardly. You have to remain yourself, I mean. It depends more on whether your soul as a woman can overcome your soul as the mother in you.”

I had said it. I heard myself talking again. How can it be, I wondered to myself, where do you get all those things from, they do not come from you yourself. Or am I now becoming myself for the first time?

Erica asked:

“Can you repeat that?”

“What? Why?”

“I think it is worthwhile.”

“I really do not know what you mean.”

“You said, after all, whether the soul, which the woman in me ... and what else?”

“Did I say that? It sounds very impressive.” I now feel that I am deceiving her. I must not let her see that I, like her, do things, say words, which do not come from me. Then it will definitely become a madhouse. I quickly regain composure and try to act normally, but I am deeply shocked. Thank God, she does not notice that; she asks:

“Do you have such knowledge of the soul then, Frederik? Tell me more about it, I want to know all about it.”

I felt ice-cold and did not understand myself when I told her that sometimes something lived in me, which I did not understand myself. She looked at me, deeply dismayed. But immediately afterwards she said:

“You are like a child, Frederik, I already said so. You can certainly say nice things sometimes. You should have studied. Or you should have become a writer. You say things so liberally, so arousingly, so playful, so artful. I believe that you are a born psychologist. Have you never practised, Frederik?”

“Never”, I answered mechanically. “No, I have never practiced!”

“It is not strange, but a pity, because you have definitely missed your calling, Frederik. You have a great hidden talent, you could write beautiful books, which would be of use to us. Just imagine that this, everything we have discussed, really everything ... from the first moment, was written down in the way in which you think and speak. That would be such a wonderful

book, of unparalleled substance! I know for certain that you would become famous. And I also know why. I am comparing it to my own situation ... You know that I can play the piano. Despite all my efforts, I cannot achieve what you seem to come out with just like that and which you say is not part of your life. I see it differently. You can say things, which are put there by unknown forces. The world calls that 'inspiration'. Learned men do not even know precisely what it is! Neither do you or I. And yet it exists! I am not a creator. You are! Every artist longs for it ... but only achieves it a few times in his life. In your case, I see it every day. Whatever it is, Frederik, you express yourself in everything through an unknown feeling, a power from outside or from within – it is not important – and it becomes art. Your soul lives! I, and later also Karel, will have to endorse that. Do you think that we do not know you? Before I became pregnant, I readily admit, I did not see as clearly as I do now. I could feel completely happy if it was not for all that misery. Yet I also believe that God knows everything. I am starting to understand that He shares out His things according to His insight, and that gives me hope. In other words, good and bad, happiness and unhappiness, high and low consciousness – just as you say, Frederik – all of these live within me. However, you are no longer aware of the lower consciousness, everything is on a higher plane in your case.

I repeat, you think that no one knows you. Soon I will probably have forgotten everything again and I will see you differently. Now I can see your soul, your ability and your whole personality, which is of a charming beauty to me, in which our world is lacking. Sometimes I am mad, Frederik, but I know that it will release the madness in me again. That is my own salvation, my hope, and my strength, to bear the dreadful things. Now I no longer know what I just said. What were we talking about? Oh, I remember, I think: I said that I am sometimes completely mad. No, that is not it. You calm me down. Because you have that certainty within you, although you pretend you do not know. What I feel and what you sometimes receive belongs to one world. Suddenly it shuts itself off, you are put out of that castle. Are you not?

I once heard someone compare kindred souls to flowers of one colour. I did not understand it then, but now I am beginning to understand that man. He meant that souls can be on different levels. But does mine belong to such a sinister kind? Well, now I suddenly realize it. This is how it should be!"

I can only endorse it. She has started to see the truth. She almost got me there. We were one for those few seconds, like flowers of one colour. However, she also wore thorns! They took mine out on the way here. This is why I am so childishly aware, which she so admires. I do not know, I cannot understand it yet, although I have to admit that it is wonderful. Peace comes to

you. She tells me that she is off the mark, she has digressed from our actual subject, and she was right about that. However, now she has discovered it again and continues:

“You see, Frederik, that is all creation! I believe that I can feel it again. It is not stage-fright. It flies from your pen without you thinking. It is creation! Good heavens, Frederik, I will stop it. I could start writing poetry. Now it is becoming really horrible.”

This is real. I knew how it came to her, although I do not know its origin. Whether it is a stinking cesspool or a heaven? Who can say? She is capable of great things and a moment later the feeling, or the power through which her feelings are put into words has disappeared. When this has gone from her, I suspect that the child will be born. It is not relevant whether it is a girl or a boy ... but I also suddenly have my doubts about that. A new certainty came to me while we were talking.

At the very moment that I said, that the gender of the baby did not play any part, the knowledge came to me that it is significant. Again such a prevalent feeling, which I hope to learn more about in the future. Now it makes me afraid again. I feel certain and aware that when the child gets to see the light of life, Erica will be back to normal again. It follows that everything that is now revealed to her comes from the child. It does not matter what she does, strange or not, it makes no difference. It comes to her from an independent source, which we do not know about. Am I now pregnant or is she ...? Or is it someone else? Life? Erica shows clear signs of madness and of ... an artistic calling! However, she does not have those forces within her under control, she must wait and tolerate what manifests itself. And it is precisely that enforced passiveness which is the cause of all the misery. However, I believe that we have become much wiser. The things she feels are essential phenomena of an unprecedented nature. They are as real as possible, yet you have to explain them according to your own supernatural destination, if you have the courage for it. You can see them, they are almost tangible, but they still forget that we people do not know God. They also forget that we are not friends of the Bible and know nothing about theosophy and spiritualism. Erica loses her own mind because of it, she is changing by the second. Not me, I flatly refuse to. And yet I am torn, there is a split in me. I am open to a madness, which has nothing to do with that of animals. It does not affect animals!

Erica interrupted my train of thought:

“Frederik, if Karel sees that I am drinking, he will beat me. I am not allowed to drink, but I cannot stop. Am I behaving foolishly?”

You see, that is neither here nor there. That was an old story, but she brings it up again. To me it is proof that she does not see what her surroundings

are. I do, I have seen how it works with her. If I have not spoken about it yet, that is because that material nonsense does not matter a jot to me. If you feel the need, fill in her surroundings yourself. It looks fine here. There are nice things everywhere. We are both sitting in a beautiful corner, with magnificent paintings above us, which Karel especially has an eye for.

Erica's grand piano is in this room. I just mean, analyse her if you can. I answer her:

"Just leave it then, stay away from it."

However, I see that she has suddenly changed, just listen to what comes:

"Can you believe, Frederik, that I sometimes feel like a madwoman. I swear to you that mad people must feel the same thing as the way I am now behaving. If you do not believe me and laugh at me, I would like to ask you: go away and never come back here! But you do not laugh about serious things. You can listen. I know what you are like. We love you, so does Anna. Do you believe me?"

I do not go into it. She searches for the words for a moment then continues:

"I remember what I was talking about, Frederik." Erica now holds onto it. For a moment. "You see, now it is gone again. I now really do not know what I wanted to say. Am I not just like a madwomen? However, I call everything inspiration. It is incredible. Frederik, when I sit at the piano at such a moment, then I think that I could smash that thing to bits. I only hope that you are here then. Then I will be creative. Don't you think? We will see. It is strange.

I tell you that I am getting back into it. Now I feel clearly, I can think more clearly. It might be because of the gin or because of our conversation. It does not matter to me. I now know that it will not happen, or I will look ridiculous. However, if that feeling or that force is within me, good heavens, how I will let rip. I do not believe that I will need music then. It is just like a thunderstorm, as fast as lightning, but then I know that I am mad!"

"Just stop that talk of madness, or I will leave."

"Do not do that, Frederik. You will not go away. You are not like that. We women can trust you. You are a gentleman in all respects. Karel will remain a farmer. You can wear what you like, you will remain a gentleman. Not Karel, everyone can see that he is a farmer. You can see it in his face."

I do not recognize her, but I have to accept that she is thinking differently again. And when she says:

"You see things as they are", it comes to me inwardly. However, she continues: "You see the things through their own harmonic construction." I really do not know anymore whom I am dealing with and I retreat even deeper into myself. It is a pity, but I consider it necessary. This soul is still unknown. Yet there is a lot of good in all her things. Could that be one of the Divine

mysteries?

A few minutes later she comes back to the subject of Karel and her drinking and gives herself the beating she had long promised herself. But I have already heard that a few times, and it is nothing new to me. When she asks me whether she could become mad because of the child, she is on top of it again, but that is drawing from the past. It is failures and successes, searching, being flung backwards and forwards, misery and happiness, wisdom and stupidity, a struggle for a conscious person to exist! What other conclusion can I draw? Nothing, after all? There is no doubt because there is an invisible stick and it will soon hit out at Erica. I can already hear her screaming, no one can help her, I may never lose sight of that. The phenomena cannot deceive me.

“But I do not wish to go mad! Then I would rather jump out the window or drown myself. I want to become a mother, but not become mad. I will become mad, or ... or it is my child! This is what I know, feel and see from myself. I talk through the life of another person. You talk through your own power, your own consciousness. Would you wish to deny me that?

You see, now I have got you. You are shocked, are you not? You have never heard me talk like this before. I am now totally myself, conscious and calm. I know what I am saying.”

She is right. I thought that I saw her face change, or perhaps I just imagined that. But that is impossible, I saw it. Then she was really supernatural, or a conscious madwoman! She also says:

“I will show you, Frederik, that I have my own willpower. Just do not worry about me. I will make it! I will resist my urge to drink. I do not want to be faced with this problem in the future. I do not want to be to blamed for the misfortune of my child. I will stop! I myself will do everything I can. Something tells me: do it! Where it comes from ... I do not know. It is probably ... my better self ... from myself!”

You see, that is your purest form of self-knowledge. In this way, a person gets to know himself, all higher things, which come from the depths of misery. Now I remember something: even world happiness lies under the manure heap, an Oriental once told me. When I asked him what he meant by this, the man laughed at me. He stood up, but still looked at me and said simply: “Divine Omnipresence!!

His white Lotus! Go home, back to your father and mother, you have no business here. What you see is a simple mask. Stupid, Western civilisation! Just go!”

You could also say those things about Erica. From her confused inner life the smell of an Egyptian Lotus arises, but with red, white and blue around its stem ... Received from her own source, resulting from physical contact. Now it is not so strange after all. What do you think?

It is only a pity that Karel laughs at everything and will not go into it any deeper. He could now experience such bliss. Can you feel her kiss burning on your lips? What is her love like now? Universally deep, I should say. However, I really do not understand it. Did I ever know that? Yet, if I think for a moment, I long for such a sensation, such a sting, such a poisonous insect, even if it gives you bloody wounds, you would actually ask for it. I believe that I would like to be involved in that mad love!

Now I am faced with a heavenly dessert and I am the first to put my fingers in it and lick it. But like a good child, you see!

When I was standing outside her rainbow-like, nocturnal darkness, and clear blue sky, I thought once more: go to the countryside, Frederik, just get away, heaven and earth have gained contact with each other. Someone will hang himself today. But I do not want it to be me! What a time I had. I was in a hell and in a heaven. I have to deal with everything first. How will I get through it?

However, this study is completely free of charge, I kidded myself. This university is in the street, the ashbuckets are full of it. People throw it away and no one desires it. Yet ... I now heard heaven and earth kiss, "My God, we people cannot understand you. I have sacred respect for You ... If I am using the familiar form, it is your own fault. It was you who gave us all those names. You yourself wanted us to say Father and that is how I feel about you now. I have become closer to you. Much, much closer! No one will believe me, because they do not want to hear this familiarity. But do you not laugh at everything? Is that not exactly the same for you? I do not believe that words can reduce your sacredness and omnipotence. Instead, I believe that behind that crazy death words are no longer used. That knowledge came to me today ... I have started to think differently! Professors are to be found in the invisible! They do not speak, they slip into your life naturally. They are as sticky as syrup and are then stuck to your life, but here it comes. I am listening! I want to be a receptive disciple. And I believe I will become one. But then I will have to be on my guard. Thank You for everything. Luckily, I am like a child! I left home alone, like a lost person. It is You Who leads me back home. Oh, Father, oh, Mother!"

What kind of a person am I actually? A being on two legs, cursed with some pride and metaphors, from flesh and bones, some oxygen, but gifted with something, which lives in me and knows whether it is being deceived. Actually with an infallible intuition ... But of which I do not yet possess one iota ... in comparison to His, which weighs millions of kilos! What a comparison! This is typical of children.

Erica has some characteristics of it. Karel as well. Sometimes I think that we all possess them. In the black eyes of Africa, you can even see it at night.

Especially if the children who live in that part of the world notice that there are snakes in the area. Goodness, I saw how shocked they were. One day one of the coolies was a bit off colour, a snake had bitten him. We saved him by giving him a mud bath. In the dark shining water, I debased the divine violets, a swarming abundance in the dark waters, which I tapped to let him drink. Dangerous if you know the laws. Just as dangerous as the happiness, which has now come into my life.

I am having difficulty remembering something. I worry about it, but I cannot concentrate enough. It lives within me and I do not know it. When I think I have it, it slides from my fingers and flies off into the universe where it came from, or sinks into the earth where I am standing. I am lost. Really... I have it! But I am wrong. It is completely different.

I have to watch out for myself. They must never know me there, otherwise, I will lose my independence. Karel has kicked me into his ditch enough. If I let Erica go her own way, anything can happen, but I know that if I speak I will be out on the street with all my treasures, I have to stay there like a sphinx! I learned today that anyone who does not know me would gain respect for me. I am on my own now. I have encased various aspects of my personality, but if I want to, sooner or later I can reveal them and use them as balsam for a wounded soul. I do believe that I have the talent to write. Erica is right.

What she calls inspiration lives within you! What it actually is, will some day be revealed. I think that it is switching off, disappearing, of your conscious personality, but that it has nothing to do with your subconscious. I already said something to that effect before!

So did Erica! She is receiving feelings of which she is not aware but which have an effect on her. In addition, in my opinion, we people do not get anything for free. Everything, which people wish to possess, demands an effort from your soul and bliss. I now know that this will lead to thousands of problems for me. But I will not go into them just now.

She says things and she does not know the source of them. Do I know? However, I do know – and no one can make me change my mind – that I am her source. I already know now where she draws from and by what she is lived. However learned they are, I will soon win from Karel and his friends. But I will go my own way. My university is on the streets! Pay attention, it is becoming exciting.

It is a university, but you have to have the right feeling for it. And it is understandable, because life is speaking here. As far as its character is concerned, that is now still a mask, a death! It has to do with the sparkling of the stars, clear moonlit nights etc. etc.! With everything which has to do with the soul.

It is also obvious that Erica's eyes reflect motherhood. What you sometimes see in her eyes is frightening and it takes you to the art, which she keeps on talking about. I have already started taking notes, my notebook is filling up, and the game will begin. Erica is now wearing a mask! We do not look through it: we, I mean, learned men, Van Stein and his kind. I do! Thank God ... yes, my God. I thank You! You can see it. I have regained my respect for You.

Now what ...? She is close to me and yet far away. Just as she says herself, she is here, but she is not here. Just as well for her that I am still a child and do not know anything about this unusual love. If I were any different accidents would happen. Because I also found that out for certain. I told her something and she spoke to me. But our lips did not move. We communicated mentally ... heavens sung then. We were given wings! The drone of an organ came close to us. We were in the meadows! Above us was the universe. The blossoms from the only tree there, sheltered us. I decided then that we had not yet lived. We felt like child angels must feel. There was only silence! A sacred unity. Later we continued hand in hand. And we now walked in silver sandals. There were no people ... This castle belonged to us alone! God in heaven waved to us! Then we saw that He is a Father and a Mother. Love! A while later we ate divine fruits, as if to prove that we were still of the earth, at least that we could be as we wanted!

All of this is in order to provide proof. When I come under pressure later, I will be finished with it. It is still material. But can you feel it?

I have made up my mind to try to contact expectant mothers and shall place an advertisement for this purpose. I want to exchange ideas with them, because I want to support Erica in every way. It is also for my own benefit, because the research has now begun. I am searching. A few days later, I get an answer to my advertisement. I had asked to write frankly about their pregnancies. Of course in strict confidence. Here are the results.

It occurs more frequently that mothers feel like a drink. There are some who feel like drinking bottles full. However, they have the force and will-power within them, because they resist with all their power and finally conquer it. One mother says: "At the end of the day, you cannot turn your child into a drunk... I also flatly refused to do that." I could work out her background from her writing style. Her husband is a labourer. But I admired her so much that I promised her twenty-five guilders.

Another woman writes: "I really felt like a nice glass of wine, but my husband did not earn very much. And I longed so much for nice clothes that I made a really nice dress from a few old ones. Not one like women nowadays want to buy, no, a dress like the one they used to wear. Then my husband thought that I had gone mad and he had to laugh about it. They were happy

days for me.

My brother's wife was completely different. Now and again, she had the inclination to smash up the house. She felt like a beer and she wanted nice clothes just as I did. It was comical in her case. She could play the fool, which really surprised us. We said then that he would be like a complete showman, watch out, it will be a boy. And it was a boy ... But later on, now that her boy is eight years old, she has become so bad-tempered and her child has become so badly behaved that you cannot love either of them. She lies and cheats you, which had never happened before. It is a madhouse, if you ask me, sir. I only hope that it is of some use to you."

She will have her dress. Even if it is not one in an old style.

Another mother talks about changes in her character and in the character of her friend who is two full months ahead of her. And like the previous mothers, they also have nothing new to tell. When I had come that far, I went outside. I suddenly felt rather strange. I do not like interfering in other people's business. However, in the wood, on my bench, there is an expectant mother. I immediately see that she is an ordinary person. She is sitting next to me and enjoying herself. It is easy to start a conversation. I do not know any more how I started talking about her pregnancy. However, she thinks it is an everyday matter that expectant mothers drink. Those anxieties as well. She does not go into them. That is a part of it, she says. And she has other things to do. Should I then accept that Erica is putting on an act? This simple woman is frightening me to death. When I asked her whether she was financially secure, she replied that she was not too badly off. She was only concerned about the cradle and a few other things that she badly needed and did not have the money. I thought she was so honest that I gave her a hundred guilders and immediately went away, because I thought I was terrible.

The woman had crazy thoughts. I had meant it sincerely, but it had suddenly occurred to me. She did not say what I wanted to know. Her thoughts frightened me. I am not a sexual pervert.

This is a mean streak, Frederik, but you too are no longer normal. You must not forget what you are now doing is by no means an everyday matter. And here I am with my street psychology. I do stupid things. I lose myself in this way and that must not happen. I want to make up for this, but I do not know how. I tremble from myself. I will not do this again. I wish I had read through those letters instead.

I am back in my room again. I will make notes. I have regained a feeling of peace. Surely because I gave myself a good beating. When I am doing this sort of thing, I feel some pain below my heart. A while later, I feel it in a different way and it is as if my heart has something to say. It is a satisfied feeling. I let myself go completely. My train of thoughts is now natural. But

when I picked up my pen, I had to experience that the pen would only write outside my will. I thought I would suffocate and it gave me the chills. What was that? Was that perhaps inspiration? I do not want that, it reminds me of death.

I felt as if all my organs wanted to tell me something and I broke out in a sweat. I was deeply shocked. Who are you really, Frederik? Is it part of being a writer? Are poets bothered by it, do they also feel this thumping in their body? It is a great tension, I have never experienced anything so strange before. I throw down the pen, walk back and forth and force myself to think of other things. I see myself in Italy, Paris, Sumatra, London and Berlin. I was also in Grinzing for a short time, because the wine that evening did not agree with me, it was too sour. I am lying sleeping on the train and at the same time I am in Venice. Can you hear that? Did you see that? There is no more to it than that!

However, I have completely lost my inspiration. Compared to me Erica is a conscious person. So is Karel and even Anna. My maid is deceiving me. You will see. We are therefore artists. A cold bath will do me good. I am still too young for it. I mean, for that inspiration. The nice part has now been erased from me. It is my own fault. I am starting to understand that we people are never alone. Who is trying to tell me now that a flower is feminine? We do not know things by their name ... Not the soul ... and now everything changes!

I am outside again ... I rushed for the door, out into the street, back to the woods. Here I am now sitting. What was that? Do you have an answer to it? I know ... but I must not think about it. It is very precious. You could also call it diabolical. But I am magnetically loaded. Armed as much as possible. It can break you, make you start anew, you can lose everything because of it or gain everything by it. Either you have it or you do not ... You are stuck in the saddle or you fall out of it and break your neck. It is all or nothing and I have said all I wanted to say on this subject.

I now know for certain that I have to leave it to rest for the time being. Its phenomenon leads you to grow and blossom. It all went too fast for me just then.

I now know. Hours of effort are over. I will have a nice bite to eat! I did not lose my appetite because of it. However, Gerrit is different, he sees something is the matter with me. Or is it me! When I ask him what he thinks is the matter, he does not know. I am therefore not secretive in any way. I eat, just as I did yesterday. I see people in a different way today. I am far removed from madness. I do not want anything to do with it.

The sound of my voice is also normal. But I will not go to Erica until I feel that it is possible, that it is good! I will not let myself be drawn by coinci-

dences. I am searching and go for a walk to find out. I am thinking sincerely and in full awareness about everything. I do not want to possess anything, which I can get just like that. I have to know all the details of it. This is how my diary looks today. I am jubilant and feel the joy of the happy person, which I now am.

How beautiful nature suddenly is. I had never seen it like this before.

When I become one with everything in this way, it is as if I see my grandfather before me. He also loved nature. I now know that no trumpeting has yet called the dead to arise, I have to accept that he is still at peace. I now feel like laughing at him, because when he was still alive he wanted to take care of his own affairs. And with an impertinence, which did not please Our Lord. I no longer need him. However, I feel that he had now lost his zest for living. He will be extremely cold there! Just work it out for yourself, big ...! After all, you always knew better!

This has nothing to do with Erica's symptoms ... I understand. I cannot escape from it ... everything has taken shape, but I do not want to lose sleep over it. Go away, man ... go back! I no longer need to clean your castle, they will call you to do that.

At the end of that day I thanked Him for all that I had been given! Then I was overcome with a soothing sleep. I forgot everything and got up bright and refreshed, completely free from all kinds of strange pressures, in order to do the task imposed on me. I know that life on earth can almost be a blessing. And God did not give us eyes to see and ears to hear for nothing, to put it briefly, a body in order to work and live, a castle, of which my windows are open wide already!

Anyone who does not understand this is a lost soul.

Was this inspiration, Frederik?

I spent the next few days thinking about everything. I felt a peace and natural submission, Mother Nature helped me with it. I cannot bear thinking about all that happened ...! I also know that my hand would now refuse to accept those horrible forces, which leave every nerve on edge and through which the pen receives a personality. I assure you, I did not know those things ... I already said that to me they are corpse-like. I made a clean sweep of it, spring cleaning. And when that feeling was revealed to me, I felt like I was born again. I bowed my head deeply ... and thanked Him that I had got off so lightly, although I understood that I had suddenly lost my balance. Something unbalanced me completely. My legs gave way under me!

I therefore went for long walks through the woods to become one with all the life there that I used to look at, however, which I never enjoyed so much as now, where I can understand my own little soul the best. I simply did not know. If I stood admiring the beauty of a flower before, I thought that it was a world in itself. No matter how wonderful this little world was with its own universe and time, its own character, with both death and life, it did not affect me. Now it bothers me greatly when I see such life being roughly destroyed, I could buy cart-loads of them in order to give them another place as far away from people as possible. Because now that life speaks to me. It lives in me and so I have to take those feelings into account. That happened so suddenly! How quickly a person can change. I now know that it is my university that is refining my personality. Every morning I get lessons to learn and my teachers have nothing to hide. They stand uninhibited before me and no one notices it!

Everything is changing! Everything within me. I saw things with my eyes shut. I looked at things and did not see them as they were. I saw part of them, I only saw half of their exterior, the shape in which that life was moulded. But the rest underwent a physical neglect. I thought that I was enjoying myself, but I was only kidding myself. I ate well; I now know that I had never eaten before. I gulped down my food like a pig and carried on. I now know that I always felt like a human being but I was not, not for one second!

Now I have reached the stage that I have started to talk to my own stomach. Is it you who is eating now or is it me? You will not get anymore today. I will put you under control. I do not expect any backchat from you. I expect you to obey your lord and master. In the future, I am the one in charge here!

And you see, since this morning I do not have such an appetite anymore and I am quite happy with it!

I just saw a mother with her child. It was a lovely little thing and the mother was young and beautiful. I am not used to seeing it like that, everything seemed so ordinary before. Now I have a different viewpoint, I now think of it as a great wonder. The heaven is reflected before you in a little baby, who is tired from sucking and who lies asleep in the safe protection of a pram. A pram, which contains a life, a soul and a spirit, yes, a wonderful castle. I did not see any masks, everything is too young for that, and life is beginning!

I am now busy giving friendly greetings to everything that possesses life. Not like that man whom I keep meeting here and who likes to greet everyone. Besides he is bowing his head and making it clear that he has lost a few marbles. This is not normal anymore ... the man behaves strangely; he should be in a mental institution. What a pity ... he looks like an intellectual to me. The first thing I thought was: he used to be better off. I will find out who he is. I suspect that this man, who cannot have any children anyway, has something that made Erica worry. Those pretensions are a mask. He bends like a king, but his showing courtesy makes you think.

However, it is courtesy. I decided that he is of no significance; people do not want that. They walk away from it, and they smile. Did you see them mocking him?

Just look at that tree. Just look at that bird. The animal is looking for food. Nothing else exists for that little creature. It is a hundred percent full of life. If only we were so in harmony with everything, we would then experience a different world, directly in contact with the Omnipresent, with the core, the creator of original thought, who gave us legs in order to walk and that little creature wings to fly and a throat to sing. People complain that everything is so unequally divided. I no longer believe that. It is up to you. I know that all of this will lead you to all kinds of problems. We, who live in such conflict with the laws and divine harmony, have the upper hand. Would that be possible if we had nothing to do with each other? No, because then there would be no animal kingdom. Then we would live in a very different world, but things would appear before you and ask for a bit of kind-heartedness. Proof that they know us. We are different!

I have never had such a wonderful walk. I enjoyed every step and was not in the least tired. I cannot get enough of this zest for living; my whole being is tingling with anticipation. If it was not for the fact that it was nearly winter I would have thought that spring was in the air. I am waltzing! I am jumping for joy. I could scream from inner satisfaction. I am really bursting! Oh, Frederik, as long as all of this is real.

I now do what I could not do before. I almost stood on a snail. I get hold of it and throw ... no, place it at the side of the road. I talk to the animal, to me it is one of the very lowest forms of life that God created! When I realized

what I was doing, I decided not to do it again and to let that life go its own way. I now watch out for necessities, natural help to the less fortunate, but I immediately realize that I am getting to see thousands of worlds, which all have their own independence. I now say: do as I do and be sure to get a life of your own. Anyone who is lazy just has to suffer poverty. I have seen the world!

What a snail, that snail does not accept me and crawls back onto the road where it will soon be stood on by a person. Once and never again, that world cannot be helped! Its consciousness must first awaken. If you are stood on, it is your own fault. I will not wait for it. That fraction of life therefore has to learn how to take care of itself. But are we people any different? How strange, the way my thoughts flash back and forth! When I am thinking about this, I see, or suddenly saw, that when we people think a bit deeper about life, we also learn about it, so that we can say to ourselves: "I know something about Divine Creation. I know His laws." When we are almost material angels, there will not be one of this sort of animal left on earth, because those rotten spots will no longer belong to our spiritualized existence. Immediately afterwards I felt that even nature is receiving a different outfit. Everything actually. How old are you really, Mother Earth? How old are the sun, the moon, and the stars? How old am I? How old is a gifted child prodigy? From where does this child prodigy get all those beautiful things? Is it a dishonest division? Because art, or whatever it is to this child prodigy, are Divine gifts! At least, according to people, but I am no longer thinking as a person. I want to be like a child and fathom out all those things. I will work out what is really happening.

In all honesty, it matters little to me how old all that life is. I would like to establish that there is no end to all of this. However, then I will nevertheless be faced with death and its terrible attribute, the coffin, where you are put with no mercy – the end of your existence as a person! Now what? When I see and admire all these awe-inspiring things, that cursed death stands laughing at me. He asks: "And what about me then?" You see, is this a concept? If you are nice to him, it does not help you in any way. There is an end here and you are faced with his life or death! In that world he is lord and master over your possessions. Erica has already taught me up until now that you must look behind his blue glasses. He puts them on so that people will think that, despite his unpleasant appearance, he is nice, good-natured, yes, of a bizarre beauty. In my eyes, he is different and I do not know exactly why. I do know, and there can be no two ways about it, he is not white, or black, he is ... colourful ... but with no conscience whatsoever! Do not see him in any other way!

I do not see any masks today. The sun is not smiling at me, but is filling me

with a sacred seriousness. I feel serious. Is this a sign that I am mad? Different to all those people around me? I am starting to see the immediate purpose of our lives. My mother did not believe in so many things. She was always dead tired and yet I knew her to be as strong as an ox. It was poverty. She did not like listening to me. I always said exactly what she did not wish to hear. Father also ignored me for it, but I found exactly what I wanted for myself. I now had power over his life. I did just as I wanted. He continually fell for it and filled my pockets. At the end of the day, I was his child and he was my father. We still remained good friends, but we were independent. I respected him as a father, and he respected me, because I was part of his life. He knew that I would leave his little castle sooner or later, because it was too musty for me, although he did not notice himself. However, at that time, and I was still very young, we were faced with our own worlds. Mine was wide, and his was as confined as the world of a snail. He was tremendously rich, but did not know what to do with his riches. When I understood that, I helped him spend it and got to know the world, partly thanks to his money! It is quite funny really, although a satisfaction with a sour taste.

I have been feeling much better the past few days. I sleep like a baby. I lie down and fall asleep immediately. This was never the case before. I suppose now that I am approaching nature. What Erica has is not so strange after all, she is teaching me to think! However, her problems continue to sour her life, according to Anna, whom I met in the street. I have not been to visit yet, but I feel that she is drawing me towards her. I resist it. I will now go when I feel like it, and I will no longer be swayed by her anymore or by Karel, by no one! I will put an end to weak willed behaviour ... I myself, and no one else, will accept my life. And now I start to act for myself. I used to be like a ball being passed back and forth to other people ... Consciously or unconsciously, people pulled me away from everyday art. Because everything, no matter what, is art, unless it takes you to the natural, the harmonic, to Him?

The following day I felt pure and my own self. I decided to visit her. Karel, who almost ran me over, said that it went really well. He talked nonsense, behaved a bit like a schoolboy, threw his pears and apples at me ... but did not think about throwing me in his ditch, which he otherwise used to try to do, even if you were only standing before him for a few seconds. I found him quite subdued. He had no gossip, and there was a seriousness about him. I understood why when he said that there was someone dying again, whose mask he did not recognize. He said it was typhus and he thought the patient would die ... Then fruit came raining down. I got a fright, but dismissed it because since I was a child I could already sense what people were thinking sometimes. I already said that they call it telepathy. I do not believe in it, because even a dog and a cat have that. I tell you it is thinking all or nothing,

being completely empty for another person. It is that life you have to accept! Now you bombard another with his own things. It comes to you of its own accord and you know. I beat Karel with it. He lost all his trump cards today. I now know that I can completely break him by it ... He is now beginning to understand that I am a bit more than a helpless child. It does not matter a jot to me! It is nothing more than emptiness! I can understand that today for the first time, it possesses its own universe and personality. However, what it belongs to, I do not know! Is it soul or is it spirit? I do not know!

Erica is sitting playing her pianoforte. "It is nice of you to come, Frederik", she says. We will talk soon. She plays beautifully. The *Liebestraum* by Liszt ... I listen immediately. I close my eyes, she is playing really well today, it is more sensitive. Deeper and at the same time softer. Is this from herself. Or can I sense phenomena in this? Just dream, Frederik.

She is playing so well, I could cry from happiness. Honestly, something is happening to me. I float with her through the universe. She is now capable of awakening love, as long as it is not too late for me. I now promise myself to remain level-headed. I start to feel that I will burst otherwise. This is art! She has never played like this before. It is strange. I have difficulty dealing with it. It overcomes me. A teacher is speaking to his poor pupil. Erica, notes are no longer significant. You are not yourself, yet Karel should hear you playing, and Van Stein and all your friends. They are never there when great things happen. It is as if God is saying: "It is none of your business, you are indifferent." I am enjoying it. I am dying. I am really in love. Franz Liszt (1811-1886, Hungarian composer and virtuoso pianist), you have got me. I start to see that I was wasting my time. The biggest mistake I have ever made. Did I not create? Did I waste my time? Did I not plant? Did I not ring the bell? Did I never know what a kiss from a woman meant? Now I feel why we people close our eyes to things that appear so ordinary. We have no respect for anything at all. We do more for a kiss than falling on our knees to pray to God. We are so upset, so unbelievably happy that we close them. Oh, my God, this child is bewitched!

I hold tight, she flits into the universe like a butterfly. She is actually stone-cold and yet so warm that you can see her nakedness. She stands naked before me, and that because of Franz Liszt. How grateful we should be to this man. You teach us to love and kiss.

I am experiencing a drama! I am faced with a beautiful woman. We sit together in the woods and now head for home. It is amazingly beautiful in her castle, the fire is on, there are no servants. She does everything herself. She presses a few buttons and everything is ready for you. It is a paradise. We are now dancing. I see myself dressed in a Roman toga, the silver-white sandals on my feet. She is a princess. She is slim and has a beautiful figure; I have

never seen anything so beautiful in all my life. And this I feel in my arms. We drink champagne ... only sip it, because we do not wish to extinguish our supernatural fire. We are drowning into each other. And she kisses me. My eyes close, my heart buys flowers for her being. I am standing on violets and forget-me-nots. They are in her eyes, they speak to me.

We get up ... we go for another walk through the surrounding gardens. The moon is shining. Can you hear the nightingale sing? I carry her in my heart. She tells me how much she loves me and also proves it. We are in a heaven. We float away from the earth. Everything in and around us is Divine beauty.

I reach unity with her life. She with mine. I feel like neither a man nor a woman. However, I know who is with me. I ennobled and go back to the time when we got the sense to kiss. Oh, Franz Liszt, what did you mean by all of this? If you had not felt it, not unveiled it, not accepted it, we would have remained blind and deaf. Unaware of our personalities. How I must thank you!

I fly through her life; she reaches unity with mine. Now we are complete. I become her head, her heart. I flow through her blood. I have her eyes to see, her voice to say sweet words. I am standing on her legs; I do not tumble. I slide naturally into her awe-inspiring personality. I reach unity with stars and planets. The sun says that she is now ... father. A meteor falls and we understand that this is a Divine messenger. We embrace happiness and suffering, but that suffering also comes from Him, Who is following us. I kissed her a thousand times. I did not violate her chastity. I am dying from happiness. I now know what love is!

Then she lies down at my feet. The universe has awakened in her; she is a Goddess! I am a God! Thank you, Franz! I am so grateful to you ... What a lot you have given us!

I am praying, she is praying! I see her origins; she sees mine. We unite where it must happen. I still have my eyes closed, I am dreaming and I am wide-awake. Suddenly the universe is torn apart. I split myself and she receives! The roses now get our blood, the animal gets its own sound, a tree the violence of our life. She and I see and feel it, we know that our lives were revealed in everything. The sun is outside of it, so is the moon, but what we possess we gave light, life, soul, spirit!

Intertwined, one in soul, one in body, mouths closed ... we arise from the dead. We do not see masks anywhere! They are not there! Then she dissolves in my arms. She goes to her own world to wait. I see that it is good! Yonder, on a high mountain, she kneels down. I see her outline, high above her head is an illuminated cross. Therefor she is praying. There she sends herself, there she goes to give thanks.

I see that she is becoming smaller and smaller. She dissolves before my eyes. When I think that she has gone, and I do not know where, she is standing next to me.

“Can you see me? Can you feel me? Do you love me? I am alive! We shall live and love everything that lives. Will we not?”

She is now an ordinary person. We head for home; we are like other people. When we open our eyes, she is sitting there and I am sitting here, we loved, we found it. You love in this way, it lives within you, but you never give way to it. Never! Because you cannot give yourself. Franz Liszt taught us how to give it. Oh, that Franz, how happy he made me. My princess ... I will never leave you again! Or you will have to chase me away yourself. But I do not believe that, because you know yourself. You will no longer break your neck about earthly things; heavenly things have awakened within you. We will continue, but give me one more kiss! Thank you. God bless you!

This is something new. My journey took so very long that I believe that Erica played the same tune at least ten times. She is bewitching me ... she is no longer herself ... I want to know more about all this. I am so stupid. I am ashamed of myself. I feel cheated. There is foam on my invisible mouth, the only thing which I still respect, or I would have grabbed her throat and forgotten myself completely. If I had not found it so childish, I would have scolded her art for being erotic. Are they maternal, motherly feelings?

Another emotion shows me an orchard. The trees are full of fruit. Sweet and sour mixed together. Just pick the ripe ones, Frederik, rush at them and then declare whether they belong to that world or not.

How beautifully she plays, she is fantastic. Like a madwoman! I sink away again; the sounds that she draws from that piece of wood with strings rocks me to sleep again. Just listen to that twittering. She is a great person. It storms in her life but it is also peaceful. She can also love. This can mean both space and narrow-mindedness. It is over, suddenly I am faced with a gulf created by her. Is she doing that herself?

It becomes terrifying, I suddenly feel stone-cold. Is this the Adagio ... in ... dddd ... opus 30-I? She says so! Is that being deaf and blind? I see what deafness is, as it were. I can smell it through her playing. It reverberates under my stomach, due to something that has just been born within me. In this way, you live and die at the same time. Erica, you are nobility! However, no longer of this world. I know as well as you do, Karel has not heard this yet. I now feel that I am myself again in all respects.

I can now see a circus tent, an exhibition of beautiful art next to it. People enter, leave, and do not understand it. Why did they put such different worlds next to each other? Erica lives through it and she plays through it!

I see flow and ebb, blood coming over me; it streams from her just like

that. It reaches me from her head. It also gives off light, it is phosphorescent, and it has to do with her nervous system. It flickers on the ends of her hair. Is this... inspiration?

I can hear you and see you, Erica, but I am far away from you. I could fall asleep, if it was not so serious. Its charm has gone. She is like a raging hurricane. It is storming ... it is thundering and lightning; the thunderstorm is terrible. Our eardrums cannot cope with it. My God, I am having a heart attack. In God's name, stop. I am dead tired! I feel sticky. I am afraid for myself. I will never pick flowers again. This is not going well, it talks to you and knocks you down unexpectedly. It sings you, you can smell burning, and the lightning has struck!

I go outside and fire off, people fall down dead all around. I am a gun hero and am involved in the Wild West. I have just come back from a wild hunt on cats. When I get hold of one, I see that it is a person. And that person looks like Erica. However, it is not her, she has a different shape. Yet they look like each other. Then darkness falls. I am suffocating, I scream. I still feel that they are taking me to a hospital. But Karel will not help me. He says: "Just work it out for yourself!" I am a farmer's son. You see now, it is all nonsense, sentimentality, female clemency, which I will not fall for!

I see naked people, naturalists who are amazed at what another person has made of himself. I now feel why those people came to taking their clothes off for other people. I now get a shower, but I feel that there is also a divine cloud floating around. The wind rages even more. It is pouring with rain. I have been put in a shed, and water is dripping on my head. I am enjoying the death penalty and am not afraid of it. I now know: they will not drive me mad! Everyone can behave strangely, I will not! This is another revelation for me! However, she continues to play and pretends that nothing else exists. It is dreadful! I am standing on a roof and fall down; my brains are broken. The doctor puts them in splints and I continue immediately. I catch fire and am extinguished at the same time. I see my own body! I have also seen this body in Paris and Brussels, London and Vienna. At night in Naples. Then I had friends with me who, however, went in a direction that I did not choose. I left them and never saw them again.

She falls back to Earth and holds on tightly, for the second time, to Franz and his "Traum". I do not go with her again. She is a damn witch. I do not want to see that madness again; it is becoming insanity. I have been completely shaken awake! I now call it art with an 'a' in front of it. The ... 'a' ... for animal behaviour. This is not part of the human world. This is horrifying great. She is no longer a person now, because people always remain themselves, even if the personality is completely absorbed in art. After all, then they would fall from their bodies, collapse. The conscious will would be

broken! If there is a will!

She finally finds herself again. She stares at the keys, and is a physical and mental wreck. Just like that. Look at those eyes, they are like those of a haddock, and as wild as a tiger-cat's. She is still sitting there. She is probably thinking and trying to recover herself. Only her feet move, her body is stiff. However, more and more movement comes to her. At least if she has not yet lost that ability. I now notice that I am being sarcastic and I must not do that.

Suddenly she jumps up. She is struggling to breathe but she is herself. She is weeping. I feel sorry for her. However, I let her weep until she is quiet and am already sorry about my thoughts. I see her becoming calmer, although her shoulders are still shaking. Yet, I am not afraid that it will affect her child. I did not think that for a moment. She has regained self-control. Now I have to admire her. She is great, wonderful, and incredible. She asks me, as if nothing has happened:

"Was that inspiration, Frederik?"

She continues: "This was not real, was it? Not really human! I wanted to play something for myself, really enjoy myself. Then you came in and I felt myself changing emotionally. And I forgot everything else! What is inspiration actually? I wanted to beat that thing to smithereens; I felt such power in me. My fingers were itching, tingling with satisfaction and I put my heart into the sound. That is all I know."

I did not only believe her, no, I knew that she was telling the truth. There was something protecting her and without that, she would have succumbed.

"For heaven's sake, do not tell Karel about it", she says, and she is completely back to normal again. It is enough to make you ill, because I had just thought about him. One laugh from him and I will knock him to the ground. Of course, otherwise ... She is herself now. I know that she is not going mad!

"When you are here, Frederik, nothing happens to me, you know that?"

I gladly believe it, but I have to let it sink in first. She is no longer suicidal, she says, she has become stronger, warm feelings came and went. According to her own calculations, she is just between the third and fourth month. It may be a bit longer, but ... What does it mean? She feels that a continuous warmth has now come. She says so and she should know, thanks to her physical perceptions.

We are thinking. The anxiety has gone, and we are very normal. When I ask her again in which month we live, she says that it is the fourth and fifth month. I conclude from this that she is not yet back to normal and has far from answered my question. I sense an influence, but where does it come from? I now also believe that a change is coming. Watch out ... an exchange

or swing of nature can be established here, which the lanky Van Stein cannot make any sense of, because he is precisely off the mark. I can now see him like a tightrope walker with an umbrella high above the crowd, showing off his talents. He thinks that it is his tongs that he uses to deliver a baby. I can see more sharply and now know that the greenfly got him. What a fall that man makes!

What lives in Erica is destruction and at the same time art, higher consciousness. I will not go into all those things today because I am dead tired. She says again that she is too old, but immediately asks me not to stay away. Karel must not know anything about it. If only because he laughs at everything. She holds onto me like a child. I am not any different.

However, she asks again. "Frederik, do you know whether the soul lives more than once on earth?"

She has already asked me this before, and we have spoken about it so often. I will not go into it. You would say that something is awakening, her questions are beginning to have content, and they are humanly wise! However, we establish that there are numerous matters, which emerge because of her pregnancy. That is all for now, we do not need to do any more. I already said that I am dead tired, my brain is not working. Now she talks herself about what is going on, as if she feels that something within me refuses. She is very wide-awake, as if she has slept for hours on end.

"Natures continues, Frederik; no matter how we feel, that cannot be stopped. I really consider it a great wonder. However... that same nature forces you to commit suicide. Is nature tuned to humans? Can this nature think? If everything, which I experience is really its effect, then I can say: it is thinking! It sends you to the abyss and it performs art. Because I do not believe that this was myself. What does that effect mean for the mother if she is carrying a child? What does nature mean in this phase? It is art, and misery. She and also me because of her, feel like a drink! She makes you ill-mannered. Could nature have a fantastic effect and yet not have any sense? That effect dominates you in everything. I will stop it."

"It is the best thing you can do", I reply, but then my tiredness overcomes her and she falls asleep. I leave. On the way, some distance from her, I cover her with a shroud. The violets of Our Dear Lord are on the cloth. She hears organ music, the angels are singing. Now she also feels her first kiss. From here, I know that she is now experiencing exactly what I experienced a while ago. I now begin to understand the divine part of it for the first time. Oh, my God, how wonderful that was. I want more of that mad love!!!

Nature tells me that everything is working and you just have to accept that. Karel is right, it is the growth process, and that is all! A while later, I also know that I am kidding myself. I now behave like a herd animal, which

does not think about anything. I sink back into what I used to be. Perhaps I am retarded; it could also be self-protection. Then my emotions tell me: Now that is enough! I have reason again to be grateful. Frederik ... have you ever loved like that? It was – but do not let anyone hear it – as if you were turned inside out. Was all that because of a woman? That crazy Franz Liszt! How provoked that man will be, how tortured that life is ... Just express yourself for a change ... and all that through a piece of wood with a few polished strings. I believe that he himself was standing next to it. He wore lead shoes and had glasses. Because I assure you, you will never be so far, so deeply removed from yourself. Franz ... you were in seventh heaven!

However, I have to try to save myself. Erica's cradle has now started to rock. Angels take her far away, or... she is mad.

I now suddenly know where I saw that man before who greets everyone in such a friendly way. I really now know all about him. It is really nothing special. I will now forget about him!

Erica now gets to wear her garment. She sees moon and stars in the middle of the day ... I myself caught a glimpse of them. Are you growing towards Him? Or is it taking you away from Him? Erica, this is our unity in thoughts. That will not drive you mad!

You are now everything! Franz Liszt did not bring any lies, he experienced it himself. But we were born because of it. Now we love!

In the woods, I took some notes. I can be satisfied. I long for an hour's sleep. I do just that. But I do not want to get into that again, it suffocates you, your heart cannot take it.

When I get home, I reach for my penholder. I put a new pen in it, I feel repulsed by the old one. The new one refuses to write. What is the matter? Now I cannot sleep ... I just take time to think instead. I analyse everything. The music took me to a heaven, where the people are as God created them. What we made from that is muck! What we do has neither soul nor content. It is trivial human nonsense with a sour aftertaste. Someone is reading a newspaper somewhere. And I can see someone else eating an apple. I do not like to be frivolous when there are serious matters going on ... It is the air and graces of goats! However, the animal within us does not know that. In this way, I have to swallow that they have made a fool of me with everything in life. There goes my good life!

I write things down.

Between the third and the fourth month of pregnancy, the process reacts and does something on its own. It is like a course of treatment but it is not that. Periods of time are at work. Nature speaks and makes victims. A child has to accept them, or passes them onto its mother. Earth and universe are now one. Is that strange? I can see it! Just think about it, this is worth con-

sidering. Then go to sleep and try to seize some of that crazy love. I tell you, do not take too much of it, otherwise, you will no longer be able to fit into this society.

Masks, I already told you, are invisible. So do not be afraid of them.

However, did you see the violets?

I tell you, Frederik, nothing will happen to Erica. She will not commit suicide! – Women think differently than men! You are dreaming!

A few days later, I meet Anna in the street. The first thing she says is about Erica. And when I ask Anna how she is, she replies:

“I tell you, Frederik, nothing will happen to Erica, she will not commit suicide.”

When I ask why she is so certain, she replies:

“We women think differently than you men. Come on, this way, we will get more peace to talk there.”

She pulls me along. That Anna, I think, how determined she is and impressively strong. I start to see her differently too. I feel that I have made a huge mistake. I saw her and did not see her. There is not much left of that understanding. She was mine and I did not even feel what she possesses. What a mistake, Frederik. You were fast asleep. I really believe that I have awakened. Otherwise, I would have had my own house, a wife and children a long time ago. Now I am a shrivelled old tramp who longs for life again? When we are away from the noise coming from the houses, I ask:

“Now tell me, Anna, how you are so sure?”

She smiles at me and answers:

“Did you think, Frederik, that I would be shocked so easily?”

“I believe you, Anna. I am now certain that I am meeting you for the first time in my life.”

“My good man, that is because you walk around with your eyes closed. You are a dreamer!”

A cold shower. But I believe that she is right. I do not know for certain. The things I am saying are pathetic.

“So, all the same, Anna? Despite everything, am I still a dope?”

“You should not look at it like that, Frederik. You are a good man, we like you. I am not saying this to flatter you, you know better than that. I am not getting at anything, we have known each other for so long.”

“And I just said that I saw you today for the first time.”

“You did not say that, Frederik. Do you see that you are dreaming?”

I got a terrible shock. I am therefore thinking aloud and my talk can be heard without speaking. Nevertheless, I speak to her. She says:

“You dream too much about everything.”

I dream too much. It is becoming strange. I will have to watch myself.

“Are you not afraid then, Anna?”

“Why should I be afraid?”

“What about the symptoms then, Anna?”

“They are very good, Frederik, but every mother knows her own little miracles the best.”

“I can understand that, but you are suddenly so clear.”

“Should I tell you nonsense, Frederik? I saw all those things differently to you. I know my mistress, Frederik. You know that we behave like sisters towards each other. I love Karel just as much as I love Erica. However, she will not commit suicide. She will not jump out of the window and she will not drink herself to a stupor. For that matter, I have already noticed that she no longer touches the bottle. But she dreams aloud and that is new to me. Karel can also hear it, but he is not bothered. However, these are just trivial things, the big things are still to come, but then I will be washing nappies.

Where I got all this, Frederik? From my mother. She had a horrible life and a hut full of children. There was a world of difference between each child, she used to say. And all those children had their own character. Mother already knew beforehand what her child would look like and what kind of character it had. She said that that was an everyday matter, because it is your own flesh and blood. It will not allow itself to be fooled, and it will not buy a pig in a poke. It is the way you feel yourself. I am watching out, Frederik, but I will not get involved. I am watching day and night. So, now I have to go, come to visit soon, we miss you.”

“Women”, she also says, “are different than you men, Frederik ... Do not dream any longer, but keep some strength in reserve, otherwise you will be of no use to anyone.”

She has gone ... it is sheer poetry. What a terrible idiot you are, Frederik. Didn't you know? Did you think you knew about people? A hundred guilders in her savings account as a punishment ... Good grief ... what an idiot you are.

However, Anna is right. She feels how Erica is. I have neglected my studies. Anna feels the soul of Erica as a woman. I see her from my creative talents and that now appears to be wrong? I still cannot believe it. When I reflect upon it I know that I am right after all, but that Anna feels it in a much simpler way. If I go into it even deeper, then I also know that Anna is at a standstill and is already thinking about the nappies, which tells me that she does not know the depth of these symptoms, even if she thinks they are an everyday matter. What she has is from a natural source. Yet we are faced or were faced with problems. They are really no longer problems. Karel is right; it is a process. Is everything back to normal again? I will just wait and see!

I go back home and now want to read the letters. I read:

“You wish to have information for scientific research. Well, here is my

story. When I was approximately three to four months pregnant I became suicidal. But I am still here and have a beautiful baby girl. That is really everything. Of course, you will want to know where those feelings came from, but I cannot make head nor tail of it myself. They are there and yet, they are not. Like myself. Sometimes I was completely normal but at other times, I was surprised at myself for my strange inclinations. When I look at my child, I have to say: I felt a part of her. She sometimes behaves strangely and I start to worry. But a few days ago, it was as if she was born again. Now she sings every day, it is simply a miracle.”

I will send her a nice doll and some money. She is an honest mother but with a bit of a bad temper. I can see that from her handwriting ... although I am not a handwriting expert. Writing speaks directly to me.

Another woman has exactly the same symptoms. She is depressed and has to fight against her suicidal inclinations. “It is a pressure, a heavy burden, which rests on your shoulders, and you do not know what to do about it. I now understand that when my son was born, those feelings went away. I now have four children ... with all the others the pregnancy was different, but there was no question of suicidal feelings. I had other longings, but they could have been hallucinations. I was attracted to all good things. I wanted to be rich, and of course, I was dissatisfied with everything. The doctor thought it was normal. And my husband just laughed about it. I do not want to think about it anymore, because the event itself is a miracle, after all? It grows in you and it gets everything that you have yourself. It talks and it is happy. It is life and soul at the same time. But one day you will have to lose it again. I am already afraid of that now.”

Another mother says: “I just wanted to go out. The house had become too small for me. If we had had the money, I would have flown around the world. I saw space in everything. I flew in everything. I was the first in everything, and I never stopped talking. Before I was silent ... Something changed in me, but that horrible silence has gone from me. I now live more, and I enjoy life more. My boy has a good head on his shoulders, a good brain. It is a pity that we cannot let him study. I would give anything for that. Is that perhaps what I felt and wanted to experience during my pregnancy? It is strange, but you cannot get to the bottom of these things. They must be of some significance.”

She and the other mother will get twenty-five guilders each. I will do something about the boy. But I understand from the letter that he is very young.

Oh well, it will sort itself out! It is really nothing special. One feels suicidal, and another has her glass of wine or beer. The higher social class, which Erica belongs to, has much imagination. Only some of them behave normally. I determine that the refined women put on the most act. Ordinary women

accept all these things because they do not have a fussy personality. There are some that suddenly like animals and others who cannot stand animals any longer. I sense that these are qualities that are fed directly from the personality. Hey, Frederik, what is that? Say it again ...? It does not sound bad But it was too fast again.

Other mothers have cravings for a cigarette ... they smoke like chimneys and feel completely happy. They are stimuli, one woman says, because the growth within you demands everything from your body. To me, at least, if I am right. And I believe so ... it is very natural.

There is one ... who even wanted to strangle her child before it came into the world. They had to go all out to stop her from mutilating herself and her baby. When it was born, it was half a child. Did that mother feel everything about her child? The doctor says: self destruction. She would probably have stabbed near the baby's heart because they found a puncture in that delicate little body! How was it diagnosed? I see tears on the paper and I also have to reply to her. For her suffering, I promise her ... a bit more material! How can it be, how clear ... Were feelings being expressed here? I have a lot to think about. Yet, I am grateful that I have done that. So you see, you still have your uses, mother.

There are other women who get immediate symptoms of clairvoyance. As well as beautiful dreams. And art. That therefore corresponds to what Erica experienced. With mild inclinations to destroy the embryo. And being able to offer resistance to it. She practices theosophy. She started it because of her pregnancy. Now she is experienced and, as she says, a good astrologist.

I personally have no time for it ... A friend once did a calculation for me, which appeared to be completely wrong. When I noticed that it still left you searching, it did not mean anything to me anymore. Therefore, lady, that is all! The other things are nothing special. We said goodbye to each other.

Again another mother says: "I knew spiritual and physical poverty ... I became numb through the baby and had terrible trouble with my kidneys. I was very anxious and was also bothered by fits of crying. I did not know what to do anymore. I had the feeling that something was happening to my child. Yet it was a bouncing baby boy. However, at the age of eight, my boy was brought home dead. Hit by a car and dead. Should I have felt that beforehand? We had another one and this one is doing fine. I hope that I may keep him. But I will never forget the other one. I hope that this is of some use to you."

I determine that these are symptoms, which we will have to examine soon, if we do not want to be deceived by our own sources. One thing is certain and conscious: the process, the process of growth and blossoming can infallibly predict the future. Oh, Van Stein, why do you not research this matter?

That stupid process therefore has a supernatural consciousness. I am pleased with this material, from which you can immediately draw a conclusion. Why does a doctor not think things through? It is material for a parapsychologist. A psychiatrist could also be involved and the psychologist. I continue, even the spiritual faculties are at a deadlock! They do not yet know what to do with themselves and they are all spongers! Why do they give those people a title? What real use are they to science? However, that is none of my business. I am shivering. I will not cover up anything for them, because they behave so conceitedly and yet they know nothing.

There is another letter and its contents are really special. The mother is bothered by facial hair during her pregnancy, as a result of which she knows for certain that it is a boy. And it was a boy!

That process of growing and blossoming is already aware at the age of four or five months that it will have to be shaved. A thing like that will put Van Stein's nose so out of joint that it will look bad for him and his kind. Everything considered; it is worth thinking about. I ended my research. I sent everyone who had participated a present and then locked myself up in my own world. A while later, by coincidence, I heard more things about mothers but I did not feel like getting involved. It was often worthwhile, but it usually concerned things that we had already determined in Erica's case.

For example, there was the fact that when a mother was pregnant and one with her child she could say without a doubt what kind of nature it would have. The child in question is now in prison! The mother knew beforehand that it would become a convict, and that this child would be out of control. It is consciously bad. She has an answer to all her experiences, the sorrow that overcame her and the cursed gnawing at her heart. Yet again: what Karel and Van Stein call 'process' can predict the future infallibly! Does the child have a soul and a conscious? It is obvious that the child has a soul, and we know that. But consciousness? According to science, that is impossible. Are we mad or do we have to accept that all those academics still have to be born? Should they not go to boarding school? Or is this the conscious of this poor world? What is it? Should they not ensure new and better research as soon as possible, keener research to start with, rather than letting all these natural miracles go unnoticed? I know what they will say; those phenomena are all abstract. We are going to pieces anyway. However, they ignore everything! I do not let it bother me, but at the same time!

I believe that it is not yet time to talk about all these matters. It brings me to the reality of this superhuman event. "It speaks for itself!" Our academics are either calves or they are busy bringing a miracle into the world while they are sleeping. I should probably look before I leap ... and soon I will be faced with the real facts. But even so we will see. If they are right, I will bow my

head.

The editors let me know that more letters had come. However, I thought it was enough and put them along with the others who had served their purpose. I went to Erica ... She read them one by one. She thought I was a genius. "How can it be", she says, "that you should think of that. That is typical of you. I am really grateful to you. Karel would never have thought of it. What a nice letter this is. I still have a nice dress, Frederik, and she can have it. Here is some money for her boy ... Then she will be able to buy some books. This letter is really sweet, don't you think? How wonderful. You see, Frederik, that we have to start thinking in another way and that Karel cannot justify everything? What a man that Van Stein is. Will I let him read this? Oh, I forgot, I do not want to see that man again. What a reality, Frederik. I believe that I am beginning to feel grateful that I have felt that misery. This letter is sad. What can you do to change things? What a terrible prediction. Goodness ... I think it is terrible. The rest do not mean very much to me."

What does all of this mean? She hears me and asks:

"What does it mean, Frederik?"

"It means that even if the academics define your child's life in developing, the process is capable of thinking like a human being, making infallible predictions and passing on its feelings to the mother. Put more clearly ... this brings us to a conscious personality and we can, could accept that the child in the mother already knows where later the beard will be."

She splits her sides laughing and thinks it is a revelation for me. Well, it was said and experienced without a doubt. I also said: "This is connected to all your own problems. To everything!"

"What do you mean by everything?"

"I cannot put my finger on it. However, it points us in different directions, where a sun shines and people live, even if they have not yet been born. I will have to think about it first."

And I thought about it. Of course, I did not mention it to Erica too much. I will be careful, because she is feeling much and much better and is herself again. After all, I promised Karel. Something has been proved to me without a doubt, and I do not know what its laws are yet, but I was able to see its conscious life. I determined that the soul of a person is a great miracle, has intellect and can be considered universal. I cannot explain whether all of this is for the child, that the mother herself therefore receives a higher consciousness, or that the child is conscious and has its own personality during those months, but it seems possible to me.

I have written in my diary: "Today, I received some letters with astounding contents. I experienced miracles. Now I know that I am alive! I analyse all those unknown things at home ... I think that is best. To think about it as

much as possible. I now notice that one thing blends in with another and gets things right. I heard voices there ... The facts themselves contradict each other. However, I am listening properly, until they become crystal clear to me.

Karel's nonsense is already like a heavenly choir to me. My university is starting to make sense! I even believe that I could give lectures in the future. I think that if I know everything that I will have a name for it, which will sound wonderful, and people will say: how can it be?

I am starting to get to know God! I had not thought that life could be so wonderful for us people. I now also know that He speaks to His people. I picked up all of this knowledge just like that from the gutters of the street! There are treasures there; you only have to see them! Anyone who opens his eyes gets colour in his heart and now has to admit that life is rich and varied. Before I could not see those treasures either, but recently I have opened my inner eyes. My castle is now wide open! That is it for now!" I already said, the rest...is still in my laboratory ... However, no one is capable of creating chaos. My guards are on the look-out!

I send Erica a beautiful basket of flowers. As well as Anna. Karel gets his favourite brand of cigarette, Simon Arzt. I will send him tons of them, because I feel so happy.

I tell you, and anyone who believes me, these symptoms take you back to God. I repeat, I had not thought that He lived so close to people. He reaches out to us every second and pulls us upwards. Then we hear: "Is there something the matter, my son, or my daughter?" When we fall, He is right beside us! If we are bothered by inexplicable things, He explains everything to us, has immediately done with it, and places His signature so that we will understand that everything has been reckoned with in His eyes. Of course, I felt yet again that you have to make sure yourself that those wounds are healed and you need a physical bandage for that. That is not so bad after all! I can already hear Him talking, it sounds so wonderful!

I now know those hours, months, years, time and space, have meaning, if you are there yourself. All of this is completely one! However, you have to understand it. I tell you, anyone who picks up the threads also gets holds of the bobbin around which it is wound, so you can look into its origin.

That origin is light, believe me, it is life, the soul and the spirit! It can pray and it has already prayed before it started having its effect on earth. I would even dare to say: it even once stood at the altar and said Mass, before it itself came to life. It is the breath of His breath, the growth of His growth. I saw all of that lying in the street. Oh, how grateful I am to Him!

What a day. It was wonderful! I am practically bursting with happiness!

Frederik, we have a boy... and we are calling him René

We had nothing to complain about: Mother Nature did not put human longings, to get the best out of life, very much to the test, and the last few months passed like a dream. The only thing Erica said was: "It took quite a while. But now it has arrived."

During those months, we talked a lot, but there were no symptoms. Karel found, and I must say he was right, that Erica sometimes exaggerated greatly, and when everything was going well, he remarked: "You see, nature takes care of everything!" However, he is a strange doctor.

I heard him talk about these things in a way that was nothing short of recklessness for an academic. People can also be too nonchalant about things, especially if it concerns your own wife who is expecting a baby, even if people think that nature is in charge of all life at the end of the day. But come on: they have their own child now. I do not know why they called the boy René. According to Anna, the little fellow weighs six pounds and a few ounces, quite a big baby. On the day that the baby was born it was pouring with rain. Erica did not like that. I am not a pessimist, but I have my own opinion about it. Moreover, it was not because it rained, but because of her unpleasant feelings; this is also something which is not a part of her. When I came to her, she called me:

"Frederik, we have a boy and we are calling him René."

Karel fired away at me:

"Where does that leave you now with all your problems?" He should have held his tongue. Or is he happy? He behaves like a foal in the meadow for the first time – he cannot get over his happiness. I already feel now that it is not real. If he is still so happy in a year's time, I will believe him. I tell you: this will not remain so. There is no question of any sensible conversation and that is the first thing, which a mother longs for, after all. I miss this simple talk. I was not wrong all that time, and I now start to see. We also get an answer to this and it hits the nail on the head. This is not Karel. However, Erica will get more blows. It will be a tough time!

Certainly, everything comes to an end, also the nine months for a mother. Then a great miracle awaits her and she must prove to the God of us and all life whether she understands it. However, I already said ... it was raining. How can it be ... mother ... still a child ... that such a rain gets the lead over you and can make you sad just like that. Or is it the after-effects? I just mean: the happiness in you must count for everything, must, as it were, be able to

say: I am now as steady as a rock, there is nothing in this world which can take away my happiness, destroy it or sully it! Yet it was raining and she did not like it at all, it dominated her happiness. You see, then I was already thinking of other things, but I do not want to be pessimistic about the future. I now know that we people can influence each other.

There is not much to say about the birth – everything happened quickly. Yet she remained caught in her rain. Now and again, Anna got her out of it, but she kept falling back into it. You can hear her whispering. Karel is also talking to himself, it is just as if he has suddenly become hard of hearing. You can sometimes see his lips tremble. He thinks that no one can see him but I can see everything. For that matter, you can also see it in his walk, his broad shoulders, his neck, how he waves his arms and his brainy head, where he is trying to sort out many confusing thoughts, but his attempts have been in vain up until now, because he keeps throwing things into disarray. However, he does not believe in emotional people.

What is it you want, Karel? That people change suddenly? Erica can now see through you. It is a miserable comfort. You give her your charity. I now know, I will never marry! Women have to be careful. They receive blows! And we men are too insensitive for a woman like Erica. I do not mean those manly women ... Oh, they do not need to pay any attention to my words. I know that they also have their good qualities, the value of which such a sensitive person does not yet realise.

I have been led to believe that there are ... child mothers, maternal mothers and ... manly mothers, a distinction which classifies the mothers according to their depth of feeling. I do not know who is the best. However, they all experience the same process. I would love to have become a doctor to learn about that. Precisely in order to give my own opinion about all those different worlds, as I wanted to then. And also to create some order, calm and peace in it. Yes, that was it. I am not saying anything destructive about all those degrees of life when I express myself in this way.

Is it like this everywhere? There are fathers and mothers who are incredibly happy. I once saw a man who was running in the street, extremely happy, and he assured everyone who wanted to hear: yes, he was the happiest man in the world. Mothers smiled at this young man. I estimated him to be thirty years old at the most and I understood that they had had to wait too long for it. Perhaps men are different.

I am a strange person ... I believe that not one of those people, approximately twenty in total, including some elderly people, whom I saw shaking their heads ... thought to enquire where this young father lived. They thought then that I wanted to deliver flowers and I left it at that. I was only concerned with his address and nothing else for the moment. A year later –

believe me, I am telling the truth – I knew that that same father had used up his happiness harum-scarum. In the first instance, he broke up his marriage, beat up mother and child, and stole everything he could lay his hands on, until he ended his own life, because he would otherwise have been locked up for at least ten years. The lawyer, a friend of mine, who had already tried to save what could be saved three months after the birth, gave up on him. So terrible was the personality of this unnatural male instinct. I just mean to say: be careful with your happiness. Do not give it away. It is much more difficult to keep happiness than suffering or sorrow. And many people do not even believe that either, but I could prove it to you.

Those old people had exactly the same opinion as I did ... They knew that unnatural happiness much better, but they went on dragging their feet, since they knew that Mother Nature was buying a pig in a poke for you, and you would not know what to do about it later. There are thousands of cases like this ... For that matter, people know that themselves as well.

I just said a moment ago that Karel is now a poor comfort to Erica. It is hard for a mother, but what can you do about it? You now see that the father is not prepared for the mother and the mother is not prepared for her husband. These two different worlds need cosmic tuition, before they even start to think about having children. One person tries to find it in the other one, but both are searching in vain. They are missing something!

They do not know each other! There is therefore no happiness. How am I so sure of this? It is because Erica showed me that through Franz Liszt. It is now a part of my own heart. I repeat: it already bothered me when I was an overgrown youth. It is now pouring with rain in the house. There is no way for them to approach each other, because Karel behaves as if he is not there himself, that he did not sew the seeds which Erica took in and which showed her the heavens. Do you remember how the organ played? How the gnomes played with her big toe, which tickled her? Did you not see that the beaming light from heaven wove a rose on her beautiful head? Her lips were coloured with the emerald of Our Lord? Then something burned in her right ear ... And she heard that whistling very clearly, but the orchestra with a thousand musicians ... started to play the “Liebestraum” by Franz Liszt. She sunk away, just as I did and as everyone, that has a heart, feels it!

You see, they have already forgotten that! It is old hat. The origin of life is a physical game to them, instead of a universal possession, which gives shape to Divine matters. At best, a mass is said for it. Or did you think that it was different?

I know that they are both guilty, but they do not know its laws. They no longer see that this milk will never sour. If you know that, truly admire and love the space for it, He will be back next to you in order to help you a small

step further. Now you know that everything in you and on you is light. If you see that, keep declaring it as something sacred in another person, it is also constantly new and a separate creation, because you know ... No, not that you know your stuff – that is too cheap, because we are talking about the eternal happiness of man and wife! – yet, you know where the Divine seed is kept.

Then you can listen to voices. You welcome every noise she makes. Even if she is choked with the cold ... she is faced with an infectious disease, you welcome it. Her scarlet fever brings you inspiration. As a doctor, you rise above everything and you do not make a fuss anymore if two people a day leave the unforgettable life, at your hands. The following day you are sure again and self-aware and an operation is completely successful. However, now you love ... everything that lives ... He is now standing next to you and is holding the knife for you and that other life. It is not important whether it is a child or an adult ... Here after a mass is being said and it costs nothing! Now you hear Him say: did you think that it was any different?

Erica is suffering because of it. This great event does not possess the light, which they had expected. I already said: it is soul, it is life, and it is spirit ... For them this castle is locked! No matter how hard it rains, they are outside. You cannot dress to protect yourself from this weather! It is impossible!

I still know like it was yesterday that Erica felt like going for a walk, precisely when it was bucketing with rain. When Karel had something to say about it, she replied:

“Exactly now. Dear Karel ... Exactly now it is pouring, we will go for a walk. You have to accept, admire and love everything from Him. Everything! How did Chopin experience this pleasure? How Beethoven and Mozart? If there was no rain, we would have missed all those wonderful things.’

Her eyes sparkled, her body radiated light, her step, strong and sure, gave her contentment. The happiness of Mother Nature. Oh, I can still hear her breathing, filling her lungs, enjoying all these gifts from above, which she knew what to do with. A few days later, when she wanted to interpret the song of the universe for the piano ... despite her cold, she thanked the dear Lord because she was doing so well and her fingers felt the rain within them. Then she believed that she was open to ‘true’ inspiration. However, a short while later it had disappeared from her life! I can still hear her sigh ... She found it such a pity, but still thought the rain was a revelation.

And now? What a tremendous difference there is. I do not know this soul anymore, this ordinary rain beats her, covers her with a shroud of gloom with a natural ... moth...in it. It makes me tremble and shake, what you make of it is up to you. However, Karel does not see or hear the rain. Is this also a symptom?

Karel does not get any reply. He behaved awkwardly as well. He now reveals his own character. She sees through it, this is fantastic. Moreover, what a comedy people make of things. I would like to beg them: be yourselves! However, I will not get involved.

Karel expected a message from his son. Now that message has already been posted and will soon be delivered. Now look at the postman. That man is wearing a mask and behaves as if it is Mardi Gras. He walks about in a sham suit and sings nice songs, but he has already forgotten his roots. You must pay the bill ... even if you are sent flowers.

The baby has a beautiful voice, but a bit too hoarse. Karel is already thinking about that postman. But he does not know yet that he comes from another village and has to walk a long distance. The man looks old. It bothered me when I realise all of this and I could not understand myself. That voice as well!

‘A baby does not hide anything, even if it is only a few hours old’, I heard someone say a long time ago. I now believe that that scholar was right. I know about this pleasure myself. I feel this little voice, it means more to me than to people in general. The voice shows the person’s character. When the baby is a bit more conscious later, the voice will change, but then you will hear what its emotional situation is, even if you are faced with deeds, which attempt to illustrate the opposite. The voice usually warns, the mother in particular.

René is therefore a bit too hoarse. I could now say what it will mean in the future, but then according to the previous symptoms. Karel listens to it, but thinks that it is meant to be like that, nature knows best. As long as it does not turn out to be a pig in poke. This baby is too old! I do not look at its wrinkled little face, for that is not important. It is something else.

In Indonesia, I was warned by the friendliness of a voice. I heard from the voice that I would be deceived and poisoned. I did not touch the food, which had been prepared so carefully, and gave it to my dog, which gave up the ghost an hour later. That Indonesian child betrayed herself completely – or was this protection? Whatever the case, I heard it in the voice. I did not even look up when that sweet child stood next to me and put my dinner in front of me. Her voice sounded to me like a mountain cat in the far distance. I did not touch it. I did not see my coffin ... However, the human voice told me enough to save my life. I would have preferred not to be murdered just like that ... life was too wonderful for that. From that moment onwards I paid particular attention to the human voice and could now tell you all about it. It is an awe-inspiring great book. That part of me will also get a place soon in my ‘University’, where the students will not get a degree in twenty years. Because it is so simple! You will certainly not believe it, but at that time, I felt

one with Socrates. I then said to him: you were close by, as long as all those idiots do not mess about with your awe-inspiring knowledge. Otherwise you will have to come back here again – at least if it is possible, because many people believe you only live on earth once – in order to give your own faculty the Divine shower. People wanted to kill me for it but I did not accept it.

René's voice tells me such a lot, even more than Erica's feeling of depression, her stupefied self! Because that is what it is, she is not alive!

I could almost say that René can already feel the place where he will have a beard. I will go even further, he is already asking now where he can get the best shaving soap, and why men actually have to shave and women do not have this problem. Did you see that thin little face? Men are strange creatures. You could laugh about it, but you know that it is very natural and you do not laugh. Well, why do we have a beard? Why does a mother not have a beard? The God of all life knew it. He also now knows why I feel that this little voice is too old. I have my own opinion about it ... I hear, that screeching ... It is not a choir of angels to Erica either ... otherwise, she would now be radiating with beauty; she would be floating in her universe and that of her child. However, she is as heavy as lead. You could almost bury her.

I will stop it, it is pointless to continue. I am faced with everything alone anyway. If I had a lecture room full of students, I could pass on my findings to the new generation, but I do not have that yet. Now everything is becoming so heavy. You are faced with a mountain. There is something else, which says: 'Drink and eat, this is My Blood, this is My Body', what do you want?

The next day, Karel retrieved his old cows from the cowshed and showed Erica that they no longer could give any milk because they now grazed in the wrong direction. Again and again, they tumbled in his ditch; they do it back to front. He did not know that for this there were no spectacles ground. His cows behave as white mice can, they are as fast as flowing water ... However, Erica does not feel like going into it. She says: it is too muddy!

"You see", he says, "you should have done it like that. This must be done differently. And that as well. If you had done it differently, you would have been happy now. What can I do for you?" When she then replies: "Just take care of yourself first", then you know happiness does not reign here either and they are a bother to each other. Yet this couple does not understand that it could be very different. You are now faced with personalities, which do not wish to bow and do not understand this enormous happiness. It is a small matter but one which weighs a thousand kilos. They face each other, not knowing how to reach each other, and create chaos. René keeps calling to them, the baby is talking to its parents, but they do not yet hear it. All they do is remove themselves from Him, from Whom they received everything.

Karel shows her his bashful manners. Afterwards I hear some crying and

motherly sniffing. He forgets he is a father, they are not yet ready for this miracle, and it is a problem! He should have behaved differently and he now knows that but he is too proud to admit it. Now look at your farm, Karel, but you should know that it could be different, better; a bit more feeling would open you to this miracle.

I did not get the chance to have a chat with her. For that matter, she would not have been able to. And to be honest, I was afraid of it. Try entering a life that is only darkness? How awful! She is lying there with the blankets right up to her chin, with her eyes closed, and deep in thought. I feel weight, is it own destruction? I suspected that this would become a chaos and now I know for sure. After all, a person cannot miss out any steps.

As I already said, Anna does everything to support her. Erica nods to her. Anna understands and behaves as if she knows everything. Her strong personality is stimulating and can move mountains. She is a beautiful soul. I believe that Erica has now become more sensitive, which does not make it so easy to sense her purely, how she should be eventually. Did this happen because of her child? Or is this the other influence? The doctor says that everything is fine. This is also normal. But I am not so sure. I have my own feelings, but do not dare to make an analysis. Anna shakes her head, her skirts crackle through the house, and her footsteps are also different. She is calculating her step. Everything is different about her, we see a change coming, and all of us experience it in our own way. Who is doing the right thing? We had to wait and see.

I saw the baby. It is just as the drawing I made of it! Believe me, this life lives in my soul; it is part of my life, as it were. I do not know how, but I can feel it. You would think that it is impossible, but I cannot let go of these thoughts, they follow me around. I live through them, so to speak. I also believe, because I have been able to follow it for such a long time that those feelings live in me. I yearned for this moment but it is disappointing. Good heavens, I thought, what an unfortunate creature you are, I behaved as I used to and became a child again. Karel ran out the door, there was something else the matter. Erica begged me to stay; it was in her eyes. The door slammed closed again, the noise scared her and her baby. She also heard him starting his car, a last farewell to her and the one in the cradle. And that was that.

She looked up for a moment, but lowered her eyes again; I see that they are as heavy as lead. A few moments later, she looks in my direction and from me to the cradle. Look first yourself, it occurs to me. But I am like a statue. I could hit myself, I am behaving so awkwardly. My body is silent, I am standing still inside, but a mother is asking me something. I have to act but I cannot. It takes at least ten minutes, it is painful for her but then I hear:

“I do not know, Fredrik, I do not know.”

She bites her lips red, a moment ago they were as white as a corpse, and still I cannot speak. But I have to! I could have killed myself; it is so awful. What a dope I am. Yet, there is contact with her life, thoughts and emotions. I also absorb that. I am screaming inside, I feel ill-fated. I want to die. There is desperation: a break down within me, my life is ruined. I am worthless, nothing; I am desperate!

I am sitting here and am like the living-dead. I think and at the same time, I have no thoughts. I am trembling! It is now or never, I have to talk, I cannot leave her alone like that. I just sit and do nothing. She asks and begs for an answer. She looks at what I am doing, but she remains as heavy as lead. I am not yet ready to accept that child and fulfil her longing. She expects me to say something nice, but I cannot do it yet. It is as if I am frozen to the spot! When Anna comes in something within me breaks. Erica now looks at me, her looks drill through me. I have meanwhile been burnt at the stake ten times. She thinks about me and her child. Now her eyes go to the cradle and I hear:

“Everyone should be able to enjoy this, shouldn’t they, Frederik?”

Her voice tells me a lot. These words fly from my lips:

“Yes, they should, Erica, of course, they should! Every ... human son has to.”

What is this then? However, she laughs. I have achieved something after all, but I did not have a share in it. I wanted to say: every human being ... and every human son came out. I think it is terrible. I feel like a beaten dog, but I look at the child. I murmur something and make a fool of myself. She observes the baby, she believes herself that she is talking to little René. How many people now live in her? Are we faced with new problems? Then she says:

“Do not stay away too long, Frederik.D3870

I tremble and promise her I will come back soon. But I am a beaten man. I have to leave! Then I am already outside and run into the woods. But I can still see Anna before me, who sympathises with me, I believe, which I think is terrible. There is an unknown force that pushes me outside. I now know that if I had had to depend on my own strength, I would have collapsed. However, when I think of Anna I feel powerful. If I come into contact with René and Erica, I fall to the ground and behave in a helpless manner. It is as if I have to think of death. Anna puts me back on my feet after those two there have knocked me down. Am I so helpless then?

Thinking I continue. I had decided to go for a nice meal today to celebrate the health of mother and child. Now it is as if René does not want me to enjoy my food. I start to feel sick when I think about it. I let myself fall onto my bench, but I see myself walking on at the same time. I believe that there

is something not right in my head. I suddenly see that I am running and yet I am sitting down! I wanted to scream but no sound would come. I thought I was running through the woods but I could see by the tips of my shoes that I was sitting down. Now I am silent, I no longer wish to think, I feel so unhappy. I feel like a drink, because I know that I have had too much of a good thing.

What a day this is! Beethoven, Mozart and Franz Liszt with his funeral marches, are now at home: they are sick. I believe they are pretending to be sick. They have lost their inspiration. Their spiritual child is already buried. Erica no longer knows them, also that support has gone! That art has also turned out to be stuff and nonsense for her life. Nothing helps, nothing, we lie and cheat, we fool each other. You cannot depend on people, they do not think, even if they think that they find it all so nice and wonderful, it is nonsense! I had to accept this a moment ago. There are no useful things in the world, which support people; everything is imagination! I do not think that I will gather up any wisdom again, it does not help anyway. This also belongs to my university, but it is severity, poverty!

It is evening again – I think the first or second day after the birth – and I was almost mad from thinking and as a result of my helplessness. I felt that I had still not been born and at the same time, I wanted to end it all! Is that not terrible?

The things I considered wisdom a day beforehand today seem like a circus. It is foolish arrogance! I, stupid person that I am, already saw the world and people changing. I now live in darkness again and I will not get out of it. Yet, I must! I evolved further but it suddenly came to a halt, which I did not yet understand. Now I know. Karel is right in saying: everything is a process; everything is 'nature'! It is nature. Only I am not nature yet! However, when I go into that he tends to his horses and he is flung into a dangerous space. It is too wild for me, too dangerous!

When I thought about this, about his process and his nature, light suddenly returned to my life and I felt happy again. I could now say: nonsense, my good man! Even if we have not yet worked it out, everything is still different! Then I saw a hand and it pulled me out again, I hold on tightly to that hand, it is my life and happiness! It was a hand! I will not let it be taken from me! I saw it! I experienced it! However, I now also know that we take it too seriously. We should see things in an everyday way. Millions of mothers experience it and remain themselves. Is Karel right? I followed Karel in thought and saw how he chased after his horses. These are his qualities, his personality. I prefer to do it in a simpler way, even if I sometimes wander far from home, I know what I am doing and how I think, but he does not know! Yet, I continue step by step. I am still behaving a bit strange but I am improving. He is not; he

is standing still! I believe that he is now lying in one of his ditches. I will not reach out a hand to him; the doctor will just have to see how he gets out of it. He has dragged me through his mud ditches for long enough. I flatly refuse to do it anymore! And this little René had let me know that. This is why I am over it so quickly, but it was dangerous!

What will God think about us people? Did He want this child to be born? According to Karel, God has other things to do. I now know for sure that his horses falling will make him bow his farmer's head. There is no other explanation to be found, this is it! Now he is faced with Erica's sensitivity and does not know what to do about it. Will this mean a broken heart? I do not want to think about a coffin, but would you have thought otherwise?

I am busy analysing characters again – why can I not leave them alone? – this is a bloody page in my diary. I really do not know where to begin. I now see that many quotation marks were used, especially where it concerns me. However, my handwriting is getting weaker and I am thinking without finding what I am looking for. Yet, I am sure of my facts. I read over everything, I think about every sentence, but I cannot yet work it out. I still believe that everything has meaning! Everything! I also write in my diary:

“I was in the silence and I was expecting my child. Suddenly it started to rain, and there was a thunderstorm on its way. I ran back home, but on the way, I lost my child. When I came home it was lying in its cradle, and looked at me, knowingly! It was as if it was trying to say something, but I did not understand it then. Now I know that it wanted to tell me:

I have known for so long, Mother! I ran even faster and was home much sooner. I had already known for such a long time that there would be a storm and so I took precautions. You see?”

I throw down the pen, wanted to tear up what I had written, but did not. I finished the sentence, because I did not understand a word of it. It seems like insanity! However, I came to think deeply. And a while later I also wrote:

“You did not know, mother, that you had fallen in a ditch? It was I who pulled you out again. What father does is terrible. I will put him in his place! Then pears and apples will rain for his life, of supernatural insanity, with the inscription: ‘These also grew in paradise.’ They are not to be thrown to the cows, like pearls before swine. They have lights; they are like compressed incense, which will not burn. However, you can smell it because you are now faced with your own soul. René!”

I am dead to the world and readily admit it, I am shaking and trembling again from myself. I have slept and I now know that I am being protected from a shock, I find it so terrible. Behind all of this, I saw His hand, the hit! Have I now been touched by Him? On the surface, it is nonsense, but the beating of my heart points to a different answer. I read over the nonsense at

least ten times and stay away from it, you never know. I feel something but do not know what it is. This will probably be the best of all the things that I have written.

Then it was evening again, the umpteenth day after this birth, which took me from one surprise to the next and I thought: I am happy or ... a complete madman. However, I am still alive and I can still think as well, I have feelings. But that evening I was dead drunk!

The next day I knew for certain that my servant girl was stealing from me. I therefore made the decision to get rid of her for good. I know for sure that I will manage! It is pitiful!

When I was sitting for my diary the next time and read what I had written already, I added a few scribbles, which did not predict anything and closed the book again. I will keep the rest to myself. It will be contradictory to itself but I will wait and see. What kind of masks can I see? Not an hour passes without you being faced with masks! If my hand writes something else, which does not come from me, I will hang myself. Then I will not have to chase away this thief of a girl and it will be a flower on my grave. What nonsense I am making up.

However, I can say what things she has hold of. She reads my letters, which is the worst thing of all! If she had read the letters with pure love, I would give her a raise of ten guilders, now she has to leave! I think that I will sell all my rubbish soon and go travelling again! It is a pity for my friends. Erica and Anna will think it is terrible. I will come across enough people like Karel. Even if he is quite a person, a rascal with a good brain, I will not be too sorry to leave him!

I can now see the moment when I got to know them. We were on a trip and engaged into conversation. It was nice weather, and we could see the fjords. Then it started. After some conversation, our characters made contact. I tuned into them and followed them in everything. They did not, they did it differently. When we got back to the city, my first visit followed. I still go there now, in fact quite a bit, and I have become one of their best family friends.

Before I was always on the move – I have seen a lot of this world and learned a lot, I believe. I have had to pay many bank accounts for the benefit of another, although I have still not made a good friend out of it. That is usually the case!

Now I have my home, I will not leave here again, I think, even if I have these feelings. I do not know where it comes from, something is trying to chase me away, but the feeling to stay is stronger and it will probably win from the other feeling. Does He not want me to leave? What an imagination again, but you can never tell. As a person, there is always something else. If

there is nothing then you search for it! That is just the way we are.

However, I am now faced with a thief and in my own house! It is terrible! It is as if I am covered with lice. It will mean a lot of misery. A dirty great mess, I do not want that! I believe that I am overwhelmed by everything, precisely now when I need peace. You cannot think because of those things, they take you out of your world of silence and happiness. Precious things are destroyed as a result of these low-life things and that must not happen.

I now know that I will not get out of this. It is strange but you will see. I do not know how, I do not understand it properly myself, but it is the case! When I analyse those feelings, I am sitting with Erica and her baby! I am deaf and dumb, but when I listen to something, I can still hear it! It is such a strange thing! However, if I leave, Karel will get the upper hand and Erica will move to a world where she will be alone and never receive one sign of love again. I also know that!

Karel recently told me that I looked at the ground too much. I felt what he meant, but he himself looks for the first blades of grass and does not see them, even if he is right on top of them. He wants to, but he cannot, not yet. What is it? Why is a person bound hand and foot to his own character? That is not Karel; he is walking behind 'himself' and searching for that man! Sometimes you can hear him groaning, I do not dare to say whether it is real. It is just like the story of Hans and Gretel, old views, he also has old views, but he teases Erica with it! If you ask me, this life will be destroyed!

If I stay, he will never get the chance again to kick me into his ditches. However, he has had to accept in all these years that I can sometimes say things which are spot-on, even if I am awkward by nature. Is this a born gift? Does it point to real talent? We do not know! He says to me: "Everything is arty about you, art is growing in your life as tough as a mud plant." What a turn of phrase Karel has. I did not feel in the least artistic when he mentioned this. However, I am stopping, it is enough for today, otherwise I will lose myself again and I cannot afford to. My thoughts search for the universe for this life. Now they are building another personality. I go into it and like it! They sneak away from me and search for another light. Is this also from little René? It is strange, I feel so one with this life, and it is almost frightening. What do I have to do with that child, that soul or spirit? Nothing! Did you also see it, Erica? And you, Anna? And you, Karel?

There is one thing that makes me happy. Karel trusts me completely; otherwise, we would have parted by now. It is probably because the women do not appreciate me as a man. But it could be for another reason, which I also know about, but which I will not mention. That will come later, if it is ever necessary. Or He would have to have another opinion, then we will have to just bow to it. In any case, Karel feels easy about it!

You are faced with masks again ... everything has one. But what are the women like? I know all about it, even if I am no expert. You heard it yourself, they like me and speak well of me. What is it? Why do many people say that they would not choose me as a husband? Do I emanate that feeling? Do I disturb those souls? What is it? I know, but I will not say, I will keep this to the very end. I do not dare to say yet whether I will write it down. It has a lot to do with my life, with my whole character, I live because of it and I believe it is precisely because of it that I have come to this path. It is as if it has to be! But what does the female soul feel about it? It is a mystery to me, yet I understand it! This contradict each other, but I will leave it like that. It is something, which just happens to be like that, and yet it does not count. It is also a part of yourself, but I believe it does not even belong to you! You see, they are masks! Who has them and does not know them for themselves? Only when I look at nature, I think that everything is as it should be there. I believe that animals do not know anything about it. Only we as people are bothered by it! I think it is a scandalous nuisance; it is as if it is not part of you, but everything in and of your life revolves around it, is a part of it. It takes you upwards and downwards. You will see that I am right, even if I do not know exactly what it is. After all, it lives and it can also think!

My heart is real, truly, and I know what I am doing. Erica is an exception, and I know that. Yet, she says so!

When I came back from a journey in those days my father was dying. I left home at such an early age and I walked through God's free nature, through His wonderful world! If I had not inherited money from my father, I would now have been in a poor position. Fortunately, he left me all of his estate and I can do what I like with it. At first I kept his beautiful horses for myself and I did not let myself be hoodwinked by my family, the simple-minded Frederik knew what to do. They begrudged me the light of day, but now they need thick glasses, not me. So we see, curses do not always come true, if that was the case, I would have been dead long ago. God no longer listens to human foolishness, which is over, or it never existed; I do not know!

Then I went travelling again. Only the last few years I stayed at home, precisely because of Erica and Karel. This is all you have to know about me, the rest will come, if it is ever necessary. You will then know immediately all the places I have been to and also how life was talking to me and how it ate me up. But you must realise, I was grateful for everything!

Whatever happened to me, I always remained myself. Sometimes it cost me my blood, but an inner fight, sometimes for life and death, always got me over it and then the sun shone again in my life. I was sometimes beaten painfully, but what can you do?

You can guess: I will not leave here yet. I am attached to something that

I do not recognise and that is also a mask! The only thing we have to make sure of is that people do not get to know me, I will be gossiped about then. I do not want to become helpless, not like that man with his empty greetings. People ask what I do, and many people think that I am a writer, because I go about with materials, which point in that direction. I do not go into it, but it annoys me and I wish to say something; usually exactly the wrong thing. I am a researcher, as it is called here and I leave it at that.

Erica, it is obvious that I will come back, but I have not yet worked it out. Terrible? Do you feel deceived by me? I would love to rush to you, but I cannot, I feel so beaten! And that because of myself! However, I will make it. Just a while longer and you will see me again! Now I will watch my words and I think that you will see me in a different light, better, I hope, even more open, lovelier! I think that I am getting another mask, Erica. But what did you think of the flowers? I want to make up for everything by giving them. Do you believe me? Does Anna?

“Frederik”, I utter, “just carry on! There will be light!”

Oh, Frederik, if only I could stay in that state of purity

Something within me became jammed, but it became loose again of its own accord. My mental capacities appeared to be tied up, they refused to work. I suffered as a result. Analysing the situation, I told myself: It is no longer you who is in control of your organic systems, and you are now next to it. Yet, I was thinking normally ... That was the strange part of it. I started to think about a personality split ... a learned and scientific subject ... which people do not know everything about yet, although academics fuss about it every day. A moment later, I decided that the same disturbance in my head forced me to think in a certain way. When I gave in to it, the 'machine' worked as if greased. I stood watching as if it was a great miracle, not realising that I myself was only just a part of it. I greased and forgot the basic essentials. Then I blew the whistle and the factory emptied. It was seven o'clock, but I saw myself back in the woods and found myself again.

I have not yet been to Erica; I think I will be ready tomorrow. If Anna brings any messages from her, I will go before then. That is a possibility.

A mother who has felt suicidal for months cannot change just like that, even if there has never been any danger that she would commit suicide. That takes time. She cannot move onto another life in a few moments, that is impossible, and I should have thought about that. I now know that it is not her personally, there are still other beings in her house; which she wanted herself, because she had her doors wide open. I saw hundreds of beggars storming in who left their lice behind, dirtied the ground, and plundered the food store. They pulled Karel out of his corner, but he only lost his recipe book and not anything else, the rest bypassed his personality.

I will have to go back to them, make Erica's situation my own, if I want to be prepared for what will come and if I want to be able to understand her and her child. Because I feel that I have to get everything out of this affair. I start to see that this mouse has a long tail. A mouse with a child's head. As long as that is not René! I think the child's name is horrible, although I do not know why! There is a special sound to it and it cannot be found in either of the families involved. That is precisely the strange part.

"Oh, Frederik", I hear, "if only I could stay in that state of purity."

They might be my own thoughts, but I supposed instead that Erica said those words, yes, screamed them out! And I am sitting here talking to her in that state of purity?! Am I going crazy again? No, it passed my lips resolutely; I shall bring purity to her situation. She is still searching, I feel, and she is

sorrowful, although she does not know why. That saying, "Everyone should really enjoy this!", came to me from a grave. Of which we should enjoy? I will soon know ... I now know that I will stay.

From where do these thoughts reach her? What does she want, what does she mean? Is she still not herself? I stick to what I know. I do not believe that there have been changes for the better recently. Erica wants to know the truth. In all honesty, her child is an ugly creature. I have never seen such a horrible monster before. I think it is terrible, but should I lie about it? Of course, I will not say it to her face. But Anna can also see it. I think it will have shocked Karel. I suspect that this is why he is so upset and behaves so awkwardly, so that he does not have a kind word for her. He is now sitting with a pig in a poke. This is how it is and no other way. It already seems as if the child has a water head. Yet the scholar says that everything is okay. Another mask!

There is something that is already upsetting these people. Is it René? The child has something, I know, thanks to the state of purity where I find myself and which I could not gain up until now.

The things, which some people experience in their sleep, which awakens them with a fright and causes wonderful discoveries, come to me during the day and develop. Such a state of purity! Frederik, you will see, you are being sent this. It is a university. And one day you will accept it!

I am faced with immensity, which is close to me: I would like to thank Him now for everything, but I know that I have recently set fire to His heaven the past few days, flatly refused the hand He reached out to me ... because I wanted to run away. I ignored Him. Now I must also try to become good friends again with Him, and that has to come from me ... It is bowing your head to His world. I know, I will get back on my feet! I am not the type to burn my bridges behind myself. I do not throw away any old shoes before I have new ones ... I have that power within me. First I have to start with myself. Only then will I experience His blessing.

Is this also inspiration? I believe so! But what is inspiration? I already said that no one knows. Anyone who says he does is deceiving himself. He is no longer a person of this world. I start to feel that this rarity lives above and within me, but its form belongs to Him ...

Also life, and the soul, of course, the spirit as well! Erica has been released from her physical, her material unity with her child, but she is still attached to that life. It is incredible. Are these perhaps the after pains that possess viability and have now managed to think and feel, but which she still has to deal with? I believe that her soul, her life is contaminated, is under a power that she does not understand, but which is now naturally controlled by her blood circulation. However, I am not sure. I understand that this matter

is unvarying, but it seems worthwhile finding out about it for myself. This state of purity tells you everything about yourself, about the things through which we received life. I am maturing. I am blossoming, spring comes to me with unprecedented powers, but it is no longer material. As long as there is no storm that will destroy everything before its time. I now lose my natural birth.

However, I believe that my task for this world is only now beginning. I will make myself a living being for Him. I shall be like a cogwheel in His timepiece with which He will be able to show the world the true time. Then when the clock strikes twelve, you see that death is no longer horrible. Oh ... the wonderful things I see and experience today! I also know that there will be days full of sorrow, when I will have to accept that I am completely off the mark again. However, I will continue to do my best and kiss the ground on which I walk, in child-like simplicity.

However, I have to feel things, see them with another inner life, and penetrate behind the mask of this world from where I think we people, animals and nature have come. I will stick to this and then I will wear a different garment. Perhaps I will stand naked before things, it is also possible that I will get another suit, because He will make sure that I do not show my human incomprehension. I believe that then we will only experience complete nakedness when we enter the angel phase ... because before then we would only make people worse. I therefore do not believe that afterwards there will be people alive who are naked! I already see things differently. Life has come to me and that life is expanding. All my qualities are absorbing and being inspired ... I suspect that this will be my new feelers. Not like Karel ... who is stuck with his horses ... his qualities are scattered about the countryside ... he does not yet put a stop to it. He falls into ditches because of it, he keeps his zest for life ... but it has nothing to do with soul and spirit. All Karel's horses have their own world ... They represent nonchalance, laziness, fuss, laughing at other people, amusement at their awkwardness. And thousands of other things, which will, however, hit him when it comes to it and also he will have to bow his farmer's head. Or did you have a different opinion?

Everything is open to me in this world. I can see more clearly! Must I now accept that I am becoming mad? Is this inhuman? Do I perhaps see the truths of life wrongly? Is it wrong to dig up divine matters from the earth's cesspools and take them back to His Omniscience ... His Love, His Justice? I do not think so, I now know that I am on the right path ... There is certainty!

Oh, if only I could stay in His purity? In His Omniscience. What a lot I would know then. I promise Him that I will do my best. I want to cure other people through it. I see my help. I picked up all His treasures, I saw some amongst them, which people had left to rot. Is that not a pity? They let His

gifts decay ... They leave the Justice of His life and Being under a stinking dung heap ... I take it out of there and give it life again, colour, the chance to start a new life. They have sullied His life! They have sold His kind-heartedness on the streets like a worthless object. People have seen His Soul and Bliss, Spirit and Progress, the list is endless ... as though it was mud ... so they passed them by. They have turned everything from Him around ... built churches of it ... which stink just as much as those who declare themselves saints in it have. How much do you have in your pocket? that is the only question they ask and the answer is a deciding factor in the matter: blissful or doomed? I will not say anything about the people who profess their faith, for that is their own business. However, I can now see what it would be like if He lived on earth just as we do in a corduroy suit. I assure you that He would go to prison.

I repeat, I can now see my help before me. I am standing on top of it. Is there anything else I can deliver for You? Do You not need a postman? Then I will deliver Your letters in a different way. Karel will then know how they were sealed for his life ... I will convert all those languages of the world to Yours. For the people do not know Your syllables, they do not know what those symbols mean. They are faced with a sentence from Your life and do not see that there will be no end! They just read away ... Your school is still underground. I can now see the first shoots, the new life. It starts to burn within me; a fire is lit. I am so grateful to You!!

I ask You again ... is there anything to be delivered? After all, I am not doing anything else. You make me happy by it. I already read through that material. I know exactly what it says ... now the opened letters reach me!

Let me be Your street sweeper! Let me polish the doorbells of all Your children! Let me show them that they possess a castle in which they live. Let me explain to them what treasures are hanging on the walls, I can see and have known it for such a long time that they do not understand the Rembrandts and the Van Dycks. They decorate themselves, but it is haunted there. They do not know. They do not know that they haunt every second of the day and are in disharmony with Your life. They do not know that your violets and daisies possess an eloquence, which could make them tremble, and shake, but which could bring them to Your awakening. Then the masks will fall away. They will now stand naked before your Life and Being. I will be happy then, because I will have changed something about it for myself. Then we will come forward, we will stand in a huge procession looking at all Your stars and planets. Now people will fall to their knees and learn what the "Our Father" is!

Let me be a part of all of this! Tell me what all the phenomena mean, let me write them down through Your pen ... I will make sure there is ink. Did

Your Son not say: Let them all come to Me? Children ... play with My marbles ... then you will never lose again! I want to play with His marbles ... If I still lose, then I will accept it. Tomorrow it is my turn!

Well, I want to fall, cast aside my awkwardness, because I no longer wish to see any more evil from another person!

What a day, what times I have experienced, yet. I did not think this morning that the sun would shine for me. Now this? It will become my possession, I feel, I am faced with an “omniscience”! Can this be experienced in this terrible world? I believe so! However, you have to give all of yourself for it. Today you lose it, and tomorrow it crosses your path. Remarkable things happen. My notebook says:

“I now feel that strange powers are affecting my life. It is not yet clear to me whether everyone experiences this, but I am experiencing it.”

When I got hold of the book again a while later, it was as if my hand was being steered, but different to the way I had experienced that before. These thoughts came tumbling into my life and stuck in my head. I can also see that they had to come a long way before they reached me and conveyed a message. I also feel that they are tired, but human. Or is that me? Do they contain inspiration? Is this perhaps the state of purity?

Now that those thoughts have been able to rest, I can see them differently. It is a strange way of putting it, but this is how I see and feel them, I believe there is no other explanation for it. How happy I am! What will happen now, Frederik? They are just like shapes, one more beautiful than the other is, and they all represent their own world. They are helping each other. They stand beside me and look through me, they also look me straight in the eye and I start to blink. I am no longer afraid now, I think. They can really behave in a human way and they understand me completely, at least, I still think so. However, I will become a “street sweeper”! I will become a Divine postman! I hear it said! Those are the thoughts!

I now look at the pen and the thing flies over the paper. I think that I can accept that I now know what “inspiration” is! I had not expected it so quickly, even if I have to see the beginning of it, exactly there where the seed was planted in the ground. You sense what I mean, the first moment before these thoughts, before they reached me! Where is that? I do not know! However, it changes my own handwriting. I now approve of it! It is both food and drink for my heart, soul and spirit, if I am all of those things. It contains everything and concerns Erica. Up to the moment when René let out his first cry. The words are constructed telegraphically so that you can understand that something will follow, without knowing when. I believe that this is for my university. It is going really well and the main thing is that it is going in the right direction. Will I get out of this maze?

I am no longer blind now. You will soon see that they will no longer recognise me there. I now believe that I have conquered much of my awkwardness. And all in the matter of a few hours? Erica, I now know that it will happen the way it must; it is also raining, even pouring, it is miserable!

The thoughts, which I see and feel, wish to help this world progress. Is that not wonderful? However, it will be stormy for Erica and Karel, I predict a hurricane, a ship in need.

Under which compass are we sailing? The thoughts, which I see and feel wish to help this world progress, lighting the way. Of course, you will think of spirits, but that is not for me, I do not take part in spiritualism, I see it differently! To me it is the working process, the "working process" of Karel and the credibility of Mother Nature! This is really everything, and there is no more to come. However, it is significant, do you not think so too? According to the process of growth and blossom, I receive feelings from a universe, which is still lovely, and where I believe that people no longer know death. Now you come closer to Our Lord. I think that those thoughts come to me since I want to be a universal street sweeper, otherwise I would not receive them. I believe I start to look behind the masks, at least the first symptoms, and there is no more to be seen yet, I believe. This however is here! I see things in a different way. I start to understand everything better, things are not so depressing, I see light everywhere and I myself radiate light. Those thoughts are fundamental like that. You are no longer standing on a slope, you feel the ground under your feet, you are more sure of yourself and peace comes over you! I think I feel ten years younger. And this all at once! I believe that God has been able to forgive me. I believe so!

I am no longer able to think wrongly of other people. I do not want to leave home on a white horse and come home on a black one; I do not like changes like that, which you cannot understand yourself. Yet they happen. People solemnly promise themselves to say nothing about their friends, but there is always gossip! This is their black stallion, the animal is furious, but it is they themselves! Now they have already ruined their Divine destination. Hypocrites?

It is the same with everything. I now know exactly what I said... And I also understand it. I now hope that the task laid on my shoulders will remain human. This is why I want nothing to do with spiritualism. You now lose your self-protection and are dependent on an immaterial individual, no matter how good. Sooner or later you will have to go back anyway if you do not wish to lose all of yourself. However, you must realise ... I will not finish it ... I will do it differently! I will not tell all about it, I have to work it out for myself first. I will probably think differently about it in the future and will then have to admit that there are numerous possibilities of seeing the first sprigs.

Everything that was thought out by people, took shape – which every thought therefore belongs to – now gets another garment. We will start at the beginning; everything gets new light, life, soul and spirit, even if nothing has changed in the actual creation. World continents reach awakening, get a universal character and stand before our eyes as Divine temples! I will not go too fast, but much beauty awaits us, and ... much misery! Sparks will fly! Who will be left standing?

A German once said: “The same is there!” I can see it now! It is my state of purity! It is! It! You know Him better in this way! However, the smallest insect longs for it and has also acquired a taste for it. Now go through all those worlds, and end in the heavens. I start to feel that ... it is incredible, nevertheless, the truth, we will see!

Then I also heard that German say: “He who searches will find!” That is falling and standing up ... Now watch out for the snares and traps.

If you lose yourself completely, new life enters your body. I do not know what is now beginning to correct, but it takes you to art, that is what I will tell Erica. And thousands of other things. I also know that I will need a small spoon to make them to swallow all of this, but Karel will be the first to see how natural it is. Now I get help from the farmer, his friends will follow of their own accord, I mean, a few of them. I am not imagining that they all want to attend lectures. For that matter, I would prefer that not to happen.

The curtain has been lifted for half an hour. The actors are becoming a bit tired, but there is still tension on stage and in the hall. We will move onto the next act!

You already know what is to come. You can predict the play. Erica is in bed, it is still raining, and in my opinion, there are new phenomena. I want to let all the actors know how they should see their parts. There will be dramatic developments, the rest completely human. There will be talking and analysing ... I can see academics. I can smell them! They now see me differently.

Come on, Frederik, leave the house; they need you there. I will deliver my first letter today. I hold onto it with both hands. I want to take good care of it so that it does not get any marks on it – it must not become creased, but has to be delivered clean and undamaged so that as soon as people see it they will expect something beautiful!

I have awakened!

There is the state of purity!

Oh, Frederik ...

Frederik, we both have a mask

Did I not know it? Erica is still sad, she cries all day and night. She has not gained any happiness, her soul is miserable. People do not yet know whether she herself is to blame and she attracts it as a result of her weak personality, although there is enough talk about it; academics have come who will decide amongst themselves. Will these phenomena be given a name? I will have to see it to believe it. They are already saying that she refuses to accept her happiness. I do not believe that either, because in whose hands would that be? I know that people want to be happy, and only want to possess things which they consider to bring happiness, although others do not find it worth taking from the street gutters, as I do. Who can tell me, can reassure me, that Erica does not want her happiness? Who knows for sure whether her child will bring happiness? Did we not see that a mother predicted that she was carrying a gallows bird? Now that child is in prison. Call that happiness, call it a gift refused from Our Lord, give it another name, do what you like with it ... I do not appreciate it, at least if I have this certainty and that true knowledge comes to me. Who can tell me: Erica does not wish to be happy? Do not judge, as you would not wish to be judged, in other words: now also look behind this mask!

Erica is ill! I handed her my first letter. She looked strangely at it, but suddenly she was very excited and wanted to know what was in it. Now I sought for a way to read it out to her bit by bit, and I also felt there was help for this ... it came directly from the manager! It is now clear to me how that man watches out, at the end of the day, we have His lights – His everything!

Her doctor, the man who gave the child the light of the day, does not yet know what this sadness means. He now has to think up a name and give it a university birth, which future humanity can live off. On which, I say, a new foundation will be laid, which is called study. Who will later study psychology? Watch out ... Dr. Van Hoogten laid the first foundations for this. Never forget that this man stands before you. Every day this academic kneels at the feet of this new science, he feels as if there is something to be learned here. However, he does not gain much knowledge through Erica, she is silent! If she utters anything at all, it is about that frightening rain. She is already soaking wet, she says, and Van Hoogten knows that it is as dry as a bone outside! It is difficult in the short time, the time you are on earth, to build a tower on a building, however much you want to see the house finished. However, something stops you, especially where it concerns science, according to which humanity got its personality.

“So”, she says, “are you back again, Frederik?”

“I am here, Erica, completely. How are you?”

“I am drinking coffee through a straw, you probably know that.”

She gives me a remarkable answer, and it is strange. I now already know that the rain will soon stop! However, I also foresee a fierce destructive westerly wind, but you know beforehand what it will be like, so that you can take your own precautions. We will close the dikes! She has to laugh at it herself.

When she says: “Where did you get to, we had already started to look for you”, I know that we have reached unity again and that it gives her strength when she sees me.

“It seems an eternity, Frederik, but you must not do that again. As long as you know that we will come and get you. Anna was at your door three times. Each time you were out. What are you up to? Did you not feel that we missed you? Naughty brat ... watch out, Frederik!” And suddenly:

“Can you see that we are both wearing a mask, Frederik?”

What? It has been said. A moment later, she turns to me again, with tears in her eyes. She does not hide anything from me. We have already known each for so long.

She wants an answer. I am ready! Yet, we are silent for a moment. It is better this way. Now you can feel the depth of the soul coming to you and you will either get a kiss or a knife in your back, she gives me the kiss! In return I respectfully kiss her hands, her forehead as well, both cheeks, I am not afraid of that mask. I want her to know this and she knows!

“But the doctor knows these phenomena, doesn’t he? Science is that far advanced, Erica.”

“But do you not know”, she immediately reacts, “that I do not mean the marks? Just look for yourself.”

I know that already, that head is not okay; she does not need to tell me anything. However, she asks:

“Do you not want to see the child, Frederik?”

I look at René. Longer and more consciously, I descend into this life. I experience this little baby. Of course, I murmur nice things that still manage to produce a smile. It is a flower from my heart. She puts it in her mouth and for a minute she acts as if she is Carmen. She is right, because it is still raining for her. The sun is shining, but there is no evidence of it here in this house. Hello, René? A surprising strength, I should say ... transpiring power races through me. I immediately thought: that child is soaking wet, but I can smell fresh air. What is it? The child is telling me something, other children also do that, but René is definitely wearing a mask. It is as old as other children also have during the first few days, but this is a very different matter. René is extremely ugly! That ugliness is in his head, lives in his face, he does

not have the features of Erica and Karel, this face comes from somewhere else where people do not yet have the right to call themselves human. I have not yet worked it out.

However, someone is waiting for me, the mother wants to hear me speak. She is ahead of me; I waited and watched for too long.

“What can you see, Frederik?”

“I believe that this is a loose mask ... Erica, what do you really want?”

“You mean that it is not permanent?”

“Something like that, my child.”

“Is he not pathetic?”

“Are you calling René pathetic? Your own child a wretch?”

“Can you not see how old this child is? Are you trying to talk your way out of it for my sake, Frederik? Then just go away. You do not need to feel sorry for me. I do not want to hear anything from the others, you will not deceive me!”

I know, and I will also comply, I am already blurring my message, I do not read everything, which was written, I am already having my knuckles rapped. Thank you, I am changing now!

“I am so tired, Frederik”, she continues a moment later. “So, so tired, and now this on top of everything. Another person lives in me. And it is from him, that little baby there. I am not myself, because he is not yet himself, if he is ever allowed to know what natural health means. I have a feeling as if my appendix is in my head, Frederik, but that is awful, is it not?”

That is me again ...so nothing has changed. We start anew. There was peace for a short moment, now the curtains are raised and the following scene will lie before us. I am producing the play along with her. Below me, I can hear noises, men’s voices. Yet, Karel and his friends are therefore analysing. That I did not know before, is because the door was open. Or Karel just came back. There is Anna. We already know.

They are thinking. Erica does not mind, she waits, and she wants to get better. She starts about her mask and René’s again. I listen.

“Frederik, did you think that I do not understand myself? Or René? This has nothing to do with the pregnancy or birth. We were not locked up for too long either; he took exactly nine months. I know that it was a long journey for him, also for me, for that matter, I can now see for the first time how long it took. How strange, I am talking just as you do. The best proof that you are helping me, even if you are not there. I carry you within me!

Can you see that mask?”

I can see it and I will also know what it means. She is doing the talking and she tells me:

“Frederik, there are so many things that I now think about and which I

have to cry about all day long, but which I see before me as rain and storm. What a rain. I cannot see those doctors again. They are the unfortunate ones, not us; we experience the reality. They laugh and shrug their shoulders when I say that it is raining and storming so much and it is soaking wet. That is my mask, Frederik. It also has to do with René. Is he mad, Frederik? Will my child grow up to be abnormal? I want to continue to stand on my own two feet but I cannot. I should have been downstairs by now, with everything behind me, I think that we are only just beginning. I will get better, of course, but what will we do about René?"

"Do you not know anything then? Who says that the baby is not normal?"

"If only they said that, I alone can see and feel it, Anna does not want to hear about it either. However, he also has my mask. It means that there will be trouble and I am now worried about it. It is my misfortune, I know, I have to fight against it, but I am only human, after all."

We tried to experience something of which she surveys the life. I am sitting there alone, she now appears to have longings. The silence of life nourishes our quiet thoughts, it does her good, and I know that. René is sleeping. Below us, the noise has eased off, or could it be because we have left for another world? It is the opposite of the silence and it opens our emptiness. Anna comes in, puts down new flowers, mine, next to her and goes out again. Erica is reflecting, she is deep in thought and she is healthy and normal like anybody else. I have not told her much about the letter, but that will come.

She puts her hand in mine; we sit together downstairs and talk. Yet, she goes back to bed again, she is too tired to stay up. I understand her, she wants to, but she is not strong enough yet. However, she wants me to read out the letter. She actually begs me.

It is a force that gives me images. We are both outside again and defy the rain and also the storm. She asks: "Do we have to go through this now, Frederik?"

"We have to go through this, Erica! You will have to adjust all your clothes beforehand to cope with this rain. You will need at least a thousand umbrellas, they will be wrecked one after another. But you will continue, we, Anna and I will go with you; you will never be alone. René will also go with us, I am his friend."

"How wonderful, Frederik!"

"We will climb up and down mountains. We will go through cold and heat, through deserts and plains, over the poles and through the tropics, it will be a trip around the world."

"What a good time we will have, won't we, Frederik?"

"We will not recoil from anything, dear, because we have rifles and all the other things with us for such a journey. We will be guarded at night, because

we will take many servants with us. René may have a piggyback from me on the way and you only have to watch how we are getting on, is that so miserable?"

"Frederik, I think that the storm has already stopped."

"On the way we will meet all kinds of birds. You will see precisely the nicest sorts, which makes René think that he is receiving a heaven. However, there are also black crows amongst them, thieving devils, which steal everything they can get hold of. We will also see mice, in short: many kinds of animals, not to mention the insects, which you will be afraid of if you do not know them, but later when you are back home safely they will be among your friends because you will also learn to understand the nice things about them, and as a result, from then on your world will be radiant! Erica, in the forests where we will rest from time to time we will hear the sounds of thousands of types of animals, believe me, also the hissing of snakes, the revolting cry of the jackal, the growling of brown bears, herd animals, which want to block our way, but will still be won over by us, because we people have supernatural gifts.

We will therefore continue, we know where we are going. At the end of our journey we will already have seen and become acquainted with all the beauty of Our Lord!"

"How I will enjoy it, Frederik? I will be very careful. And I am so pleased that you are taking René and I with you. I am also really happy for Anna. As far as all those animals are concerned, Frederik, I once read in a book that if you mean well, they will not hurt you. You just have to have the power to continue. Oh, what a beautiful journey it will be. When are we going?"

"We are already on our way, dear. The suitcases are already packed, we are now in a barge, which will take us to the seas."

"Then you are our captain, Frederik! When René is big, he will follow you of his own accord. I am already looking forward to meeting some sea serpents!"

"Watch out, now follow the rules of the ship. You can surely hear the bell for dinnertime, and you just have to obey. Now open your eyes, Erica, we will experience miracles."

"Oh, Frederik, how divine you are today, will that always be the case? I will go with you! I will take the suitcases, I know what you want me to do. When do we sail?"

"Look, I said that we are already on our way. Remember this: we are on the way! We are sailing ... we are on the way to discover the world, we are making a long journey, but ... we will come back."

"Safe and sound, won't we, Frederik?"

"Precisely, and we also have nice things with us and much wisdom. You

will speak all the languages of the world.”

“Do you see, Frederik, that it has stopped raining?”

“I can see that, mother of little René ... I knew that a quarter of an hour ago.”

This was not yet the end of the letter ... but she knows enough for the time being. Yet she asks:

“Did you not see Karel, Frederik?”

“Karel is downstairs in the machine room. He is taking care of the fuel, that is all he has to do, but at the end of the day it is his ship.”

“Then I understand. He likes to potter about, it is just the job for him!”

I wish her success and shake her hand. However, when we let our hands go, she joins her hands and starts to pray ... with her eyes closed. When she looks up, I know that she wants to see the boat. When I have reached the door, she adds:

“Frederik, I can already see the chimney smoking. Oh, I am so happy.”

When Anna comes upstairs, she sees a very different world. Erica is beaming and the mask laughs at her. I am not even downstairs when she comes to me.

“What did you get up to with her, Frederik?”

“Did you not hear the whistle then, Anna? We are already sailing.”

She goes back to Erica ... now she experiences new phenomena, which are closer to us: more aware, more physical, Anna also understands them. I have delivered my very first letter; I keep the wonderful stamp from the letter in order to use it as proof in the future. It shows a picture of the Divine face! Would you like to own a stamp like that? It is not for sale ...! You have to earn it ...!

Does that come from the state of purity?

I am now ready for my other job!

Sweep them clean, Frederik ... clean all that mess, the streets have to look nice ... And this happens! We have now been acting for forty-eight minutes. The hall full of people is completely tense. I saw tears! Hearts beat faster. There were some really beautiful faces under all those masks. I saw them!

Academics and laymen

Anna runs through the house, she is everywhere and nowhere, she wants to skip things and she manages. I knew that she had a strong personality, now she proves it to me plus everyone who can see it and who can appreciate the thankless work of a servant. It is slavery in a lovely form; she has grown above these heads, she is captain of this ship, which now gives the signal to raise the anchor in order to start a journey to the unknown. When I come back with some flowers from my own garden, she has a vase ready ... she knows so well what everyone is thinking that wants to understand her and appreciates her strong character. She is a beacon of light for Erica, and a pilot to Karel ... it is she who has knowledge of things, who does not fear darkness or storm, even if the waves sweep overboard. She admires all the colours of the sea ... because she is a child of the same Father, who created the elements.

“What are you waiting for, Anna?”

“Is there something? Is there a new baby on the way, Frederik?”

“Can’t you see that?”

“Then I know what I have to do. No one can work it out. Those men with their talk do not know. Do you think, Frederik, that this will be permanent? She mumbles words and I do not understand their purpose. Just a moment ago, she called out: ‘Did you see that, Anna? That is a sea serpent. But soon we will see land animals. Those seagulls are accompanying us until we are in open sea. Frederik knows what he is doing.’ Could she be delirious?”

“Just leave her, Anna.”

“Do you really mean that, Frederik?”

“I mean it.”

“Then I don’t understand it anymore. If Karel does not stop bringing those men, it will be the death of her. What a world, I don’t know any more. Now we are even at sea, we can see serpents and there will also be land animals. Good heavens, it is like a madhouse here.”

“You will have to have patience, Anna. Soon you will recognise her again. Listen well to what she tells you about the things she sees on the way. Do not worry, there is nothing the matter.”

“Karel says that as well, but you cannot depend on him. Those others do not mean a thing to me. If you cannot help her, I will.”

Anna goes back to Erica ... Karel calls me. I enter. He introduces me to his friends. First of all ... Doctor Ten Hove. I already know Van Hoogten. I am disappointed in Ten Hove; my first impressions are bad. Time will tell whether I am right. Ten Hove is like a lanky schoolboy; he looks like a small,

stocky farmer. Karel likes him, and he smells that he is from the same background. The man comes from a provincial town, but behaves as if the Royal House is standing behind him. I can see a nice piece of ironwork on his right hand ... but it is too showy for a doctor. However, I sit down. Karel talks and pours me a drink, and the gentlemen also have a drink. They smoke in such a way that a chimney would be envious of them. I do not follow their conversation, but I look at the academics. All the same, I later realise that Karel's talk gets through to me. He is talking about a patient ... it has nothing to do with Erica.

Ten Hove is rummaging in his pocket for something. I see a small pair of scissors there that he never uses. He has dark blond hair with a wide parting to the right and he looks dapper. I already said: a real farmer's head ... much imagination and much fuss. I suspect that his whole family has contributed towards paying for his studies. He walks on roses, I already know his gait. Wears high shoes, because low ones do not suit him. I know those types from the past; they prefer to walk about in evening wear, with a few golden buttons! To think a person like that has become a doctor!

Van Hoogten is taller and slimmer. A narrow head with a large nose on a long neck. Blinks but is very calm apart from that. Ten Hove cannot sit still, and it is as if the greenfly are stinging him too. Ten Hove looks at his woollen socks, and I conclude that this man is not a direct disciple of Robert Koch ... he did not let himself be disturbed. He is therefore open to influence. Karel and Van Hoogten do not react to it. Karel is a good storyteller; he dishes up interesting stories and is very good at analysing. Many people will envy him, I know that he can run rings round these two men; he has them eating out of his hand. I now understand that Karel has long told them everything about me. I get the feeling that they are calm, because you usually receive signals during a conversation like that from which you get to know their characters. Ten Hove keeps rubbing his forehead, he only smokes cigars and knows what to do with them. He sips his drink, just as women do, who do not wish to admit that they are partial to a drink. Karel has finished his story, refers to it again and now starts talking about Erica.

"What do you make of it, Frederik?"

"What do you think about it, what do the gentlemen think about it? I am just a layman."

"That is true ... but you know her, Frederik."

"I repeat, Karel, I am just a layman. But it rains a bit for her, it is a bit stormy, but the situation is changing."

The gentlemen smile, I am on my guard. Karel does not help me out. And he closes himself off. When Ten Hove asks me if I think that these phenomena came directly from the baby, I know that Karel has hoodwinked me. I

go into the question and answer with a question in return:

“What do you want me to do, do I have to make a diagnosis?”

He now admits that Karel has mentioned a few things. Karel senses my irritation and asks me:

“Frederik, is this condition not the same as the one we have seen all this time?”

“I believe, Karel, that this is also a process. Natural laws ... but, after all, I am just a layman. I believe that the baby is now also influencing the mother. We already saw what she is now experiencing between the fourth and the third month of pregnancy. I once spoke to a doctor who placed an advertisement for himself in order to find out how many mothers felt during pregnancy. I do not know whether you know that story. He made a complete study of it, so I heard, he was sent wonderful letters.”

“Please continue, Frederik”, Karel asks.

“I was told that there were mothers amongst them who were bothered by a beard when they were pregnant.”

Ten Hove suddenly bursts out laughing. Van Hoogten remains serious, Karel follows the first one. I continue:

“This must sound dreadful to you academics. Yet, this mother said: ‘I knew beforehand that I would have a boy. And it was a boy!’”

Ten Hove thinks it is remarkable, but Karel laughs and now he thinks that I am kicking him into my ditch. However, Van Hoogten asks:

“Is there more to come?”

“For example, there was also a letter from a mother who felt suicidal during pregnancy, but still had the strength to resist it. There were other very interesting letters, about a mother who wanted to wear nice clothes when she was pregnant and later saw when the child had grown up that it was very vain. There were also among them who were afraid that they would lose the baby. Nothing happened, but the child was run over. Now I ask the gentlemen: can the soul, can the life already think before birth and let his thoughts penetrate the consciousness of the mother? For example, does the child know it will have a beard?”

Karel laughs out loud. Ten Hove smirks. Van Hoogten is as white as a sheet. He prepares to go. Karel sees it, gets it wrong and thinks that I am kicking his friends into the ditch. In any case: they are leaving!

Karel says goodbye to them ... Anna keeps them away from Erica ... she is dreaming; a wonderful mystic shows her the balloons of Our Lord, the nicest of which she wants to keep for herself and René. But will she also know what to do with them? The doctors have gone; Karel storms in.

“Frederik, since when did you use so many words to vomit up such a load of nonsense? You really went too far.”

I do not answer him. He suddenly begins to laugh wildly, he cannot calm down. Finally, when he is calm again, he says: "We will drink to it. He was really good. But how is Erica?"

"You will have to ask Anna."

"But you were upstairs? What do you think of the child, Frederik? Now no nonsense this time."

It takes a moment before I can speak. The machine is not standing still but does not start to work at full speed either, that is not possible yet. I chug towards him. Karel takes over the conversation:

"What is actually the matter with you, Frederik, you have changed. I have never known you to be anyone other than a person who does not open his mouth in company, but now you were able to talk the hind legs off a donkey. Where did you get all that nonsense?"

"What are you trying to say, Karel?"

"I do not intend to insult you, Frederik, things are different now. I have turned enough into the eye of the wind, we are now faced with serious problems."

"So, if that is what you think, we are in the same boat."

"What else ... I do not know Erica anymore. I had not thought that she had such a weak character. She has lost the personality she had. Do you understand it?"

"You could have understood it a long time ago, but your own blood apparently did not mean anything to you. You prefer to jump over ditches and let another fall in, while you stand at the edge watching how he manages to climb out. Then you have great fun. I couldn't care less now about your pears and apples, as long as you know."

"What do you mean by pears and apples?"

"I compare all of your life to a farmer's life. To me your arguments are the fruits from your gardens. But I have my own tree. I have not looked at it for years, only now do I know what I have. You, on the other hand, you do not know that!"

"I do not understand you, Frederik."

"That is because your life is standing still. You are chugging day and night through the streets and you do not see that people throw rotten apples at you, for that matter, you are too whimsical for that."

"Good grief, do not talk such nonsense, what are you trying to say."

"I will just go away, try my luck elsewhere."

"I do not mean it like that, Frederik, but I do not understand you."

"Although we have lived next to each other all those years, I have to admit that now your own garden is blossoming, by which I mean to say: you are now really seeing for the first time how much weeds you have. You, Karel,

want to be dead serious? Do you want to talk to me? Do you want to see problems? Do you want to worry about mother and child? You ...!"

"Stop it ... Frederik ... what do you want?"

"You do not even let me finish. You fall and do not see that there are thousands to help you."

"How poetic you are today, where did you get that wisdom?"

"I picked it up from the street and filled my pockets, now I am sharing out what I found. You drive in a car and do not see it like that. Only people who saunter through life and see everything what people do not wish to see experience that. In this way I saw that you have been throwing away the greatest part of your possessions for many years ... and I also picked that up."

Karel thinks: in this body there is deadly seriousness, his soul climbs up the railings of the castle, but the rain pipes are too slippery, he keeps falling back and now feels his own helplessness. He knows that it is not working like this. Thank God, I think, there is still a core ... not everything is frivolous, not everything in him throws away His natural products ... he is learning to think. He looks at me, I know, I have touched him. We sit like this for some time ... we do not say another word, but our souls feel each other, there is no question of kissing. He still does not say anything, Anna brings tea, he drinks it, he is thinking, he is now going in another direction, he lets go of his horses and he chases them one for one into the field, he chastises himself. When that is over, he runs into the woods. I can see him sitting under a tree, staring in front of him, his forehead wrinkled. After a while he comes home ... sits down there again, but he has changed.

"You are right ... Frederik, that has to change. But tell me, am I blind? Have I sunk so terribly low? Am I no longer a normal person?"

"You were wearing a mask, Karel. Not a complicated or frightening one, people were not afraid of it. It is because of this that you did not see the others. Since you were wearing a mask yourself, you did not see through the others and you saw your own surroundings as a circus. However, I will get you ... I have seen other people of your kind laughing heartily at the deadly seriousness of others! I have seen your sort destroy more than those who apparently received the blows and were made an example of, while no one knew how to deal with them. I just do not like people who carry scissors in their pockets, which they never use; provincial bourgeois continually attract attention, especially if they have noble airs, although they sold everything out of poverty and the family ran a bakery in order to at least be able to make a living. Do you not hear that bragging, do you not have any eyes left in your head, do you not feel that you and Erica are being cheated? If you say that I must leave, Karel, I will clear off immediately. However, you do not know the slightest about Erica's condition ... you do not even see her. You are an

ungrateful dog!”

“Continue ... Frederik” he says after a short pause, “just continue.”

“Thank you ...! Thank you very much ...! How can it be!!! I will now drink to the health of your whole family ... it is a pity that Erica is not here. But that will come. Cheers, Karel!”

“Cheers, but continue! I think you are a miracle today.”

“Thank you! But it doesn’t work!” I think that he is taking away my inspiration, if what I received is given to me, or ... my inner being is awakening, as I have experienced for a few days. He appears to understand and waits. Karel has started to hear ... it is a great gain!

Suddenly it is as if He hands me His letters ... and I hear myself say: “If I go back to the first moment that voices could be heard in the house, a general change was announced, a body began to thicken and a process came about ... understand ... I saw myself standing before a great miracle, which you both did not understand. It all appeared so simple, Karel, millions of lives are involved, they all experienced their own world. Anyone who did not behave normally was immediately out of it ... out of the naturalness of the event and was then alone, because the rest of this humanity is not concerned with affected sanctimoniousness. Sensation and showing off are foremost and making light of problems, which are not a problem to you academics. The lid is on the pan; to me it was as if castles close their doors ... your own blood boils from ringing at the door, because there is no question of it being opened. I am sure you can feel it: in my dream world, they speak differently. Like you, I would no longer be able to talk; I now know that, having reached this age, I have worked on it without being able to know. It also means that a person does not know himself, all kinds of things live within you, good, evil; sometimes you see beautiful things with which you can decorate your castle, usually you already break your neck entering it, because your servants have left a piece of soap lying. You swear a bit, but it does not help you, you can make sure yourself that there is order.

Your own flesh and blood is standing outside in the wind and rain! You laugh. You do not realise that someone else is laughing. You do not hear anything; you do not see anything. You can only feel your own presence and the dead world in which you live, where you are also in charge, but no one sees anything in it. You can also pick that up in the street gutters of your town. Yet, look at those people? What a fuss they make ...? Are we ourselves not putting on masks, breaking as many hearts as we can? You are lucky, you laugh, you enjoy it and try to fool another person that, despite everything, you feel and understand the misery of life, and you devote your life to it. When the first phenomena started, I saw Erica standing in the rain, and you kept your doors closed. Then you started haunting! You enjoyed undress-

ing her, and with her that which you call a process, and sending her out in the street – otherwise you would never have given Van Stein the chance to shroud her firmament and make a deep darkness of it. Put in a human way, closer to your life ... it is gossip!

What you managed – and just throw me out for saying this – was nothing more than slam the doors shut ... and show her that you come from a farm, have a farming background ... But what do I actually have to do with it? I believe that you are starting to think that I want to tell you what to do, forgive me, Karel, I have the greatest respect for you ... also for Erica and Anna ... Just throw me out!”

“Continue, Frederik, I beg you!”

“Thank you ...!” I have lost the thread of conversation again ... but the machine will probably still work.

“Try to get the thing working again ...!”

“I am already doing my best ... can you hear it puffing, Karel?”

“I can hear it, continue ...!”

“When those first phenomena became apparent, Karel, I started to think in a different direction, not for myself, but because I was involved ... I was a part of all this furniture. I am proud of myself because I approved ... I did not know that I would be able to accept the task of postman and, if necessary, have a broom handy to sweep up the farmer's waste, so as not to obstruct the human eye, which looks around here freely, which was really no fun. If you want to, you can say: go! ... I will not mind! I see that you can be quiet.

I have only known since a few days ago that I had all those capacities, Karel; I had not thought that a broom like that could give you so much information, which actually belongs to a university level, where human characteristics are analysed. I lost myself in philosophical systems, but I saw that they lay in the street; the gutters were blocked with them. Then Erica got airs and graces ... at that moment she was standing outside ... there was not a single chance anymore of letting her penetrate your own university, because you were too busy with your horses, put too much manure on the buttercups so that they died off because of the surplus. Your characteristics were obscured. You hid behind a mask and sat out his time. You did not see that this process understands what it is to have a beard, that this same process felt like a drink, and could even drink a bottle of old gin before nine o'clock in the morning, you did not see that great ... art lived within and on that muddy soil, you did not hear or see anything, you did not know that universal principles were being laid in us, which would be given foundations through that little soul. You did not see that that sea could not be fathomed, that the ship drifted about, wrecked, with land in sight, but in the wrong direction; you did not see that she was sitting on her grave, taking care of the little flowers which

she had picked for your common sense, and shared her happiness like a child!

You have never understood that mothers in such a situation can feel suicidal, you never felt that she could be right, you beat her, you destroyed her ... you put yourself on a pedestal and did not know it.

This process is everything ... nature does it of its own accord ... but you never even thought that that nature also ... has a personality. You were not taught this, Karel, that 'university' does not yet live, it still has to be born, but as a result of this, my life got contact, like a cogwheel of the masses. I believe that that cogwheel has become a construction of its own ... however, it turns as a result of the phenomena, what you find on the street!

I do not know everything about it, Karel, but it took me to the soul and the God of all life. Then I knew that people are a great miracle. However, that miracle does not even know itself!

I could explain to you the day and the hour ... I also know that it is still no good to us, and why I am saying all these things, I do not know that either, but I will tell you: I am delivering letters! Erica experiences natural phenomena, Karel, even if we do not understand it one bit, they are present. When a mother knows beforehand that her baby is a boy, because for nine months she has felt the itchy feeling of a beard, which she has tried to resist day and night, you laugh about it, but try to get it out of the mud, to explain it as a natural phenomenon. You just told me that these things mean nothing to you, and you called it nonsense! I tell you, we lived next to each other and did not know each other. I knew you, you did not know me and you did not know Erica any better.

And now, Karel, there are two people upstairs, who both experience phenomena. One of them sails the great seas, sees serpents with human heads, with masks, she sees beautiful places and strange birds. You and your expertise now have to decide where she got that from, I tell you, everything is so wonderfully healthy, so beautiful, so very natural, but you do not see the light, you do not know the origin. Yet life gives you peace. You can now see that she is changing ... but she is walking through the swamps, through rain and wind, through deserts, she climbs mountains, she hears the roaring of wild animals, she sees from close by that they tear each other to pieces. Just give a name to all these new phenomena that she did not yet have this morning but which make her happy. You can see that from her wonderful smile ... which materialises now and again from behind this supernatural mask."

Anna enters and says:

"Frederik, she is delirious again. She is talking about bears roaring and the cry of a jackal in the distance. It is horrible. Can you understand that?"

"Then we have made great progress, Anna, we will soon have dinner. Do not worry, Anna, she will soon go to sleep now, and tomorrow she will not

be able to find any words for it. But it is blissful!"

Anna does not understand it and yet she is satisfied; she also sees that my life has changed. Karel does not say anything, he is thinking! Then he says:

"Good gracious ...!"

"You will never leave here, Frederik, will you? We need you!"

"Thank you ... I will stay, because I have been promoted on that journey to captain of the ship. But what do you make of that madness, Karel?"

"I do not have any words for it. Do you think that it will change soon?"

"There is nothing the matter with her, Karel. It is René!"

"I thought so, but I cannot understand it. What is the matter with the baby?"

"You have to find a name for it. I do not yet know ... preserve me from this science, but ... they are phenomena again!"

"Do you have a name for it?"

"I am a layman, Karel, you are the academics!"

"Forget about that, Frederik, surely you can give a name to it yourself? I am starting to see your buttercups."

"Thank you ... but René's buttercups have too much manure ... they die off and now you are powerless for the moment; now, Karel, you must leave it to nature, it knows what it is doing, but you have to be careful, help when you see that your help is needed. I am telling you honestly, I do not like that head!"

"How?"

"That is another story ... I studied the science of the skull for years. You see, there it is again; you do not know me! You saw me for an idiot ... now that has to stop, at least partly. I believe that I am growing! I am awakening."

"Tell me about his skull."

"If you think that tongs can change life, Karel, I will believe it immediately. You could now say, the tongs were too tight. But ... do you believe that? According to laws of your friend, everything is okay. Everything! I do not believe that! And from that crown of the skull, or however you wish to call it, Erica sees snakes and brown bears, it rains, it storms; it keeps changing, because she has to continue her journey. You must see the fact that she has to lie down as rest, dealing with this natural event, which has affected her too deeply. Furthermore, you will have to wait, because there is no more to it!"

Karel is thinking ... but he says:

"You are a strange man, Frederik. I regret everything, you are right! I will think about it!"

Karel suddenly gets up and leaves the room. But he comes back almost immediately with the message that Erica is sleeping peacefully, as he has never seen in the past few months. "I just hope", he continues, "that this whole

matter will be resolved, we have not had a minute's enjoyment. However, the baby looks like an old man ... It is terrible. We were too old!"

"Nonsense, doctor Wolff, nonsense, you know very well, you are hiding again behind your mask. Where is your knowledge now? What do you know about natural brooding? You would say that a newly born duckling already knows that it belongs in water, which a chicken does not understand. Why does a dog never try to fly? They are greenfly to your life and your knowledge as a doctor; your university is suffering from scurvy! Clean your wounds first and put on a new bandage, but watch out a bit more, look after those wounds in a different way, you do not have the right medicine, Karel!"

"Is there anything else, Frederik?"

"Not immediately, because you have to lay foundations for everything first. I became involved in individual situations. I descended into masks and I saw that it also lives behind them and you receive the seed again to sow your land. It is a certainty, the laws of which you do not yet know but which is a fact for us. You do not know anything about this birth. Sometimes you have the urge to talk about it, but when you open your mouth, Karel, you speak a language, which you do not know the slightest about. You lose yourself completely."

"Since when did you become so poetic?"

"I was already like that as a child, Karel, but now you can see its colours. My apples are starting to ripen! I did not know that you could be so friendly towards your minors."

Laymen do not understand academic science ... scholars know better, they studied for it, but forget that everything has its foundations and it is defined for everyone", also passed my lips. Then his head went down and he sighed, which did me good!

Then it was six o'clock in the evening, a certain day in the year 1900 and something and somewhere in this country of which I am a child. Then I saw that the curtains were closed to me, but behind the scenes, I could hear noise, people moving about, who are building the decor for the next act. There is still tension in the hall, they do not know how it will end; I, the director, now know all about it ... I also saw that laying in the street ... no one realised it; but now those stupid people will foot the bill. However, it is I that invited them ... Can you see those masks?

Now you must see, despite everything, that everyone has a true soul. Come on, Frederik; deliver your letters! However, do not forget your broom!

How can it be!

Does the human skull mean anything to you, Frederik?

Give someone a bunch of flowers, look at him sweetly, act naturally, in a simple way, talk a bit, but watch your words: take life into nature and teach the soul that everything about it is good whatever way it comes to her ...! One in a thousand, you will bring joy and sunshine into this life. And it will not cost you anything! Yet, this is the healing power that can work miracles. Karel did not believe in it yet; although he had to accept that Erica changed, found herself again. Then his gait changed, he also became himself again and I saw that the inner wrinkles on his forehead had disappeared. However, he has lost one certainty; he is looking for his university! I even believe I can say that he thought he saw that his foundations were terribly moth-eaten. But he will just have to work it out for himself. I am waiting, I am on my guard, and I have been warned against hundreds of facts!

Anna is in a seventh heaven: the doctors have gone, Karel now looks at his son himself. Yet Anna sees him occasionally with a colleague, and I will also get to know him. Anna knows that it is she who will have to take care of René, and the parents will get the crumbs. Watch out, that will also be confirmed. Finally ... my talent as a postman will also be considered necessary for reading the occasional letter.

The months flew past, it no longer rained for Erica, her periods of delirium lessened. Anna sometimes heard her making frightened noises, but that also stopped, and it was as if her life and personality were actually born again! She was truly herself and we had apparently almost completed our trip around the world, but I know that we still have to begin it.

Life begins to become dull, it is no longer complicated, what used to be considered as suffering and sorrow, misery is now considered extremely interesting and it is almost a pity that it has gone. This is the way people are! I know that we are not out of the woods yet. We keep seeing them differently ... or have they learnt their lesson? They are now standing in an empty room, an emptiness arose. I am now like an old chair so familiar that your back feels and knows every spot, so that you would not miss it for anything. Sometimes you think of buying a new one, but you cannot bring yourself to make that decision. Now the friendship is boring ... but it never existed before, it still has to be born. All that time you saw those masks!

I thought then: this play is getting off to a good start ... there is peace, the tension in the hall cannot remain high, people cannot deal with it, an introduction is needed, a short transitional period to sort out the next problems,

because we consider a good overview necessary. I heard Erica say: "Frederik, what a wonderful trip we had, we saw a lot, I think I can now face up to things." This assured me that she has not yet learned anything from all of this. I left it as she felt it, the way she gave it colour and sunshine, but I have not read everything from her letters, but she is no longer curious about them anymore.

Anna now also sees that René is getting a waterhead. My God ...

She gave me flowers from her garden; they were not arranged in a bouquet, which Anna is so good at. She says: "What little children we are, what dope heads." She therefore thinks that she has understood everything, but that is not the case; she is back on her own pedestal and does not want to come down! If only I could read out those other letters! I am already starting to feel what their contents are, because I saw bears, tigers and snakes, I still remember, and they made her so happy. I understood then ... that a bouquet of flowers like that really deceives people, I should have come empty-handed; she has still not earned her own bouquet! Is this so hard to understand, so unnatural? No, this truth is everywhere, but people have to know where to look!

Whatever the case, René is now one and a half years old and we have started a new life. Everything went well. The child requires care, it is Karel who looks at his son; but that was soon no longer necessary either. However, a few weeks ago there was a change again. Karel continues to frown because René is so ugly, his head is too big. It is another matter whether there is anything to this, which Karel does not even talk about. I know that from Anna. Who says: "Erica does not want to know, you cannot expect an honest opinion from her either, because she is the mother; however, Karel sometimes stands and looks at that head, shakes his head, and you can clearly feel that it would mean a lot to him to be able to know what is really the matter with his child, his own flesh and blood. After all, that is only natural. There is nothing else. Is Karel looking for symptoms? He is staring it in the face! Why is his child's head too big? He does not know! Is it another mean streak by a God who has nothing else to do but tease His children? Anna says that you can hear him swearing, even if he says nothing. I think that Karel is suffocating inside; he does not know what to do about this. I also believe that he will soon think: go to hell ... just keep that vermin yourself! "I tell you, Frederik ... it will all turn out the way it is meant to, you have to accept everything from nature. Only remember, you may not desert me."

Karel is faced with his process, his nature, which regulates everything and takes care of everything, and which human hands should leave well alone. It is the unknown to him, for his university, his daily work, for which he lives and dies, from which he earns his living. Now the proof, Karel! What are

you trying to achieve? Shrugging your shoulders again, laughing at human awkwardness? You have been given six months, almost a whole year's time to get back to normal. Now we are faced with our journey, it will begin, now stoke up the fires, because you will have to earn your living in the sweat of the presence, I say, do not destroy yourself any longer, bow your farmers head, there is more between heaven and earth, which you academics do not yet know anything about. Just laugh ... walk away from this nonsense ... raise your collar, walk with your doctor's degree under your arm ... pretend that you know everything. Can you not see the hidden stick, waiting to give you a good hiding?

Come on, Karel, the boat wants to go forward, stoke, put some more fuel on the fire, you are the engineer for this monster. We are not yet moving, you are standing thinking; you do not know how to light the fire. You stand with the shovel in your hands, with coals on it, but you do not know where the furnace door is. Such worries. Now He up there can get lost with His beautiful gifts, you do not want this world trip. Can you hear the false cries from an ordinary crow, Karel? No, then such tiger-cat, or a jackal, Karel, not to mention the bears and snakes. However, if you were to meet them, you would collapse, screaming.

Karel is now faced with his own mask and his child's! He was just having a rest in his hang mat, but an unnatural force flung him out of it, and he does not know where that disturbance came from. Is a person not allowed any peace? Does a person always have to be tortured? Does He also want that? What kind of gifts is He giving His people? I hear him asking questions, in a very weak voice, but he has done it! The time of preparation has really been profitable for him, as well as for Erica, but the following scene demands their human attention. Or did those two think, precisely now that it concerns their lives, that they had nothing to do with it? The curtain goes up of its own accord ... the public wait in excitement, because they feel that this is no longer sensation, it concerns human lives, it deals with knowledge or nonsense, it will go under or overcome it ... we want to know whether God is a Father of Love or ... a cad, a rotter! This is why there is so much interest. The play has been going on for thousands of years and only now are people beginning to understand some of it, long ago, a very long time ago it constantly received catcalls. The writer understood, but thought: I will get back to you soon. If necessary, I can wait for centuries. Now we are acting, you listen! Bowing your heads will follow later!

The masks are gone, but it was replaced by a head that was too big. René has changed! I tell you, I do not like the child's head. However, as long as everything is going well, I will not give way to pessimism ... I do not intend to find fault with everything, you want people to sleep easy.

Family friends came and went, there are constantly new friends. Now an academic came to visit, who was already there a while ago, but he suddenly disappeared again without trace. Anna thinks that the man was away on a trip for his studies. What I heard about it seems suspicious to me, he is a psychiatrist and is said to be very gifted. His name is Dr. Groevers.

During those months I worked on my notes, everything is finished, and it looks very neat. I myself am looking with amazement at the layout and I already know that it will become a book and perhaps more than one book, there is already so much to describe and analyse. I used to get a good mark for my essays, I think that I have now developed that skill and it is now part of my personality. This is therefore my second youth.

However, I do not trust René. I see the child in my own way. It has sparkling eyes, but most children have that. However, there is something in his eyes, which I do not like. It is strange face, if you look at it like that. It is deformed, if you ask me. Baby noises are now prevalent, but a question mark remains. I will continue to be on my guard!

I like human heads. Did I already tell you that I am extremely interested in the skull? My observations are usually correct as well, well felt, which assures me that the human head can tell us something about the inner life. Different worlds speak from the eyes, in my opinion, and are further defined by often very fine lines; the shape of the head is a deciding factor for the personality, you can draw all kinds of conclusions, but there is one line that really tells you everything, which shows you the mask. You barely have to look at it to know. Put more clearly, if a life can predict whether it will be a boy or a girl, what can be said about such a large human head? Would that not be an indication? Can you not see those strange lines, those colours? I pay attention to that, it tells me a lot. I start to feel that we will set up a faculty as a result of this.

I look at human heads and sometimes know immediately how I should consider the contents. Everyone has that: people look, look into the eyes, follow the lips, all those lines and they think: watch out ... you will fall for it, that is a thief, a rotter, a trouble maker, a charlatan before you. Therefore, my dear René, just come in, even if you have such a terrible head on your shoulders, you are goodness itself! I also see that, I feel it, sometimes I know it with one glance. It is not that strange to pay attention to people's heads, but they must not know that you are looking at them. It is dangerous to do that in the street, they would think – those sensitive women – that you were a pervert. Men do not appreciate what I am doing. Can you understand that? It is extremely interesting; you learn such a lot from it!

Karel invited me ... a friend is coming and this friend would like to get to know me. It is Dr. Groevers. I am curious as long as all goes well.

We are now sitting round the fireplace; they have introduced me to Karel's best friend. Erica is serving us; Karel is talking about a house in the country with horses, which he intends to buy, because he thinks that René will also need something. However, I can sense his intentions, he is turning the conversation in my direction, and I already know that this friend knows all about me, he has been informed. Karel has an advantage over me, I am suddenly confronted with his topic of conversation, and he suddenly presents you with it. I used to always feel awkward, now I am ready, I only long to know how he will manage it. It will come! Less than five minutes later he says:

"You see, Hans, that is my hobby. On the other hand, Frederik is interested in the skull, studies inner phenomena, everyone has his own hobby ... A horse's head is even significant to Frederik."

That was everything. I thought it was quite cheap, but I will get my own back. Hans immediately retorts:

"What do we know about the skull, Frederik? Is it okay if we call each other by first names?"

I have to talk, but I already know whom this Dr. Groevers is. He has nothing in common with Van Stein or Ten Hove. He is superior to all those academics as a man and as a personality. He is a man who is interested in the unknown, because he has taken this upon himself. He does not laugh at the thoughts of laymen, he knows that he is still a layman himself. This is how I felt one with him. Our hearts became one, our personalities touched and we were immediately open to each other ... a lovely feeling flowed into my soul. We were friends on the spot. What I felt is strange, I grabbed it with both hands, cherished it, because I had waited for this for so long.

Then I could not help saying:

"Look into the eyes of a horse, Karel ... they are usually asking you if you have anything nice to eat. If you do not have anything, the first contact will be a failure. Really and truly, a horse's head, or any animal's head, gives itself away! However, do not forget people. Just look at all the cattle on earth; it surprises me, between us, that people do not ask you the price of potatoes instead of medicine, because your skull alone shows that you come from the country. Does it not?"

I thought it was sporting of Karel to say: "Thank you. Frederik, thanks for that!"

Hans laughs, he enjoys the joke and so does Erica, she laughs, she knows that Karel will not get one over on me again, that is over. But the game is just beginning.

I continue: "If we want to search for it by means of phenomena, make a safe diagnosis on those grounds, then we will be faced with problems. Take a look inside a mental institution, where you find a hundred such cases togeth-

er, then you could immediately start writing an awe-inspiring book, because those heads need ten universities. In my opinion, you will then be faced with material phenomena that are misshapen through the inner process. Is nature to blame? Yes and no; yes as far as the soul – the emotional life, a natural product, and the laws of which we do not yet know – shows us the ‘mask’. We know how deep that is; thousands of academics gave up their research. Only a few carry on, but they are mad.”

I am silent for a moment. Hans looks at me as if he is seeing a miracle. Karel recoils, he is now faced again with our conversation from a while ago. He had not given it any more thought, but the facts are still there. I feel that Hans is not terribly amazed at what was said, he is not that stupid, but he loves the conflict, all the more so because he feels that Karel had not expected it. I can see that Karel has told him that I am still a child, so awkward, but I am now standing consciously before him and unmask his words as empty talk, show that they have the same value as ... his waffling on about the country house with horses from his dreams for the future. Hans knows, he is touched by me, and I also feel unity with his life.

“Continue, Frederik”, Hans requests.

I am temporarily dumbfounded, but I beg for fuel, I do not like Karel’s bluffing any longer. Erica is sitting looking at me as if she sees the East and the West before her, as if she will see revelations in the North and the South, worlds will appear to her small life, she is next to me and now leaves Karel standing in the rain. Karel notices it, but he cannot do anything about it, it is becoming serious, deadly serious, even if it all seems like nonsense. I fill Hans’s pipe and ask:

“What do you make of it yourself, Hans?”

I was not yet told that Hans is a psychiatrist. Anna thought so but if she is right, Hans will now have to play with an open hand. Look, Hans senses my thoughts and says:

“Frederik, do you know that this is my profession?”

“I thought so, now I know for certain. Well, what do you think about it? What do those distorted faces mean to you? What is your opinion?”

“That is easily said, Frederik, we are powerless, we do not know the actual core, the essence of it, at least I do not, but I try to do something for those people. It is extremely difficult.”

“We know that. If you are interested, I will tell you what I think, but do not forget that I am a layman.”

“It does not matter, after all, we are discussing these things. Do you think that we should consider the skull important?”

“In my opinion, Hans, that points directly to the personality. We have already discussed it so often. Karel never accepts it; to him everything is a

process and nature. However, I think that before people are inclined towards the action, which will result in the birth of a child, its soul, or the new life, has already been tuned to the material and human event, in other words: the life, or however you wish to call it, has the capacity of thinking like a human being. We are now faced with hundreds of thousands of problems, each one of which is concentrated on the personality of this 'life', of that child, and they are present as soon as the growth process starts."

"Are you or were you a theosophist, Frederik?"

"I am not, I follow my own path, but there is something, which points me in this direction, because I have contact with the phenomena. Let us take another example. A doctor gets it into his head to question expectant mothers. He places an advertisement and is sent letters in reply. There are mothers amongst them who are bothered by facial hair. However, to Karel this is a process and nature, to the mother it is facial hair and she predicts that she can expect a son. And it is a son! Ten Hove and Van Hoogten laughed about it and cleared off. What to Karel and also to them is nature, became a physical conversation for the mother, body to body, which came to her from inside and influenced her consciousness."

Karel falls about laughing, Erica looks at me, she understands me and her look says: continue, Frederik, I am beside you, it is a revelation to me, and do not let yourself be beaten by Karel. Hans threatens:

"If you laugh at Frederik, I will go."

Now it has been said ... Karel has to explain himself. However, he assures:

"I am not laughing at Frederik at all. I see those two in front of me again, and I also know what they made of it. Just let me get the laughter out of my system, it will be over soon. Frederik can understand me, he himself was the cause of it."

Karel now tells how the doctors were checkmated. They were simply faced with the facts, which they could not make any sense of, but which forced them to admit that a layman has got the better of them in the presence of a colleague. He says:

"They are furious at me and will never forgive me. Am I not allowed to laugh at that?"

"Continue, Frederik." Hans remains serious.

"Well, Hans, think about it yourself. I do not know ... I repeat, but what does it mean for science?"

Hans rubs his forehead. Karel sees it and laughs to himself; he sees that skull. Hans is a big man, he has a strong head on those shoulders, his darting eyes are open to the evils of this world, he is as strong as an ox, I think, and a head bigger than Karel and I. He is shabbily dressed, he wears patent leather shoes under pinstriped trousers, a black coat and his jacket is old.

He has thick eyebrows, a wide nose, firm lips that have something to say, which are never short of an answer. A personality that demands truth, which fights against poverty, material misery, and it is immediately apparent. Hans is a man's man, but I can see, extremely short-tempered. He can stand his ground, he is unbending, he does not let himself be mocked; he tells you his opinion to your face. Karel knows that! Hans says:

"I already said that we do not know. Today you are faced with a mystery, tomorrow yet another one. A woman can look at you in such a way that you would like to run away. There are thousands of other problems that you do not have an answer to. I stand looking at those heads, Frederik, do what you like with it, but I am powerless, and the rest of this world along with me, you cannot give a helping hand. I also believe that we have to go in a completely different direction, if we want to bring clarity to this darkness.

Do you think that the baby already starts thinking in the mother's womb?"

"It is only a theory, Hans, I do not want to force my opinion on anyone as indisputable. I believe that, that is all there is to it. In any case, those heads tell me such a lot."

"Would you like to visit my institution, Frederik?"

"Perhaps later, I do not feel capable of it yet."

"Come to see me soon, then we will continue our conversation. I know that the theosophists and other sects can help us, but it is of little use to us. We are concerned with the beginning, the first phase where life begins. I am faced with a mystery, Frederik, and I do not believe that we will find a solution to it in the coming century. Who will help us? There is plenty of material! Where does life begin? I know that the foundations have been laid, but what concerns me, and all my colleagues, and our faculty is the question whether the soul already has a personality in the mother's womb. Did you study this?"

"I am thinking about it, Hans. I follow my own path, but I do not know yet."

"Tell me a bit about it, about that path you are taking."

"It is a long story. Karel would be able to explain it better than I can. I cannot express myself well, because it cannot be rationalised. You cannot analyse it, it is not material, and it hangs in the universe. I will say it all in one word: it is a state of purity, Hans."

"What is it?" Karel asks. Hans answers for me:

"What your country house is created from, where all life comes from, sense, feeling, soul and spirit, if I may call it that, where the answer is, the first thought was formed. It is God! Is it not, Frederik?"

"Thank you, Hans, thank you, to me it is purity, openness, everything!"

Hans is an academic, but also a man with feelings. Karel has been stand-

ing outside in the rain for some time; he was put outside! Erica is enjoying herself! It is as if she is in a heaven.

"You see, Frederik, you accept the most difficult thing there is. If you have an answer, I would welcome it. However, make sure that you remain a child; otherwise, you will break your neck. I also did a study, but I had to stop because it was destroying me. My nature cannot cope with it", Hans remarks.

"You are too short-tempered!"

"Thank you, Frederik, I have to admit that. I have to have something to occupy myself, but although I thought that we could help those mad people, I am powerless. I would like to dissect them to see what is inside; you know the feeling. However, I do not know anything. Their brains no longer mean anything to me, and if the life leaves the body, you are faced with another mystery."

"Masks, Hans, all masks."

"A wonderful well chosen word, Frederik, you know how to express yourself. What a pity, we need you. Why did you not follow this study?"

"To have to accept that feeling of powerlessness just like you?"

"Do you think that you will work it out?"

"The phenomena take us to the very beginning, Hans, the beginning leads through the end to the answer."

"Do you wish to find that out under your own power, Frederik?"

"I have help, Hans, I see it lying in the street gutters."

"How rich you are. I am grateful for the opportunity of having met you. I am happy today and I think that I will sleep well."

Karel looks at me and thinks that he is seeing a ghost. Hans notices it and says:

"You see, Karel, that is something which you did not think of. To me Frederik has something like a sixth sense."

"Never that, Hans."

"I know that you do not wish any gifts. You want to deal with everything inwardly. I heard that you had seen a lot of the world and I also know a bit about the laws of the East. There is something in me, which connects me to that world. I tell you, be careful, you could lose yourself as a result. If only we could see behind those masks, Frederik."

"I am working on it, Hans. I see behind many masks, they all say: be careful ... a death is laughing, plays with violets before you arrive and behaves like an unborn child, feels ... sighs, is wind, is love, a process? Nature? You can hear organ music, you feel as if you are being carried, you are kissed, people are nice to you, you feel that kiss, but it is a strange love! Did you think, Hans, that your mad people did not know the answer? Only you cannot see behind those masks, you do not know yet where you should start,

you stand before them as a person, but that is not the way; you must not want to be a person. I think in the 'nothingness': it lives in the depth of your bosom; it also beats, just like during the day. It is right under your nose, you hear it screaming, but at that moment, you are stone deaf, even harder than steel, because we have converted the natural origin into a trotting race. Good gracious, how difficult it is becoming! Only when you are ready will you hear a language of which you will have no idea of its origin."

"You are my man, Frederik! Why do you not write a book about this? You can give things a name, pronounce them, while we cannot find the words, it lives in your heart. You can give shape to things and now everything takes shape. Do you know that?"

"I already said that", Erica remarks, "he has a born talent."

"Really, Frederik, Erica is right, you must put these thoughts in writing. It would be a pity if you did not, and you have the time for it. Continue."

"So you agree with me, Hans, that you cannot look behind the masks?"

"Indeed."

"I am busy trying it out. I do not know yet whether I will be successful, but I can see in a different way, I am different. Karel asked what had happened to me. Erica has known for a long time that I can see so many things just lying in the street gutters."

"What can you see, Frederik?"

"Masks, Hans. Only masks. They are so different, but they are masks ... And yet I hope to make a university of it."

Silence. Karel is not laughing. Erica is sweet. Hans is thinking. He appears excited, he is so tempestuous, so quick, and he suffers from his powerlessness. "Masks", he mumbles, "masks, yes, they are masks; they are all masks. Everything in this world wears a mask; all of us are masks. All things wear a mask. There is nothing in this world that does not wear a mask ... Damn ... how poor we are and how difficult it is becoming!"

Another silence falls. We really have nothing more to say. The human heads remained undisturbed, because we do not understand them in the least, Hans is suffocating inside, Karel is like a beaten dog, and Erica looks as if she wishes to say, can you see it now? You laughed, you laughed at my mask and at René's mask, now you are faced with it yourself with your country bumpkin's head, Karel, dearest.

It is finally Hans who breaks the silence.

"You must come and see me as soon as possible, Frederik, I want to talk to you", he says.

Erica pours a drink; we light a cigarette, but remain silent. A moment later Hans says to Karel:

"If you ever consider getting rid of this old piece of furniture; you know, it

is my hobby and I will take it off your hands immediately.”

That was spot-on ...! How awful for Karel. He almost falls down, what a pity that his armchair prevents his fall. However, Erica caresses his hair ... “Everything is okay”, she says, “you may come in now.”

She is still talking from the universe and Karel asks in astonishment:

“Come in?”

“You were outside in the rain, remember”, Hans explains. Feelings reach unity, they cannot be stopped, and they penetrate everything, also human skulls. However, Karel is a sport. He bows his head again and we laugh. Now we can laugh, because everything is okay, a mask just fell! Did you see that? Did you really see that? I did as well! Yet, Hans still would not believe it, but still?

Hans still wants to give all of himself, and he wants to get to the bottom of it, he cannot be satisfied. I make it clear to him:

“In the first place, Hans, you have to look at your people in a different light. If you see them as people, then you are looking at them from the normal point of view. You must try to understand that in their abnormal ways they are ... normal! I am telling you, although I do not know it yet, everything is normal. Even the existence of good and evil alongside each other! Of course, it is another matter whether God approves of this, but their existence, their presence and therefore their process is normal! It is normal that we are to blame for our own misfortune, that one life is blessed and another is cursed, as well as thousands of other matters that demand justice. I know just as little as you do how to explain everything, because the truth, the answer lives behind all of this.

I am searching for it. You and Karel are doing something about it. Erica experienced it herself. I saw that hallucinations can be artistic. I saw that life, the process, started to long for a drink, and was able to drink a pitcher of Dutch gin before nine o'clock in the morning when it had acquired a taste for it.”

Karel takes me away from my story; he has to laugh. Hans is furious. I have been interrupted, but I just continue, I now know that Erica can take a tumble, she begs me, as it were, to continue.

“Are you still trying to maintain, Hans, that life itself cannot think like we can? The life in the mother's womb possesses an independence! And that independence can feel the urge for a drink.”

“Do you believe in reincarnation, Frederik?”

“I do not know. I do not know enough about that subject. I have my reservations about everything which I do not know.”

“You are a born analyst, did you know that?”

“It is possible, but I will not get involved in theosophy. It is possible that

these teachings are the right ones, I do not believe in the existence of spiritualism either, at least not in the authenticity of the phenomena! I have to be able to see and feel everything. In any case, it has not brought wisdom to earth. What do we know about parapsychological phenomena? I have visited the East ... They say there, listen carefully, you Westerner ... be careful, it will cost you your life. However, I continued to search. I have now adjusted to that life, I am following my own path, I deliver letters, I sweep the streets and I am the postman of this state of purity!”

“Do you have any post for me, Frederik?”

“I will not forget, Hans. However, do not forget that I am only a poor man, an awkward child, compared to you, being an academic. However, behind the mask another personality is waiting for you. It is up to us to learn the language, which it speaks. I do not believe that you need any French, German or English for it.”

We end the evening. I shall see Hans again. I look forward to seeing him more often. The playhouse is now deserted, the actors are now behind the scenes, but noise can be heard, the next act will soon begin.

There is new excitement in the hall. It is really interesting, and everyone feels deadly seriousness. However, I go back home and soon fall asleep. I had wonderful dreams like never before. It is something completely new to me. I give in to it completely, if I can, because at the end of the day we received everything! We are still one with the universe in which we live. As long as everything turns out okay! I try to be very careful. We will wait and see. However, I believe that the masks will attack me. Then what, Frederik? We shall see, help will probably appear, even glow worms ... I believe ... got to see biblical justice. Or am I now wrong? Someone once told me about a miracle and glow worms were involved. Did the man think that he was affected? I do not know! You would say so! Then he continued on his way!

My heart is calm! One thing ... I know, if people are laughing behind my back, I will not turn back ... I know that mask!

Can you feel that soft blow coming towards you? You think that you will receive flowers. When you try to take them, it appears that they are not meant for you. Again, you hear laughter ... Do not pay any attention to it! Good grief, such emptiness.

Believe me, I am at peace!

Oh, Frederik, René is painting with his feces

If you ask me, there will soon come a time that will confront us all with the real facts. I think that Karel will not think about his country house then; there will be worries that he does not see yet, but like everything of which we want to know the details, they belong to the invisible presence that we continually touch upon, although we do not believe in it. I hope that I am wrong because I foresee trouble. I cannot forget my journey, I can hear the grumbling of bears coming closer and closer to me, and I suddenly get a fright because I think that there are also snakes near us. The crying of the jackal is becoming closer. I put it out of my mind, I do not want to hear any of it, but what can you do if you feel all those voices within you? They are outside of you and they know how to reach you as a person. You are now also powerless, and you cannot do anything about it! Is that not terrible? I believe it is, because it makes you powerless, it throws a spanner in your works, and you come to an abrupt halt, without knowing what hit you. Your opponent is a natural law and it wears a mask again. You could feel unhappy because of it, if you did not know that you still had to carry on.

When I had visited my friends a few days ago, Anna and Erica came storming towards me. They were both visibly upset. "What is the matter with you?" I asked.

"René is painting with his feces ...!" Erica says, "is that not disgusting?"

Anna winks at me, as if to say: "Put her mind at ease."

Now what? I go upstairs with them and look at the child. I ask:

"Are you trying to tell me, Erica, that this child already knows what it is doing? You cannot fool me. So no more tomfoolery. Every child does strange things at times. It is nothing special."

"You would be surprised, Frederik, if you had seen, as we had, how everything was covered in that filth. It is just a miracle the way he did it, as if a painter was at work. It would be astonishing, if it were not so weird, so dirty, so strange. Will my child become mad, Frederik? Will René have to go to a mental institution, Frederik? Good heavens, where will this all end. How horrible it is. Can you not see it, can you not feel it, Frederik?"

"What are you thinking about, Erica? Why are you going so far? I do not want to hear any more of that talk, do you hear?"

She looks at me and feels told-off. She will look at it, but she remains afraid. Those are the bears and the snakes. They are already in the house, they have found their way to our lives, they know exactly where we live, they know us better than we know ourselves, I now believe, even if I have not

yet formed my own opinion. What is happening now? What should we do? What measures should we take, if we want to be prepared for everything? I do not know, I am powerless, but I know that I will be proved right. You will see it all now; the play is starting!

In the end, I get Erica and Anna to laugh about it. "How pathetic people are, aren't they, Frederik?" ... Erica utters.

"Precisely, Erica, you have got the bull by the horns, just hold on tight." "How strange people are", she continues and I add to myself: We are showing off when everything is going well, and we have everything, don't you think so? How strong we feel then, don't we? What do we do about it and for it? We literally stand there empty-handed, but, figuratively speaking, our hands are tied with problems. They try to win you over in your sleep and then strangle you unnoticed. They poison your food and your drink, you become ill from the stench; it is a pity that I have to say this ... but those are the facts! It is as if an expert hand put them there, you do not see their true character, and they wear masks! If you think that you have hold of one, and have crushed it, a thousand others take its place. You cannot fight against it; you are faced with a superior power. You now have to learn how to act, otherwise, you will be felled with one blow, you will hit the hard core within yourself, which appears unconquerable, although you can drill a hole in it, through which you can see whether there is more to come.

In this way, humans want to protect their own ego from trouble. Anyone who says: 'I am different', is lying! Point out these people to me, Erica, where do these great people live, I know all about it. They are masks and we think that we can sell Him like an overworked carthorse. However, can you not hear, can you not feel, can you not see that more misery is approaching your life?

Meanwhile, you hear your own character crying. It does not sound so strange anymore, but you can hear the human character crying, you can hear it swearing. What do you want? These things eat at your heart and yet, it is all as simple as possible, but you have to understand it. Children are different and have their own character, many small children do not think that it is anything special and are not aware of it. To René this play is not so childish; I think he is still too young. Here a firm nature dominates his character. The personality is not capable of it, yet these inhuman things happen, which are still human, as you can see. If only you knew, where and how those thoughts were formed. We are again faced with thousands of masks. Can a child think beyond normal consciousness? Good grief, what am I getting at? It is always those masks. As soon as you have formed an opinion, you are faced with another one again. All of life is one mask. Now add space, development, and consciousness. Behave as if it concerns you directly and let all those masks

be absorbed. I am beginning to feel what the origin is of the consciousness, which the Orientals warn us against and which will eventually mean our destruction. It is difficult, but we are prepared, the play is starting.' I have not been able to put these last thoughts into words and Erica must not know about them either. However ... I can see new masks ... it is trouble, the jackals live here in this small space.

Erica has gone again, Anna and I look at René. My friends' child looks poorly, especially now, because in my opinion it has experienced something which we as normal people have no idea about. Should we worry and wonder whether this child is itself? Anna says: "It was like a pigsty here. You would not believe it, Frederik, but I have become afraid. I know that it seems like a normal thing ... how many other children do that, but this was different, it seemed so calculated! That is frightening. You would think that it was the work of a four-year old. Just look for yourself."

They think it is terrible. Karel does not react, but he is thinking about it. Anna will pray for René and keep an eye on him. While we are looking at him, he falls into a deep sleep. Anna repeats: "When you visit people, you bring peace and sleep, Frederik, that is even better than flowers. Did you know that, Frederik?"

I try to think about her words, but remarkably enough, their meaning does not get through to me. Anna is very sensible and that could be very useful, she learns to work practically and quickly in this house. We come downstairs; Erica is waiting for me and wants to speak to me.

"What do you think of it, Frederik?"

"Nothing, I believe that you are looking for phenomena. I would advise you to leave it. All of this means nothing. Thousands of children play with their faeces ... why not René? Or does that not happen in your family? Do not make me laugh, Erica, do not go into it too deeply."

"I have the feeling, Frederik, that I have brought a person capable of suicide to the earth. I do not know what it is, but I am falling back on my past. Not a day passes that I do not think about my child and I keep seeing it as trouble. I keep having nightmares, and I awake with a shock and the feeling as if I am being choked."

Her lips tremble. Now what? Should I confirm her suspicions? I wait before replying, but I cannot get out of it, because she insists:

"Now, do you not know?"

Then I realise it ... and I tell her what I think. I go back and we experience the great journey again, she now knows that everything is still to come and that we can only hope for the best.

"In my opinion, Erica, as a mother you are one with your child. I also believe that you get your dreams from him. I do not know how that is possible,

but when life can pass on almost everything to the mother, which we accept anyway, this would also be possible. You can therefore experience dreams that you receive clearly. Of course, a dream like that wears a mask, because you do not know its origin. We still do not know anything about psychology, science can therefore not help you, and so if you want an answer to this, you will have to go back to ancient Egypt, because they understood this. To put it briefly, you must know the soul as spirit and completely control those awe-inspiring worlds. I think that before we are so far we will have gone mad, because who could do that? What do we know, what does an academic know about the subconscious? Nothing! I believe, that is the worst mask that exists.

What are you trying to achieve, Erica? If this is all it is, then we have no reason to be afraid, since many children do the same thing. Your dreams will stop again, and life will go on. Accept all of this as it comes to you. Do not make a mystery out of everyday occurrences. You do not understand that. Let Anna go her way and do not interfere in anything; she is a good help. What more could you want?"

I sense that my words are not helping her, to her it is a fact that her child will be mentally handicapped and I do not see any opportunity of making her change her mind. In addition, she has to prepare herself because strange things could happen. When she says that she is afraid that René has an incurable disease, I have to make an effort to remove her fear and at the same time prepare her. She is becoming softer, I see, it really has got to her.

When I return a few days later, they all rush towards me, because René has covered his whole little world with muck, in his primitive way. Every last thing was covered. The child looks like a heap of dung and Anna had a day's work cleaning up. Erica wept more than ever and was on the point of completely losing her self-control. It was thanks to Anna that she could control herself. She thinks that René is making a mess on purpose ... she claims that what René does could be thought up by an adult. The feces looks like shapes. It is impossible to talk her out of it; she saw it herself. Will that break her? I do not think so, her pride as a mother is dominant, or perhaps her intellect, her origins. She had not expected a child like this, but a completely normal child. However, she is faced with the facts and I do not know what to do about it. But I do feel that, despite the apparently normal nature of things, forces which we do not yet know anything about are at work here. Perhaps I am going too far, but when I try to convince her that this is all very normal, I notice that I cannot do the impossible.

Karel, who has heard about it from Erica, frowns, he says a few words and that is it. However, she no longer hears him mention the word "process" or "nature". I think that he finds the whole thing ridiculous. Try saying that he

is wrong. Whatever the case, we convince ourselves that it is okay, absolutely normal, many children play with natural waste and are not aware of it. Is René? Erica walks away, she feels she has been wronged, but she is not proved right. When she has gone Karel asks:

“Frederik, do you think that this means anything? I am telling you honestly, I do not trust that head. I stand watching the child for hours, but I cannot work it out. It is really a strange child. How disappointing. I can understand Erica; it is certainly not so straightforward. What should we do? I am really no dope head, and I am not pathetic. I can cope with a lot, but not this. We have been deceived, Frederik. What could God mean by this? Should we say, thank You? Oh, how happy we are? I could sometimes throw in the towel, leave my patients, because it is becoming too much for me. I am faced with my patients, I look at those people, but what do you think I see? I see through absolutely everything, René! The child is built up before my eyes, as it were. I can already see him walking in the street; he is a madman. I hit myself, I know what I am like, I do not like behaving pathetically, and I am too sensible for that. Believe me, René is following me. Wherever I am, whatever I do, Frederik, the child is following me!

However, I do not give into this. It is as if the boy lives in my eyes. I have to forcibly drive away his personality, I sometimes see cross-eyed because of it. This is why I understand Erica’s anxiety. Tell me, are those troubles starting again?”

“What we have to do, Karel ... is wait and see. Put it all behind you. Do not go into it. What does a child like that hope to achieve against your consciousness? Do not make a fool of yourself.”

“It is easy for you to talk. A few months ago, I could not have accepted that I would think like that, Frederik. Now that is how it is and it is not any easier for Erica.”

“Yet, it must change your life, Karel. There is only one way of remaining free, of freeing yourself from it: accept it! Accept this life as it is and you will no longer see it. This is my medicine and it will definitely help. If you go into it, then the child will follow you, at least you will think that, because it is not the child, you yourself attract it, it is you who attracts a second self. It is the same for everything. We people, Karel, want things to be the way we want to see them. Parents feel cheated, to put it harshly – taken for a ride by Him ... you are now beaten and you cannot offer any resistance. The way you are trying to do it does not help. You feel danger all around, but you cannot see it. Yet, it exists! It is impossible to say how many people are faced with these masks, because that number is so enormous. What do all those people, all those men and women hope to achieve? Nothing! It is worthwhile thinking about it. Now it is becoming really serious.

Is life so beautiful, Karel, that we can say: how happy I am, that I am part of this life? What are we doing? What do we want? What is there? What about a person who loses his love? Is that life capable of bearing the loss and accepting it? If you can do that, Karel, the suffering is bearable. If the soul or personality does not wish to accept the loss, it will then eat away at the heart and persecute it."

"You are right, Frederik, I know and I am grateful to you. I have to accept this. I know that I will manage today but not again tomorrow. Then I will be faced with more troubles, those from yesterday and these new ones, it will become more difficult, worse and worse, until you succumb."

"You are mean, Karel."

"What am I?"

"If you look behind this mask, then you will see another personality. Are you trying to kid me that this feeling, this misery comes from your awe-inspiring love for your child? Let us be honest, Karel. If I look in your heart, then I will see that this gift has surprised you. You did not expect it. You did not think it for a moment. Now you feel cheated! What affects you is the unnatural part of it. Your pride is injured. It is not this life; it is the misery! René does not really matter to you. That strange personality does not matter a jot to you; it is his head! The life of the child does not affect you. You are not enough of a father for that, those feelings have yet to awaken in you. You are not ready for troubles, and you do not want them! You are rebelling! God has cheated you! If you had the chance, you would send this life back to Him. Admit it, honestly, there is no part of you that belies this. I know you!

You and Erica must now learn to accept. It is perhaps a weak argument, but something tells me that we will receive happiness from it one day. You will think this is nonsense, but this is just the way I am and I am usually right.

Bow your head, Karel. Go to your patients and leave René at home. Anna is there and, I swear to you, I will also help you bear it. Let go of the child, give the child the chance to develop, give it your love, and do not put any pressure on it. You are making him uneasy like this."

Karel sighs. He pours himself a drink; I do not believe that he is capable of visiting his patients. René already lives in his heart and is eating away at his strength. "It is just like a rat", he suddenly utters and I am shocked. These are harsh words. They sound terribly cold and they say such a lot. Is René a rat? René eats at his heart and is capable of being a hindrance to his work. That says a lot, it requires caution, reflection! There is only one way for Karel, one possibility, which is to remain himself!

"Life is rotten, Frederik", he later says.

"Life is awe-inspiringly beautiful, Karel", I add. "Life is wonderful, great,

incredibly beautiful, Karel, but you do not understand it. You are beaten, you feel dishonoured. You have to learn to bow your head. But you cannot and you do not want to. Yet, it cannot be avoided. Think of your country house; try to understand it and to get it. Karel ... René will soon need you. For heaven's sake, do not see your child like a mole underground; it is your life, your flesh and blood! Give this life an existence, even if it is completely mad! What can we do for people like that?"

"Imagine that, us with a mad child?"

"Why not? Would you only want to sort out the less well-to-do? Are you two so superior? Are you not wearing any masks? Are you above such a thing? Nonsense, Karel! Were these horrible things not created for you? You have to accept the baby as he came to you. You have not thought of him for a moment! You are only thinking of yourself ... You only act for yourself, you insist on getting your own way, others, also people, also men and women, fathers and mothers, just have to accept it. You do not want any darkness, any misery, nothing, only happiness! It does not affect you how your child will soon feel. It does not matter to you that your child will have to experience misery! It is you! You are only thinking of yourself, and this life may die! You do not give it any friendship, because you no longer have any feeling. You see René as a huge misery, and you can only see worries. You can no longer do what you like, because we have another sick person in the house, Karel."

"You are right, Frederik. Thanks again for your words. I have succumbed; you are superior to me. From today onwards, I will see it differently. I understand you. Also, talk to Erica in this way. From now on, Frederik, you are more welcome than ever before in our house!"

We are faced with each other, look each other in the eye. Karel is a miracle! He knows how to appreciate my help! I believe him. Now we have become friends! All those years we were strangers to each other. These masks are falling off! They have experienced a birth! Or do we have to accept that they will also experience a new birth? High above our heads I can see a rain of violets. Karel sees them too! The beginning of space, I believe. Or the ... glow worms ... from Him, which precede us. Probably from dry land into the ditch, which does not belong to us now. However, I do not know! We have destroyed this mask together. Oh, my God, how infinite Your love is. Will I succumb when I am faced with my own masks? Today I love all people, what will I be like tomorrow? Today I swear that I would like to be burnt at the stake for that love, what will I long for tomorrow? I do not know, but I will do my best. Just try breaking me!

I see that Karel has suddenly aged by ten years and I know that he will never forget this day, even if he was to succumb the next time. But what is that? I see another mask! Karel will start to think differently, he will become

aware, and he will go his way in a conscious way. I will act differently. Karel will not become sidetracked, this one great path is enough for him!

Yet, the way I feel it, Karel has become younger. Old age and youth have one mask, one life. I now understand why people can never work out my age. Everyone falls for it. Because I feel young, I am younger than the rest of the world! Wherever you have to be eventually, years will not count, there will be eternal bliss, there will be no end. Of course, I still have to find out for certain, but I imagine it to be so! Now that I can see it clearly before me, I see it as follows:

Karel is my friend, I was part of the furniture to him and Erica. I could have put an end to this relationship a long time ago, but I let it continue. I can now see that he who has the patience to wait, to accept everything, will win! You have to devote yourself entirely to it, only then will the true soul come towards you to kiss you. Karel now kissed me, I kissed him, we did that by shaking each other's hand, but it could have been different. Our eyes now carried life, our own lives, and the self that we cherish so much. After all, this is only human!

True friendship is deep! I know! As deep as the universe in which we live. Behind that a new mask can be seen, a new universe, and we also have to get to know it. If you descend into a soul, you will get to know its depth and you will get love in return. That is, if you are ready for that love! Or you will lose yourself in that friendship again and you will be met by destruction. However, I believe that is what He wants! ... gave the ability to think and feel in His direction. Only then does that inconceivable love follow. Now come on, through these things you will lose the material masks. Karel is now open to me. I already knew this for some time about him, but he did not see it. Now he can see it, even though I know that this will not immediately be obvious. He as well as René will have to accept this language. You do it by a nod, you put in some feeling and now also some flowers ... they are the forget-me-nots of your heart. Then friendship is a part of my university. And what about all those other things?

Erica comes back, but Karel leaves. It is as if they have warned each other, although I know that this is impossible. She immediately asks:

"How can a person change, Frederik?"

She looks me in the eye, she wants the truth. I say: "If you want, Erica, you can still learn a lot today!"

"How is that?"

"For example, with regard to René. I think that if you are less sensitive, you will accept things as normal. Only that makes life worthwhile."

"Do you know that it is not so simple?"

"The slightest thing will break us. If we want to understand this valley of

tears, then, in the way I am already doing, we will have to accept the 'cause and effect' for our lives and our personalities. That means that the Lord above does not pay any attention to our thoughts or our troubles, but we ourselves are to blame for our unhappiness. Just look at the people. What can you see? If you look properly, Erica, then you will thank Him that you have managed so well. You have everything: food, drink, a nice house, clothes, the list is endless. You have accepted everything for granted. Accept René now as well! You refuse to accept him, but it is already noticeable, you are forced to bow your head. That is good, because you have to learn to ... bow to it. I have learned that God's will be done and I bow my head to it. You flatly refuse to do that!

Do you want to learn? Will you really do something for yourself? Then start by loving everything, no matter what it is. Do not remain rebellious. Do not search for the cause. For it is you yourself! We people are so terribly unnatural; we wear masks. Learn to give your character colour and shape. Do not complain any longer, do not curse yourself because of unnatural matters, you are doing it yourself! Can you, who is wearing a mask yourself, expect that the life, which you attracted, will not have a mask? Did you think that you are an angel? Free from this world, separate from 'cause and effect'?"

"What do you mean by that term, Frederik?"

"That you must see things in connection with what you did a while ago. You do not even need to go far back, just take your gin drinking bouts and, for that matter, so many other things. They do not mean so much in themselves, but when you do that to another person, you are faced with the effect. One day you will now have to prove that you are in harmony with life."

"That is terrible, Frederik!"

"Yet it is the case. If we go even further and deeper, Erica, then we will be faced with a world of effects, and even I do not yet fully understand them. That is also another mask for your life. After all, you can feel that you are serving your personality by doing things as well as possible, by giving shape to things, by being kind, by living a harmonious life! You are now rising, you are maturing, you will see your own blossoms sooner or later and only then will you be happy! We have thousands of characteristics as human beings. And all those things have to take off their masks! Until you are yourself and others can say that your soul is completely open. Upon introspection, you will not see another person; you now know that you are not capable of judging! Another life of this world is part of your blood, your soul and bliss, but we do not believe that. Did you expect anything else? Did you think differently about it?"

"You are so different, Frederik, but it is not so simple for us. I think that you do not see any evil, any loneliness, and you do not feel any pressure. I

stumble over everything, I now know that I have not yet worked it out. Yet this on top of everything else?"

"You see, that is exactly what I mean. You want this no less than Karel does. I have just talked to him, and he has bowed his head. Now you also, then we will start a new life, we are now ready."

"I will do my best, Frederik."

"You see, life is already starting to mean something to you. You are too spoiled. You should have had more beatings."

Suddenly she asks:

"Do you believe in reincarnation?"

"We can experience a new birth every second, Erica. Or do you mean a material return to the earth?"

"Yes, that is what I mean!"

"It is a powerful concept. I will not let myself believe in it yet, because I do not have any proof. I think that I am open to it. I want to achieve it under my own strength and then I will tell you. These thoughts occur to you, because you think that René is involved with you and you receive it from him. It is possible, but I do not accept anything if I have not experienced it myself. I repeat, I believe I will make it and you will also be part of it. I can already tell you now that what you want to know lives within you! It lives in everyone, in every animal and plant life, but that life must be able to show you it. I have started with myself. I try to do things as well as possible and you see, there has already been a small success. I am starting to think and feel in a different way, artistic talents come out and you do not even know where they come from. I now understand that it is because I am doing my very best. It already beats in my heart, it lives in my heart, it takes me away from this world, it is peace, happiness, oh, it is so wonderful, it is almost too much for one person. I get so much of it every day.

You must want to see your faults and also accept them. You have to want to bow your head to everything, whatever you do, only then will better things await you. Higher, rarer things will also await you then, precisely those things as a result of which life became soul, spirit, but I have yet to learn the laws governing them, as well as all the other ones. Accept illness, go in happiness, love rain and wind, storm, night and day, for example, if you have to have an operation, allow yourself to think how wonderful it is that there are people who understand that skill, who can help you! Even if they help you from the frying pan into the fire, it still does not prove anything about the cause. I do not believe that a surgeon murders on purpose, even if we know that he also still has to crown his faculty!

Are we to blame for our illnesses, Erica? I think so, because I cannot accept that God sends us to earth with illnesses and troubles. If we have enough

feeling not to infect another person, we would prevent it, because it would be inhuman, could a God of Love do that? Everything is different, if you ask me; everything has a mask ... the pure self lives behind it! How many worlds will we have to conquer? I long to know the answer!"

I went for a walk. I think that I have been able to give these people a part of myself. They must understand one thing, I mean what I say, I can no longer change myself, and anyone who knows me possesses me, thanks to my respect for people. I bow to everyone, I love everything and everyone, I could weep when I see that an animal has to work too hard without any thanks or a kind word. At least not the kind it needs. For example, if you go into a horse's feeling, you will become that animal. Didn't you ever think so? The animal is now as you yourself are. If you want to go to sleep, then the horse likewise thinks of rest. My animals sob, they can laugh and cry; it seems strange, but you are a person and for people these things are unusual. What would an Oriental say? 'Become as life itself and it will talk to you.'

Is this madness? Confusion? I advise you to go there for a few weeks, you will come back a different person. They only force you to kneel on their mats for weeks. They let you wait and wait, break your merciless impatience, and break you completely in all aspects, until they see that you are no longer wearing a mask. Then you are naked, you have nothing more to hide, nothing! Isn't it a shame?

People become one with nature as soon as they bow their heads! I wanted to bow my head ... I stayed awake for hours. I believe that it was the middle of the night and I was still up. It was already twilight, the sun came up, or is it exactly the other way round, that's it ... our good earth turned towards the light again and I was still in the woods. My God, how well-off I was!

My dreams were wonderful. I sat by a tree and let myself be filled with energy. I fell into a ditch and thanked the depths for their coolness. I went and lay in the meadow and became one with an ordinary night ...! What a lot a night can tell you. I saw the light from the universe entering me.

Yes, I saw light approaching me and entering me.

I saw that there was no night, but I did not understand it.

The night was light! That light had lived behind my night for millions of years! If I were to talk about it now, they would have me certified as a madman. Likewise, if I told you that I love you, there is no longer any hate in me! Yet I am not angry at all those people who think I am mad! On the contrary, I learn a lot from those souls, it is they who tell me how to act and how it should be done! And I do it!

It suddenly occurred to me whether it could be true what a friend once told me, that there is never night in the universe. I thought: you, academic, you can make me believe a lot of things, but not this, because what will our

night mean then? Are you trying to kid me that this is not real?

Now I am lying in it. I saw that there is really no night in this universe. Frederik, what a lot you are learning, and what a happy man you are! Then I was faced with God for a moment! He looked at me and said:

“Lad ... little man, do you want to become great, to become as I am?”

“Of course”, I replied.

“Then you must listen carefully ...!”

Then I heard Him talking to me ... and a moment later, I knew that there is never night in His universe. A material night, I mean, we will not get to know that other one anyway, unless as a grace. I thought, leaf through the Scriptures, read them in a different way. Oh, Father, how they got you. He is not human ...! He never has been ...! He never spoke as a person!!! Never!! I have to let it all sink in first. I am overwhelmed, in just one night, after a short walk.

When I came home, I went to bed ... The servant girl has gone, so it is quiet in the house. I dreamt again and saw little René picking flowers for Father and Mother, Anna and me. They were precisely the flowers that we all long for ...!

When I awoke it was the afternoon. I felt like I had aged by thousands of years. I do not want to lose this feeling! It is so wonderful!

Frederik, do you think that life can think before birth?

In my sleep, I learned to reflect, to analyse all I had received, the letters for people and my own letters. I now know that this is the correct way, because nothing can be a hindrance, your day consciousness has been disengaged. I have to admit that it is not so easy to find the correct words; I really think that my imagery is becoming difficult, it seems inhuman from the beginning, although precisely as a result of this, the real materialisation emerges for you and me. Many books have been written, many styles have emerged, but most of them are as dry as cake because the writers did not want to lose the ground under their feet. I am now losing myself, I pray for it and I know that it is not so easy, but you learn to see things differently. What I receive – because that is a form of receiving, getting – is a gift, which everyone who wants to lose himself can obtain! It is being released from the material, from your mask for this world and the things being released like the life created by God.

Now that we are faced with problems, reality comes to us and that destroys the mask, it forces us to remove it. Is this the soul? Is that our spiritual life? Is that what Karel calls a process and nature?

Our true life is not the abstract; it is the concrete ... that lives behind your mask! That has significance! When you fall asleep, you live in it! I experienced that last night. Then I was back in that state of purity again! However, we are not out of the woods yet. I want to produce the proof cautiously, to build my university stone by stone. I put one layer after the other on the foundations, and you will see, I will work it out!

However, try to understand what I mean when we try to see behind the mask! You then speak another dialect, just like me, that makes you see the things alive. Afterwards the analysis follows! Do you feel how simple it is?

It started in the woods. It came immediately after the moment that He spoke to me. When I heard: "Say, little man, do you want to be as big as I am?" I became precisely smaller. What do you want? He understood me completely. You can turn within and experience; you will now see what is wrong with you. Now you think differently and everything of this world falls away from you. A moment later, I saw children; they were walking through the woods, just as I did, they were taught how to look at all the things created by God. I understood that I was not alone, even they went through a night and saw that there was still light! Now I was like a child, the adult part was wiped out of me. I no longer felt the ground on which I was walking; I was

floating!

I now saw that my better self was going for a nocturnal walk. Behind all these children, I saw René, who, as far as I knew, had fled the parental home. When I asked him whether he knew who I was, he replied: "You are Uncle Frederik. You think that I have dirtied myself ... That is also true in a certain sense ... but it was not I myself! Did you think that I did not know what you think of me?"

I did not feel frightened, I thought it was very ordinary, because I saw that René was just as old as I was, perhaps even older. Then I asked:

"But do you not know, René, that you are eighteen months old and cannot walk yet?"

"How funny you are, Uncle Frederik", he says, "do you not know then that you can walk without moving your legs? That you can go where you like. That has nothing to do with age!"

I was lost for words. I asked: "What do you mean, actually?"

"Am I not explaining it clearly enough? When you are sleeping there, you are still awake, and you are only sleeping in relation to your walk, and to this space, if I may put it like this. That applies to all people, Uncle Frederik."

"Do you know then, René, that you are not there now?"

"Now I know, Uncle Frederik ... When I am back there again, I will have forgotten everything. Yet, I am ... with the children. Because you can see it! I am sleeping at the moment, Uncle Frederik ... but I am awake. Listen!

I am sleeping ...

Yet, I am awake ...!

That is my mask!!!!"

"Where are you going, René?"

"To the meadow, Uncle Frederik, I am going to look for flowers for father and mother ... As you know, there was a terrible storm."

"What will you do with the flowers?"

"Uncle Frederik, you are behaving silly! Of course I will decorate mother and father with the flowers ... However, I will just stick them to their masks, they themselves will have to arrange the decorations."

"Then what?"

"Then they will see themselves, then they will make progress."

"So you are going to look for those flowers?"

"They are there for the taking, Uncle Frederik, for all people as well, for every animal, for everything which lives."

"How old you are, René."

"Did you not know that, Uncle Frederik? Become like a child and you will be very old!"

"I will have to think about it, René, it is so incredible"

“Do not say that. If you can believe it ... it will be true. Soon you will see how everything was constructed, and then you can no longer play with it. Now go, Uncle Frederik, otherwise, I will do a pooh ...! I think it is terrible! Uncle Frederik, go to sleep, dream. Only then are you awake! Do as I do, leave the normal, go to the abnormal. Know that we have known each other longer than today! There is more than you think. Leave me alone, Uncle Frederik, do not disturb any little children, this is our world! Goodbye, Uncle Frederik!”

“Goodbye, little René, goodbye, little René ...!” My God, oh my God, am I mad? But there they go, the children. They live and they know that they live. Just give me an answer, let me know.”

I awaken at ten o'clock in the morning and shortly afterwards I was already standing next to René's cot, thanks to my dream.

“Frederik, you would think that the baby is already starting to talk. You cannot make out what he is saying yet, but that rolling of his tongue means something. It is the beginning ... I know. This is very significant. I am starting to think that he is normal after all. Is that possible, Frederik?”

“Anything is possible, Anna.”

“Last night I really thought that he was calling me. I got out of bed and then it just seemed like he said something.”

“What time was that, Anna?”

“Four o'clock, Frederik.”

Four o'clock, but I do not know about any times ... It could possibly have been four o'clock when I was dreaming. However, a child of eighteen months does not think like an adult. After all, this child is not supernatural, but that child spoke like a sage. That is impossible! So I was dreaming. Yet, it was a nice dream, even if I do not understand it. I have to use force to release myself from René. I am sitting on my bench in the woods again and I am thinking. I sink off ... straight back to my dream. Suddenly I hear:

‘Fool ... fool ... what a fool!’

I race back home. I rest for a while and later pick up my diary. Then I read:

“What I am now experiencing reminds me of an eternal world of thoughts. If we adults can accept this, we will be faced with awe-inspiring revelations. I have to say, I do not yet believe it, even if I am called ... a fool! It is all so powerful. We should accept that sleep does not really exist and that we people never sleep. There is no old age! You are there or you are not, but if you are, you will have eternal youth! I conclude that – wherever we live as people – the childlike state is never taken into account. I am faced with an immense problem. If I can solve the mystery, this hypothesis will fall and a new life will begin on earth. However, I cannot do it yet! If we accept that you as a person can experience true reality during a dream, then I would

have worked it out. Then our René could be as pure as gold. However, then millions of theories bombard me, like stones for our new building, which is now my own university. We will see; I am prepared.”

I read all of this, but I feel that I have not finished writing yet. See what now comes ...!

“I heard the singing of a wind. That wind was alive. As if it were human. That wind blows through me; I can hear it. The wind changes shape, makes everything smooth like a mirror ... I am looking in a mirror. Now it speaks: ‘When I say ‘fool’ ... then I mean you. When I say: ‘you are a doubter’ ... then I mean you! I am not cheating you! I am harsh ... but you have to experience me ... I look cold, but I am warmth! Now just carry on!”

I understood everything! What a mercy! How can it be? I saw the face of a wind, I spoke to a personality ... the night is now lighter ... lighter than ever before. I was that night. Because He did not create darkness. How will we work it out? All that because of a child that already draws with feces. It is unnatural ...!

Afterwards I saw my father and mother in this mirror. It became space! I asked them: “I do not doubt it ... but is it night where you are now? I do not believe that you have to wait for the flourish of trumpets. Is mother with you and will she also get new legs in order to appear with them later? Are you trying to kid me that the flourish of trumpets will really resound? Are you not in your way there? I ask you, how will you make a shape from the crumbs that are left? What we call praying is mumbling! We do not have the right to say amen! That will only come much, much later! Are you still wearing a mask? Oh, father, how they have cheated you!”

His reflection was gone, his shape had disappeared and I do not want anything to do with his personality either. What he was here has gone! Now he is wind! Wind with a colour. Wind with an eloquence, which gives an ordinary person the creeps, because it is so natural! However, people here do not know that yet, I will have to convince them, I, an ordinary layman!

I now know. Anyone who is good will certainly make it! However, it is different than we think, even though we pretend to be so academic, father, you read your bible ... Father, above us there is light ... Father, there is no night! The sun does not revolve around the earth; we revolve around the sun! My friend the astrologist was right. If only I knew where he was, I would give him some flowers. However, I do not want anything to do with him, because he will kick me into his ditch. I now think that I can help Hans. Just you read your Bible, but think of the beginning and of all the other things, which you never understood. Oh, Father!

I now know enough. I will continue on this premise. I can now talk. I know that I must not try to analyse all of this just now. It is part of me and

will therefore become clear in good time. Only then can I deliver letters. Hans, I have letters for you! I will come soon! Perhaps even today!

Our lives lead from darkness to light ... is written in my diary! I already know that! I thank You for it! It is awesome!

The life of the day left me, another one came in its place. If this is not harmony, then I do not know anymore. When I awakened, after I had slept a great deal of the day, I emanated a new strength, a strength that was not there yesterday. My nerves had calmed down, as if I had tapped into the source of all life, which so few people know about yet! Yet, its waters flow from the human heart; you stand on top of it, you live in it, it flows over our feet, but people think that the water is dirty and that it even stinks! It spats up on your ears, it soaks you! Yet, it is crystal-clear.

I am already drinking from it now ... I would not want to miss this either for all the money in the world. It was always there, and despite everything, it is still there! You only have to be willing to see it. Do you have a normal thirst? You think that you are thirsty, but you are not, you only think you are.

I no longer believe that the soul is in this world for the first time. I can see that I do not know everything about it; otherwise, I would be ashamed of myself! However, I will have to see it first, I do not believe everything just like that. I therefore accept that I am still a fool. I will continue to be careful!

I wrote a short letter to Erica first. I told her:

“You are changing after all. I dreamt it last night. What we people see as fallen flowers is only an illusion; you will never become a naturalist, because everything remains! Other people pick it up for you. And you are sent it. It is lying upstairs and is making drawings from faeces! How stupid we people can be, Erica. If you do not understand these rules, then crumple up this letter and throw it in your wastepaper basket. If it irritates you, remember that I do not yet have any other medicine for you. My dispensary is open day and night. Changes in the weather do not bother me, I love storm, rain and wind. I feel like going for a ride ... Erica, I think I will buy a horse. What will you do?”

At exactly half past seven, I was with Hans. I was lucky that he was not busy. First, I had to admire his house, his treasures. Hans loves antiques and has a great deal of them. Hans is an antiques collector. He looked ill groomed; I am the gentleman, he is the tramp, he cares so little about clothes. I think it is a pity!

The house and its contents are wonderful and he notices that he does not belong there. Yet, there is unity, because Hans has revealed his personality. He himself is the house, and its contents are well cared for. He does not care about appearances; the contents, they are what matter! It is a very rich neigh-

bourhood. He lives here like an Oriental monarch; everything is secretive. There are statues everywhere, the beautiful Persian rugs shine at you; you would like to rest, sleep, dream on them for days on end, I think that a rug like that can tell you a lot. It pulls you in another direction, if you are open to it. Hans knows that. He even counts on it; otherwise, he would not have bought all those things. He buys these things, because they mean something to him. Other people do it to enhance their environment, not Hans! Now everything is different!

Hans lives alone here in his castle, I notice he is not married, and I have suspected that for some time, for that matter. A display room like this possesses depth. Is it taken care of by a woman or a man? A woman would completely break the Oriental mystery, because her emotional life does not belong here. It is like a flag on a mud boat. Hans is like a morganatic married Prince, as if he likes potatoes more than an Oriental rug, for which you need a sheet ... just as you must wear a turban in order to deal with this mystical thing. Does Hans feel it like that?

He shows me his treasures, with his hands in his pockets, behaving very ordinary, I see him as he really is. He behaves indifferently, but he is not. I already know that he would feel deeply unhappy if he had to miss all those things. Now he is lost to me. This is wrong, and he is destroying himself. He can do what he wants, achieve everything he wishes for, this is a hole, which will cause him to break his neck if he falls in. Seen from his position, I mean, as a doctor! This could mean his death sentence. I do not know how it can be, but it just comes to me and I feel that it is true. I also know that he is not a yogi, otherwise, he would now have guessed my thoughts. He cannot do that, even if he is sensitive. Hans has a second self, which could be fatal to the West. I do not know in which direction it is taking me, but it is a fact!

This forms his world, together with his studies and his patients. He has still no understanding of love and of having children. That is far-removed from him. However, he too is a human being, his life could change. A woman belongs here, a beautiful woman, not an ordinary one, no; a princess must take her place here and receive his friends from her throne. The patients who come here do not understand it, and do not have an idea of its value. I can see his taste, as it were ... I bet that this is true, and it cannot be any other way. It is a fact that an Oriental has those airs and graces! However, a beautiful wife, Hans, I continue, would suffocate here and end her life. It is therefore becoming difficult!

Everything is arranged tastefully. Even the curtains are arranged, they do not hang. Is this something new? Hans now sees himself ... he looks around every day and sometimes kisses a part of his self, which remains hard to understand and deaf and dumb anyway.

The interior, both upstairs and downstairs, is regal, so that I am afraid to sit down.

"Do you like it, Frederik? – Tell me honestly and do not spare me. I beg you. Just tell the truth."

You see, that is Hans, he knows me and he is challenging me. He does not beat about the bush ... he dares to be direct and personal, he does not spare himself. He had searched for it for years, now it is standing in front of him. I know this and have to take this into account. He repeats:

"Do you like it here, Frederik?"

"I have to get used to it first, Hans. Your Oriental nature does not overwhelm me, but I want to enter as people there expect you to. I know you!"

"I know that, that makes me so happy, Frederik. I will give you everything!"

"I also know that ... yet then you are making a different castle for yourself."

"I inherited many things, I was given many things, but I also spent an enormous amount of money, when you think of a cent the same as of ten guilders. I am happy with it, but also generous; sometimes I suddenly go on a trip in order to put up another one. You are right!"

We sit down beside the fire; a servant serves us. I had expected that. Hans already knows what I am thinking, but not the reason why and he therefore asks:

"Explain why you are smiling to yourself, Frederik."

"That means, Hans, that I can see that you are acting according to the laws. It is not so easy to analyse a person's behaviour, but this is within my reach, we are standing right on top of it and it is not wearing a mask. You are not that far yet ... otherwise a princess would be walking around here, wearing silver-white sandals. It is still okay now the way it is, but it will change. That life belongs to you, because it does almost the same work. As you are not yet open to it ... you are satisfied with it ... only soon it will change!"

These things, Hans, do not need explaining. It is you. You have no airs and graces, you are a descendant from that nobility ... you have no Western origins, you are not of our blood ... even if you have known the 'Achterhoek' of Gelderland, you spent your first few years there. I can see it, it whistles in my ears, my heart says so ... this here is conscious imagery, it is here and it hangs on your inner wall, all your characteristics are here for the taking, spread out, you are both man and woman, without that having anything to do with homosexuality!"

"Thank you! To hundreds of people that is what I am ... thank God, you will never lose me again."

He jumps from his chair and has tears in his eyes. He knows that I can also understand that. He is immediately himself again and says:

"You are not married either?"

"No, I have not achieved that yet. I did not feel suited to it."

"I am too busy with my patients, with myself, but it is wrong of me."

We talk about Erica and Karel, Anna and René. About their house and their worries. We talk about everything in turn. Hans makes comparisons. He is searching. Then his question comes:

"Frederik, do you think that 'life' can already think before birth?"

"I have been searching because of that question. I now think it is the case."

"Why?"

"Because I have received proof."

"Tell me about it."

"That is not possible yet."

"But is it through theosophy?"

"You know that I do not take part in that. I have to receive precisely because of all the existing facts and the knowledge and I have to make a new life of it for myself. I am perhaps following the masters, but I now do it from our Western existence through everything we possess. Also through the bible. I am starting to see that we wear masks. Behind everything lives a world, Hans. That world is so incredibly beautiful, so concrete and aware, that no childbirth can be seen or experienced there, there is no phase which tells us: 'Here thought began. What we make of it now is imitation!' "

"Is it really?"

"Is it really? It was always the case, Hans! Despite all our great things, which we possess as people, and because of what we can see, feel and think, and received this body, everything that we created in this world, we are off the mark! We do not live; we are psychopathic. We are destitute before the great self."

"Does life speak to you?"

"It is busy teaching me the first syllables. It is powerful, and you have to be willing to lose yourself completely for it. Now your castle is your irrevocable destination."

"I know, but I am not yet that far."

"Then you should start it, Hans."

"What do my patients tell you, Frederik?"

"Everything!"

"What is that?"

"They are alive ... they are soul, spirit and material. Everything speaks to you. Every part has its own world; there is no night. Wherever you look, it speaks to you. It embraces you, and it is blissful to be there. Everything now falls away from you."

"Would you like to see my patients? I asked you that already. Can you see them?"

"I will come ... have patience ... I will come; I will prepare myself for it. I will come; I have to see them. Masks mean everything to me."

"Do you think that outside the life of the soul the body also has a personality and speaks through it?"

"I suspect that life deforms, Hans. What we see was created by life. I ask you again, can life, as we can, think before it is aware? Can life see ahead and decide things that you and I cannot? I ask you, where does the first thought begin to create that body like a machine, to deform it? Where did it start? Where does the first thought begin to be, to become a person? Does God do that? Does He know, for example, where we shall and have to live, when we have to take the jump? Of course, you can start talking like a theosophist, take part in spiritualism, follow sages, let Oriental initiates talk and accept them – I do not do that. We have not become any wiser from it, and there is no faculty that sees a grain of truth in it. Yet, Hans, would you be able to throw all that over board? What were the priests in ancient Egypt like? Did they not teach us what to do? That was also something they themselves mastered, I am searching and experiencing myself, and this is what brings it to the fore.

I am not a yogi, a fakir or a magician. I am orientated towards the West and will remain so. It lies and lives here at your feet. I pick it up from the street gutters and try to give it shape, light, form, but as it came to us from the source. Now I am faced with a cow calving ... a mare with its foal, our doves, and, of course, with people. Now cause and effect begin. What does an animal like that know about cause and effect? Moreover, what do we people know about it? However, we were given brains, the senses to see and accept, to act from something universal, which has to be God. If you go further than that, then you are faced with sleep, which is not sleep anymore, but space, it is not subject to time and does not know day and night! What do you want? Which path do you wish to take, Hans? The one you are now following? Because you are not walking, you only think you are walking ...! Walking is floating ... a walk at night time can prove that to you. However, you have to be prepared to lose yourself because of it! This is just child's play. There is so much more."

Hans wipes his forehead. A moment later, he asks:

"Where did you get all of this?"

"You are not listening. You cannot listen yet, Hans, we people have to learn that first of all. I tell you that the soul puts its stamps on the body, and it makes the mask. Of course, I do not yet have any foundations, but I will get them in time. The soul pushes life forward in one direction, and that is the human being. At birth, the phenomena become material, before they were invisibly conscious ... Do you know what this means?"

“Not as it knows and believes it knows, of course!”

“Invisible consciousness, Hans, is looking behind the mask. Invisible consciousness is exactly the same as when the winter wind turns our windows into paintings of flowers. That wind is different than we think, it lets something, namely the mist, become material. However, we are people! We people also deform. If I am not following natural laws, I will miss my destination, then I will not take shape according to the laws, because I will not possess that natural truth.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“That before I was like God, now I am like a lost person.”

“Will we find the way back?”

“Behind the mask, Hans. I will have to go back a long way if I want to experience my natural origins. I do not yet know what that is like. I saw it just before I awakened. I thought that I was dreaming, but it was not a dream. Dreams do not exist, even if you dream a great deal. It is life; dreams are like the material on and in this rug. You cannot see real material because the other material, which is in the rug, became like the rug. Everything lives there for you, only when you see the material will you be able to do something for your patients! You will then learn to understand life, you will know this!”

“We will never achieve that, Frederik.”

“That’s what you think. Did I not say that you have to look behind the mask? Take that rug there! How did that Persian carpet get life? How was it made? What was it before it became a carpet? What was that statue there before it was carved?”

“Wood, a tree ... a living organism!”

“Precisely, Hans ... we have to reveal this depth, we have to analyse it! Now it is a statue, before it was wood and it was a living organism in origin. What we now see, that rug, that statue, are the masks, but if we go back ...!”

“Frederik?”

“You are amazed, aren’t you? I thought about all of this when I was still a child. I wondered – I was fourteen years old then – if my father went to my mother and, this is how I imagined it, put flowers in a vase, as a result of which mother grew big, is that how I was born: actually, it is nothing at all! Believe me, Hans, my bit went up. You can imagine what happened to me then. At that moment, I thought that heaven and earth flowed through my body, met each other just under my heart, which I could not enjoy myself, but only experience. A moment later, a universe lived in my hands. I looked, put it under my magnifying glass and later under the microscope, which I got from father for my birthday. In this way, I recorded a universe, which lived, had volume, and then I started to think.

Is this me? Is this a human being? How did I come into existence? I got a

fright but recovered. Then I followed everything and life had something to tell me, until I had enough of it. However, I ask you, what did it look like? I thought about the misery in this world. I thought, could a lunatic build this up? Can this already be mad; can this have a psychopathic effect? Why do academics not look in this direction? Why do they not take mine, I am healthy and not mad, to inject into such an unfortunate person? When the blood has served its purpose ... why not this overpowering substance? What can you do if you are sixteen? I experienced the great miracle at the age of eighteen. I asked the girl if she also had the same phenomena. I searched for it in her being, descended into her, but had to accept that she was created differently to me. When I went into the subject more deeply, the child thought, of course, that I was mad. However, I knew ... that inside her there was the egg, which I had fertilised.

I went back until there was nothing left of her and me. I was then faced with a vacuum, a mask ... for soul, life and spirit! Were we first soul and did we become spirit after that and finally material? I almost suffocated and gave it up!"

"Continue, Frederik."

"I also studied animals for some time, plants and flowers, as a result of which I thought that I was going mad, because that is even more terrible, deeper, merciless than we humans are. From where do we originate? From God, but what is that God, where is that God, where does He live? I started to ask thousands of questions, I did not get a proper answer to a single one. After I was twenty-five years old, I started again. I went from one church to the next. By praying to ... 'Get lost, as far as I am concerned!' From cursing to bowing my head, from there to a new beginning. I searched along the way and received signs of mercy. However, I remained pure and my gratitude was finally rewarded: I experienced the East and the West, considered rich people and poor people until they were unclothed and there was no longer any mask before my eyes. Yet, on that day I was faced with a situation, which I had never seen before. Now I am here ... my self experienced an incredible change!

What is it that is capable of becoming a human being? This is not anything new ... we know that. Every animal has the ability to create and bear young, and it came into being from the previous existence. However, Hans, before that. What was there before that? What were we before that? Soul, spirit? What is soul and what is spirit? What is material if it is abnormal and behaves strangely? Is the sperm mad?"

We are sitting in our chairs with our heads bent ... The clock is ticking, and with every tick, it is as if you are hit on the head, thanks to the fact that we are full to the brim.

Hans says: "You would be inclined to throw in the towel, do you believe that?"

"Just like me, probably, but you will be sorry later. I thank God that I did not become a doctor, did not study; I would not have stayed on the right path, anyway. However, these are the facts, Hans. If you go in any deeper, you will suffocate. What do theosophists and spiritualists, initiates, to mention a few, know about all of this? Are they trying to kid you that we are originally from plants and animals and then became human, are like God? I am not making light of spiritual thoughts, I am searching, but I will not accept all of this any longer! I want to know and I will know, there is a state of purity, I am now open to it!

When it is at that stage, Hans, it will never change again."

"Continue, Frederik."

"What would you like, Hans? For me to explain all the laws to you now? You, I, and all the others can wait. One thing I do know: it will not be I who will explain them to you. There is another person for this!"

"Who?"

"It is none of your business for the time being. If I told you, I would only dethrone you, and be digging a grave for the both of us! I am not ready yet!"

"Are you not hiding anything from me?"

"Nothing, my friend, nothing."

"That is okay then. You know, I am begging you for your letters, Frederik."

"I will not forget."

"No, and yet, it is what I mastered, but what is it?"

"So I assume that you elevate your foundations by your own thoughts, through life and soul."

"Precisely."

"But will it not break you?"

"I do not think so, Hans, it has already broken me."

"Yet it is the Oriental way, is it not?"

"We all follow one path, Hans, what is Oriental there is Oriental here. What is Western there is the looking of a soul here, which longs for the truth and is brought through its God to His things. There is no more to it than that! I think and open my eyes. Sometimes I see the questions and answers clearly and I can take notes."

"So you are writing down your thoughts and feelings?"

"Yes."

"That will be a great book, Frederik, I think it is a wonderful task you are taking on."

"Possibly. Hans, I think that when the soul comes into the embryo, the life, the formation of the body starts. But also the deformation!"

“Why do you think that?”

“Because I cannot accept that God could be responsible for madness!”

“But His Omnipotence then?”

“That is precisely the reason. I am a child of Him, you know that anyway. He does not create any madness, does not bring suffering, sorrow, misery to His children, because that is not His intention. I see these miracles in nature and you do not need to go to the East for them, the cows there are no different to ours! Did you think, Hans, that God made mistakes, that He created unnatural things? Believe me, we created madness ourselves! The only question is where it starts!”

“You think that the soul creates for itself through nature and life.”

“Exactly! – and that is no secret. We know what we are talking about, if we talk in this way it is a matter of seeing behind the mask. No one knows what soul, life and spirit are. All these things have their own independence.”

“Is that for sure?”

“Can a pig fertilise a goat?”

“You are absolutely spot-on ... it is true. Then what?”

“Then what? I feel, that life during the existence as an embryo plays a large part.”

“What part?”

“The part of deformation, of intellect ... and a thousand other functions!”

“Which ones, Frederik?”

“May I assume that you are following what I say? Or are you already behind? Take nature, the animal world, our existence, the universe, cosmos and microcosms together and I can see every independent part separately.”

“Then you are going mad.”

“I do not think so, Hans. It can be experienced, because we came into existence because of it. The soul forms, creates, but because of the personality. The body has no meaning, which is why a child once said: ‘When you are asleep you are awake; and when you are awake you are asleep.’ This is the way it is, Hans, when we are asleep we are awake, the soul never sleeps, otherwise, we would experience death. However, the body can also create, but for itself, and it also has a personality.”

“Explain yourself further, Frederik.”

“It is not yet possible, Hans. I do know that this has to be the soul – the self, which is in us. That sounds very clumsy, but this is how I saw and experienced it. Does every animal have its own body, life, soul and spirit? I do not know that, because I have seen thousands of animal species dissolve. We also dissolved, because where are the prehistoric members of our race (see article ‘There are no races’ on rulof.org)? Are we that? How was our way of living in the beginning? Like Adam and Eve? Do you believe that nonsense? I ask

you, can a cat descend into a dog's body, can a cat fertilise a dog? Hans, these are things which give me food for thought. I have started to study them, but differently to when I was young, but Erica and Karel do not understand any of it. Species therefore live by species, they form one world, one soul, one life, and whether they also form one spirit is a different matter!"

"Have you not read a single thing about it, Frederik?"

"I swear to you I have not."

"Then I would advise you to keep it up. Never read a book about these things, keep to yourself."

"I know what you mean, it is not possible either to learn from others, you have to start within yourself sometime."

"So, Frederik, you think that soul and body become deformed?"

"Do you not know that then, Hans?"

"We know a bit about it, Frederik, just a bit."

"Imagine that my grandparents had cancer – what will that mean for the next generations?"

"I understand you"

"That is material destruction. The inner life is much worse; it becomes deformed in its way and fills up the mental institutions. Did you know that?"

"I do not know, however, I do know one thing for sure, Frederik, and that is that you have worked it out!"

"Precisely, but without a foundation, I still have to receive that."

"From where?"

"It comes from the Divine Letter box."

"It is wonderful, Frederik. Continue."

"I have nothing to continue with. I will wait and see."

"If you saw my patients, what would they mean to you?"

"Nothing, I would be a little sad, Hans, that is all. However, all those masks hide the divine truth. What lives in your institution behind bars, is divinely conscious!"

"You surely do not mean that!"

"Yes, of course I mean that! Are their lives not divine? They have succumbed on the way back, Hans, and now walk around like lunatics. However, who says to us that they are mad, crazy? Who says to us that we experience conscious things? I do not dare to say anymore. I am afraid of calling a person mad; I cannot prove that. I know that they are in disharmony with this existence, but with the other one, with the other one behind this mask! You sense that you are losing yourself, which can mean death. However, at the end of the day, we live and I am taking myself there!"

All those deformed bodies mean nothing to me. They cannot mean anything to me, Hans, and we will only learn when we have looked through the

deformation. Is the soul, is the personality deformed?

Must we accept that the soul only has one material life? Moreover, if I would go to a theosophist or a spiritualist? Of course, those people only believe, they do not know for sure. This is why I will not build on that: I do not read series, or journals, I want to make it on my own! All those worlds, Hans, now bombard me, and I put a chain around them one by one and I tie them to my surroundings. What appears to be death, is life, becomes soul and spirit. I listen, observe and do not let it escape my attention for a second."

"You are a yogi, Frederik."

"Possibly, but then a Western one, through the Bible to the light."

"So it is a question of faith after all?"

"Oh, Hans, how young you are. Through Him to the new, which is the old, because it has always been here. Precisely through 'Christ', the God of the Old Testament is unconscious."

"That counts for me too!"

"It must be the case."

"What this humanity needs, Hans, is a man who can think. I want to be that. Separate from everything, free, completely child-like, with an adult consciousness. Through what I see I get to know the law. Every law is now a body, and soul and spirit. The soul created tissue upon tissue until it could say one day: look, that is me."

"It is amazing, Frederik. These things will change humanity."

"Possibly, Hans. I will not run on ahead. All those heads will probably mean more to me than I now think. I hope so. Every material line has something to say to us. But can you sense how deep your mysteries are? What have you started? Yet, you must continue, Hans. You just as well as I, we may not give up. It is your task and your life. I know that it is the soul and I will also get into conversation with it. It will sound different to this, probably deformed to material ears, like nonsense, but it will be more conscious. However, I will decide that myself. You will not be able to accept it yet, I feel. Then I will recognise the personality of each thing. To me it is already a fact that the soul disturbs all material harmony. It created misery, destruction, suffering and illnesses! The process and nature of Karel gave me everything! He did not see it! Now see all these possibilities and you will see yourself differently. You do not read that in a book, Hans, it has not been printed yet, because He is the spiritual father of these things."

"In other words, Frederik, life goes back, has already gone back. Reincarnation!"

"That is possible, of course, and if it is true, all thoughts are one, everything is one world, one soul, one life, one spirit!"

"Then we could stop, Frederik. Now we are powerless before everything,

there is no end and no beginning.”

“You mean to say it is a pity? Nothing is a pity. If your university collapses, my one will emerge. Will we be capable then of helping the lunatics? I do not know yet. One thing I do know: only then will we know how we should approach them. We will do many things differently. Nature will also help us then. Hans, new possibilities have emerged. The next foundations were constantly laid. Nature continued, the earth cannot be stopped, but what is night becomes light, there is no darkness anywhere in the universe. The Bible therefore also contains nonsense and that life will also have to re-orientate itself. Just build a church now, it is worthwhile. Now people will no longer succumb. They know that God will not damn them! That is the worst thing there is ... your lunatic is behind this, even if he does not know!

If you accept this, Hans, you will also have to accept the next thing. We are souls ... have built up a personality ... but we left the only path. We destroyed, and sullied the best in us. Do we now become embryo? What is it in us that attracts the material? Just look at your people, it is them who must give you the answer. This is why I sought my own seed. I wanted to see whether those crazy thoughts were already there, I just wanted to know. Do you understand that I am serious about it? That I will no longer be sent off non the wiser?”

“Tell me honestly, Frederik, were you always so awkward?”

“I was as I am now. I am only blossoming. Karel got to know me when I had my autumn colours, we went through the winter and then the spring awakened in me, that is all!”

“According to your thoughts and feelings, Frederik, no mentally handicapped people were created.”

“When you look behind all those masks, Hans, you will get to see my images. No troubles, misery, sorrow or illnesses were created. A God of Love cannot plunge us into such misery. As soon as I have to accept that this is the case, I will stop. However, I do not believe it! What we experience in this society is a rot. When a feeling for justice starts to speak, you are faced with the devil’s work. Everything has to change and everything has its own significance, it is we, who mess things up! I tell you, the soul is to blame for its own unhappiness! It is not any other way!

When we are finally at the stage that we realise this, you will get a different humanity. I will do my part. I will not rest until I know. Of course, I understand, as a person, I have to receive these truths from ‘above’. To you I say: I am receiving! I am standing in that surf. I already saw the ‘light’, it shone on me day and night ... even in my sleep!”

“For goodness sake, continue, Frederik. In my opinion that is the only way to make it. If you can see these things as foundations, as true principles, I can

assure you that you can count on me. Come and see my patients as soon as possible. You will see all kinds of things ... but I warn you: it is a hell there!"

"I will come, Hans!"

"What do you think, Frederik, is our material life the aim to the Almighty, back to God?"

"What should we do here, Hans? For my part, I believe that we will one day populate the eternal Universe. Then we will be rain, wind, heat, cold; then we will be the water for the animals and all the other life, because I believe that God sees us as He Himself is! We are the soul of His Soul, the life of His Life ... spirit of His Spirit. Through Him, we received the life, which we had to work on here, however. I believe irrevocably that we live on earth more than once, but I want to see the facts. I do not take things lightly, I do not accept what people thought in the course of time; I research everything. If it appears that a theosophist is right, that a spiritualist possesses the truth, then I will accept his teachings as universal truth and continue. I know what the initiates through the centuries experienced and what they brought to revelation, but that means nothing to us here in the West. You see that society does not change through it. I tell you, Hans, that it will be the lunatics and fools who give us the chance to continue this study. You must not look for it amongst people with no mental health problems but amongst the abnormal people. I tell you: we are sick; they are healthy!

Hans, they experience the natural laws as they are, even if these souls have come to grief in the eyes of this society. Can you feel the charity, the stupidity when we say: 'We are normal!' I tell you, I no longer dare to. In my opinion, and I already have proof of that, they are so supernatural that you as an academic, and we as laymen, cannot understand the 'divine part' of it, we cannot see it, because we have never known that reality. At least not now, because I believe, Hans, that all of us have to go through that cursed madness, if we want to see the light, experience the truth in our hearts and bring it to blossom and growth, as we were prescribed. However, then you will see everything differently!

A lunatic, dear Hans, is a normal person for his laws! You can experience worlds, if you wish, but go into it more deeply, see behind the mask, otherwise, you will not make it. All that fumbling, that fiddling about with those bodies does not help you! I know, but then what? That will come! Now you and all your 'I do not' colleagues, are faced with the powerlessness. You can do something ... but the soul is not helped by it. We have to start by establishing where the faults lie and how that human tampering started. Believe that it is the brains, even if there are material disorders that worked on that body. For example, I see a tumour as a physical destruction. However, what will you do for a religious maniac? What will you do for a mother who is

broken, because her child was stillborn? You are not only faced with physical destruction, but also with mental destruction in particular, and that is what destroys our society!”

“Continue.”

“I tell you, the soul started the destruction. That applies to all the illnesses on earth. It is we ourselves, Hans! Of course, there is physical interference, people who destroy the embryo, but we have to go back to the first destruction. When the material was in the mist phase, would the soul not have experienced that? People do not see their God. People want to see and possess everything perfect, people think and ask: ‘Why did He not make everything according to His concepts, His Omnipotence?’ However, what were we before this ‘creation’ started, Hans? Look back ... and you will be faced with your own destruction. I believe that I am now possessed, but if I make a comparison, then I will know that I live now; only a short time ago I was like the living-dead. I see my own uses and I assure you that I had not thought that it was so simple, even if I am sometimes on the point of giving up, but that will not happen, Hans, others will give up, but not I!

Nature gives me security. I cannot explain everything to you, but believe me when I say that it bubbles within me. Nature wants to be an open book; well, I am reading it. One page is even more beautiful than the other is. Oh, Hans, if you could get to know Mother Nature. You would lose yourself in it! However, after reading it, you ask what is behind it. Then you will immediately be faced with thousands of problems, which are not problems, but a natural construction, however strange it appears to you. The soul awakens in the mother. If it is born in a human body, it is faced with the next step. However, you know, prehistoric people once lived on earth; I accept as a fact that we once lived in the jungle. From there we started our human existence, we got to know His laws, which we started to live in like in a castle and where we may now look at the rot of ourselves. I do not know yet, but there has been a change for the better, we are awakening. Only the universal spring gives us understanding, but Adam and Eve did not know about it. Then and now, Hans, is one world! What we were before, we are now! There is only life! Rise and awakening! What was mist before, now has a bit more light. What was swamp before, has now become a town. What were people with animal instincts before have now become academics who analyse everything. We have murdered what was once created as conscious and healthy ...

The soul works consciously and subconsciously in all its creations. I do not yet have any foundations, but what I feel is becoming more certain. There is no other path to take. The egg in the mother opens itself and the growth process begins ... it is the very beginning, when the planets began their task.”

“Where are you heading, Frederik?”

“To where we belong. I feel myself becoming universal. You see everything, and you consider everything from a pedestal. You continue to stand there, do not come down or go up, but I take a walk through the universe and no longer feel material. Every day I experience my revolution with the earth and see that everything is going well. Do you not understand then, Hans, that we people live in a universe? That the earth is universal. I have to get to know the principles of our lives first, then those of the animal kingdom, of nature, and then I will say goodbye to this world in the hope of being able to get to know the life of the universe. I am already talking to sun and moon. I talk to the wind and it holds up a mirror to me. In it, you see masks, your own existence and where you are going. Is this nonsense? A child can confirm it ... to you, but then the child has to have a bit of the abnormal, so it has to be mad! Only then will you be faced with the reality, because a healthy person does not possess any life, he does not look through the mask of this ‘age’, you have to be prepared to lose yourself for that!

I am telling you, Hans, that the sun and the moon know the secret. I now have to make sure that I feel those lives, that I am as they became for me. That is all! There is no more to it! Only then will you understand your daily bread ...”

I am silent for a moment, then, I suddenly change the subject, raise my glass and say: “Cheers, I am thirsty ... and I need something to strengthen my heart. You know a good wine, I must say.”

Hans is thinking ... he can think, but I am tired ... I really do not know how I received all of this. I suddenly felt that my doors were opened wide. This gives me all the hope to carry on. If René wants, if his life is revealed to me, the game can start!

After a short silence, Hans asks:

“Could you answer a few questions, or are you too tired?”

“Just start. But keep it brief, doctor.”

“For heaven’s sake, do not think that you are an object to me, Frederik, on the contrary. My first question is this: When the soul first came to earth, would it not be deformed in your opinion?”

“No, we would then be as white as crystal, as clear, I mean ... Now we are murky, dull!”

“Would God send us to earth with faults?”

“I already told you, that is impossible! I believe in Him as a Father of Love!”

“In your opinion, will this earth be destroyed, as the Bible teaches us?”

“How can you express such thoughts, Hans? Did you think that the Old Testament will not be written again? No, that is not possible, Hans, the earth will complete its journey! I now laugh at that belief, that is church talk.”

"But you strongly believe in a Superior power?"

"I said that already anyway!"

"Do you go to church, Frederik?"

"No, I do not learn anything more from it. I tell you, I used to feel raging ... burning inside, but that fire has been put out. I believe in a Superior power, in a God, but not in one who damns!"

"Is that why you left?"

"I ran away to never to go back!"

"How do you see that Superior power, Frederik?"

"I presume that you are asking these questions outside your science."

"Of course, I am asking them person to person."

"I see that Superior power through the material revelations, Hans. Of course, we have to accept His Soul and Spirit, because as a result of them His Personality emerged."

"Can that Omnipotence be felt, Frederik?"

"I see Him as a million kilos of feeling, I have mastered one and a half ounces of them. However, I will continue, get to know the laws, I will go through life and death, Hans, onwards, to the Eternal!"

"Is it a fact to you, Frederik, that God is a personality?"

"Is a tree not a personality? Everything possesses His universe, His independence, even if you can see very little of it. Every material life, with a living emotional part of His Being within it, represents Him!"

"Does that Omnipotence determine our lives?"

"I do not think so, Hans. I think that we ourselves determine the laws, after we received them before as natural laws. In other words, we got hold of them. God gave them to us! Then it started!"

"Surely that does not mean that everything was mapped out beforehand?"

"I sense what you mean. No. It is not like that, it cannot be like that. The fact that our lives are abused, that we undergo illnesses and misery and yet are tuned to God is due to our stupid behaviour. I already told you, we destroy as souls, as people we experience those troubles."

"Do you think you can change that by introducing new lives?"

"Yes, I believe so. There is just one possibility: through many lives back to Him!"

"Therefore ... reincarnation?"

"Is there anything else or anything better?"

"I do not know! But there is another matter. What do you make of René?"

"How do you see the child? You are the academic. I heard from Anna that you have started an examination along with Karel. What did you see, Hans?"

"I did not see anything special, Frederik. However, I did reach the conclusion that it was a difficult birth, at least for the child. I look just like all of you

at that big head, although there is a change. Karel is powerless, so am I. I do not know yet ... I want to wait first. It is not possible to make a clear diagnosis right now. Frederik, do you think that René is normal?"

"I am asking you, Hans."

"Well, in my opinion: No! There are no mental disorders."

"From the point of view of physical norms, Hans?"

"We do not have any other method, Frederik. Nothing can be seen that points to a disorder. I have discussed it with Dr Van Stein, Dr Ten Hove and Dr Van Hoogten. They are also faced with a natural event. Are they phenomena? The head, which is too large? Karel has made a fool of himself."

"I have a different opinion ... René is sick!"

"You cannot be serious, Frederik"

"You will see ... but do not talk about it."

"Are there already symptoms present?"

"Both physical and mental."

"Incredible ... but I myself do not know, I will keep an open hand."

"Thank you, Hans, if you did not do that, you would not see me again. René is sick ... soon you will see the symptoms, but later ...?"

"What, later?"

"I do not know yet ... Perhaps there will be revelations. You cannot fathom Him out, but everything has a purpose ... even the birth of a fool."

"So you are certain in your own way?"

"I have theories, Hans, which lead me to think in this direction."

"Then it will still be a long time, Frederik, we will not experience that anymore."

"I understand you, but I am not thinking of God now, but of René."

"My Goodness, how difficult you are becoming, how sarcastic you are, Frederik."

"It is also obvious, Hans, you can see, after all, that René is backward."

"Now already?"

"If you look behind his mask, you can see it!"

"Surely you are not clinging to Erica?"

"Do you see me as being so helpless?"

"I will wait and see, Frederik ... I cannot see anything special, I am telling you honestly."

"What is a childish carry-on to adults, Hans, becomes adulthood for the child, as soon as it is awakened to it, receives life through it."

"That is too abstract for me."

"That is possible. There is a cosmic wind blowing here ... which comes straight from the universe ... But it is directed towards our lives, it will expand our spirits."

"Explain further, Frederik."

"Later! I have not yet felt how the wind blows, but it will come. Erica hears it as a bear roaring, a jackal howling ... they are already around her. However, Anna chases them out again and I do what I can myself."

"Will you write all of this down, Frederik?"

"I do not know, Hans."

"Look, you should describe it. It will become a scientific drama, if you ask me!"

"Very likely, I will have to think about it first. Apart from that, I can already see the figures before me and each one of them already has its own role ..."

Suddenly, I laughed and he asked in surprise:

"What is so funny?"

"All those figures Hans!"

"Then I know already. I am surely the unfortunate one."

"I do not believe in your clairvoyance. I do not believe that you have a sixth sense. If that was the case, then you would know that you should not live in this castle."

"Continue."

"I cannot predict the future and I do not see anything in it either! You should have known this, Hans! Nevertheless, I dare you to bet. I say: René is sick! You say: it is impossible! Agreed?"

"I accept your bet. We academics against you, a layman, that is what you mean, is it not?"

"As you wish ... we will wait and see."

"What makes you so sure, Frederik?"

"I have been contaminated by this life."

"Is a baby capable of contaminating adults?"

"It appears so, Hans, once I did not know whether that was possible, but now I have a different opinion and I know that 'lunatics' can say normal things and they sometimes know where the beginning awakened!"

"You do not give yourself anymore, Frederik."

"This is the limit, Hans ... we must wait and see! I have nothing to do with diagnoses ... as long as you do not forget that. I am fighting for expansion!"

"So you think, if I understand you properly, that René is a mental ill person?"

"René is ill ... with an illness that surpasses all others. He is suffering from an ... art!"

"You are going too far away from me, Frederik, why are you doing that?"

"Because we part ways here for the time being. Do you not feel that yourself?"

"Should I think that you are clutching at straws?"

"You see, academics are always like that, Hans. Another warning ... if you do not keep to it, I will go. If you do not see me as a normal person, I will have to disappear from your sight. I have nothing to do with your faculty. If you consider me as a 'case' and you try to test your knowledge on me ... I will go. You have to be able to reason this natural thing outside your university. Learned words are not needed for it. What is a name to you is a law to me! You do not need to get a fright, Hans, but I want to play with an open hand, I do not want to see you as an academic, if we do that, then we will never make it!"

"I will not forget it again, Frederik, I am sorry."

"Soon, when you are a professor, Hans, you can afford to do that. You will also become it ... You have the head for it, and in particular the sensitivity, your brains mean nothing in this connection."

"Do you believe that or did you know that already?"

"I think that is the case! Tissues, large or small ... live, and come into action, if the inspired word for it is present as a spiritual force."

"Could you repeat that?"

"I have forgotten, Hans ... It came and went again, without leaving anything behind. Such things only come to us once."

"Is it inspiration?"

"What is inspiration, Hans?"

"I do not know."

"What a lunatic says about it is inspiration. You are therefore not to blame for it."

"Are you doing to me what you do to Karel?"

"No, never, but with Karel I do not talk so much, he does not have any faith in me, to him his life is inspiration ... a process, just nature!"

"Thank you!"

"I am happy to believe it."

"My God, Frederik, how witty you are."

"But I am not, Hans, now I am living under the blossom."

"So ... despite everything ... 'inspiration'. Karel, how can it be."

"I am telling you, Hans, and this is the last thing I have to say tonight, because I see that it is already very late, as true as you will become a professor, as true René is sick. This is my prediction."

"Then the Wolff family will be thrown to the sharks."

"Is that what you think ...? I am telling you: they will not be destroyed, not in that way at least, as we now mean. Not they, they are too stupid for that. However, you know I love them all the same."

"Did you dream this?"

"Do you believe that there are gnomes living in the woods, Hans?"

"You are arousing my curiosity, Frederik."

"That is worthwhile, Hans. However, we have to wait, you see, because what is now only curiosity on your part will soon become anger ... As long as you know then what you are doing ...!"

"You are right, you are a wonder to me, I do not want to lose you for any castle, Frederik."

"Then we will just say that it is okay. Everything, for that matter, which could explain the love at the same moment. I will add, the love of men is not in the least feminine ... if the man has forgotten his own contractions when giving birth."

"I do like your imagery, Frederik."

"That is what you say, to others I am mad. If you were to read the first pages, my first notes, you would be dumbfounded at the nonsense I come away with. I also had to change part of it. However, I am telling you, Hans, you will start to think universally, you will be released from the ordinary sayings, which really have no more value for these times. I think that the book will go too deep ... but you will learn to think as a result of it!"

"For goodness sake, do not turn it into a trifling matter. Remain light-hearted, Frederik, beat us about the head, put our supernatural part under a pump and turn the tap on ... Good gracious, where did I get those things from?"

"You are laughing about it, Hans, and you get a fright. Now you can already see that it is possible. Anna calls it 'sleep'. She says that I can make people sleep."

"It is remarkable. Have you ever done hypnosis, Frederik?"

"I could have known. When you start to behave naturally, you are a fakir. Do you not feel, Hans, that you are the lunatic? Do you not understand that all your people are normal and that you as their doctor sit in the mental institution and cheat the lot?"

Hans laughs. I do not believe that he has ever known such a fit of laughter. He laughs in a healthy and tasteful way, the kind of laugh that is the divine medicine for human nerves. He says:

"I have been touched by you, Frederik. I had not thought that it could happen, now I believe in telepathy."

"I see it differently. It is being naked, Hans, you just undressed yourself."

"What did you say?!"

"You were standing naked before me."

"Explain that to me, Frederik. What exactly do you mean?"

"It is simple, but you have to possess space. When you took off your jacket, you were open to me. Now nakedness follows; the unity of people, the unity of feeling to feeling. At that moment my wind blew into you ... my feeling

works on you, you said something as a result of it. There is no more to it! Your mask fell. Now you are like a child and ready for this unity of soul to soul. Do you not want any more from this crazy love?"

"You could give a woman such a lot, Frederik."

"So, that is what you thought. I do not believe that she would want this nakedness. Most women wear a lot of clothes. I know what you feel, Hans, I do not know that yet either. I am afraid of it, honestly; I do not want it. It is too awesome for my life. I would rather wait until I see my other mask, but then we will be living in the year 2000 ...!"

"I do not know you anymore. But you are talking the right kind of language to me ...! Wait, let us have another drink, Frederik, it is good for the nerves."

We agree that I will come and see his lunatics soon.

A great longing came to me, but I resisted it, although I knew that another world would open. I say goodbye and Hans, the monarch, lets me out. He watches me walking away and I have the feeling as if I am leaving my girlfriend behind, Hans longs so much for my love. He is a good man, he has the nature of a dog, but that makes me happy. I love animals!

I felt that I had to prepare myself for that visit. I had to arm myself for it! When I came home, after walking for an hour, I lay down to go to sleep. Who is it, who came to me? In my sleep, I saw the sign of the cross! If I had been a catholic, it would have unbalanced me, now I accepted it, as if I was riding my horse, with the thought that the God of all life does strange things. Usually they manage to frighten us adults, because we are asleep during the day! Do you feel the bone of contention? I saw it, but it did not have any sharp corners.

I was dreaming, but continued thinking. Then He pinned some jewellery to my jacket and I knew that I had delivered my first messages well. Thank You, I called out, tomorrow I will continue! Then normal sleep came! I think that I am now ready for the next mask! However, not even five minutes later I saw that I had been cheated!

How can it be!!!!

Do you think fools have supernatural powers, Frederik?

If a person is talking about himself, if you hear him mentioning supernatural things and he behaves as if he has 'heaven and earth' at his feet, then you feel like saying: Completely mad ... he has lost his marbles, it is the talk of a dreamer. Gone is the human being, that personality will be destroyed, sullied, slandered, because people do not understand that person and think it is unnatural, because that does not exist! That is not possible, such people do not live in this world. Is a sensible person not right? I know when it concerns sacred matters; even a psychopath who is rebelling comes and thinks that he can see behind your mask. It is the worst battle that people like us can fight; it has always been like that, since the origin of man. Everyone wants to represent the 'absolute', defend their own God, whether they know Him or not. If you touch upon the word of God, even if you are faced with a consciousness like a pig, an intuition like a rabbit, an emotional life like a duck, a mentality like a herd animal, I swear to you, if you start talking about God and His laws, about faith and love, justice and creation, then you will suddenly be faced with a battle of life and death and there will be victims. A moment later you will see that you were faced with a religious maniac and you will understand that you have wasted all your strength, and that it was not worthwhile. You will then be faced with the facts. Such a praying soul was cheated by Him, this abuser hit this child so it was as blind as a bat and then you feel sorry for all those people who think that they have to do something for their Creator on their own, because everyone does so and wants to live and die for His Father. Of course, I am not talking about the type that does not look at Him and just lives without a care.

This is what I thought when I was cheated yesterday. However, let us not get too far ahead of things.

So I saw the sign of the cross ... during an unnatural sleep, a sleep that makes you aware, in which you can see and think. You know what I mean. I first wondered who was showing me this sacred thing? I am quite sure that the sign of the cross has always existed, even before Christ came to earth. I assume that this sign only belongs to Him and it is therefore obviously considered as supernatural, if it is perceived by the human eye. Although I did not ask for it, it came to me, but a moment later I had to accept that I had been sold a pig in a poke again and a deformed one at that. I should have got a shock, but I split my sides laughing, because what did I see, what did I experience?

I was lying on my back, my arms by my sides, I find this position the most restful. I had fallen asleep and started to dream. Suddenly, it actually approached me carefully - because it had to be built up beforehand - I saw the sign of the cross. A moment later, I got a shock and I was wide awake. Then I burst out laughing, but started to think. I now actually saw the whole world passing me by, I saw thousands of people who, like I, had sought the God of all life and had lost themselves as a result. The end for these souls was built up before me. However, then I saw Hans and around him all his mentally handicapped patients, all his fools. The first thing I thought then was: let me see whether I am amongst them or not, but I did not find myself.

Now see the sign ... I look at the window. A beam of light falls through the window, about fifty centimetres below lies a copper rod, which holds up the curtains. The curtains are torn apart there, which is something which I cannot understand, but which brought about the miracle in the street for me. That was now the sign of the cross. Through a street lamp! I was suddenly standing with both feet firmly on the ground and then understood the danger I was in. I lay down again to rest and to reflect.

I immediately thought of Hans. I heard him say: watch out, Frederik, do not lose yourself; what you are doing is perilous. That is the way it is! However, now to the working of that street lamp.

It was that chink, through which the light shone on me and fell exactly on my eyes. I lie there facing it. Slowly the daylight works upon me and I take it over in my sleep. I see it before me, well, I see a moment later that medals are being pinned to my chest. I said: 'Thank You!' Proof that I accepted everything and was tuned into it, that it was doing me good. I combined it immediately with delivering messages, which was a part of my postman's nature, and thought: good, I will carry on tomorrow. Immediately afterwards it was the bare facts and bowing to the truth.

I now wondered: just imagine that I was a Catholic, made my confession, and still climbed the altar to receive Divine grace; I firmly believe that I would have declared myself a saint. I will say nothing about my Catholics, spare me, not a hair on my head would think of saying anything horrible about them. My opinion is that we are all children of one Father and that we are all right. However, one thing repels me: I no longer believe that God will damn His children. However, you will sense where I am leading and what is significant for us. Take a spiritualist. I assure you, that the same man, or woman, will already have told everyone the next day that Christ had appeared before him and had said: "Can you see Me? Go forth and do My work." There goes that life then, head over heels, through the streets of the town, with the cross on his chest, carrying incense, with tears in his eyes, weeping day and night from all these sacred things, until the end comes:

Hans' institution. Or the whole of this long life sitting before and behind this little cross, loneliness, and a white sheet, being declared a saint; but to many completely insane! It is true, is it not? Now we are faced with a Catholic, with his minister or bishop looking at him and talking sensibly to him. He is given a word of warning, paternal advice: now careful, do not spoil anything. I know this from experience and I can swear to it. I already experienced something like that before. I mean to say by this that a Catholic like that has more to hold onto than the spiritualist who has bolted does. A theosophist does not do that, cannot do that. He is different and more advanced; even if he has adorned himself with frills the past few years, just like the other sects. I saw all those people running, I looked at them, followed all their movements and thought: watch out, Frederik, or you will also end up in prison as a fraud! That would cost me my head!

I took all of this to heart as a warning, which did not cost me anything, because I got it from a simple street lamp.

I was therefore rapped on my fingers by a coincidence. I was very grateful for it and immediately felt the incredible danger to myself and others who had accepted me as a friend. I reflected for a long time and without pardon to myself, and made progress. I consider it as the preparation, the completion for those other masks, amidst which Hans lives and works.

I said to myself: you do not need to possess any imagination; hallucinations will take you to an abyss. Now my adornments were gone. However, I now had to accept that in reality I longed for them. I stood naked, and that was necessary, because there were feelings within me that were open to vanity and enjoyed seeing themselves look nice. Those thoughts or feelings came straight from my world of desires, they took over my conscious ego and look: Frederik was walking under a mask, he stuck out his elbows, and there was no one who could walk through. It was I, with my stupid and awkward ego, who had perceived that 'little cross' and experienced its sacredness. That within myself did not ask: how did I earn that? It swallowed that sacredness and I therefore placed myself on a pedestal! Thank God, I was thrown off immediately, otherwise all of my learning, my searching for the truth would have received a blow at that moment, which could never have been put right again, I had laboured upon it and later had to accept that the unnatural moth had eaten away at the whole affair. I was right on top of it and did not even see it.

Do you now understand that I have started to like street lamps? One of them brought about a change in my way of thinking and searching. If my soul had not been so sensitive, then this evening light would not have been able to make my inner eyes flicker, but that is what happened. That light continued to shine on me, even penetrated my sleep and there you are: the

sign of the cross comes to me in my sleep. That streetlight was stronger than I was, it overwhelmed me; it allowed me to see and made me happy. However, now for the mystery of this everyday event.

Can you feel that we, when we are released as people from our own ego, have lost ourselves, can experience other things, which are then given to your life just like that? Now you can understand that I, who was losing myself, am open to other thoughts. If I had still been myself, there would no longer be a question of 'receiving'. I would not be open to it then. In this way I therefore get sent all my thoughts, I get to see images, which you could probably call visions, but which to me are the voice that possesses a state of purity and the absolute, which show people like us the supernatural, as a result of which humanity will finally awaken. Hans called that inspiration. Erica also, and because of it she played as never before; I thought then for a moment that Franz Liszt had made her possessed, as if he himself had sat down at the keyboard, but later I completely disregarded that idea, namely when the bestial side was revealed to my life

I called it the voice for the absolute, for the state of purity. It is so pure as can be, but you have to be open to it and remain completely aware, as natural as possible, otherwise, you will create the hallucination yourself, you will be dealing with your own fantasy, which will later behead you, make you break your neck! However, if you can lose yourself, and wish to trust in a better and higher ego, believe me – you have already seen and been able to follow it – then you will receive truth, then you will not die, but then there will have to be nothing more in you which is open to noise, vanity, therefore pride, spiritual conceit, otherwise, you will break yourself sooner or later! You stumble and you go straight to religious mania, you will go mad! I was now warned against that. I wept like a happy child. To prove that I am happy I will send 1000 guilders today to an institution, which provides the poor with something better, gives food and drink to the needy, for which I sometimes give a small contribution. I was so grateful, and still am, as a result of my street light in front of my house, it received a personality which a person does not have, because an innate piece of iron like that does not think as people like us do. In order not to fall to the level of the abnormal, I do nothing, but I would like to give that thing a name and put a decoration around it, give it a medal which I had thought I would like for myself. I shall be nice, I shall say good day to the thing every day, show my gratitude in this way, accept all of it as a friend, because this event beat a great hole in my soul. All the same, what a fright I got!

Then I thought of all the people who went on the run for me to pull this rotten humanity out of the mud. I thought of all those people who received their sainthoods and sold them for divine matters or divided them out just

like that, as a result of which they were even holier, but a holiness that means nothing to me, because life on earth makes demands. Someone sees 'Maria' and her image is awe-inspiring, wonderful! If it is true, I have sacred respect for it, but I now wonder: did that woman not just see the light of the street lamp through a crack? Was a street lamp not involved in her apparition? Was it all pure divine light? Was there nothing there belonging to herself?

You see, it made me reflect deeply. When I had a conversation in thought with that person, I was faced with a fool. I saw a religious maniac; the child died from this holiness. This completely normal soul dissolved completely ... in muck, in mud, which not a single sensible person wants anything to do with, because it stinks there!

To me this was a raised hand with 'two fingers'. Be careful, Frederik! If you do not wish to be cheated, accept it then! Keep your normal thoughts under the divine pump, so that He can freshen you up when He wants to! Now you have to look at that source, that water of life, and at the man who pretends to be God, because I do not believe that He occupies himself with such matters. I then saw a mask, a devilish prank, Satan, who wanted to freshen me up, and then pour his muddy bath over me. For the beginning is always good, the end is nonsense, the complete lack of human thinking and feeling, gibberish!

I concluded that I was still open to that spiritual adulation, that medal chasing, that Divine coat.

So many systems have already been elevated. Hundreds of prophets came to give people gifts from their Father. Later, it appeared that they had not only run off with the cash-box, but they themselves had also absolutely not understood their loose talk, which they had sold off as supernatural wisdom. There were also some who were made out to be cheats, and others went to the mental institution. None of them had seen their chinks properly, but they had accepted them and put them in their flower gardens as divine miracles. Can you see their university? Laugh at their foolish carry-on, but do not forget that this destroyed thousands of people.

I am now telling you that I am no spiritual runner, no liar. I do not imagine that I am an extraordinary person; I am too sensible for that. However, I swear to you that I am open to true things and would devote my life to them. I am not a man who puts a crown on his head, I kick pedestals away from under my feet. I do not like decorations, I do not want those things, but I thirst for knowledge!

I am not a man to accept charity, I would rather work, and I want to earn my keep honestly.

I saw all those others as a result of this. I saw them in a white sheet standing before me. I am disgusted at those followers who consider their master as

a saint, and who want to watch over his personality because this world is too harsh for their master ... I would rather stand in this rotten society and participate in it. I want to learn and behave normally. If such a saint lies down in his little shed and from there spreads his wisdom throughout the world, I do not call that art, but fear, futility, because I can see that these people do not know the difficult life in the town. It is easy for them to talk ... You have to do it like this and you have to do it differently, they themselves are out of all the danger and behave like saints! I tell you again: I am disgusted at these holy people as soon as I compare them to Him. Now everything falls! He walked barefoot through wind and rain. He did not need a cigarette ... I do, I like my cigar, but I do not have any other air and graces anymore, I am as naked as a freshly plucked chicken. I saw through all these great people and then found that they first had to go to Jerusalem to find out whether the cock would perhaps crow for them. I already heard it ... and how it crowed ...! I saw them going and I knew: there they go, one for one they break their precious necks!

Do you not know them?

I understand, Hans would kill me if he would soon have to accept that I was a fool like that who treated his life with such nonchalance. I am not the type to deceive a person. This is why I thank everyone for my blow; I have now been warned for thousands of them.

I would rather break my neck myself before I would get another person into it. I would rather die a violent death, than talk nonsense! I will not act too hastily! I immediately cut the unhealthy parts out of my heart, and I give myself a good beating, because I have learned that you cannot avoid it anyway. Sooner or later you will be faced with your own destruction and then you will have to accept that, with the sad consequence that you possess neither a way to go forward nor backward.

I love people and all life too much. I will not do any stupid things consciously; I am only a simple postman. You already saw it: you can also break your neck with that. I do not intend to help people towards damnation with my searching and talking; I am not the type. My Stetson is at 'half past six' and it will remain so, no one must be able to see when looking at me that the supernatural touched me and opened my doors wide. I do not want anything to do with spiritual noise, or have anything to do with heights; I put a stop to human adoration. However, you cannot help wondering, what is that chap getting at; can you?

Well, I discussed all of this with myself and now consider it as the preparation for later, for Hans and his lunatics, but especially for later. Can you not feel then that we are busy losing our own legs? That is already possible because of a little cross like that, drawn on a window by a street lamp, and

then the reality. I cannot bear thinking about it, but I am whole lot further!

If you fall it is not the way you fall from a horse, but one from which you cannot recover in a thousand years. You make an incredible tumble, which no misery of this world can be compared to, even if you are infected by leprosy! It is that bad! Yet, these supernatural powers and forces are treated so nonchalantly. I know one thing: it is your fall or your resurrection! That is true, but just lose yourself!

I continued to follow all those images the whole day. I remained alone, did not want to see anyone, because I thought this was necessary for myself and did not want to be disturbed in anything. In the woods, I suddenly knew it. I felt released from all those people, immediately saw where the good and bad in us was busy carrying out undermining work and as a result of this I got to see my own personality. I saw where the mistakes lived in myself, even if they wanted to put on their masks, I lifted them up and then they got a severe beating. One by one, they were put across the knee, ignoring their screaming and their pain. I think that I then understood that 'Franciscus'; however, I did it differently because I saw that my castle had nothing to do with it. However, he spoiled the good source, deformed the beautiful body in which he lived and created mortal destruction! I do not know whether he became spiritually wiser from it, I did not speak to him. However, it is possible!

A few days later, I was standing before Hans, ready and aware, but like a child. The academic took me to his institution. There were a hundred people gathered together, men and women. I am missing something, I thought, I do not see any children. Then I asked Hans why there were no children, he looked at me in surprise and did not give me an answer. A few seconds later he almost attacked me and screamed:

"My God, Frederik, it all looks so ordinary, you just asked me something, which I had never really thought about. I remember that I used to think about it sometimes. Now that you ask me that question, it is as if I feel a blow to my head, I am so shocked by it. Why are children not mad?"

"I know how you feel, Hans, but you are mistaken. I can see and feel it differently. Have you forgotten about those little psychopaths then? All your backward little children?"

"That is true, but what is it then?"

"I thought of children now that I see all those adults. However, there is a gap between adulthood and the childlike emotional life. You do not see a fool of the same type as these adults amongst children."

Now I was right in the middle of it and under it as well. Hans explained all those conditions to me. I looked at all those people, and I absorbed it completely. Every being there meant something to me. I saw and felt every condition differently, just like Hans, but for me a supernatural world was

opened. When I was filled to the brim, I suddenly burst out:

“How supernatural this is!”

“Do you think fools are supernatural, Frederik?”

“Yes, indeed. These people are incredible; they are supernatural. We as conscious people are deaf and dumb, are masks, these people cannot wear any masks, they are naked for me, even if I do not yet know how their misery came about.”

“I cannot understand you now, Frederik.”

“I thought so, I was talking about the supernatural and immediately afterwards about the misery which exists, of course. However, everything is so different, Hans. So incredibly real and wonderful at the same time, that my head is already bursting from tension. I believe that all the locks are open and I have to know.”

“Will you tell me all about it, Frederik?”

“I will not forget anything, my friend, you may know all about it.”

“Here”, Hans says, “the women. One has different feelings to the other, but all of them are mad: one because she has murdered her child, another because she lost her child. That woman there because her man deceived her, this woman as a result of her first love. Mad, mad, mad!!! That is all. If I had not been so strong, I would also become mad. However, I will not go into that too deeply, that is not the intention either.

One woman came to grief because of religion, she prays day and night to her Lord; that woman there curses Him and has gone mad because of it. There is a mother who went mad because of her whoring, that woman there because she lost her money. I see all of them, know how they came to grief, but I do not understand a single thing about it, Frederik, if I tell the truth. I do not understand them, or in your own words, I do not know these souls, I believe I will suffocate in it yet!

What do sexual inclinations mean to me? They mean nothing any more. What do the feelings of a mother who has murdered her child, therefore her remorse, mean to me, not a jot! What I can do, Frederik, is to serve, no more than that! However, I want to become wiser from it. I am standing still! I am working myself to the bone. Look properly, I will tell you all about it: you tell me what you think about it, open the doors of your knowledge for me, Frederik, feel how urgently necessary it is that we know.”

I saw a hopeless mess. Poverty and misery: I was in a madhouse. While we walked round, I was also dressed in one of Hans' white coats, and I absorbed everything. I thought that I looked green and yellow, my heart thumped in my throat, then again I felt myself becoming red and blood hit my jaws, a moment later Hans saw me as white as a corpse, ready to be buried. However, he continued to talk, I listened and meanwhile built up my faith, my hope

and my love for these children.

The weak personality lives there. I felt that all these illnesses come from the personality. I see René amongst these patients. From the child I come to these women, soon to the men. I cannot see any mortal destruction, at least not what I expected. I can see beautiful bodies embodied by lunatics. What a scab you are, oh God, if you have all of this on your conscience. However, I do not believe it, you do not have this on your conscience, impossible, forgive me for daring to imagine this. There are one or two people amongst them of whom you would say: she has perished through mortal destruction. That woman there is a bit twisted, there again I see a beauty, even if these women are very old, the castle looks fine. It is their human eyes! You see everything there and you can read what it is like inside. Those eyes hold my attention. I follow their gazes; I beg them to leave my body alone. Something happened ...! One woman has bolted and does a streak. Hans laughs and pokes me in the ribs, so that I tumble upside down ... Hans catches me and says:

“You must see that as a little extra, Frederik, the castles open and close here, it is an everyday thing, we get used to everything.

However, is this the soul, Frederik? Is this the personality alone? That woman there has a tumour. We cannot do anything about it; we know beforehand that she would succumb under the knife. What can you do then? Should we consciously murder this soul? I do not consider it and the family feels the same way as I do and the others. However, everything is rotten! We are faced with a space. We are faced with working ourselves to the bone, we feel completely deceived, Frederik ... a part of you, but we are faced with the problem. I wish I had never started it!

Is this the soul, I ask you? The soul? What do you know about the soul and the personality? Everything, which you now see is weakening of the spirit; they are the weak people from our society. After all, if all these people, personalities, had possessed a bit more strength, they would not be here. Now we are faced with the question: ‘Does God want all of this? Is it His fault? Does He beat His people? Did He give me the brains to help them and did He beat these souls with fire? It is devils work, if you ask me. They are songs of Satan, which you hear here, everything is misery, deception, decline!

Just go with me, back to the men. But tell me in the meantime what your impressions are.”

“I cannot utter a word so I will wait for just now. Like you, I am faced with the soul, its infinite world and its poverty.”

“Do you call this infinite, Frederik? It is miserable, there is nothing else left, and this is the naked truth. You would prefer to beat them, but you know that they cannot help it. What are those women and all these men doing here on earth? Why were they sent to this world? Why do they deliver

this type, when we have to accept anyway, Frederik, that there are better types? What do these holy angels want? What does God want with this type, I ask you? They have saddled us up with the most rotten kind, we just have to try to make people out of them and that is not possible. These are my questions if you wish to know. Then this as well:

Does God wish to destroy His humanity? Did He thrash this out of His earth? Must we bring peace and quiet to earth with this? I know, Frederik, that I am making a fool of myself as a doctor, but as a person I think of it as you do ... we have been deceived!

I assume that there are all types of people on this earth, but it is a mystery to me why the earth was given such a task to fulfil. Now the above. What is life like on other planets? It does not mean a jot to me. Let us first be sure that we ourselves come into harmony with reality. What happens above us, next to us then if you prefer that, does not concern me, those types of colleagues are just as powerless as we are. It is searching in space, working ourselves to the bone, and all of us long for knowledge.

The list is endless. Not one person knows the space, knows the laws for himself, all of them are powerless. What are you, what do you want, what would you like?

Just look at all these men now, Frederik. Do you see those sinister faces? Do you see that human longing, the asking for some flesh? Not all of them are bothered by it, but precisely those who do not have it are even more awful to us, because in their case you do not see any symptoms, in their case, you are faced with a true mask. Should I be grateful to God for life? Should they send that up to Him from their sick self? Frederik, all these people have known birth, they went the same way as we did, but they went mad! Did they come to this earth for this purpose? Must God make such a fuss about it? Is the birth of a person something so supernatural? Do you still see these people as supernatural creatures? I believe, Frederik, that I will then grab you by your coat and throw you out of the door, because then I can no longer believe in you. These people are sick with misery. Should God talk of love? Does He wish us to accept Him in love?"

"Stop it, Hans, or I will go ... you are talking as if you are possessed."

"That is what you thought, Frederik, but I am not. I am possessed by inhuman suffering; I am going into it too deeply. I nearly lay amongst these fools, I already collapsed, but I picked myself up and also put my legs under my body again. Now that you are here, I am succumbing again. You are right, my dear friend, it was me who warned you, but I forgot myself. Yet, if I wish to ask all these questions, remember them, because we have to talk about it.

See, Frederik, how miserable it is here. All these people are stinking through their own decay. There is nothing in this world that can be com-

pared with this life. You can be blind, deaf and dumb, have arms or legs missing, this is the worst thing there is, and these souls are nothing more! Nothing! They are rotting and bad!

There are some people to whom we give extra treatment, sometimes they get their own battle which we know what to do about, but in which we see no change. It is the same carry-on day in day out. Just try that, just give this, deny him his freedom for a week, inject him, treat him with a bit more tact, put your own emotional life on hold, give some love. Did you think, Frederik, that I had become a doctor, a psychiatrist, for this misery and quackery?

Look at that man there ... Today he feels like a farmhand, tomorrow the gentleman will be Napoleon and an hour later a general. Megalomania! This office clerk came here as a result of arrogance, he is not dangerous, but what do you wish me to do? Just talk, eyes look at you, I understand you, Frederik, and I can now see a mask! However, behind it? Or in it? Who started the fire? Did the soul do that itself? Did it want to act the general and brag because it earned just enough in that office to stay alive? Was that soul sent to this world for this purpose? I tell you, as long as I have been here, I have asked the same questions over and over again every day. Now I thought that He was a 'scab'!

What do all these other illnesses mean, Frederik, if you have to accept that the soul becomes covered in mud? Just look around this world. You would really long to have no consciousness. You would want to live with the Eskimos, in the jungle; because there are not so many fools living there, and only our society has them. Is God playing with all of us? Or is it the soul itself that is to blame for its decay, its loss of powers of thought? I do not know! I am powerless and our faculty along with me!"

A moment later, Hans continues:

"They are all stupid, Frederik. You will not find even one who has common sense. How we fiddled about with those human brains. Is that material of any significance to the soul? I do not think so. I think that this clockwork is made up differently, we do not yet know it, Frederik, and we are searching.

Now look at old and young, absorb it completely. It is insignificant to us whether they die today or tomorrow. We give our hearty congratulations to anyone who goes at a young age. We will then enclose a letter for Him, which is Love. We will ask Him whether He would not like to stop; this provocation is no longer human. However, He leaves us to fend for ourselves, lets us find it out for ourselves! However, we, Frederik, are men of science, we are no longer tramps, you have to look into our hearts. Now you can see a history of suffering, our destruction.

Any of us who have faith, go to church, have a different opinion, of course, but to our profession they are herd animals, fundamentally they are insignif-

icant, a genius has never yet been born from that clique. They are not people, Frederik, they are the poor of spirit in this science. They do their best, but they are no more than a male nurse. They give their medicine as they were taught, but they are no more use to you than that. However, I am not like that! I will be damned if I will stand about empty handed, Frederik, I devote my life to this. I want to help these people with my own blood if I knew that I would achieve something with it. Then, Frederik, the knowledge! If we have to continue like this, we will never make it. I ask you - and I ask everyone that - if you think that you can see behind these masks, then do it for me! Do it for these souls, do it for God as well, then that shouting from my soul will stop, and from them who already had to accept their own destruction for me. Because we will all be destroyed by it!

Look, Frederik, these are my men ...! Good day, Henkie? Did you see that little face? Still a child, Frederik. This is a child in an old castle. Seventy-four years old, but like a child of four years at the most and not the most misfortunate.

Now the overgrown boys. You now come in my heart's blood, Frederik, because I am no longer a person there. I therefore flatly refuse to make a child ... He can sort out that mess Himself for me, I do not wish for His great gifts. The fifty patients whom I have here have all been crushed to death. See for yourself, Frederik ... Tomorrow some will leave; they have been certified incurable ... The heart breaks, your personality seems; all your own words, but it is true!

Deformation? Did you really think, Frederik, that you could impress us academics with your layman's talk? That we would rely on your research, that we expect higher help? Did you really think that I am capable of placing my human feeling next to that of the academic and now dance in a circle around these two that have nothing in common with each other? Do not get a shock, my dear Frederik! I did not let you talk, I did not cheat you ... But did you not feel my pains? I listened with my full attention, with love for your soul, but, I now ask you, do you understand how terrible it is if you as a layman garble about supernatural things? I am confronting you with the facts, Frederik. I know that I can count on your pure friendship, but I ask you to watch out!

If I soon have to accept that you are denying me the only thing to hold onto through your awkwardness, your sick talk, your human over-sensitivity, you will die! Then you do not know me yet, Frederik, because all these matters are too serious! I do not tolerate quackery, nor do any of us. We will break you, as long as you know that! We will break you, all of us, who like me devote our lives to our work ...! Frederik, we will inject you with poison as a result of which you will know what they experience, what they go through,

because you are making fun of all this misery.

You can sense me, Frederik, it is deadly serious to me. In the name of the people here, in the name of my faculty, I am telling you now, amidst these patients: watch out for yourself, do not do anything stupid, or come with talk that you cannot support, or I will kill you instantly!

I already feel that you understand me, because you are quiet, you know me. I am a terrible man, Frederik, others along with me, but we do not let these patients come to grief, we do not finish them off with layman's gibberish ...! We devote our own lives to them. It will be clear to you what this means, if you know how miserable our existence is!

May providence give you the word! However, for me, it is the knife to cut out all this misery. I hope, Frederik, that I will have to take back all my words, even if I love a Father of love! Is it clear to you?"

Hans looks at me for a moment and then decides:

"Do not think, Frederik, that we will wait for you. Do not think either that your 'university' does not mean anything to me. We have to rely on people who are able to propose new axioms separate from us. You see, we are really following one path, we are experiencing one life, I am no more than you, you see more than we are, but you give colour to the lines, you inspire sense, because you, as I already know, possess the contact! I am building on you, not only as a person, but also as a doctor!"

We look at his boys. I am not shocked by his words, I am so grateful. The things I experience. I believe that Hans would have killed me if I had not thought about all those words for myself. I was therefore ready and no more. However, how can it be? I understood him completely. I did not expect any different. This is Hans. There are few like him!

We go to his room. We talk a bit more, agree to continue in a few days time, decide what day and what time ... then I was standing outside.

It is late afternoon ... nice weather for the time of year ... I walk and carry on walking. I come home late in the evening, deep in thought. Will I be able to sleep normally? Oh, that poor Hans. He flatly refuses to create children; you seldom hear that, he is a doctor, an academic for one hundred percent. One person gives his blood to save a person, injects himself to make people better, Hans refuses to bring fools into the world, he has enough already. What a misery ... but I knew him ... I also knew for what reason he had accepted me. Here science and man face each other. Hans is a miracle to me. However, I am ready.

I know why he has accepted me. I also know that I do not need to make a fool of myself and him. I know as well that Hans is not sitting waiting for me and that this faculty does not pay any attention to me and the thousands of others, because science cannot be any quackery. Yet he is open to me as

a man and as science: he knows the laws, he is a child of God, like me, a searcher, and a questioning child! This is how I wanted to see him. I may say that I had assessed him well. Truly, I was afraid to go to sleep. Yet I sunk away, let my daily consciousness completely free, and see, I tumbled of my own accord to the lowness, a world that is still unknown, like all the other things, which people know nothing about. What is sleep? I do not know! What is the purpose of sleep? People know that approximately, it is necessary for the body, for the soul and spirit. However, what is all of that? You could keep on asking questions. It does not help you any.

When I am sleeping, you and I know nothing else. However, now it began to shimmer for me, it was misty and my sleep was uncertain. There I sought a way, I had to try to keep on my path, or I would come to grief. What I saw and experienced I felt to be my possession. It was therefore a world that I knew and which belonged to my life. It remained misty ... all that night, and I had started my walk.

Is there no life here? I wondered. Am I alone in this universe? I called for an answer, did not hear anything and tried it again, no answer. I continued to walk, and I went further through my dream. It took an awful long time. I had the feeling that I was on my way for days on end. I felt the need to see what time it was. I take my watch and look ... at that moment I awoke. I was refreshed and truly awake as well. I see that it is twelve o'clock. I have slept half the day, nothing for me. But what is the matter?

I start to think. Here there is light, there it remained misty. It remained misty, even if the sun came up, it became day. I was in a world that is not part of this one. I lived and could think ... I was completely normal. What is it?

For days on end, I followed my dream, again and again. Finally, I had solved the mystery before me. I can probably satisfy Hans with something, I thought, but I have to say it of my own accord, I cannot find any words for it now. However, it is wonderful ... even if there was mist, I was not staying in a heaven by any means. All the same, I understood that all those fools were more or less a part of it.

Now that I am with Hans again, I have to wait a moment because he still has to treat a patient, and gives advice; I come back to his misery. I am standing in his institution again, we follow all those fools, I can see them one for one. A moment later, he greets me and we sit down. He immediately asks the question:

“And, Frederik, any news?”

“I am busy.”

“Do you still think that they are supernatural?”

“I now know for certain, Hans.”

“That is a revelation to me. Tell me, Frederik, I am dying to know.”

“Could you not help me a bit, Hans?”

“I understand. I will ask you questions. In the first instance, this, Frederik: how do you get to super naturalness, how do you manage to say that my fools are supernatural? I would like to know.”

Look ... an inner rumbling occurs, I say:

“I already told you, people like us experience the abnormal, the fools experience the true part, the laws of which we do not yet know. I will tell you outright, Hans, do not expect any science from me, I am not yet that far. When I was walking about with your people, and later, when I was alone, also when I was asleep, I went back to them, and I descended into their lives. I saw these souls; I felt them. To me it is the soul, the personality. I now accept that people like us live in different degrees. I would like to call it heights. One person is further than another. What we call normal for our consciousness, is really standing still in this space, the vested possession of the soul, as a result of which it has released itself from that madness.”

“In other words, Frederik, have we and others already experienced that insanity?”

“That is the way I see it! I therefore call them supernatural, because they experience themselves as soul, of which conscious people like us do not possess anything, or, again, are precisely above it. Our personality can deal with this society. They still have to master our strengths. However, they find themselves exactly in that which normal people like us closed off completely. They experience something of the inner life, which we do not know, which we are searching for. They live with a day conscious life, but that of the soul, the inner part, or, as Karel calls it, their nature! That is the amazing part about it.

Just look at them. All of them went to rack and ruin because of their longings. All of them are faced with sexuality - I also saw the homosexual - yet others were destroyed by religion. What we are following is temporary destruction. God has nothing to do with all of this!!”

“Why not?”

“I was walking that same night in a mist. That world was universe! I saw that there was no end. I understood, Hans, that this had to do with your patients. I made comparisons. Then I saw the patients again. I went after them. I descended into their lives and experienced their mist. I saw the day, our sunlight, and I wakened just before twelve o'clock. The day had no power over that universe, and I concluded from it that this was the world of these souls. I met René there a while ago.”

“What did you say?”

“I will now tell you.”

Hans listens, I am ready. He asks:

“What is the difference between that world and my patients?”

“Can you not sense that then? René is more aware. René does not walk in the mist, but René lives in another grade of life, his own world. Yet, René is sick. Your patients are less aware, they are also sicker, which we will later also see and determine when René is older. Your patients, Hans, are different, but all of them now have to do with an own personality. They are faced with this personality. They have to do with it and they will not be released from it, because this is their universe. Now they are faced with their own longings, experiencing some love, but they have come into rebellion, disharmony with this life, as a result of which they came to grief. The weak people? The weak-minded for our harsh life ... this society? I accept it irrevocably, if you ask me.”

“It is possible, Frederik, but continue.”

“Your patients are not yet that far, Hans, that they can tolerate this life. I see many kinds there. If I look at human bodies, follow the races (see article ‘There are no races’ on rulof.org) on earth, and then I will be faced with these types of people. We wondered why there are no lunatics living in the jungles? Well, Hans, I believe that all these types of people are still busy striving for the stage reached by us. I do not yet know, but to me there is a weak light, which says: these people will also experience our body one day. These people will also go back to God and in this way we are faced with a natural fact, a law of justice! Now it is not God, Hans, it is we ourselves! The lunatics in our society have reached this height, but have succumbed. Since I saw René in this world, I had to accept that conscious people like us are actually closed off to the state of purity. So since these people - and René has to prove it to us, because I expect that this soul will give us the facts, because I heard him saying: ‘See you soon ...’ - are half-conscious to society. They find themselves in the space of the soul, and with all their passions, their love and human feelings, which you now determine as sexual desires, but which are very ordinary, after all, because all of us reach a different height through the creations. I now bring that back in connection with other nations, the jungle stage, for example, where everyone has to accept the organic before they can actually start on the inner world. Now thousands of worlds are coming to me.”

“Which ones?”

“In the first place, the soul lives more than once on earth. If that is not the case, Hans, we will not get any further either and my foundations will be wrong. I would then have to accept that the soul really comes back to the earth as a personality, because by experiencing all those nations, all those organisms, it goes higher and higher. That therefore ties in completely with reincarnation. If we can accept this, then we will be faced with a personality and it will no longer be nonsense that a mother can feel a beard while preg-

nant. It is also not nonsense that a mother can predict beforehand that she is carrying a thief ... because we possess enough of them, but that it is given to her through the life, through the personality, because that personality is already present.”

“Continue; remember this.”

“If we definitely see foundations, Hans, then there will no longer be any mysteries for this condition and we can answer thousands of questions. You can ask me them, I believe that I can sense the answer to them. Your lunatics now find themselves in their own world. As true as there are types of people, who all possess their own body, we also have to accept that the soul or the personality, if the body possesses that, can experience heights. Therefore, also depths - and now you are faced with your patients. When we come to character traits, to religion, then you will already know that these are weak people. If we just move onto religion - I will soon explain to you how that is possible - and you will understand that I have understood you, then, you will dissolve completely. When we now look at everything on earth, experience art, and bring about the very highest there, we will dissolve and it will become art. We forget ourselves completely at that moment, but we create art with a capital A. If a faithful soul now loses itself in God and does not continue to stand on its own two feet, it falls, it loses itself in its faith, in its love, in its whoring, or in sexual desires, then we get another picture. Help me to remember that we will soon follow that line.

This dissolving, Hans, is the release from our so conscious self. Those souls leave. They lose this, no, they discard it. Or they still have to achieve this consciousness. In any case, they are sick to this world; they talk gibberish, and they are locked up. Now we are faced with their misery, which ... God did not create, but we ourselves, since we lost ourselves in passions. All artists experience that. Now the dissolving is an art. Have you any artists in your midst?”

“There are two.”

“What do those people do?”

“They play, they are terribly occupied with themselves ... but they are not the most difficult cases.”

“Well, they dissolved. They lost themselves in their art and as a result of their dirty tricks ... They have a delicate spirit and personality. The religious maniacs, Hans, experience exactly the same thing. They experience it through their faith, others through the loss of their possession, children. I still see all those types in René’s environment, with the exception, as I already said, that René has the benefit of a higher consciousness. I see René as a saint ... I see your patients as soiled, those come to grief, the weak people. We still have to experience whether René is a weak person, I do not believe

it! Since I meet René in that world, which is therefore no longer a dream to me, I believe, if he remains unaware, that he will later reveal more and more to us, things of which neither you nor I will reach the depth, because we do not possess that sensitivity.”

“So you expect it from a fool?”

“I would like to ask you, Hans, who says to you that your patients are mad? Anyone who lives just below daily consciousness is abnormal. However, what is now normal and what is abnormal? I do not yet know the answer to it. I have therefore established for myself that if the soul behind this life, so death, is also a personality, everything can be explained which you academics are searching for. Only then can you continue. I established that we continue to live. First of all, through René, then through your own patients, if I can accept the comparison that the soul has to experience all the organisms which the earth has created for us, nature, which now wants to be the space of this earth. Only then will we perhaps continue. I do not know whether we will then live in the hereafter. However, René was there! I was dreaming and René was also dreaming. I met him there, he met me, and we are both completely healthy and conscious. Although this is a dream, it might also be something different. Yet then, Hans, we are faced with the world of the soul, which is a person, has eyes, possesses a body, can think, and what seems supernatural to us ... is spiritual awakening for there. That must be the life for us as spirit! I was walking there, I was as happy as a child, and I could ask René questions which the child answered as if everything was an everyday matter. I thought it was a nice dream, with human inspiration, truthfulness.

I can tell you, Hans, that I have come a long way in this direction during the past few days. Now about the sensations I experienced.”

I told Hans about my streetlight. He says:

“You damned well felt it spot-on, Frederik.”

“You see, I do not take things lightly; I would rather beat myself. I was just ready when I came to see you.”

“And that other thing, Frederik.”

“Well, Hans, if we can therefore accept that the soul continues in its world, we will be faced with the hells and the heavens.”

“What did you see?”

“Now we come to be faced with the spiritual consciousness, the kingdom of heavens or that of lower passions, the hells, which the Bible also mentions. Well, I repeat, you can then accept that real spiritual influence exists. You can then conclude that you do not fight against a person to make him better, but you are also faced with devils who have made themselves master of such a soul. I can see two types of madness. The first one is conscious spiritual destruction as a result of passions or losing oneself, it does not matter what

the reason is, the next one as a result of spiritual possession! If the soul loses itself, that does not necessarily mean possession."

"I accept it immediately, Frederik. It is an amazing thesis!"

"If we now come to the ultimate for what we know, then you can accept that the soul lives on as a spiritual personality, but then theosophists and spiritualists would be right! Then many things are no longer nonsense, but a contact with people who died, with those who passed away. However, I myself will not go into it yet, even if it is now a great mystery to me as a result of which this certainty comes to me, has come to me. I just think, but since I am busy thinking, waves of thoughts bombard me and I get the answer after my own thoughts. Is this inspiration? Erica asked me a while ago! I could not say so. I would far rather admit that she lost herself for a hundred percent in the game, even if I found her game the work of angels and a moment later bestial, since I felt all passions there, which a passionate person can experience and longs to experience. I could also say: it was René!"

"Why?"

"Do you not understand that, Hans?"

"I cannot understand any of it."

"You will see that it is very simple and as sure as anything, if I explain it to you."

"Then do it."

"Well ... I will connect you to the mother with the beard. If she feels the beard, Hans, would another person not be capable of giving the mother who is open to art, the feeling for it and of sending it to her maternal daily consciousness? Now imagine that the soul is a personality. That personality is not unaware, the working in the mother is not nature, it is not deaf and dumb, but that working is a powerful personality and gives that possession to the mother. If that is not the case, then it is also possible that Franz Liszt himself played through her, so through Erica."

"It is a revelation to me, Frederik, how you now analyse things. However, I do not understand that part about René."

"It is not so simple either. I am starting to feel it and then the thoughts come. If I go back to the time when Erica was expecting, then I can see that she was thrown completely out of balance as a mother, which Karel calls 'process' or 'nature'. Now I am faced with the different mothers. I let myself be convinced that there are childish mothers and also man mothers. One group is oversensitive; the other group is as rough as a roustebout, even if I do not wish to say anything wrong about these people. If there is also a delicate personality like the one of a child, which Erica is not, then phenomena occur as a result of which Dr. Ten Hove, Dr. Van Stein and Dr. Van Hoogten worked themselves to the bone. However, there were phenomena. The sui-

cidal thoughts of Erica represent weakness of the personality. Karel says: do not put on such an act, thousands of mothers experience exactly the same. But can you not feel then, Hans, that Erica did not want those phenomena? Did you really think that all those mothers ask for those troubles? The strong characters cannot be influenced! They remain themselves and nothing happens to these souls either. They deal with motherhood in a natural way, do not fall, and there is nothing which disturbs them.

Now descend with me into the depth of the soul. Accept that one of these three degrees of feeling, because this is how I see it, as a mother carries a personality in her that will later be completely mad. Such a dominant personality forces the mother to accept its own world of thoughts and that therefore happens, because the phenomena visibly destroy or interrupt the day-consciousness of the mother. Now that has put the cat among the pigeons. Erica, only just touched by René, is no longer herself. Other mothers are, for example, connected to, completely one with a murderer. The soul goes on, has to go on. God gives us the opportunity to continue our human life in His direction.”

“When you see this theory founded before you, Frederik, you will have worked it out.”

“I think so too, but then we will be faced with a universal truth. It will mean a revolution for your science, and every spiritual faculty will receive a higher consciousness. There will no longer be religious maniacs.”

“Why not?”

“I now understand that you cannot yet think, cannot analyse. Do you not feel then, Hans, that when the soul as a person on earth knows God, knows about its own previous existence, learns the natural laws, the university will obviously call a natural halt to it. When the soul knows that it is capable of attracting a new life here, can become a mother, that it sees its lost life again after death, it will not fall. All those lunatics of yours have lost their material contact because the personality does not know the natural way. Those souls are not weak as people, Hans, it is we who have informed them wrongly. Now follow a theologian like that, follow the church, what is an academic, who talks about damnation? Has the man nothing else to give his lunatics? For they are also abnormal beings, I do not believe that God sends His life to the earth to destroy it there and to make it mad. It is we ourselves!

The spiritual faculties are all standing at a dead point! You cannot continue, because you do not know the soul. If the theologian can explain the laws of my ‘university’ to his followers, the laws of the soul, the inner life as a being will fly over the mountains and will see the eternal there now! What breaks a person comes about through ignorance. It is ignorance, Hans, which breaks them. This is why there is so much searching. Everyone wants to know some-

thing about God, know Him and themselves, but all those people do not know where to start. If they start anyway, then it is the same old story: mad, or unconscious and conscious deceit. Then into your institution.

What we have to follow are the phenomena of René and of your patients. It is they who will give us foundations. Religious mania or mania as a result of art or broken love, you see, it all says so little, but they all went towards their darkness as a result of ignorance. I see all those illnesses again in one person! All of us have some of the abnormal, we are not conscious! Even if we think that we are adults, childish youth does not exist for the soul. There are no little children in the universal thought; the soul is primeval! In my opinion, it has lived millions of times. However, we are not yet at that stage! The soul became a personality. And this, Hans, is what we do not yet know the laws and the space of. Is this all news to you? I do not know, but I see the foundation there. Sometimes you find those foundations in the street gutters of a town. Wherever you look, you see them.”

“Continue, Frederik.”

“If we now come to considering the phenomena, then you will see, Hans, that everything revolves around the natural consciousness. The lunatics therefore now experience the laws of the soul, not our laws of this rotten society, but precisely those which, under day conscious thinking and feeling represent an own world. This is why I call them supernatural, because each thought which occurs from the life of the soul, possesses that depth and infinity. One human thought, Hans, it does not matter what it is devoted to, possesses a universal depth and also possesses its own attunement, which is again supernatural. It is not so strange now, that a lunatic, in whatever degree he finds himself, is busy releasing himself from the inner world of feelings, as a result of which the materialisation then occurs, which takes the abnormal straight to the natural society. If no religion had existed, then there would not be any religious maniacs either. Do you not feel then that this illness will immediately dissolve? If the theologian reflects, feels what he is faced with, and gets to know his patients, his world will be even more rotten, even more unconscious than your world. If we enter the church, then we will be faced with the same laws. Since God still damns, places the soul as His child before eternal flames, victims fall. Since the personality of the church itself is still unconscious, there are religious fanatics! You as academics now have to try to give their patients, their people, whom they have butchered in such an amazingly natural way, have broken inside, new life and another consciousness. Those things, Hans, are lying in the street gutters of your town. And thousands of other divine matters, which people have completely raped, as a result of which this chaos emerged!

What should we do for your institution? It does not live and lie with you.

We have to do more for parapsychology than for any other scientific subject, it is that faculty which cures the patients instantly and gives them a divine, but human mind. You think that you are right, I tell you: you do not think! You are unconscious and will never make it. It is all talk with you, and nothing else. It is the same as throwing in the towel, making God out to be a cad and so on. What you can do is to lay notes with the bodies in which you call Him to human justice in order to put Him in prison. Or you will hang Him! That is all! I know that if you can devote your life to these souls, another can inject himself with the substance discovered by him in order to achieve his objective, you will do that! Doing everything for his patients is wonderful, but that is not the point. If you say, Hans, that there are already more than enough lunatics - I am now hitting you with your own words - that is the worst gibberish which I have ever heard; it is so trivial, so awkward, that my own clumsiness is just child's play in comparison."

"How do you mean, Frederik?"

"How do I mean? Do you not know then? Can you no longer think? Are you already so dopey, is your brain suffocating? Are you full to the brim? Can you not carry on? I do not believe you. It proves that you academics do not possess any depth. If people see you, you are walking about with ten pairs of glasses and six hats and then you still ask where all those things went to. I tell you, Hans, if I was so forgetful in my way of thinking, when I am busy looking for a way out in this, then you could have put me along with your patients some time ago, but I saw myself that I would not come there. You forget everything! You think purely from nature! You start to throw things upside down and you do not see that you are right next to the mask and that the thing, precisely this thing, can tell you all about it. Your world of thoughts is so rotten as can be, people should first teach you to think. You make thousands of analyses, but you do not make it through them! You become stranded somewhere and then you just continue. You think up something, but you do not touch the basics. It is because of this that, when people talk about problems, you immediately reach for your head, because you think it will burst. However, it will not burst, you are thinking wrong! Those foundations for your study are no good either. You have to learn to think during the initial years and then you will come to the actual study. I do it differently ... you will see, I will soon let my people explain how a natural law is composed."

"But why do you think my attitude is clumsy, Frederik?"

"Thank you, Hans, you are now proving that you are starting to think. I had not yet forgotten that problem. Do not think that I am conceited, or am becoming so.

Does the doctor not understand then ... that he has not a single divine law

in his hands? Does the doctor not understand that it does not matter a jot to God whether you want to procreate? How awkward you are, how clumsy and naïve, Academic, because it is not in your hands. It proves to me that you are not thinking things through. After all, my friend, if you did not give life to the lunatic, therefore no body, the soul would stand still in its universal development. You would prevent evolution! Then there would be no more lunatics, but then this world would stop! How would we, how would those millions of souls be able to develop? That is only possible on earth, in the material world, through the material laws! This is why I can tell you - and now you have to listen carefully, Hans, you will now get a lesson from me - that a lunatic is normal and that people like us possess abnormal phenomena, our whole behaviour is mad! We flatly refuse to give the soul a body. Then God will say: okay, get on with it, idiot ... but then I will have to give one mother twenty children, then she will have to do the work of another who is too lazy for it and even sends My life back through a trick, fling it in My face. Did you think, Hans, that God the Almighty, or the Omnipresence, however you wish to call Him, pays any attention to your homosexuality? He does not worry about what you do with your seed, because He gives another the double capacity, simply increases this, because you, and many along with you, refuse! I can now see behind this mask!!! I am starting to see that everything is very different! I am starting to see, Hans, that your world of thoughts is so trivial. Even if you think that you will later make the grade of professor, it does not mean you are anything special. You refuse to give your powers to breeding. Fine, that is your own business. I am not yet that far, but when I get the chance, I will knock you down! Then you will not need to kill me, doctor, but then I will knock you to the ground with my vested possession, which is not of this world!

Oh, good heavens, what a lot is bombarding me.”

“For heavens sake, carry on and remember it, Frederik.”

“It is easy for you to talk, but I have already worked it out. I can now see and feel, Hans, that I am starting to think for thousands of people. Everyone can make it through, can receive wisdom, can see behind the masks, but then not as we think and wish to do, in a way which is shown to you by the nature of Karel and his process. I am starting to think for you and I will get my information because I have to do the work for all those men who flatly refuse to think along His lines, are too tired, too unhappy to see behind the mask. For this reason you must be prepared to lose yourself, or it will not work!”

“Do you understand, Hans, that you cannot stop creation?”

“And you yourself then, Frederik?”

“That is a very different matter. The reason why I am not married is that

I am not awakened to it. My body does not long for polygamy; I have no desire for that. My soul and personality do not consider it either. And that takes me to René. Only now am I starting to think that this child can mean a miracle.”

“What makes you think that?”

“Well, doctor, now that I have to occupy myself with these things in this world, I get this as a task as it were, I consider René, his soul, as a part of the supernatural, for which it was born then. I am starting to see a connection, I am starting to feel that there are lunatics with supernatural powers, only for - and now you will hear it - the possession of these feelings, if this was not the case, then the soul would be like us: dead!”

Thank God, it has been said.

“What a terrible shame that all those words will be lost, Frederik. I will fetch a stenographer.”

“How stupid you are again, Hans. Did you think that I could then talk like this? In addition, it is not necessary, because what is now being sown, what I now utter, will come later also when I am sitting quietly in my room and get round to writing down all these things

I want to tell you that the soul is on the earth for a certain purpose. If a lunatic has to experience sickly phenomena, then that is for a development, which concerns itself. As far as René is concerned, I tell you honestly: I do not yet know. However, my dream or my experience is taking me in that direction ... the soul as being, so this child, was conscious and could state: ‘I will come back, Uncle Frederik ... you are now a bit ahead of me, but I will catch up with you again. How is that possible, Hans?’

“I do not know.”

“There is just one possibility, Hans. René is growing up! I am now ahead of him in age, in material growth, but that means nothing. Soon soul and body will reach adulthood and then I hope that we will experience more, may receive more from this patient, because not all the lunatics of this world are naturally insane, one person is sickly insane, destroyed himself, another person, Hans, gets supernatural things as a result and is a supernatural being to me!”

We do not say a single word for half an hour. Hans is broken by it. He has a few drinks and I also have a few. It does me good. It is already late, but we have not yet worked it out. Then he says:

“It is incredible, Frederik. You have already elevated a university by your analyses; your analyses are amazing. You are right! I already think differently about it. I am an unconscious person. I have to look for a girl. I am vegetating! My God, how can it be? That is because of you, whom all of us thought to be an idiot. For heavens sake, continue. If I can be of any assistance to you,

you know: I put all my possessions in your hands. It is terrible! Yet, despite everything, spiritualists and theosophists could be right. That of the theologians is so true that I could shout it from the roof tops how happy I am, if those people were not so sad through and through. Man, what a misery, what poverty, what triviality. I am a doctor, and I am a psychiatrist? I will hang up my coat on the pegs tomorrow and give it up!"

"Then I will just go home. Good night! Everything has been for nothing and I do not intend to waste any more of my time. All the best."

"You are not serious, Frederik."

"Am I serious, Hans? I am already leaving ..."

"But you cannot leave just like that."

"Why not?"

"Sit down, if I may say so ... we will have something to eat."

We continue talking. I have my viewpoints, he has to represent and defend his.

"What is laid aside for your life, Hans, is now already coming forward. You must make it to a professor. Through your study you can lay other foundations, I will lay mine under yours. We are going one way. I do it my way and you through your faculty. That is what is desired from us, we do not mess with divine tasks; you came here to do everything you could achieve, if you want to give another life later to these poor patients. You will marry and attract children, or make them, however you wish to call it. You will be and will have to live as natural as possible, if you wish to open your inner doors for higher thoughts and feelings. This life, which you now possess, does not mean a thing to me! You are off track, and you have become loose from the divine anchor!"

You will continue, just as I. It does not matter who will win. However, I will keep to our agreement. It is not your business what I do; we will see each other from time to time. We will have to wait and see whether you will later be of the same opinion. I do not think so!"

"So you are doubting me?"

"Not for what you will serve, but there is still so much ... you also feel like some of that crazy love! You will give your personality to another and then, Hans, you will be on the bolt for a time, you will float there where I was, where René lives, that is between heaven and earth, and you will feel how these two started kissing. Then you will forget everything! However, that is your way, if you do not follow it, you will succumb under your study. You are too good a doctor!"

As far as I am concerned, I will continue, I have to continue! You will see, you will notice from everything that my thoughts cannot be wrong. If we compare the spiritualist interpretation and the accompanying theosophical

way of thinking and give a place as principles for the universal university, which will then get the name which I already know, then we will be faced with another and higher awakening, which will be given to us by your lunatics.”

“What is the name, Frederik?”

“It is still too soon for that. I do not even want to think about it. I do not look at the eggs which have been lying in the sun for a day, I do not get a hold of them and I do not touch broods which experience the natural process in that silence and which people like us must leave alone. That will come later!

I now know that I am on the right path. There are no mantraps or clamps there. Those I kick away from the start. I am not skating on thin ice, I am going directly to a lunatic and he will give me the proof.

Your opinions of life, Hans, have no natural basis. You have to see things in a different way. For many the mask has already been made transparent. I am starting to appreciate René. If you consider everything, it is a machine calculated beforehand, which has been put together artistically. It is a jigsaw puzzle, Hans, which we are part of, as well as the Catholic Church and the other spiritual faculties. Faith plays an enormous part. I believe that you now know where the fire is really burning. We have to put that fire out, we have to start there, otherwise, it will still be burning there in a thousand year's time. That is not the intention. We did not receive our humane way of thinking and feeling for nothing, we should use that to create a better society. I consider the fact that we have come together as a natural law. It does not matter to me whether coincidence already exists on earth and for this life. However, I believe that coincidence can no longer exist if you look behind the masks. For making this jigsaw puzzle already started there!

It is the soul as a human being, Hans, which has universal meaning! It is not yet in its hands, but that will come! It is the soul, which together with its built-up personality helps this world progress. That is we people. However, through the normal social, to the abnormal spiritual, which is already as normal to me as a fruit on a tree, because the soul as a person sees its infinity before it! Now try saying that everything, which a mother has to experience during her pregnancy, is nonsense, I tell you, they are supernatural phenomena. The soul as a personality experiences the new awakening. That is how it will be! I do not believe otherwise, or we will never make it!

René is already walking on older legs. If it is an ordinary dream, Hans, without the spiritual concept of justice, I mean, apart from everything, experiencing confusion, then everything will go to pieces on its own. However, if the soul is already capable of this, because it possesses that sensitivity, for which I do not yet have a name, that means that René has supernatural gifts and will be a spiritual child prodigy.”

“Now you are exaggerating.”

“Time will tell, Hans. Have you perhaps heard of spiritual child prodigies?”

“Not me, if I understand what you mean, at least.”

“We have talents, Hans. I see that as a division. That talent as a child, Mozart, for example, possessed material talent. That child made music by fashioning notes. Almost all child prodigies represent the material talent - we have still not seen a single one of the inner aspects, the soul. Therefore, that means that a child prodigy like that could bring problems for you and your colleagues because of his talent. I call that a spiritual child prodigy. You need years for that study, Hans. If a child prodigy like that was born, what would you say then?”

“It is impossible, then that would have happened long ago, would it not?”

“So, should I disillusion you? What would this world do with a child prodigy in a spiritual sense? Fifty, no, thirty years ago these souls would have been burnt at the stake as miracles. The church did that! If God were really concerned with us, I would have to say: ‘Man, you spotted that well.’ If we had seen spiritual child prodigies walking the earth in those days, that would only have been temporary anyway, because the church considered it the work of the devil, and I could say to God: ‘God, what an idiot you are!’ However, God knows what He is doing! He does not send anything too soon to this world. It is different, I already said, but that will come. Now look at a child prodigy like that, Hans, and say what you think.”

“That is easy to explain, Frederik. You are becoming completely stuck. Today René is ill, completely mad, you say yourself that there are phenomena, an hour later it is a supernatural being and now even a spiritual child prodigy. I do not understand it anymore, honestly I do not!”

“Now you think that you have got me, don’t you?”

“That is not my point, for that matter, you know better than that and we should not even talk about it. However, what do you think? Should I now let myself be undressed, should I then throw all the knowledge I obtained overboard? Does what was achieved not mean anything more to us? This is not science, Frederik; you will never be allowed to forget that you want to treat science from your layman’s existence. Now you are faced with a doctor again ... my faculty and the other one, for which I vouch ... because now it is a great chaos!”

“Is there more to come, Hans?”

“Not that, but can you not sense yourself that this is no longer acceptable?”

“Listen, doctor. I may accept this, now we will start! You must now accept that you really do not understand a word of it. You have your studies to thank for that. I now know that I must thank God that I did not follow a

study ... not for others, but only for myself, otherwise the world would stand still. However, for certain things you must not be spoiled by a university or a school, born talent is spoiled there. Or do you not believe that either? If a born talent as a painter is completely dissolved in the academic carry-on, that same talent will also be broken. However, you do not accept that. Now a spiritual prodigy like that. You stand for René, Hans; I stand for your lunatics. If those souls have started to look around, sometimes see apparitions, say things which you do not understand a word of, you think, that is part of the lunatic. However, I have already explained that lunatics can think supernaturally. Every word of such a lunatic, which stands above the normal in and of our lives, is a part of that amazing world where we will all go and which you look for as if colour-blind. Every word, which just exceeds our material consciousness, is a part of that supernatural world and a part of the universe that the soul as a person possesses and of which he does not yet know the fireworks.

Now I believe that René is sick. Of course, there are phenomena. However, is every researcher who comes with something new not declared insane by science? I call that conscious insanity. Those people, Hans, are miracles, later they were understood and then it is called: how stupid we were! What meant illness and insanity to you later appeared to be a supernatural phenomena. When Galilei said that the earth revolved around the sun, this genius was locked up. And just as many others were burnt, hung! They were all child prodigies! Some were earlier than others, but they were all child prodigies. Those children were all conscious and unconscious, they served as great people, but strived for one goal, to give this rotten humanity more beauty, for which they were killed one by one.

In this way, the earth received art - and also science! That is also art! If I go back to René, then I see that his phenomena will be developed exactly as a result of this illness. However, it will no longer be an illness, it will now be the preparation for later: awakening, development, and the natural evolution of the soul for spiritual sciences.

What is now an illness is art to the soul! René already knows that! I am now also starting to see my dream in a different way. I experience these miracles, yesterday I still saw the lot still in the wrong way or I did not yet dare to start on it. René is a child prodigy, a spiritual genius, for which we shall soon receive the proof. Then you may cut me into pieces and I will give you the knife myself, you can do what you like with me! I am therefore challenging you again, Hans. René will prove that, I will prove mine! However, we are both mad ... still; soon, this will have a different name; it has received a different name, which, however, means the same thing. It is the soul and along with it all its vested possession, consciousness!

The reason you are still stuck to your science and doctorate is that you have to! If you lose both your legs, you will not be worth a thing to science. I like you like this, because this is the path, the way to make it!

Every thought that a lunatic experiences, I just said, is to conscious people like us walking next to the creation in which the illness lives. As a soul, he sees his own phenomena. Do not bring any religion or passion into it, or sexual desires and so on, that has nothing to do with René's condition. His soul, his personality, is conscious, but abnormal to this world. We have not yet experienced anything through the child, but a person can do this, because the soul, just as we, has to grow to maturity only then the gifts will develop.

His head is too big; I admit that. But what does it matter? Yet, we will experience strange things. One thing is not clear to me and that is ... why does such a genius not come to the world as normal. Why through an illness? I already answered that question myself a moment ago, yet I think it is strange. Of course, that is because I have lost the thread. I see it living there; I can follow it, but not explain it. What is it?"

"Make some effort, Frederik."

"You have no part of yourself to devote to this, Hans, you cannot help it, at least, if that storm comes to you of its own accord. If you start on it as a layman, then you will break your neck over the cracks, for which I now say, 'no thanks'. No, I cannot see it; perhaps it will come. But wait ... I have already worked it out!"

"What is it?"

"Listen, dear scholar ... I will give you a theory, so not science ...! Since there have not yet been any child prodigies in a spiritual sense, René is the first one for the whole of the world ... a supernatural human child. He begins, the first one, also on the first step ... has to adjust, has to go through the abnormal to the conscious self! Now I feel, Hans, that you find this childish, but just carry on. When that school, if I may call it that, is further, has laid a bit more foundations, the next spiritual child prodigy will feel released from all this misery. Then a struggle for it will no longer be necessary. This sounds very awkward, does it not, but then I will confront you with the next fact.

How did the occult laws, the schools, come into existence? How did Egypt reach that height? I was led to believe that at least a hundred thousand priests failed before people there knew something about a next life. Masses of people failed before the first spiritual word was spoken. However, when it was finally at the stage where they had achieved that, Hans, only then did those people, who were certainly no fools, receive the universal reality! And that is our culture? Is it so crazy that they start to make doctors of them? Is an Egyptologist perhaps mad? If you meet such a doctor, Hans, will you declare him mad? Will you laugh at his study? Just put an end to it: you have become

unacceptable yourself!

No, I am telling you, people there also started at the ground, there they also had to get hold of stone by stone and add it to the whole according to the rules of art, which received light and shape through those first thousands. Now René again. He lives here in the sensible West. What do we know about spiritual miracles? About occult laws? To me they are everyday matters, because if you fall asleep, you are experiencing an occult law just as well as a fakir from the East. Human sleep, Hans, if you wish to know, is an occult law, because we do not know sleep. It belongs to the inner life, even if the material experiences the action. Everything, which belongs to the soul, you know that yourself anyway, even if you did not know what I am now telling you, is spiritual reality. It does not matter whether that reality also belongs to the darkness, or that it is whore-like, walks naked, suffers from religious mania, it is of no significance, it concerns the inner actions, the spiritual aspects of the soul, which form its world and personality!

Can you now understand some of it? René is sick, to us, not to himself! René's head is too big? I think through an inner force. Can you sense this? Then you will start to think of inner awakening, a separate set of brains, but not those as you academics see them. René's brains are in his stomach. His brains are situated there where the soul begins to think. Just follow the human machine and you will know."

Another half an hour passes in silence ... I see that it is half past two; the time has flown by. I am not yet empty, and I feel that there are still a few grams of movement left in order to get me to talk. I actually do not know what we were talking about, but I can see that there is light in the rooms of my castle and that all the doors have been opened wide. Finally, Hans says:

"I give up for just now. I cannot find a flaw in that argument, but I really hope that you will be proved right. It is a revelation to me and I know that I have to start to see many things in a different way, also for myself, as far as my social life is concerned. You have gone up in my esteem, Frederik. I will think about it and even if it takes a while: I will work it out. Thank you for your lecture, it was worthwhile."

I am outside again. I go straight into the woods. I will no longer see any ghosts. Peace comes to me ... It is as if the whole universe is talking to me and says: carry on, there has been talk for long enough about damnation, and that has to stop now! Only then will the religious maniacs be proved right.

This is the way it is, I feel, if those theologians had not been so stupid, then Hans and the others could have made dance schools from their institutions, now there is misery. If people would understand their love a little better, then there would be no more homosexuals. Yet, if I start about that I will be standing still again. One thing strikes me and that is, I believe, my own sal-

vation, namely the aid in order to think. If I think of something that I do not yet know, or which is different, then I suddenly stand still inside. Something then refuses inside and I notice that I do not yet know, at least I do not yet have an explanation for it. However, I will get an explanation yet.

But what is it? I repeat ... and see human love. I see a large hole. Is that also being kept for later? If people - now it is becoming lost again - understood their love better, then there would be no homosexuality. I think that I can feel it, you have to see it as something unnatural, but with a hint of suspicion!

These people do not understand their love, of course, otherwise they would be geared up differently, then a woman would not love a woman, but then she would ask as a natural greyhound and a dove, it's possible, for a bit more of that other crazy love. Such problems. Yet so human, so completely natural!

Love ... love ... how are you born? What is love? What is the feeling when people love another or something else? It is sawdust, desert sand, it slips through your fingers, but they are human problems, they will become the pillars of science, my foundations!

What a child Hans still is. I am happy. Not because I was able to confront him with my facts, but because he is also a scholar. He has to fight for his own possession or it will lead to a dead end. I bet that we will see him engaged later and probably guarded from much misery, or perhaps exactly the other way round. Is he also prepared for love? We also have to be ready for that. If we are not, blows will follow. I am curious how he will solve that problem. If you ask me ... I still expect something! I do not believe that I am far off the mark; I am proved right in many things! Now that is also science!

René is now a miracle to me. Whether that will remain so? I do not go into it. I have to experience my own life, he his world. However, we will continue.

The curtain has now been up for an hour and three-quarters. There were only the two of us on the stage, Hans and I. The tension in the hall was great, and we felt that we were both being applauded: one not less than the other. The dear public has never heard anything like it before ... Great, it is interesting, you can do comedy and you can do science at the same time. The doors are also wide open for the following productions.

However, we carry on, towards the last acts ...

How will it end? The answer lives in your heart; ...do you want some of that crazy love?

Frederik, I think that you are completely off the mark

René is now four years old. In all that time, we have not been allowed to or could not experience anything special. Hans laughs inwardly, he thinks it is all a good joke, which I pay no attention to because there are no phenomena. We must not ask for trouble, I said. However, I felt his shoulder stick to mine, a brake from inside, an eye that glistened, a footstep which was surer than a few months ago, an ear that asked for the truth, turning red, but that which you could sense with clogs, it was so simple. He does his work and I walk, have bought a horse just like the others and I go into the countryside now and again. It is a great sport, I like animals and you can talk to horses.

Erica is completely herself! Her life is drudgery. She tries to find it in her teas and sometimes goes horse riding, just as we do. Karel still talks about his farm, his mansion, which he is saving hard for, I believe. I offered to let him move in to a house of mine, but he is not in favour of it, he wants to work for it. He is not the type to regard goods received as his own. I have a different opinion. You are either friends or you are not! I devote all of myself to that! The family feels satisfied, because there is nothing that brings them misery. Karel now takes better care of his patients, there are not so many anymore who leave him. I think that a bit more friendliness radiates from his life than before, he is more open towards his patients. I also know that a few years ago he thought that all that talking did not help you any further, anyway. Now he talks away for hours to his patients and there are already some who would not miss him for all the money in the world. That talk soon passes by word of mouth and for a long time it has already proved to be the best advertisement! Nothing can beat this remedy, nothing whatsoever, this is it!

So you see, I was proved right about that as well. He knows it, but you must never talk about it. He has not yet overcome that, but I see he has made progress for himself and his surroundings. Erica now owes him one.

Anna looks after René. She is happy and they see me as an old man. I go back to being old furniture. Sometimes it seems as if they consider me a dreamer, but not a dangerous one. I have to say in all honesty that nothing on or about René points to backwardness, the child is healthy and that is that. Erica no longer sees her snakes and bears, Anna has driven the howling of the jackal to the woods, a barricade has been built, of which no one knows what it is really like. It no longer rains either ... If it is storming outside that is completely normal and is of no value to these so conscious personalities, aware of themselves. Hans also added fuel to the fire by saying:

“Frederik, I think that you are completely off the mark.”

Karel did not hear it, Erica appeared to be deaf to it and I did not react. However, this is already months ago. Shortly after our deep conversations, Hans left the town for a while, but wrote me a short letter.

“Frederik, my soul is writing to you in the train. Goodness, how happy I am. What a miracle you are to me and for all people. You are a true friend, and I never want to lose you, Frederik. Believe me, I am not sentimental, but I also have a heart, human blood also lives in me, I as an academic and I as a person, are open to you. Allow me some time, Frederik ...!”

However, a few months later I hear him say: I think that you are completely off the mark. Then I closed myself off a bit better, did not talk so much any more, and said just enough not to be impolite. I understood. Frederik thinks ... and Frederik also thought, but about very different things, because I did not stand still for a second!

If I stand next to the child, I experience worlds. When the boy is sitting on my knee, it is as if worlds of sparkling beauty open to me. This little soul is electrically loaded, not with elbow power, which all of us know and which a stupid person really wants to possess, this is different. It makes you quiet, it is peace ... oh, and you have to be able to feel it. Anna also absorbs it completely; Erica cannot do that, she is not open to it! She does not have that; she lacks this feeling. Meanwhile, I follow and see everything. Nothing about myself, or from the others, escapes me. I continue to think! I feel further and deeper than yesterday, but am silent ... I am already full to the brim. Yet, there is still no one who needs me. There are no letters, but the office is open every day, until late at night. If anything was to come that demands urgent delivery. I am therefore at my post and I do not neglect anything!

René is over-sensitive. His head is shrinking slightly, his eyes are clear, but there is a film over them. Now and again, his eyes sink away, the light disappears completely, and a moment later, you see the child in another way. I tell you, the others do not see that, but it does not escape me at all.

However, René has received inspiration. The child grasps everything that can be used to write with. You have to keep pencils and pens away from him, because he scribbles on everything; Erica has her hands full with him. However, that is a part of it. No one sees anything in it, and neither does Anna. No, Karel says, things are fine! And it is fine ... everything is absolutely okay. René writes, the child scribbles!

He prefers coloured pencils. I brought one for him and now you hear every day: I want pencils, Uncle Frederik. When he said the words “Uncle Frederik” for the first time, I was nearly frightened to death, which gave Anna in her turn a fright, although she did not understand why I became so pale. She did not ask me why I got a shock, and she thought that it was not necessary

because the child seemed very ordinary. I soon recovered, so quickly that Anna did not get the chance to ask that question. However, I thought that I had already heard that “Uncle Frederik” before. Where was it? Look here, when I opened my diary, I read it.

The sound, the pronunciation, the emphasis on that “Uncle”, the pronunciation of the F, the R, the K – everything was the same as then. Now I suddenly know, I thought, that Hans would receive blows; René will become a spiritual wonder and that my university will later be able to continue to build on the foundations laid. A moment later, I was walking again, because I wanted to experience the incident.

I added the note:

“Even if those wretches think that everything is fine, even if Hans thinks that he has already pocketed his bet, and we laymen have to accept that we do not have any understanding of psychology, must lay off such art, the animals in the forests are still lying in wait for revenge. Our journey has not yet started! That is it!”

I stand stronger than ever before. René said my name as he did when we reached unity in that other world. I now have to accept that the soul is a personality there. Oh, good gracious, what victims there will be! What a study this is. How deep, how awe-inspiring. Oh, church! Oh, theologian! Oh, what a lot you have to throw overboard!

I stand so strong, already, that I could weep about it. I now look through those masks with a strength the depth of which I cannot yet determine, but which will seem immeasurable later, much later perhaps, and yet it can be humanly reasoned.

I continue ... They think there that I have slept in again, but that does not matter, it gives me the rest that I need. René is drawing! The child is drawing! That drawing is very ordinary. However, not to me!

René is searching! However, they do not see that. Every child searches! Every child wants to write, but sometimes this points to talent. Then this is okay!

René is quiet; his eyes look fine. Not to me; they do not see that there is sometimes a thick film over those eyes. A moment later, it is gone. That is to me the trials and errors for the child, for the soul, for the personality later.

However, we will wait and see! So, will I. I put a point behind what I experienced in my dream. That is a firm foundation!

René is sometimes very wild. The child stands firmly on his legs, looks chubby. He appears to have been born to happiness and a good life. Soon he will start studying, he will become a doctor. I will have to see it first.

This child of Erica and Karel sleeps well; there are no complaints!

When the others have some time to spare, we go off on the horses. Dr. Ten

Hove and his wife also take part. Dr. Van Stein and Dr. Van Hoogten are too busy and think this hobby is too expensive. I still do not understand that Dr. Van Stein has come back. Karel says: "What can you do if those people are lying at your door like dogs, you cannot chase them away, can you?" He is right, nothing can be done about it, and after all, they are colleagues.

When you see Dr. Ten Hove sitting on his horse, you have to smile. This stiff little chap on a horse is like a ship in a storm, he swings left and right and usually sits on the neck and he groans while riding. You hear him squealing anxiously. We enjoy that and would not miss him for all the money in the world. It is just like a puppet theatre. He sits on his horse like a child on a merry-go-round horse; he looks all around to see whether people can see him. He behaves very noisily, which is a part of his character. I see him as the man who greets everyone, but now from a height. If you look at his hat, you have to laugh whether you like it or not, it looks so ridiculous on him. His bow tie flaps under his chin like a small flag on a small mud boat, which he keeps looking at.

His wife, whom we have called Vinkje, because she is just as proud as he is and so pleased with her bleached hair, is an excellent horsewoman. She sits on her horse like a princess from olden times and I have to say that she is striking, but her face remains rural. Dr. Ten Hove searches his whole family to find names for the horses, which appears to be difficult for him, because they have been busy now for six months. If it lasts any longer, they will get names from me, which will give them pleasure. For the moment, Tippy – as he calls her, although he would have been better to have called her Topsy, because she has a big appetite – has called her horse 'Darling', but there is no true love. Darling does exactly as she pleases, as if she senses what kind of cute little thing is sitting on her beautiful back, because she is not happy with her mistress. Everything points to it; the horse reacts so certainly. With her calves' eyes she says one hundred times Darling, until you feel sick, before the tracks give the sign to leave. People can understand that I am not so fond of these people who mean nothing. These empty characters could make me sick. I cannot help it for that matter, if I try to repress it, it does not help me. I think that it is a fault of mine and I will do my best to fight it as much as possible.

Hans rides a horse like a man from the Wild West. That has already cost Peter, his favourite animal, a piece of meat and him almost a broken neck, so that he now takes it a bit easier. He has talent, but he is too reckless. Karel does not experience this sport as an art: he sits on his horse, and that is all. Erica can ride better than Karel, she has her own style, and no horseman could improve on her. She called her animal René, which Karel thinks is nonsense, but she thinks that René will then also enjoy it. When Hans let the

word 'Fledermaus' slip, her life immediately received inspiration and she had dropped René. It was Fledermaus right, left and centre. The name has been shortened a bit, because it has now become Mausje. That's women for you! Karel's horse is called Pete. It could not be simpler. Of course, Hans bought two, the animals are extremely good, they are beautiful animals, and they have a regal form. That is Hans!

People say that I am riding the best horse of all. Erica follows me, she gave me these feathers in my cap and the others have to accept her. I am riding! I am not sitting; I am riding! I love this sport so much and wish everyone could enjoy it. I see nobody, I do not wish to see anybody, but I do not roll out of the saddle either. I am completely one with the animal, which is a great sensation, you feel every nerve of the animal reaching yourself, and it is as if I feel the very strong animal heart in me. The horse is talking to me. Sientje understands me, I do not need to shout, it all happens of its own accord, she listens well and she does everything to make it as pleasant as possible for me. It is Sientje, not I, who has the talent to build up this unity, she tunes into the human being and I follow her in everything.

One afternoon I went out on my own, first stepping, then into a gallop. When I saw a nice piece of ground before me, I dismounted. I lie down and fell asleep. First there was darkness, it gradually became lighter. Sientje is standing next to me ... I hold onto the reins of the animal. I sleep and awaken again. I can see a beautiful landscape ... it is summer. Oh, where is that? Have I not been here before? It looks like Italy ... a beautiful plain, flowers everywhere, nature at its best. I can see a plain, well-kept grass everywhere. There before me is a tree, just one tree, full of blossom. I think, I wonder whether I have heard of this place. And ...? And ...? What can I see there? The little children; I look for René. I cannot see him. What are the children doing? They pick up the fallen blossoms, put them in coloured baskets and continue singing, joyful, excited.

Then I thought: this is the "meadow" of René! I believe him! I can see that the child possesses the truth. However, I am in the light! I did walk after him, but I made it under my own strength. I have a look where the children are going, but they are already gone, I cannot see them anywhere.

I stand up and look at the blossom tree. I can see and can sense, then understand what this means. I am so happy!

What a gem of a tree. This is a person! If you and I are sitting in the blossoms, surrounded by this cropped grass pitch, with this sun and blue sky above us, that sparkling blossom, you can say: I am rid of all troubles, I am mature, I am "born spring"!

Then it became evening for me and I could no longer see anything, but a moment later, I was wide awake. I looked around me, where was Sientje? The

animal lay behind me; it looks at me with its horses' eyes aware and eloquent and jumps up. I cry ... I cannot help it; Sientje is almost a person!

I continue, continue to think of the "meadow" and feel happiness growing within me. This noble animal is likewise a part of it, because she wants to do as people long from her. I did not think I was childish, but extremely rare, as I had not felt in years. I saw and I now live in the state of purity ... I could accept that everything was going well ... I just had to wait!

When I told Hans a few days later what I had been given, Hans gave me a cold shower by saying: "Frederik, you need a drink, you are losing your male consciousness."

I thought: thank you, Hans, I will speak to you later. Immediately afterwards he says:

"Do you think, Frederik, that a horse has received the character of a prairie dog?"

"What ..." I was silent and then he continued:

"I am saying it wrong, do not be afraid. I meant something completely different. I mean: does the horse get this body through the character? Or, the other way round, does it get this personality through the body?"

I did not reply and he continues:

"It is deadly serious to me, Frederik."

My soul refuses, but yet a moment later I utter:

"I do not know, but I think that all animal bodies give shape and personality to the inner life. That means that the soul of the animal determines the body!"

Now he asks, shocked: "What are you saying?"

"I told you something from the olden days, Hans. I do not know any more."

Silence, in which the feeling comes to me ... miss! That was then, now everything is different. Then he asks:

"Will you continue, Frederik?" Look, that is the old Hans. He says something himself, I hear:

"You must not forget, Frederik, I am extremely busy."

"I know, Hans, I can see that."

"And?" "The soul determines the body, Hans, I think that it is the case."

"Does that apply to all animals?"

"I cannot give you an answer to that. However, I think so!"

"And does the animal have a soul, Frederik?"

I wait a moment, then say: "Yes, an unaware one, compared to our soul. However, it can think and feel like a human. Take Sientje, for example."

"What do you mean precisely, Frederik?"

"I mean that the animals close to our environment have also achieved their

own independence. I even think that it is possible to give different types of animal human understanding. Take, for example, a good dog and, do not forget, a homing pigeon. You do not find the way home if you have had a drink. Then you end up at the neighbours, Hans, with torn trousers and your jacket in shreds, your hands injured and bloody. That does not happen to a pigeon. In my opinion, that indicates that a little creature like that is close to human consciousness.”

I look at him, then he asks timidly:

“Who spilled the beans, Frederik?”

“You did not see me, friend, doctor, and your colleagues did not see me either, but you almost knocked me down. Believe me, even if you had broken your neck – I would not have lifted a hand. I wanted to see whether you learned something. I would like to tell you, Hans, drinks do not help, if you do not make a medicine of them, you will be blind drunk.”

“Well, well, Frederik, that blow was spot-on!”

“Thank you!”

“Do continue.”

“If we start talking about the theosophists, Hans, then you would probably agree with them. However, I think differently about it. When you feel the animal heart beating within you, when the soul of the animal talks about the independent self, which has its own world to represent, like ours, you have to accept that they will also go back to the Divine All and represent His Self along with us. I feel that this life is a skin shed from ourselves!”

“What did you say?”

“I do not know. You should have remembered it. It happened outside of myself, it has nothing to do with my thoughts and feelings.”

“You are unapproachable, Frederik.”

“It is not like that, Hans, it is different, but I am outside of it.”

“You are a strange chap. I can no longer follow you, Frederik.”

“I myself can, Hans ... I can see gaps ... but the little crosses have broken their necks. I will tell you something, but then you will have to listen carefully.

Animals and humans are one, Hans. Have you never thought about these things? Never wondered why animals do not know insanity? Of course, there is rabies, but is that madness? I do not think that an animal is possessed. If you see that we people make too much fuss about our vested self – just look at those two wretches there in front of you – you will start to think very differently about it and only then can you make comparisons. The animal has remained itself in everything. However, Hans, can you not see then that the animal is free from low feelings, from a destructive mentality, the so familiar human animal-like carry-on? I am starting to feel – listen carefully – that all

life resulted from one cell.”

“From one cell? Therefore from God?”

“That is obvious ... However, if you follow that evolution, then you will come back to yourself and God lives behind that.”

“What are you leading up to, Frederik?”

“Did I not tell you that I am busy getting to know myself and the animal kingdom, nature? If you become free from your own castle, Hans, you will get contact with the universe. I am again in blossom, but this one is even more beautiful than the first one. When you look at the first tree, when you have seen all of it, you will start to feel that you are evolving and you will never again be off target. Now it is like it happens of its own accord, but you have to experience it first, which is not so easy.”

“What do you actually mean by that one cell, Frederik?”

“That is the origin of life, Hans. I do not yet know where it started. What the theosophists think of it can all be very nice, but I will go my own way. If I get contact with the supernatural for the Universe ... well, then what? Then what? One thing I do know, I see the blood of my body again in everything, even if it has another colour there. As far as the next stage is concerned, Sientje will tell me, she is already very busy with it. A dog and a cat now also have something to tell you, and a homing pigeon and not to mention the highest sort, a nightingale, for example.”

“You taking it very far, Frederik ... Are you not going too far?”

“Have you been able to determine from one of my actions that I am behaving abnormally? I will take care of that, Hans. But you live somewhere else, you are in another town.”

“That reminds me of something, Frederik ... I am leaving the town next week for a few months ... Leipzig, Berlin, Vienna ... those cities are calling me.”

“If it is necessary, you must go. I will hear from you. Greet Vienna from me ... Go to Franzel Kersten. Take his Stinkenbrunner on my account ... However, not two litres, Hans, then you will get a heavy Schwips ... good heavens, what a time was had there.”

“Come with me, Frederik.”

“No, never ... I may not leave for a second. My pigeons will be the first back, I think, then I will have to get going.”

“You are priceless, Frederik. I will go for a trot!”

There goes the wild one again. Peter is like a raging storm! I hope that every thing goes well. Hans cannot be seen in anywhere. The others already think that he has broken his neck, but when we go to the cafe to have a cup of tea, sir is sitting there like a naughty boy. Peter is running, and the animal likes that; it wants to see the plain. It is not a horse for this land, it likes the

desert, the thoroughbred is happy. Not Hans ... He is worried, but I know from where the wind is blowing.

He pays more attention to the ladies than he used to. Look, I think, this is why you have to go to Vienna ... Just work it out for yourself.

He is going for his studies, I will see what else happens, but that is a part of it. There will be a feast ... a pig will be slaughtered ... we will get to see and hear a lot of fuss and noise

I will go my way!

The animals take us home, everyone goes his own way to fulfil his task ... it is not nice, and life is monotonous. However, meanwhile I am working on my diary ... I am starting to see things more clearly; what used to be shrouded in a mist is now in the sunshine. Everywhere I look, there is blossom. That will be the future. Nothing can force me from the daily goings-on; I will continue to wait, because it is worthwhile. I am starting to see eloquent justice, universal unity in everything, and that which is trouble and misery to us people, contains Gods core, His Omniscient Eye, His Personality. The greatest happiness lives in the human heart, as a bond that no one can break, which is purely "love"!

After my daily work, I go for a walk. Now I thank Him that I have the means to be able to walk. I do not need to worry about anything. I am starting to understand that this has been laid aside for me. Everything has its own meaning, was calculated beforehand. I now think for thousands of people who are too lazy to do so, who have been dissolved in everyday life.

I start to feel a short peace again, a preparation for the other things which will come ... It is a stretch of road, where you stop for a moment to overview the future, to have some food and drink, and to reflect.

I now know that I have to let everything sink in, but it is part of me! There is no one in this world that can deny me this.

There is an interval in the hall ... people get their cup of tea and smoke their cigarette, just like all of us who take part in order to give shape to the play of their lives.

From the din outside you can hear what they think about it. Just a moment ago, there were already some flowers. I gave them to little René and you will see them when the curtain opens. René is now almost six years old ... the child draws and writes in his own way. Anna taught him to make smudges. Just a moment longer and we will continue ...

Frederik, René is writing strange letters, do you know what that means?

When I crossed the threshold a few days later, Erica and Anna storm towards me and behave very nervously. When I asked what the matter was, I heard a story about strange letters, about a child which cannot write, about strange behaviour and pulling faces and so on. When we were inside, Erica told me:

“René is writing strange letters, Frederik, do you know what that means?”

“Strange letters you say? Let me have a look.”

She gives me one of the letters. I see scribbling, a searching and fumbling to say something. The pencil has made swirling movements, but underneath I read, clearly visible:

“If the Apostles had known ... not one of them would have heard the crowing.”

That is really bad; truly, it is really bad. My God, what will happen? Nothing for years and now strange things ... Erica says: “I always knew that this writing was not natural, such a passion from a child is no longer human.” However, Anna shrugs her shoulders and is terribly shocked by it. Well, what is next?

“What does a child like that want with the Apostles, Frederik? Would it not make you frightened to death? Karel is half-destroyed by it. We do not know what to do.”

Here we are now, I do not know of a solution either. It seems supernatural, but it also smells of the work of the devil, an outside influence, you could say that René’s hand was being guided. Suddenly I see myself, I feel myself, when I was also writing and another power forced me to write something down that did not come from me. I now believe that my power and that of René represent one world, one thought, one soul, possess one personality, only I did not make any loops. Something has had a hand in this, something has been written here with certainty, which a child does not think about. What is the meaning of the writing? I read and reread, but say nothing.

Then none of the Apostles would have heard the cock crow. I write the sentence down and will think about it. First, I have to calm the women and I want to see René. The child is upstairs. We go to René’s playroom. When the boy sees me, he races towards me. I recognise the voice again, also the “Uncle Frederik” reaches me exactly as before. René is calm and does not know about anything. Erica lets slip:

“A mite like that is already talking about the Apostles now, about the cock

crowing ... It is enough to drive you mad.”

I put it down to the boy’s talent. When Karel comes home, he accepts it immediately. That is possible, he says, why not! However, a moment later he feels that this is not acceptable after all, because a child does not know any Apostles. “And the cock crowing?” Anna asks.

“What does a child know about a cock crowing? What does it know about Christ, because this has to do with Christ, after all? Are you trying to kid me about that? I do not believe it, it is bad, and it is the devil’s work. However, I do not know.”

“Anna!” Erica continues.

“If you ask me, this has nothing to do with talents. I see human talents in a different way. The intention is Christ, Anna is right. I feel broken by it. I am going mad! I thought as much. What a misery.”

Karel stares at the ground. He does not know. It is not talent and yet it is, but of a strange kind. That René, what does a child like that want? Does he already want to change people? Where does this thought actually come from ... it is rotten!

“What do you know about it, Frederik? After all, you understand these matters, do you not?” Erica is becoming sarcastic. I have to stop her. René is playing and pays no attention to all our talk. However, the pencils have disappeared. When I look for them, Anna says:

“Hidden away, Frederik, to prevent more disaster.”

Karel laughs about it, so do I, not Erica, she is moved. When we are downstairs, Karel says:

“What do you think about it, Frederik?”

“What do I think? I believe, Karel, that it is an outside influence.”

“What is that?”

“I cannot explain it just like that. It takes us to an extraordinary talent, to art, because the writing has something to tell us.”

“Do you call this art? Art? Talent? Extraordinary talent? Do not make me laugh, Frederik.”

“What would you want, Karel?”

“Nothing”, says Erica, “nothing! I want a normal child, nothing more, but also nothing less. Do you understand?”

Karel stops her. I listen, and we have lost the thread of our conversation. “Mouth shut”, says Karel. Now Anna interrupts; she has something to say.

“If you ask me, Frederik, then it is devil’s work.”

“Do not go too far, Anna”, Karel says, “What do we know about devils? Nothing. Just go. We will work it out.”

Anna leaves, Erica stays. Karel asks:

“Do you really think, Frederik, that this influence is from outside? That is

what you mean, is it not?"

"It has to be something like that, Karel. The thought, which is interpreted, is human, but certainly not childish. I would like to say, 'Thank You!' However, you are not capable of that."

"What would you like to say, Frederik?"

"Thank You, God."

"Good grief! That is really something", Karel lets slip. "That is going too far, Frederik."

"Yet I do not see it in a different way. What you find strange could possibly be the expression of a supernatural consciousness."

"Do not exaggerate, Frederik", Karel flings at me, "do not add any nonsense to it."

"You do not let me finish. Is this a child's writing? No, whose is it? It does not matter a jot to me, if you wish to know. Have you never heard of child prodigies. Karel? And you, Erica? Were Mozart and many others not supernatural?"

"And what do you mean by that, Frederik?" Erica asks.

"That is clear enough, after all. What was crawling to the piano for others, can be scribbling on paper for René. That is actually already happening. What you fuss about is a miracle to me. What upsets you, takes me to art with a spiritual A ... Whether there is talk of Apostles, they involve Christ, does not matter, I am concerned with the writing itself."

"Who are 'they', Frederik?" Erica asks.

"I do not know. They could be powers that are made conscious through his little soul, as a result this talent is present in life. Now the personality acts according to what lives in abundance inside. Is that strange? Do you think this is the devil's work? Must you get upset about this now? If I could act, Karel, I would leave everything as it was, I would even put the pencils down in front of his nose. You must not break such reactions. This soul expresses itself by writing; another child does it by something else. There has to be an outlet, the child has to be able to concentrate on something. Whether it is bitten by the cat or by the dog is not significant, if only you want to understand it."

Karel immediately agrees with me. He says:

"Seen very clearly, Frederik, my compliments. A psychologist could not have improved upon you."

Erica also thinks the same and is now a bit calmer. A moment later, she says:

"Just let him get on with it, pretend you know nothing, but let your child come to grief, Frederik?"

"Who says so, Erica?"

"You men always have something strange. However, I will pass on it. I will

not take part in hocus-pocus, good riddance to it.”

We are alone, Karel and I; the women are with René.

Anna already has telepathic feelings. Erica storms downstairs to tell about it. Anna already has a different opinion, she notices that René is looking for his things and thinks that is really upsetting. When she handed him some paper and pencils, René said:

“Thank you, Anna, I am so happy.”

“This boy is no longer a child, if you ask me, Karel. This is destroying me”. Erica drums into him. “It is up to you, I think that the child is playing with fire and you approve of that.” Karel looks dejected. He cannot give her an answer. Then he says:

“Anna is right ... Let come what may, but let the boy play. I will buy some fireworks for him later, as far as I am concerned, he can set fire to the lot, if you wish to know.”

Erica has another idea and dashes out of the door.

“What is she up to, Frederik?”

“Do you not sense that then, Karel?”

“Do you happen to know already?”

“You can follow her feelings, you can add one to the other. If you are open to a detective story with some human psychology you will know.”

“I can honestly say to you that I do not understand any of it.”

“Look, there she goes ... dressed up and with a red face. She is just like a red rag, now the bull is to follow.”

“What do you mean, Frederik?”

“That she is going to buy that bull. She is running to the store, Karel, and watch out, she will soon come home with a pile of toys. René has to get other thoughts, perhaps a few more different toys, but no pencils anymore. I tell you, that will last for five minutes. If the soul is focused into something that it wants to do and possess, we know from ourselves, Karel, then nothing can distract it from that. Children are adults, we are children, there is no difference to be seen, and the action remains the same. However, just let it go, it is better like this than all that shouting.”

“But what is it precisely, Frederik?”

“I already told you, Karel. René has a talent in him and that now expresses itself through writing. There is no more to it. Of course, the emotional life is clearly involved. What was written affects our lives and is of great significance. The writing takes us to Christ, which is truly not a trivial thing. It places us before facts of which we do not know the depth and necessity. I tell you: do not make a fuss, do not make things worse, accept it as an everyday matter and wait and see. Even if more letters come, what does it matter to you as long as the child remains normal.”

"I am worried about that, Frederik, that is what annoys all of us. Do you not think so?"

"You hit the nail on the head, Karel, and you are not off the mark, this is the way it is! I would leave him be. However, I tell you, you cannot change anything about it anyway. You cannot smother those feelings. If you do, then you will see that the child will suffer from it. You cannot stop his machine just like that. It operates through himself and through no other person, and if there was another person, then what? Give into it, let it happen as it is meant to happen, there is nothing here to give you reason to be afraid."

"I believe you are right. Just let him mess about. Yet, it is a strange affair. Do you not know any more about it?"

"No, I have no other angles. I have no doubts either about what happened. This was written so consciously that we can take our hats off to it and have nothing more to say, than amen! I think it is amazing, supernatural, Karel. I am curious whether it will happen again ...!"

We think about it. Meanwhile, Erica has come home with a pile of toys. Karel nods at me, I sensed her intentions well. All of us go upstairs. What reaction will we get to experience? René looks at the toys, climbs out of his little chair, studies things carefully, then throws one toy here and another toy there, does not say anything, looks at us for a moment, coos a bit and climbs onto his little chair. Erica talks to the child. She shows him what he has to do with the toys and Anna is also busy, but he still prefers his pencil to all these beautiful toys. He ignores them!"

"How unusual", Erica says. That will come.

What should we do? Let the child play and leave. We go back to the drawing room. Karel pours me a drink. We smoke a good cigar and talk. However, there is not much to say. It is there and it is not there! Between all of this, there is a chasm. René is the bridge, too weak to swing over it? Too strong, too non-transparent, too supernatural? Too devilish? Are we going from well-known dry land into an unknown ditch? Only God knows, Karel says, but he does not know and thinks, asks, searches, but does not get any core, any answer. How does Karel end up with God? What kind of beautiful images does he suddenly see? I leave him be and think about it. Within me is happiness; it is awe-inspiring. No one understands it or can see it in me ... but my soul and the life of René is in blossom ... this is a wonderful one, I see, which came straight from "Jerusalem"!

When I came back a few days later, they were arguing. Anna wants to leave, it is impossible to talk to these people, she says. It is as if Erica is possessed. She runs through the house day and night and does not know anymore what to do. She throws all kinds of things; she roars at Anna and Karel, nothing helps, she is really upset. And all because of René? I ask first how

the child is. I had agreed with Anna that she would call me as soon as little René had written something new. However, Anna did not come. Meanwhile, I wrote in the diary:

“The lions and tigers came back. Now the howling of the jackal can no longer be stopped. Anna, who has done everything to keep that wild riffraff outdoors, no longer knows what to do, but she knows what to do about the fact itself, she acts naturally. It is her love for René, which brought back the pencils, the only chance to keep the child quiet, as all of us already have had to accept. Our journey is going to begin!

Karel has taken up position in the engine room; the cases have been packed. We are already in the jungle, even if it appears as if we have not yet seen the city image disappear. Or is it the case that the animals come towards us? The barricade has been broken! It is raining and it is stormy. The guns are already firing, but Erica is shooting aimlessly. Karel is calmly loading, and I pass the bullets, because I see that it is still no fun, although I am really interested how the loot will be.

However, it is a miracle – placed between two brackets – it is a great miracle, even if I do not understand the slightest thing about it. I am not ahead of things in any way. If there is anything, I will hear about it, soon I will go to them and then I will see how things are. I do not yet think about the actual event, but I know that I will be proved right! This is also a great foundation, you will see.”

Erica asks me to have a talk with Anna; she does not want to miss her for all the money in the world. Anna is in the garden, and I go to her.

“Do not look up, Anna, there is Erica, behind the curtains. She does not want to miss you for all the money in the world, Anna. That is all I have to say to you, and we know each other.”

“Is it not a mess here, Frederik? I will not allow myself to be driven crazy. I cannot cope with this; she is behaving like a possessed person. Karel is exactly the same. Are they people? Should I let the child bawl, because Erica does not want it to play with pencils? Let him write, Frederik. And then what? I am on your side, as long as you know. You are right, they are crazy here.”

“But Anna, what will René do if you are no longer here? You are hurting the child, not Erica or Karel. René cannot do without you. I am also here, after all, Anna, do you not think that is how it should be?”

Anna smiles. “You as well?” she lets slip. “One cannot refuse you anything. Just go!”

When I come into the room Erica is also there:

“Is she staying, Frederik?”

“Of course she is staying. However, you must not behave so childishly. What is actually the matter?”

Erica pouts. She does not say and I understand that they are all to blame. They do not know what to do anymore. They hear a cock crowing – good heavens, how serious it is!

As if the storm can hear us, and feels that we people just possess trivial personalities, another gust follows, which makes the houses shake, breaks lamp posts, gives the animals from such a jungle a fright, as a result of which they search closer to home, because they think that the people will protect them. However, who wants to be involved with jackals and snakes? Anna, who has walked straight to René, races downstairs as if she has been bitten by a scorpion. Her eyes are flickering, panting, she stands before us and says:

“Here, we have not made it yet ...! God preserve me!”

Erica tears the paper from her hand and reads. She blushes as far as the back of her ears, her lips tremble. She is not standing, but she stamps like a horse, which is on the stampede. She turns her eyes, she weeps ...!

Then I get the thing in my hands. I see the same movements ... there is also a little cross on it. Underneath it I read:

“People are worse than wild animals ...!” Written underneath, as if it was meant for an adult, was:

“Do not take any notice ... poop as I do ... poop as I do ...!”

This is even worse! It is dreadful! I now know that there is an outside influence. Erica asks Anna:

“Where was this note?”

“On the ground. I picked it up and saw that something had been written again.”

Anna disappears. Erica has completely lost her control and calls for Karel. However, he has just left town and will be back home late this evening. Is it a pity? What do you want to know from Karel?

I do everything to calm the women down. I manage that quickly enough with Anna. She says: “As far as I am concerned, the lightning can do writing, just let it strike as well, it is no good like this. I am going to René.”

“And all because of a child who does not know anything about the language or writing, Frederik.”

“But René can talk, the child is already babbling?”

“Are you trying to talk your way out of it?”

“I am not talking my way out of anything – I will even leave that to one side whether that is already possible. I would not make a fuss. Erica, give in to it. I am going to René!”

The boy is now playing with the things he has not looked at for days. Erica is beaming. Anna has tears in her eyes. I think it is terrible ... we are home and dry, through storm and rain to the sunshine, you cannot see any more snakes and tigers, you do not hear any lion. We are in the middle of the bush,

in the middle of the wilderness, but there is no animal to be seen. That is anticipated, suspicious as well ... I do not cry about it. We see a miracle. We are standing next to it and it plays under its own power, it is visibly conscious as well. It is a child! Is all of that because of its large head, which is no longer large anymore? All of that because the mother felt phenomena and did not know what to do with herself? She, who wanted to drink alcohol? She, who played the piano as only the great pianists could? The child plays, it looks at the little train, at the balls and I do not know how many other things, at everything, which Erica gave him. She now thinks: it has helped after all. It serves a purpose, and the toys are being played with.

We stand watching for a full hour, but nothing else happens. The pencils, which are there for the taking, are no longer looked at. There is nothing peculiar to be seen. I go downstairs; Erica follows.

“Now, Frederik, is this clear to you?”

“Where this comes from, Erica, there is talent.”

“You can keep it as far as I am concerned, I do not choose for that talent. Honestly, tell me, is it not frightening? Should we adults think about this? Should we just let this mad carry-on be?”

“What do you want to do?”

“If only I knew. If only Hans was here now. However, he is out of town and the others are no good to you! And Karel!”

I will go, but will return. “Do not take any notice”, it says, “poop as I do ... poop as I do ...!” René, it should have said at the bottom, then everything would have been perfect, now we have to search a while. However, it is art.

I write:

“If I use my brains, there is nothing the matter. I am only afraid that the nervous system will not cope with that. I talk of being afraid, however, it is not that, I mean curious. I am worrying about nothing. What a fuss. Really too inhuman for a person, if you do not see any blossom trees, which are invisible and yet are part of your life. It is René! His soul is writing! His spirit and personality are far ahead of the tender body. The child already wants to overtake me! Had he not talked about ‘poop’ when we met each other in our dreams? To me it is the case!

What happened there, a while ago, in the invisible, was therefore experienced inside through soul, spirit and personality, has materialised! It seems as if we belong to each other. I get an explanation for what René is doing. Then what if this life is so far and it has already overtaken me as material? I think it is an amazing day. The sun is shining and is now already wearing the universal garment. René is illuminated by it! Everything is good! There is nothing frightening about it! I had not thought that it would happen so soon. However, I am not able to give them a full explanation, which will

come later ... I think that this is for all of us. They are wonderful foundations ... the things poop is good for.

I have to possess sacred respect for the hand that brought this about. Yet, I do not know, nor can I determine if it is his own hand. A spiritualist would say: it is a spirit. However, I do not accept that; what kind of mentality is it? Do those people have nothing else to do? Is this the entertainment of an adult? Do spirits have to come back to the earth in order to play with poop through children, in order to make drawings for themselves and for us? I understand that real drawings will also be made one day through this, because you can already see that now. However, that spiritualist idea must not be added. You now miss out thousands of pieces, and you suddenly jump through worlds, which you have not seen anything of before. That is your fall! No, the personality is writing here. Even if the personality is not yet aware of the earthly, it is possible! Does this have anything to do with occult laws? I do not know! I think that the inner life shows itself to the daily consciousness, just as with Erica and all the other mothers. René has been fertilised! From himself! Because life possesses that sensitivity. Whether it is true? I will wait and see; I am not going too far! I am in no way prattling.”

Now that we are sitting together – Karel already knows what happened – peace has returned, personalities have calmed down again, it is time to ask questions. We do not all shout at the same time, of which you soon will have enough of after a while. Karel opens his mouth and asks:

“What do you think about it, Frederik, do you have an analysis for yourself?”

Erica is curious, she already grins at me, and Karel is waiting. I answer and tell them what I casually wrote in the diary. Karel thinks it is marvellous! Erica cannot understand it. Anna now watches over the child belonging to all of us like a mother hen. Karel says:

“It is really the only explanation, Frederik. I do not want anything to do with that occult carry-on either. We should really be satisfied.”

“That is wrong”, Erica says, attacking Karel. “It is hiding behind René’s mask. Is this not a mask, Frederik?”

“I do not think so, because you can see the things, after all.”

“Frederik is right, Erica, why should we make a fuss? There is nothing the matter ... Do the same as Anna, learn from it and just let it come to lightning. You do not need to long for it, but what can you do about it?”

When Erica is upstairs with Anna, Karel asks:

“Tell me honestly, Frederik, is there any danger involved? Could this not be harmful to the organic life of the child?”

“That is the only thing, Karel, which I think of. The rest is invisible in front of you and gives you a beating.”

“That is the way it is. But how in God’s name is it possible, Frederik. What do we really know about a person? Nothing! If we could just clearly analyse a machine like that, not in death, but in life, we would probably know more. They are problems. I will be really interested to hear what the gentlemen have to say about it. I want to have them here as soon as possible, I will let you know beforehand.”

“Thank you, Karel.”

That will be really something! It is what I long for. It will be a treat; I want to hear the gentlemen now.

Four days later, we meet up. René is fine, there is nothing the matter again. Erica pours tea, while we sit around the fireplace smoking.

Karel is sitting opposite me, next to him is Hans, and then Dr. Ten Hove, between me and the wagtail are Dr. Van Stein and Dr. Van Hoogten. Gathered here are: a layman with five doctors, amongst whom a psychologist-psychiatrist, namely Hans, a general practitioner, a paediatrician and a gynaecologist – a half university together. What an overabundance, I think. Dr. Ten Hove feels like he has been called to the Court, the man does not think, does not give any answer, he cannot find any explanation for it. Stein looks serious, it is Dr. Van Hoogten now talking, but he does not want to know anything about spiritualism. He feels more for the subconscious and the rest is over-estimation, which we do not understand and is apparently a word that sticks to the latter or continued to stick. We have a look, Hans gets a coughing fit, Karel an inner convulsion. Erica looks round the circle with a face as if a spider was making music, although the grand piano was closed.

What does Dr. Ten Hove think of it? It is Karel who challenges him. However, the wagtail does not know. This name has not yet been materialised, but when I let Karel know how he should now see him, he laughs himself silly. The personality of the wagtail is twittering, we cannot make any sense of it, it is neither science nor layman’s talk, and it is neither here nor there. However, ... it is a strange case! He does not know, after all.

Dr. Van Hoogten lets us know that he has heard of such a case once before. However, then it concerned a child of three years, or even younger, which recited a verse by a somewhat corpulent poet, which was not an easy thing even for an adult dramatist. Strange things exist in the world. If he had looked at it from a Para psychological viewpoint, then there would have been material in it and it would have worthwhile to research it. Hans does not say a word, he is waiting for me, and he will soon ask what I think of it, because the scholars do not know! I am careful!

It continues to float between subconscious and influence; the unknown subconscious wins. However, what is that exactly? No one knows. Hans, who is by no means an idiot, after all, who is very busy becoming a professor,

is faced with a great problem and yet he does not know what to do about it. They avoid the subject and keep talking about the health of the child. Erica listens ... she will soon snap, I can see and feel ... you will see something.

The conversation goes back and forth. The academics give analyses as to why a cow can laugh. They whistle, they sing – it is really nice. The words have been chosen extremely well, there is nothing the matter with them, but they do not come through the mask. I am enjoying myself! Now we are faced with laying the foundations. Yet, I will not be able to give them an answer, because I would have to start from the very beginning again and it would take more than three weeks before I am finished. Erica speaks up:

“There you are now ... at a loss for words. What a university. Where are you now, Hans? How much did you learn during your big journey? Now you can give lectures! And you, Karel? A process? Nature? When I was walking round with my phenomena visible you did not even know, what do you hope to know about this? Nothing? You will never know! Frederik knows!”

Hans smiles. He does not dare to ask me a question, now out of respect for my personality. Is it deadly serious to him? They look ... Karel says:

“Frederik has an extraordinary explanation for it. I have to say: actually the only answer.”

“Tell us, Frederik ...!” It is Hans who is asking. Dr. Ten Hove and Dr. Van Stein just shrug their shoulders, Dr. Van Hoogten with slightly less humility. I tell them what I wrote in my diary and reported to Karel ... Then it was back to thinking. Hans asks again:

“Where did you get that certainty from, Frederik?”

“Where? Through what, you should have said, and then we will make progress. This cannot be discussed gentlemen of the profession; you are not yet at that stage. This university still has to awaken. What you know about psychology, the chicken knows about its egg, it cackles a lot, but does not know the laws of its own nature. It does not know that a soft egg pushes forward from its body, which is brick-hard less than a second later, although it is a great miracle, but which it does not actually cackle for. Now that is the subconscious of René”

Here is a lunatic talking. Yet, Hans says:

“A wonderful comparison, Frederik. Amazing.’ Hans has to laugh aloud. Karel gives him a helping hand; Erica bursts out laughing. Only Dr. Ten Hove and Dr. Van Hoogten – Dr. Van Stein likes things like this – pull a long face and think that they are being made a fool of. Dr. Van Stein has changed somewhat; he has spent more time recently with Karel and now already knows me a bit. Hans asks:

“What do you mean exactly, Frederik?”

“It is very simple, Hans. That thing with René is no different. Before the

head could carry out the work, it was materialised on the way. What happens from behind with a chicken, races in René's case through his big head, then it hops through his body and his hands get the chance to work it out. Then his subconscious said something, his emotional life reacted and look, pooping followed!"

Outside they can hear Hans and Karel laughing. Anna comes to see what is the matter; Erica already meets her and bursts out laughing again. Dr. Ten Hove and Dr. Van Hoogten are the ones who think that they are being cheated on purpose this evening, they look at Karel and Erica and Hans is also under suspicion. Hans asks me again to continue: I now feel that it is becoming worthwhile and I am open to it. There is no scientific explanation. They quote Freud, Adler and other famous people, they follow human history, go through theosophy and spiritualism again, in order to finally come home with an empty report. They do not know. Nothing can be done about it – they do not know! Hans asks again, but is now interrupted by Dr. Ten Hove. Dr. Ten Hove feels that this is his only salvation; Dr. Van Stein also helps him. Dr. Van Hoogten looks at the others from a space, he lives for this study just above the street gutters and waits. He takes it in a bit easier. Dr. Ten Hove keeps Hans talking, Karel and Erica think it is a priceless comedy, they have never laughed so much before. Then Hans gets the opportunity of shaking Dr. Ten Hove off him and he asks me again for an explanation.

"What do you wish to know, Hans", I utter dryly, as if the child of three years old has awakened again. Hans already sees that I think the whole affair is a fine carry-on. He knows that I will now throw in the towel, but sometimes I will perhaps explain things very accurately.

"Just continue", he says. "We are waiting!"

"What can you say about these things now. I tell you, I am just a layman. You are learned people. However, do you think my explanation is so trite? Do you think that a chicken understands its own miracle? I tell you, the answer is no, it is true. A spider does not know either how artfully it spins its web. If we people knew consciously all the things we have in our power, you and I would be capable of speaking to horses and all creatures, as if they were people. Do you see a skin like that – such a life left behind? It is as if you come to stand before Father Abraham and Isaac, who will then explain the whole bible to you in five minutes, which is not at all possible. However, it started there. I mean the deformed facial expression. You now see nothing else but masks. This is also wearing a mask, but I already told you: you can see from that drawing and writing where that mustard comes from. Now Abraham has told you that there was no mustard, but abbey cough syrup, which you cure your children with!"

I have to stop ... The laughter increases ... It takes more than a quarter of

an hour before spirits are a bit calmer. Hans asks me again to continue. Karel now pours a drink, we smoke some more cigars and Erica looks as if she has never been so happy. I begin with deadly seriousness, but there is constantly something that wrenches me from the story and then there is nonsense. That makes me think, because is it not exactly the same as in René's case? I start by saying:

"Although we see the facts, can check the actions, we are still faced with a mystery. I do not dare to use the word occult, because I will then know that Karel and Erica will not sleep tonight. However, if I am following a natural line, the details about René and about Erica during her pregnancy, as well as the details of that other woman who felt beforehand that she would get a beard, then I am standing in a garden with unfamiliar flowers, which I can pick just like ordinary flowers and put in a vase. Now the powers therefore reach unity. Do people like us know where we have lived? Do the gentlemen believe in reincarnation, and rebirth? Rebirth? Is the soul only on earth once? Did the soul not lay wind eggs ever before? Or is it still also accurate for its natural consciousness received through God? Those wind eggs are now the unborn thoughts of the person. It has to do with the life of the soul, is part of the subconscious, but represents its own world, which can never be seen by people like us. We people draw from this, Beethoven and Mozart created as a result of it, Rembrandt painted, Titian as well, but René comes to pooping and writing poetry as a result of it ... Is that so difficult to understand?"

They enjoy it, but I feel that the deadly seriousness in me is taking shape and thinks it is quite enough! I am already disgusted by these academics, I think of only Karel and Hans as natural people, the others think that I am insulting their pantheon and cannot stand a bit of fun. Dr. Ten Hove and Dr. Van Stein would prefer to run off. Dr. Van Hoogten is not far off it. What do you want to talk about? I am not yet that far myself. Hans challenges me again. He knows that we know more about it and have laid great foundations. Yet, he understands me and says:

"It is meant seriously, is it not, Frederik, but which phenomena are they? Is it possible that there is a question of a spiritualist influence?"

"Do you believe in a life after death? Has the soul already been on earth more than once? Is there a subconscious? What do you know about the subconscious? Nothing! You talk about a subconscious, but what is it? What do you know about the being and about the life? Nothing! Freud and all the others lose themselves in sexual nonsense, they are right about many things, have touched on things on which you now stand, but what is it? You do not know! You can bow to it. What is the subconscious, Hans? Just try talking your way out of it, talk in a very learned way so that I no longer understand a thing about it, I tell you: you do not know! You are powerless. Yet, there must

be an explanation to be found for this. I repeat: This child is a miracle. I bet you all that this is a spiritual child prodigy. Our René is that!”

There they sit. Erica is beaming. Karel smiles and does not trust what is happening. Hans knows me. The others say nothing yet, now the wagtail is loosening up and asks:

“You are saying, Frederik, that Rene is a spiritual child prodigy?”

“Did you not hear what I just said? Is what Beethoven and in particular, Mozart did not brilliant? I know that this cannot be explained, for this purpose I would have to have the whole Universe in my pocket. However, I will readily admit that I am just a layman, but I tell you that what is happening here, is supernatural. I am no longer talking about that ‘pooping’, that is just a side issue. However, just try imagining it? What does a child like that know about Christ, gentlemen? What does it know about an Apostle? Should we not accept that the soul is an eternal personality? Do you believe, I ask you again, in hells and heavens? I tell you, Dr. Van Hoogten, and you as well, Dr. Van Stein, you are somewhat inclined towards the church, but if no faith, no religions had been born to this world, there would not be any crazy people either. Is that such a stupid idea? However, where does it lead us? What are you trying to say if the soul has achieved no more experience than in this one life? Do you believe that God gives one child everything and damns the other? Do you really believe in a Father of Love? What kind of people are you – pardon me, I do not want to hurt anyone – but do you not think things through, do you not go deeper? Do you remain on the surface of life and do you not wish to know anything about all those other things?

René has to be a spiritual child prodigy. Even if nothing else arises, this is already enough to establish that we do not yet know about our human machine. I tell you: we have not worked it out yet. Whatever happens – and now listen carefully what a layman tells you – we will experience miracles. All of this has to do with supernatural consciousness. It comes from a world which Freud and the others would have been able to enjoy if they had had the sense for it, which has, however, not been proved by far. For this purpose you have to go to the East, to ancient Egypt, if you wish to know, it is there where this ‘Lotus’ was consecrated!

Are you being bombarded with hundreds of thousands of problems? I tell you that we are faced with this miracle for a new ‘age’! Everything which people like us has achieved, started with wading in the mud. Well, in this case it smells a bit like ‘child poop’ and is that now so terrible? I bet with the gentlemen, well, I want to wage a bet with the gentlemen. Do I want that? No, we, namely René and I, against all of you! Unimportant people like us against the world, against you, because we do not believe in a God who damns!

It is our University against your unconsciousness, because that is the intention. I could show you foundations, could explain much of what is happening, but you cannot be convinced. I know that you cannot miss out any parts, but you do not think! What Karel calls a process, which is nature to him, gets a higher consciousness from René and me, a personality that is eternal. That becomes a person. You are going to pieces with your own self. You have cut it, you have seen that dead body, but you do not know what has lived in it. It can now write and it is still a child! People are worse than wild animals. You do not understand that, because a child says it, which does not know a thing about language! But try looking behind this mask? Did you not see that soul flying? Do you not wait with a person on his deathbed to see whether the soul will come or not? You will not find that sacredness there anymore ... The answer lies in the street gutters ... You are right on top of it. Now just make fun of everything and shrug your shoulders! You cannot see any more or anything else, just put this Galilean behind bars as well! Just hang him up or pull the soul from this body. Just burn this life at the stake as well, and run away fast, because you yourself are afraid of accepting a God who is just and of devoting your life to this. You do not dare to call a halt to your theologians ... you are afraid for your possession which has no value for our university, because you do not know the soul!

Did you really think that God sent His children to earth too soon? They come exactly on time and they have gifts within them or they are here in order to build a consciousness for themselves. René is one of them!

What is now a worry to Erica and Karel will soon be happiness! Lunatics will help this world progress, and will elevate the human being to higher regions. You cannot accept this, but you will see, the masses walk next to creation! It is your lunatics!

Who throws a religious maniac into the madhouse, into Hans' institution? You do that as a theologian! You kill the soul, because you talk of damnation. Every word which is pronounced from the pulpit and which speaks of damnation, is a nail in the eternal coffin ... for the soul, which now sees its universal self smothered. It is a slap in the face of God; it is its illness! Stop with that damnation, God is a Father of Love!

What happens to René has to do with the subconscious, the soul and the spirit. With progress and awakening! With hell and heaven, with macrocosms and with microcosms. This is great and supernatural, if you wish to know, because it brought a lunatic! However, I no longer dare to say that all lunatics have lost their senses, the phenomena show that other laws are speaking.

I tell you, you will not find gallstones in this life, or any sawdust which flows straight through the liver to the kidneys and is balanced there in order

to purify this life of every contamination, behind that the soul sees the mask. However, you do not see that ... you are blind and will remain so? Yet you laugh? Are you so sure that all is well? Do you really think that God has no more happiness for us? That the soul achieves its divine 'nirvana' in the five minutes, which an earthly life lasts? I tell you, if you want to get to know the soul, descend into this world, put on your other diving suit, because you feel a lack of the breath of life here. Search for it in life, in yourself, the phenomena will show you the way upward! Descend into this human, immeasurable self, get rid of theories ... lay new foundations – do not stand still, because you are particles of the new life! Knowledge has no meaning, feeling does, because that is eternal!"

I look at Hans, and I can see by his eyes that I have been successful. The others have sacred respect for his word.

"With Honours, Frederik!"

I thank him, and Karel and Erica shake my hand. I see friendly faces; I feel submission. Let it happen the way it happens. Hans looks at Dr. Ten Hove ... the wagtail had fallen asleep, it is night to him and his kind. He looks at his wife, who dances with Tom, Dick and Harry – somewhere, where he is not present. Dr. Van Hoogten is dozing off and Dr. Van Stein looks full to the brim. They talk for a bit and leave. One attacked the other, now they all have their systems and proof. Hans has become wiser, he thinks in a different way. Vienna is guilty of it, Grinzing ... the wine, love as well!

The conversation goes back and forth, everyone says something, and the academics exchange thoughts. They admit whole-heartedly that the spiritual faculties are at a dead point. They do not need to feel ashamed; nothing can be done about it. They follow René again, the phenomena of Erica and the other mothers. They fly over the earth and talk about Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Freud, they go and have a look in ancient Egypt, enter a temple and just walk out again, they draw and scribble just like little René did. Do they make progress? There is nothing left of anything!

"Well", Hans says, "what do we really possess." Technology can carry on, just like the doctor, for example Karel. It is you, Dr. Van Hoogten and Dr. Van Stein, and the wagtail who pretends that he is not there. "We do not know the soul! We are powerless, but you have something to hold onto whilst we are empty-handed. Illness and troubles in the world – whether you are crazy or seriously ill – they are troubles. Our character is no good. It is us! We have to begin another age. I wanted to be the only one who had to make the decisions! Precisely, Frederik, I wanted to be allowed to say it, then everything would be different."

Hans ... But it is talking into an empty space. Karel lets them out, they have talked until there is nothing left to say, the academics disappear, the

stage empties. They go all over the place, I remain the only one behind, but Erica comes back. She asks:

“You will never leave my child alone, will you, Frederik?”

“Never, Erica, if it is in my power, I will be there. As long as I live I will be beside him.”

When Erica goes upstairs, I remain seated for a little while to think, but then it is also time for me. There is silence around me. I do not shiver, but a feeling within me asks: “Now what?” However, I can see it. My soul still wants to say something, and then I hear myself:

“Did you see all those masks?”

Then I left, the curtain closes, and we go onto the next act. Is there still suspense? A wave of feelings bombards me. Now what this time ...?

I go straight home. I feel like making some notes. Someone is walking behind me who is mumbling to himself and is apparently angry about something or other. That is not happiness either. What is happiness? I am happy! What is harmony? I want to become it! Because I do not believe that, I am that. The man is still mumbling. He disturbs the peace that was within me. I go for a little walk ... There that is better.

That also gave me something to think about.

Another mask like that, always masks, you never see a person in harmony. Is there no happiness?

How hard you are to understand, Father!

Do you not see, Frederik, that our child is becoming deaf and dumb?

As a result of the notes, I was overwhelmed with problems that required to be experienced and written down, one by one. This is a new phenomenon, which deserves my attention. It is the fault of the academics. If those people had not talked about Socrates and Plato, I do not believe that my feelers would have reacted so sharply to the scientific carry-on as I now experienced. They are now ghosts to me. It is remarkable ... evil, good, justice, love and happiness, passion and violence, lovingness and good will, the whole dictionary for good and evil, they are all human characteristics which wear a mask and stand before me. Just look behind that. They want to be experienced; they ask for it, they challenge me. Finally, I see René.

The child sits and plays with human characteristics like lead soldiers. It takes hold of such a characteristic one by one and studies the scene. You would say, I think to myself, that even now he already knows what is good and what is wrong ...! When his life emits that he sees a good soldier before him, I see a smile appearing behind his mask, which, however, hides itself as quick as lightning or through another power, to come back a moment later as something completely different. Then René throws the thing away. He kicks it with his little legs, looks around, as I do ... and it is also to him as if he sees those characteristics as living personalities before him. Now it becomes too much for the child, he lies down in the middle of the room and wants to sleep.

Is it a vision? Does this mean something? When the image has disappeared, I feel somewhat relieved, the urge from all those human characteristics decreases. What am I actually living in? What is the meaning of all this? Are we experiencing trouble again? In my book, it says:

"I believe that we are moving towards another time. Changes will come for René. I thought at first that I would be analysing scientific notes, now it seems that it is René who does it. I cannot work it out yet, but it means something. I do not feel any anxiety, but I am starting to understand that they need me there.

It is the human dictionary that the boy is experiencing and sees as shapes before him. A feeling within me says that we are tuned to each other completely and that René passes the things of his little life to me. So influence from afar is possible, after all, or we possess, which I can most certainly accept, a telepathic unity, which you can actually perceive everywhere in nature.

This is it! I will not continue, but this is it!! We are flowers of one colour, we are of one type of feeling, and I also believe that our characters experience that unity. As a result of this everything speaks! It is not bad!”

Then I lie down and soon fell asleep. A short while later – it begins very hazily, as if I was walking in a mist – I feel that I am outside. The weather clears up. It is morning; the dew is lying on the fields and has attached itself to everything. However, the sun comes and soon everything is different. It will be a beautiful day. You will see.

I go through woods and plains, the greenery outside smiles at me, birds are singing. Over there is a large tree again, I see one. My eyes look at the ground and there I see a child. The little being leans against the mighty monster. Who is it? I think of René ... There is a wide ditch between me and him. I cannot reach the child. I call, but do not get any answer. My call is louder; the child looks for just a moment and goes to sleep again. Yet, it is awake. I call again: Ré-nééééé ... I emphasise both e's. I note a slight shock, the child is dosing and there is not a sound out of him. I feel pain, suffering ...! It is playing with something and from afar, I can feel that it is the lead soldiers. I also lie down; from my place, I follow the child. He does nothing but stare for some time. He does not see me.

Now the child starts to move. When he gets up, he falls to the ground. He stands up again but stumbles. The child leaps up again, but does not get any further. It seems to me that the child is dizzy. Yet, he wants to leave here, and go into nature. However, that is not working. He sits down again, leaning against the great monster. There is no blossom to be seen. This is a different nature; it is another life. The child falls asleep. I think; I rub my forehead, I want to know what it could be and a moment later, I look up in order to see what it is like there. René has gone! The child has dissolved. When I search the area, I see him disappearing over a hill yonder. This life has gone before my eyes and my environment. The life is walking! However, for a while he will ... What will he?

After such dreams, I keep waking up. I then think consciously about the experience and usually I see the answer. Now as well! It tells me that we are entering a different time. If I study myself, but through comparisons with regard to René, then I know. Now people like us can say that everything is a coincidence, but I see those little soldiers of René again with the academics. That is the dictionary, but René succumbs under it. That dictionary lives in him. What the academics call subconscious haunts the child. It means that something is brooding in that life, as a result of which it is being crushed to death. It is so heavy, that it completely dominates this life. However, behind it I saw space, new life! The child suddenly gets the strength to carry on. So – trouble and happiness? The sun shone! The day absorbs him; there is light!

Should we despair? No! I am prepared again and go to sleep!

Less than four days later Anna storms into my room in order to tell the great news. She cries until she has cried enough. She is totally beside herself. Then she says:

“Come with me, Frederik, we think that René is going mad.”

“What did you say, Anna? René mad? Calm down a bit ... it is not yet that far.”

On the way, I hear what has happened this time. Karel has the letter; I will soon see it. It is not so much a question of the letter, but René looks like he is deaf and dumb.

Karel is expecting me. “Here, Frederik”, he says, “just look for yourself.”

I read between the curly lines ...

“When I see Anna’s bare bottom, I call hah, hah, hah! I call, hah, hah, hah ...!”

We go upstairs. Erica says:

“Do you not see it then, Frederik? Our child is becoming deaf and dumb!”

René is sitting in his cot, is not looking, but staring straight ahead. My God, how can it be, he is sitting there just as he was sitting against that tree! He wants to get up, yet falls back. He gets up again ... he falls, tries to get up again and collapses in a heap ...

Erica races to the child, but before she is with René, I am standing before her.

“Have patience, just for a moment! Let him be.”

René tries to get up again, but he cannot! The child rolls back onto the cot. I know what Karel is thinking. Polio ... occurs to me, but I do not believe in that. René remains lying down, closes his little eyes. I place my hand on his head for a moment; it is cool. No fever. Karel already says it, for that matter: No fever ... What then? René is already sleeping!

We are sitting downstairs. Erica is weeping ... Anna is weeping. The women go upstairs. Karel says:

“Is this not awful, Frederik?”

I have to talk ... I have to tell him what I dreamt. However, Erica and Anna have to come downstairs, they also have to know. Karel calls and they come immediately. We are all serious when I start talking.

“Leave that letter for what it is. That will come later ... What you now see is of a temporary nature. Like everything else, for that matter. I still maintain that René is a spiritual child prodigy! My dream and this event are one condition. Or do you not believe it? Science tells us nothing. Science does not yet believe in dreams. Science does not know that older people and children, children and older people, support each other in this life, especially if it concerns natural and supernatural matters. I sense that it will be of little use to

you people here, but now the following.

I have checked this I am therefore talking from experience, through proof.

Two people in this world want to write. They know nothing about each other ... so each will start a book. When the first book came out the second one was also published. Now we are faced with the fact. Both books are exactly the same; one must have stolen it from the other. The court is involved, but there is no proof, these people were one through a supernatural power. It does not matter what it is exactly, it happened! It is obvious that they drew lots to see whose book would be published. The manuscripts were as alike as two peas in a pod. Each chapter exactly the same, beginning, plot, everything!

If you do not believe in spiritual unity, then this example is no use to you. I now tell you that René will get better ...! I saw him disappearing over the mountains, there was sun, light, he was walking alone, but he knew where he was going. When I looked at him there, I saw that falling and getting up. He kept trying it again. He did not manage. Yet the child tried again, it did not work, he fell to the ground, just like upstairs in his cot. That is all!"

Erica is a bit calmer. Anna cannot understand it, but she says:

"And that letter then, Frederik? Is that not terrible?"

"It is, Anna, but that will not break him."

"But René is not a grown man? I have the feeling as if I am being spied on. I do not dare to undress anymore. Ugh...!"

Karel is depressed. The women go upstairs again. I say:

"If you read this, Karel, it seems as if it has been written to the beat of music. So musical as well." I whistle the tune. I do not understand it, but it is there, it is music. I race upstairs and call Erica. A moment later, she is sitting at the grand piano. I look for the notes, because I believe that I have heard this tune before. Exactly! Now that I hear the notes, I know. It is Erica! When she played like a devil, this octave was constantly produced, which gave me the creeps because she was so provocative. Then that beastly part started, which made me tremble and shake so, that I called her a wild cat. But now what?

Erica thinks it is nonsense and leaves. I explain the whole thing to Karel. He does not understand it, and does not know that Erica was so upset in her time. I call it influence through the mother. Karel now thinks that it is possible. When the mother feels beads and suchlike, the child is also capable of experiencing, undergoing the same process from the mother, because both lives are one.

I get these people out again ... There is a moment of relief. Yet, there is a tremendous pressure in the house. Life becomes heavy in this way, and

no one can deal with it. However, Karel has to agree that this is the only solution. The writing remains a great mystery. To me it is a fact that this is the only possibility of determining what is really the matter. This is the only explanation. René is not linked to devils' work. He comes up from inside and looks into this rotten world. Just at that moment, it saw Anna standing naked, no more ...

"Does that not make you laugh, Karel?"

Karel indeed laughs. He says:

"It really seems like you are building a new university."

"I am working on it, Karel, these are the foundations. However, Anna has become frightened and that is even worse, because I do not know what I should do about it.

The subconscious, Karel, likes a diversion. You can see that. That being is laughing. Do you not know that? There you are! I do not believe that René is bewitched. Erica thinks that the devils of hell have got him. I do not believe it! Did Anna undress with René there?"

"I had not thought of that, Frederik. Just call Anna."

Anna is in front of the court. She weeps, she utters:

"Now I am leaving, leaving for good! Do you think that I am again a ..."

"No, Anna, I do not think that, do not say a thing like that. We do not even want to hear the word. We believe you completely! There is something else going on here, it looks through the walls, Anna, no more than that! Just carry on, do not think of it anymore and do not threaten to leave. However, we will talk again, my child."

Anna goes away, she is distraught by it. I burst out laughing and Karel joins in. He has to say:

"Damn it, there is something else going on every day here. It seems a bedlam; it is devils' work. However, there is at least a joker about, which makes you split your sides laughing. That Anna is a right one. If it was not so sad, I would die laughing!"

Karel laughs ... He leaves the stage, and I do not know where he goes. Immediately afterwards I hear him calling Anna.

"Anna, just come downstairs. Just come to the footlights ...!"

The door opens, and Anna comes in, her apron before her eyes ... tears roll down her cheeks. Poor Anna! Karel says:

"Just listen, Anna. What we experience here concerns you and us. I ask you on René's behalf: do not go, the child definitely needs you. I am a doctor ... I have seen more naked people than you think and I assure you that it is nothing special. We are all exactly the same. You pay no attention to that looking, do you understand, Anna?"

It does not help any, Karel. You will not get Anna like that, and you will

not support her like that. Just leave that to me. I take Anna by the arm and go away with her. We walk through the gate and into the woods. People do not even look at us; they know us. However, Anna has an idea. She takes my arm and pulls me along. Back home. Upstairs, to René. Look, the child is awake; he is lying there quietly. Anna picks up the child, puts him in the bath as quick as a flash, dresses him again, lays him in the pram and says to me:

“Come on ... to the woods, he has to come as well.”

Anna is staying! Now that we have calmed down, she says:

“What should I do, Frederik?”

I say something ... it is a nice phenomenon. How can it be, I think to myself, if you are lacking something, nature gives you everything.

“Look here, Anna. You have heard of hells before, hells where people live who have left the earthly valley of tears. I do not know whether we should believe in it, because we know too little about it. However, according to reports from the Bible, people live there. Those people long for some warmth, human warmth, they would like to see our life back, but have lost it. Day after day, those people spy on us. They stand watching us on heightened pedestals, as it were. Women look at the men; men look at the women. For nothing can be hidden from God, Anna. In my opinion, it is our nakedness for the Divine All. People like us cannot hide ourselves, if the people are not there, there is something else which sees us, so that clothes have no significance, no more than nakedness.”

“You talk yourself out of everything, Frederik, but I think it is spooky!”

“That’s just not the way it is Anna. You have to see things as they are. For example, I know that God knows everything about us. Dead people live on according to the Bible. There are people in this world who talk to dead people and receive messages from them.”

“Is that possible, Frederik?”

“I am starting to believe, Anna, that it is possible. If those people have a look over the fence to see what is in your garden, is that so bad? You have to see it from a human point of view. However, you have to be able to say for yourself: I have nothing to hide, just have a look ... I am like all other people. Whether I stand naked before you or dressed – God knows everyone. Now, Anna, having babies is the nicest thing there is. I could tell you such a lot, but that will come, only then will you believe that people like us no longer possess any masks. If we are there where all those people experience a continuation of life, Anna, you will see that we are born naked and will be naked in everything, if that other judicial power speaks about our life. If you close yourself off to material eyes, you will have made it. None of us thinks that you have lost your chastity, you are still as perfect as can be ... Oh, Anna, is

it not amazing? Is it not enough to make you die laughing? Do you not like a bit of fun? Just let that invisible little chap enjoy some of your own beauty. Let everyone enjoy a look into your heart, but know that it belongs to you! That is only because, Anna, you have not had any babies yourself, then you think differently about everything. There is no trouble ... you are yourself and you go consciously on your way. All nature stands naked before us. Is that not the intention of Our Lord?"

"If you see it like that, Frederik ...!"

"There is nothing else, Anna, you have to see it like that."

"Now what do we do about the child?"

"René will make it. Look for yourself; he is sleeping like a baby. We shall overcome! I swear to you, Anna."

When we come back, Anna is herself again. Karel is waiting for me, and he wants to talk. Erica is also there. He asks:

"And, did she put a diaper on herself or did you do it, Frederik?"

We laugh. Erica grins. She does not laugh. She cannot. Yet, there is a different gleam in her eyes. She is thinking about something or is busy putting on a different garment. When she says it, we will know. She leaves the stage, but flings at us:

"Only now I know that I have no eyes in my head anymore ... Those we have inside, men of science, look through the mask, those of every day are blind ... We are idiots!"

Erica is gone! We are thinking! Karel is thinking aloud ... He says something and I understand:

"It is my country origins! If you think that you are naked, you are standing in a Roman garment shouting at yourself. If you wear a tailcoat then you stand naked! I now no longer need the others, because we will just be talked about. I thank all of them." And to myself:

"Mouth shut, Frederik. At least for the time being. I will just go and tell them upstairs. Wait a moment."

The farmer comes back. "That is it, we will fight it out with each other. I believe that we no longer need psychologists for the time being. René will just have to become deaf and dumb, I cannot change anything about it. I will not let my life be ruined, I will take care of it myself."

We think for a moment, then he says:

"And yet, Frederik, it is enough to make you die laughing. That Anna."

We are silent again for a moment, sunk in thought and it is Karel again who breaks the silence:

"Yet it is strange ... where do those conscious words come from? You cannot stop wondering about it. I am totally at a standstill. I cannot help anyone; I am trembling. I am not capable of writing my prescriptions. I no

longer see patients. This dominates everything. It is music. There is music to it, if you ask me, but now it storms as well. Damn it ... is a person never himself? Are we never alone? Can we not hide ourselves from anything? How deep is life? How deep is a person? Is the subconscious capable of seeing behind the mask? Does it also like nakedness? Where do the passionate qualities in us live? In your big toe perhaps? In your hands, your head, your system, which was created for it? Have brains anything to do with it? The human heart? Blood circulation? What is it? How is it composed? Can we really think as adults before we are born, Frederik? Do we already know what love is, what kisses are? Do we know beforehand what we will become? Do we already know then whether we are a woman or a man? It is going too far for me and too deep!

However, I must say ... someone thinks about it there. Or it is for or through René: thinking comes from there and looks at people like us. They know there whether you are naked or whether you are walking around in evening wear, they know there what you are doing, what you are thinking, what you are eating and what you are drinking! It is weird, Frederik!

I will keep my senses ... you are right, we have to carry on. I will study psychology ... It is extremely interesting, if only to understand René. Or, I will put an end to this life. I am disgusted by it!"

We are thinking. I am sitting and he is walking back and forth. Erica, who comes in again, does the same and she is also thinking! We have our own thoughts; we have our own worlds. One sees it like this, the other like that and the third one calls it feeling or personality or sensitivity. I will learn later what it is, even if it is under my nose laughing at me.

There is peace in the house again. Although the tension remains, René is sleeping ... there is no thought of food and drink. We are worried. They are worries that possess a supernatural significance. I know what awaits me, and I will do it as well as possible. There are letters, and I have passed them on directly. What will come now?

A few days later, there was another letter. Anna did not call me; she thought it was better not to make a fuss. She acted very sensibly. Erica and Karel do not know. I told her that this was better than a load of trouble in the house. We agreed that we would deal with these little matters ourselves from now on, if at all possible. I look at the letter. I feel music.

It says: "Tralalalalaa ... tralalalaa ... just look at the hole ... tralalaaaa." It is music. I do not yet know what that little hole has to do with it. Music ... music ... I hear high and low. It is a tune, but that is also a sentence. Music can make poetry. Something is growing, something is revealing itself. What is it? A fool is being revealed. The life almost suffocates from inspiration! The life is almost bursting from inspiration! We accept it. Anna also believes it,

however, she asks me whether René is not going mad.

Now that she is looking behind the little bed, she finds a piece of paper. A piece of paper with a hole in it. The paper is crumpled, René has played with it. I start to think. I feel chaos. That of the day and the night has become one. Also, that of our life says something to the child. Of course, it sees a hole. Those others are letters, notes! The child makes a mess of everything, also very natural. We wait and see again and put the whole incident behind us. To Anna this also seems the very best solution. There is still peace in the house. The owners do not get upset now. We feel that we possess a bond. We come to realise that we are father and mother and René is our child. Anna thinks it is a relief. She now gains support from it and I approve. Karel and Erica have to have peace. Karel has to be able to work, and Erica's nerves need a rest. In this way, we hope that it may be us who can help those two, the real father and mother. We feel that we carry a secret with us. It is as if I understand Anna even better and she me. Suddenly we stand even closer to each other. Now she is no longer afraid that they will see her naked, I even believe that I can see that she is getting little blushes on her cheeks. If I am not mistaken, she now looks at herself. I just imagine so, but these thoughts also flow through my soul.

I would say: Anna, carry on. How old are you now? Forty-five, I think ... she is a beautiful woman. What a beautiful figure she has. A nice forehead with a determined look. Beautiful peaceful eyes as well, nicely shaped lips. She does not waggle, and she has a step like a lady, which Erica could envy her. I see her in a beautiful garment. I see her in eveningwear at the table, amidst many people. She says something, she speaks freely, possesses an excellent conversation.

I stand in a corner and look at her. She cannot see me. She is not aware of it. How plump she is!

Anna now knows! Possibly through René? Is that not art? In fact, Karel and Erica should know. After thinking for a moment, I will come back to it, because then it will be gone, or pieces will fall off and then that delicate vase will be damaged. It is beautiful, I would almost say: sacred! How beautiful people are!

Anna has now looked at herself; she had never seen herself before! She did not even know that she existed. She was not aware that she could be naked; she always had clothes on. Now those clothes are gone, was it a mask? That little René beat that whole harness to smithereens in one blow. Anna does not look for the pieces; she has thrown it all out of the window. She looks at this new life and thinks it is a miracle. I now know and Karel and Erica are also able to know, but they are blind. I now also know that I will not mention a word of it. However, I will be careful; it is amazing. That great René!

I am going back into the woods. On my bench I continue.

René, René, René! What an artist you are! How can it be! My God, how clever you are! My God, how difficult it is for people to understand you, but how ordinary everything is, so natural. René is a miracle!

Ordinary people cannot do that. This is higher psychology! After all, I saw that Anna no longer walks in slippers; she is already wearing shoes. Did you see, Frederik, how she was dressed? How those skirts are draped? It is simply a miracle! Did you see her face? It is new; she is thirty years old! Did you see her eyes? They are shining! Did you see her lips? Ready to kiss! Did you see her step? A lady cannot improve on her. She watches her words. She is different, suddenly different, and that through a fool, a deaf and dumb person! No, through a person who looks at naked people, who has not seen a person of flesh and blood. It is a miracle! It is an incredible miracle, if you ask me. That Anna!

Oh, that René ... René, what a miracle you are!

It says in my diary:

"I experienced miracles today. True miracles. I have discovered a psychology, which is not of this world, but has a supernatural content. It makes conscious people out of unconscious people, rich people out of poor, city people out of farmers and a lady out of a servant girl, it makes dead eyes shine like suns, it makes Greek Gods out of human bodies, science out of everyday nonsense, new life of dying ...! I do not yet know whether it can be injected into you or through a powder with some water, I have not yet worked it out, but I experience some of it and it made me extremely happy.

I now believe that the woman from the Bible was not able to give birth to one child at the age of one hundred, but could have given birth to quads. In this way it gets hold of you, it is so almighty for your soul, life, spirit and material independence, which, I think, I am now starting to understand. Now it flows from my life: I believe in miracles! I now believe that a person can suddenly change and for the better. I knew that a person could suddenly change into a devil, can do the strangest and most merciless things, which you look at as a sensible person and have to think that the Satan himself has put up a circus tent: but for the good of a human being? I did not know, I had not experienced it yet either ... to me they were precisely the most incredible stories which the Bible tells us, but which now no longer happen. Moreover, they are there now! I believe that I do not yet know myself either. I now believe that a person can change towards nature. In addition, the strangest part is that I admit it honestly ... I have now received the longing to see myself naked! Is that not strange? Yet I find it very ordinary, I believe that I never saw myself yet.

Then that miracle also happened! First still a bit shy ... chaste. Then with

a bit more consciousness and naturalness and then I let myself go. Yes, I thought, you do not look so bad; I had really not thought that you had such a great, such a beautiful castle. And that moustache really suits you. You are a man!

I wandered about a bit, hurried into my pajamas and flirted with myself. Not unchastely, of course! I thought I was a creation! It is so natural, so obvious, that it was as if nature was competing with me, I got to see a shape, the blood circulation speeded up like an engine which is starting to rotate at full speed, my heart thumped as far as my throat and I myself as the personality, got the feeling to do charity. I noticed that I was whistling, and then whispering. Finally, a consciousness came to me to hang out the flag today.

I have become a thousand years younger ...! Today!!! In one day, no in a few hours' time!!! Today is the twentieth of the year nineteen hundred and something, almost the heart of winter, but I am walking in the spring with my head in the wind and I am in blossom. Anna as well! Karel and Erica do not know anything about it, and they do not see it. What a happiness that is for us. I will watch over it. I also now believe that I can do it. As long as Anna does not stand on the different flowers, these little beds have just been created a moment ago.

What I did not yet know a few days ago, I now know. Anna has changed; René has remained exactly the same. We do believe that the child can become deaf and dumb, but it does not get through to us yet. His life no longer speaks; something is suffocating inside. That life is now as silent as the grave, it is just as if he has given away his powers for a while. Or the engine, which makes his machine run, has been switched off just a moment ago. We want to see sun! Karel said to Anna, as a result of which I knew again that he was completely off the mark:

"I am pleased, Anna, that you listened to me."

Anna said nothing more then: "Right, then it is okay."

Karel did not in fact know what he could make of her, but I could guess those thoughts. Anna was still a bit sullen, and that was also understandable. Oh, Karel, if you could now just see behind this mask, man, what would you think of it? I now have to agree that a farmer, even if he goes to the city, still does not feel his ground disappearing. Now he walks on a strong firm surface but he also feels the ploughed ground. That is why he is waddling, which sailors also never lose. Karel will remain a farmer! Anna is now scientifically educated, which is completely new for her life and of which Karel has made a study, but does not know the pure psychology of it. Anna now sees scientifically into the future and acts according to it.

However, it is René! Karel has no understanding of it. He would like to have, however, you do not get anything for nothing ... it can cost you blood.

Anna has now bought a pile of clothes. The day before yesterday she went to do some shopping, but as a lady. Erica looked at her leaving, thinks that she sees something, feels something else from her life, but she sinks back into herself again. She also now looked into a sun and did not see the light! But can you see this difference? There are now no phenomena, she is completely herself and yet she is as blind as a bat. I just mean: even if you think that you are yourself, you do not see everything. Now you yourself have a mask on, you are unnatural. Or is it something else? Erica did not see that a new star had been discovered there and that René is the astronomer, and she would not even be able to accept it. If she did, then it would beat into her brain and she would perhaps become ... completely mad!

You should see Anna's hairstyle now. I really hope that she is not going too far, then her secret will end up in the street gutter. People start talking, they have something to say, eyes see a bit more and there you lie. If other people interfere in it, it will no longer live, they will bury it immediately. Now the star falls downwards like a fire-spitting mountain, you are taken out of orbit and can start from the beginning. However, where will you find such inspiration again? Nowhere, I believe! I think that René is the only one who possesses it. I think that she knows the limits where she must go. There she will see where to stop. Now her life remains spacious and luminous.

Miracles happen around us, we look again through the chinks; this lamp-post is of unprecedented power, they are between heaven and earth – or is that thing cast – provided with light!

To me everything is now possible. I see myself now outside in nature. That mother also asks me:

“How do I look? I was always like that, but I knew it.”

Is that not amazing? I believe that people do not know how beautiful they are, if they knew they would not destroy so much of that beauty. Many castles have been destroyed in the centuries which have passed! I cannot bear thinking about it. I now see that even if you are naked, God kept giving you another garment but many people made a mask of it!

The people in the hall already look at themselves. One is even more beautiful than the other is. They have never seen anything so beautiful. The play is tremendously interesting, and it is a success. They would like to see it at least ten times!

René tears off their masks. We prepare ourselves for the next act ... and there were flowers again. Now for little René! Anna and I were so pleased. Erica and Karel are upstairs ... they are already getting dressed for the next scene. What will happen this time? I tell you, I am no longer afraid of masks. For the state of purity also lives behind them.

I ask for a bit more of that crazy love! I believe I have acquired a taste for

it. See you soon.

Frederik, come and live with us, René needs you!

We have had a long, cold, wet winter. Spring is now in sight, humans and animals are longing for different weather. I do not yet know how all those months flew past. However, that is because you are intensely busy, the problems demand your full attention and especially because you forget the everyday things. Those are the worries for a human being, worries make you forget everything, and through suffering and sorrow, everything falls into nothing. If you are faced with a mask like that for years on end, trivial matters no longer have any meaning, you are only open to the serious part, and it is precisely that through which you were beaten.

We lived well, there was scarcely anything that disturbed us, even if René remained quiet, listless and depressed, even if there was almost no life anymore in the child, we kept ourselves upright. In this way, we struggled through that long winter. We went horse riding very little, Erica and Karel no longer felt like it. Hans worked so hard that he did not have a second to spare for anyone else; the patients had his full attention. He is open to that. I thought it was great, and there is nothing better for his personality. What I had expected did not happen. I had thought that he had come back with a blond girl from Vienna. I heard one thing and another, but he does not appear to take the bait. I think that sir also looks for the regal in this and would do anything to get it, but that is not so simple. You usually have exactly the wrong one. I hope for his sake that he does not buy a living corpse; it would kill him.

However, we do not know. It remained summer within me. When I walked somewhere in the middle of winter it happened that under those heaps of snow and ice the seed of the Lord spoke to me and started to recite poetry. I could have made up poems, but I am not the type for it ... I do not like that soothing language; I could not even stand it as a child. I believe that it is a lack. I am not sure about it.

I therefore did not go into it. However, when it continued to work on me, I opened myself to it and I heard ...

“Tralala, tralala, tralala ...” and to finish:

“I go into it dancing, I enjoy myself.

And then you are blissful

Sweeter than ever

Where are you going?”

I thought that was just the thing for a child. However, under snow and ice

the tralala from René reaches me. There also followed:

“Get it out of your depths,
Try to catch it there
Pass it onto people
Or you will be hung by me!”

Not nice ... why do I have to be hanged? What I understood was this. Even if René is ill – the child is ill ... Karel puts it down to polio, even if that is not correct, yet that wrong sense hatches out the eggs for him. These are René’s eggs. He sat there under the ice and the snow; I saw it. In other words: enough to suffocate in the cold. His being sick, this is misery. Erica asked me then:

“Frederik, come and live with us, René needs you.”

That is true, I thought, but then I will have lost my freedom. I want to do everything for René, but is that really necessary? We talked about it. Karel thought that it was not necessary. Only the women thought it was better for René, because the child asked for me, the little that passed those little lips. Yet ... something told me: do not do it yet, wait and see ... that soon they will need you here. Therefore, we decided to just wait and see. However, the room has already been prepared for me, I can move in immediately if I want to.

As far as my own house is concerned ... an old man will tidy things up, do some dusting, he has done nothing else in his life, for the rest I will go out and eat out. Everything happens of its own accord, so that I really do not even see the man, even if he is walking about in my house. I have therefore been lucky. I know one thing: something has kept me there; otherwise, I would have been on a trip again long ago. I have received my seat ... and my task, I believe, consciously and in peace.

However, René is very ill. Perhaps that spring will bring a recovery. I do not know. Karel is already thinking of Switzerland. Erica does not want to know about it, she does not want to leave here. It is obvious that she means that she will then go along. However, that has also been smothered again ... every day there is something else. Now the doctors run into the house again, upstairs, downstairs. There is no change to be seen. If you ask me openly, then I would say that René appears to be deaf and dumb! It is pathetic. I hear many times:

“Where are you now with your ‘spiritual child prodigy?’”

Erica said, among other things:

“I just wish that I had an ordinary boy, that dirty carry-on is no good to me.”

Then you are left standing. You have to accept it, there is nothing to say, you no longer have any legs under your body, and you lie like a piece of dirt in a corner. I did not go out into the street, but that is the way it is! What

can you do? Nothing! Karel is exactly the same. All in all my cockerel crows today like a king, and tomorrow it will be made into soup. Karel gnaws at the bones, even eats low-fat soup from it, because the farmer thought that cockerel soup had a special taste, but we would not want to see the skeleton of it. Anna therefore thought he was outlandish, you could never depend on that chap, there was always something else. Karel laughs, he says little the past few months, he is worrying. It is a pressure, he cannot cope with that cartload either, and it is taking too long.

In any case, I have to accept that this spiritual wonder shows symptoms of anaemia and polio. His legs are so weak that you can see through them. Even if polio is different, Karel says that it looks just like it. It was exactly the same situation with the other gentlemen. Dr. Ten Hove also came to have a look, but he does not go upstairs anymore. Anna slams the door in the wagtail's face, saying that the child is sleeping. When the wagtail saw that René was lying fidgeting with a piece of paper, he knew immediately that Anna did not like him. Now you see that the academic stays out of her way, ignores her completely, because we no longer see him.

René has become even sicker because of it. Erica already thought that she would lose her child. Now everything of mine went overboard. Nothing was any good anymore. I am a dreamer. It hurt me, but what could I do? At that moment, I knew why I no longer felt like moving into their house. What kind of misery would I have created? I found it a protection! I am now still myself, if I had lived there, I would have been put out on the street with all my worldly possessions. I would have got in the way of those women and Karel and would have had to accept the terrible end. Everything gone, no one believed it ... Yet our friendship died.

That is how unreasonable people are. I do not know why I deserved that, but I did not want to. I therefore assume that my inner self is also tuned to its own protection and it then passes it on to me just like that. I heard by coincidence, no, I felt it, that delicate sensitivity exists. However, René did not recover through it.

When this was told on stage, it creates misery in the hall, but it is a part of it. It takes you to the new life, which we are waiting for.

Sometimes I thought that René would become better simply just because I was there. Now I know better. When an illness has to run its course, you can pray as hard as you like, it will not help you. From that moment, I did not start to doubt the value of the prayer, but we had amazing conversations because of it and then saw things differently again.

We were sitting one evening round the fireplace, when Erica said:

"I will have a mass said for René."

Karel jumps out of his chair, looks at her like a wild man and says:

"What do you want? Am I hearing you properly? Do you want to have a mass said for René?"

She looks at him bewildered and asks in turn:

"Is that so strange? Is that so strange, I ask you?"

"But woman ...", Karel objects, "have you gone crazy?"

"I am doing it through someone else, as long as you know."

"That has nothing to do with it, Mrs Wolff, you are balmy. A mass said for René? Is the child going to die?"

"It is for his health."

"If you do that I will break your neck!" Karel threatens and all hell immediately broke loose. An argument of the worst kind! Karel dashes out of the room, we hear him slamming doors upstairs. Erica goes after him. I sit alone on the stage and talk to myself. What troubles are happening. I hear Karel shouting. He is talking about God here and there; the hothead in him has awakened again. It is the roaring of his own character, that mask has not yet been destroyed; the animal part sticks to his life like a tapeworm. First of all that head, Karel! For years he has been able to control himself, now there is no stopping him, but reality washes his feet. That will be really something! He shouts, he swears, he talks about me. A person always chooses the roughest words if he wants to be proved right. That is not strange either ... suddenly a person like that smashes his own pedestal to smithereens, destroys what was built on for years, as if there is no longer any space, any thoughts, or feeling, in order to take care of such misery. We are not dogs, not cats, but if only we had something, a bit of that patience, that goodness, such an animal character! Ugh ... I have not yet worked it out!

Listen to that door slamming, oh Karel! I hear Erica above it and I can also hear Anna. What does the hothead want? I hear that he intends to put René under observation. Erica will not allow that, she is perfectly able to take care of her own child. It is now a fight to the finish. This will become relaxation, suppressed nerves get release, or, then just everything destroyed! Everything! But I still have to experience it. Sir is coming. He stands before me like a wild animal. What do you want, Karel? Now I hear:

"You with your damn, rotten psychology, get out of my house, go on, hurry up, get out of my house. I am going mad seeing your face, out I tell you, dirty bastard! I am kicking you out of my house!"

I do not answer him. I am completely myself and let him blow off steam. Erica and Anna attack him, they defend me. He just has to try that. Both mouths utter:

"If Frederik has to go, we will go as well, ugly hothead."

Anna calls him a bulldog. He does not hear it. He lights a cigarette and immediately throws it away again. It is very childish. What a horrible crea-

ture a human is. How pathetic Karel looks and that all of a sudden. However, he does not give in.

"I am telling you again ... if you get up to things like that, I will break your neck. Tomorrow afternoon René will go to Professor Van Loon."

Erica does not accept that ... It is something that she resists with all her being. Father and mother fight without really knowing it. Now one mask has taken them in; or is it thousands of them at the same time? You would think so! Anna has thought of a plan. She comes over to me and says:

"Come on, Frederik, we have no business here anymore. I will not lift another hand for that bulldog. What am I doing? I only want good! What did you do? You are goodness through and through. And now this."

There is nothing else for Anna to do but go to René. She goes away, tears roll down her cheeks like never before. She is really sorrowful. Karel sits there and spits fire. Erica patters about; she challenges him completely. I sit in a corner of the room and do not consider leaving. If I hear once more that I have to leave then I will think about it. I do not yet know what the decision will be, because you cannot take on a person who is under a strain. I know for certain that Karel will soon be sorry. Or I would have to be horribly wrong. However, if he insists that I have to leave, and then I will go and never come back! I am not a doormat!

Karel is trembling; Erica almost faints. I cannot say anything. Anna comes to help us ... She suddenly stands in the doorway and says:

"Here, ugly hothead ... maybe this will perk you up."

She throws a letter at him, and Karel goes for it like a provoked lion at his prey. The foam is not in his mouth but on his forehead. We hear:

"Damn it, if that does not stop, I will murder ...!"

"Who will you murder?" Erica asks him. "Who, I ask you! Who, doctor! Who do you want to murder?"

Erica is standing before him; she is fighting with her eyes. Her lips tensed, she is ready for the jump, but she does not take it. I see her like a wildcat. Karel is looking grey and green, he is not reading, because his eyes are looking over the letter. Erica tears the piece of paper out of his hand and comes over to me. Karel races after her and takes it off her again. I may apparently not know what is written on it. Now it is a question of who gets it. Yet, Erica has got hold of it again and gives it to me.

"Come, Frederik, we will just see what it is."

We race upstairs. René is sitting in his little bed. Erica lifts the child and presses him against her bosom. She sobs; the child caresses her with both hands. I read:

"Boeha, boeha! I cannot sleep, uncle Frederik. It is boeha!"

This is something quite special, however, nothing for a child. Erica says

to René:

“So, my darling, can you not sleep? Does boeha bother you? Uncle Frederik will help you. Just look, there is uncle Frederik.”

She gives me the child. I sit down and talk a bit to this unprecedented life, which has to accept ‘lives’ according to the phenomena. I notice that a great change has happened, there is more vitality in the child, and it appears that he is no longer so weak. We are experiencing amazing things after all. Is that perhaps his hill? I walk back and forth with the child ... René becomes sleepy, and the child rests in my arms. I put him in the cot. Erica collapses, we also have to take care of her. Then the farmer comes storming upstairs. He overviews the situation ... holds something under Erica’s nose a moment later, looks at René and squeezes himself into a chair. With his head down, his hands support the heavy monster in which so many worries now live and all these things are thought out. If we could only open it up in order to look and see how that human machine is really made up. Perhaps then we would make progress. However, I do not put any trust in human brains! I believe that it is something completely different, but I do not know what it is. Something lives somewhere in this house and from there we are attacked.

Erica jumps up and pulls me along downstairs. The child is quiet. Karel jumps up, the bully weeps, probably for the first time in his life, but he weeps. I do not know whether they are real tears, but he has them! I will never get to know whatever these things mean, but they are always there when something in the machine breaks, jams, or succumbs! It looks like something strange, but it is not that either. Nature also weeps, everything weeps, but you have to be able to see it. I know that they have not experienced any ‘kiss’; I do not see any grave. This is also a mask to me. The bully only weeps for a few seconds, and then he recovers. Just as I thought he would. He wants to talk, but it is not possible. I say:

“See you later, Karel, or tomorrow, I am just going into the woods.”

Erica holds me back, she holds onto my jacket. I know that this is not masculine behaviour but I cannot do any differently. I think it is so childish, so awkward, that I will suffocate in it. I have to have some air.

“You have to come back, Frederik”, Erica says. “You will come back, Frederik”, Anna says.

“I will come back, children, I will come back! I will most certainly come back! Just stay calm.”

I walk, and I do not need to think of anything, because there is nothing. René is getting better! I now know for certain. He just went over his little hill. I sit on my bench and enjoy the dreadful weather. What do you want, Frederik? This day flew past. I want to think, but I cannot. Under my blankets scenes come to me, a moment later I went through a ‘death’. Without a

mask, I believe, but I do not know for sure.

In the morning flowers arrived, with a letter enclosed from Karel. "Fredrik, just forgive me." I thought so, that great possession also lives in Karel. It is true, he can bow his head and now we can carry on. It is the greatest possession of the human being, I now know, no, I have known it for so long. Now you can immediately build further, or you stand still for a darkness, it can even be devilish. I have also known it for some time already! However, those flowers. If there had been no flowers, then what, Karel? How will it be now, Karel? Just think about it, Karel. If you had to compensate for all of this with your naked self, then what, Karel? I can now see your awkwardness, because you possess none of this. Ugh, ugh, how difficult it is becoming. I hear:

"I brought some stone for myself in,
in order to build a Temple.

When I was finished, I saw how unhappy my little castle was."

Really childish, but that comes from René. I receive it just like that from the universe. It is also for Karel, for all of us, for animal and plant, I believe. Yes, it is the case.

I also run out to buy some flowers. I am ashamed, because I have nothing else either. I also attach myself to a flower or I would no longer be here, I believe! René will get them ... It will be the most beautiful thing that I have ever thought of. Erica and Anna will get flowers, with a card enclosed for Karel ...! I would prefer to send him a case full of radishes or a dry cow to milk ... whatever it takes, so that he learns how it should be done! I write on the card:

"Everything is fine, Karel, also this! As long as you do not lose the lights in your eyes, do not extinguish them, because that ...?"

Now I wait and see. How strange people are. I make a note:

"What a lot I have learned. I have learned how 'not' to do it. People do not wish to accept their worries. I now see that it is their fall. If they do not get their way, they become angry and the shouting begins. They also swear then and they curse Him, from Whom they received so many beautiful things. I will think about everything. I now have the need to go out with Sientje. I will do that."

We are outside ... on our way and in harmony with the animal I think further about my soul and my personality! We walk; Sientje enjoys herself. It is as if the animal understands me even better than usually. Does the animal sense human suffering? You would say so.

People do not want sorrow. Whether they are guilty of their own unhappiness ... I would like to know that. I know, but I do not yet have the foundations. However, I shall wait. I can see the place where these foundations will be laid!

René improves, and that is my fortune. How great it is. I believe that this will be a blessing to all of us. There is only one way, Frederik, one only and we have to find it. Only then can you begin to build. Many roads lead to Rome, but there is only one to universal truth. Just one! Karel bowed his bull's neck to that. Thank God! Oh, how happy I am, only because of Karel. It is the greatest gift in my life, for today I mean. Tomorrow will be another day. Also, the day after tomorrow and for months to come, I believe for years, I can already see it. Then other tears will come, better ones! Ugh, what a gap, what a pit I can see. Karel gave me a flower from his heart, from his living heart. I want to possess that. This one will never wither, I now believe, if the nourishment is good and if the origin is not beaten. Now just throw this life on a dung heap, later, much later you will see that you are still good for something after all, despite everything. What a person!

I stayed away for two days ... then Erica and Anna were already standing at my door and I had to go with them. I received a good telling-off too. A moment later, we are sitting together as if nothing has happened. However, Karel is serious. He says:

“What a strange things a person can do. Today you are strong, and tomorrow we betray our friends and kick them out of the house. We call them dirty bastards and do not really know that we are doing it and that we are so awkward. If you see the mask, you weep, you would do anything to make up for it. However, are you capable of it? We want to die for each other ... yet the cloud in the distance already makes you afraid. No stakes! On the run and fast as well! You cannot think seriously, you no longer believe what is said, but it is you yourself! Let bygones be bygones, Frederik.”

Karel pours a drink, we drink to it, Erica, and Anna also take part. It is as ordinary and human as can be again. Well ... the liquid is just a part of it. I do not believe that we will still need it later. Now it is a part of things. People like us do not know any better. Then Karel says:

“Do you know, Frederik, that René is much better? I think it is a miracle. Do you want to see him?”

We are upstairs. René dashes over to me and wants to be held. The child now possesses another vitality, and this is uplifting for his body. I do not know where those powers come from and Karel will not know anything about it either. Erica and Anna think that it is I, who gave the child health and courage. I do not claim these supernatural gifts ... I think I am still too dopey. However, we are making progress, even if we do not understand any of it. Yet, we are happy! But what will the future bring? Karel knows that René's mentality is not normal. Erica and Anna as well, we all know, but I do not believe it!

We are sitting downstairs again. The stage is full of flowers, there are also

those intended for René. Anna also drinks something; she sits opposite me and looks. What sweetness.

Erica is sitting opposite Karel ... she attracts him while she is looking at her naughty boy. No one says anything, but we talk inwardly. Lips closed, quiet, peace, unity has reached us inwardly. Human hearts have been opened, struggle, suffering, sorrow in life binds hearts!

We also get something from Karel. We do not say cheers anymore, we already know, it would sound banal now. It is poorly! Just a moment ago, it was still significant, now that has also been destroyed. Another mask again, or an action, transformed through a deed, evolves and takes you a step higher ... Where? Where is the end, the final part to be experienced, so that you can say: now it is good? Is this the good? I do not know yet!

We think! We all think of René. What will happen tomorrow? The day after tomorrow? What will we be like next year? As if Erica wants to interpret my thoughts, we hear:

“What will our future be like? What will little René’s be like?”

Karel already reacts and puts an end to it. He utters:

“I am going to a patient, he needs me.”

A new foundation, Karel, I feel, I now know. He kisses Erica goodnight in a hearty way. “See you soon, little one”, he utters. What a flower! Another kiss, this one did not have a mask. What a lot we are learning, every second you are eternal! Thoughtless things have not been created ... I also learned that today, now just a moment ago. There was a grave, really, but these people flew over it. Yet, I also believe that all the little cogs were working, operating for this moment. What a human machine!

Erica lets him go, but says:

“Come on, Anna, we shall go and have a look.”

I remained alone on the stage. The tension in the hall and in my heart can be felt ... because what is the final word? Only then will people know that the play has ended. You would like to know, but we have not yet worked it out. Movement comes to me. I have something else to say. I say to myself:

“Was your own mask also there, Frederik? Try to get to know it then, if you want to be ready for the next act.”

The curtain falls and I head for home without saying anything, because I have discovered new things in myself and in my friends, and they inspire me to write.

The play lasted approximately two and a half hours. If you want to make it shorter, that is possible, but then you will learn nothing. I tell you that I no longer dare to say that all fools are abnormal; from the phenomena, I was already able to establish that it is not the case! However, can you see the depth of this mask? I have the great longing in me to get to know that as well.

I know it is the state of purity.

Oh, little René ... Yet I believe that I will soon move! And then? Yes, then what? Or should I stay away a while, and forget you? I cannot do that! I can see your little face in front of me! I am one with you, always ... between day and night we see each other. I kneel at your feet, until my last breath, because I know how it was given to me. Will it be you then who calls to me? Only then will the others know ... And I repeat:

René, you are a Spiritual Child Prodigy ...

End of Part One

Part 2

Oh, Frederik, how I have been deceived

What they had not expected happened anyway; our René started school this morning. There has been a change, although they know that his inner life is not a hundred percent developed. That is why he must start at a special nursery school where he will first learn everyday things. The child must be with people and then we will see how he develops. It is not a festive day for Erica and Anna. Karel does not know what to think and gives into it. The sun is shining, but for both the women it is pouring with rain. We do not ask little René what he thinks about it all, the child would not know what we meant. I saw tears in the mother's eyes and sorrow and pity in Anna's. It is the pressure of the jungle, the lack of true happiness, which is worrying Erica. How could it be any other way?

I believe that parents are nervous on such a day. After all, their flesh and blood now comes into contact with society. They have high hopes, the children will learn well and later accept a task for the world. The father already thinks that his son will follow in his footsteps; he looks from his world at that life and waits impatiently to see how the child will develop. Doesn't he?

Mothers think differently about it, they are faced with a loss, the children are now away from her direct care. For the mother that is sometimes suffering and sorrow; I do not believe that there is a single mother who can suppress her tears on that day, the hour of farewell, the moment for her and her child which causes a split.

I can still remember when I had to go to school on that particular day and would leave my parent's home for a few hours. Oh, how hard it was for my mother. My father thought she was putting on an act. He went even further and said: 'It looks pathetic, it is awkward, you do not do a thing like that. A human being has to think, a human being has to give in to things. Well, a human being has to accept this!' I know that my mother was very sentimental. Father objected and thought he would deal with it in his way, which did not turn out well, because he always acted too harshly. Then it was already a little drama. For days on end they talked about that morning, they could not stop talking about it, as a result of which I started to feel and laughed at them behind their backs like a naughty boy.

I already said: for Erica it is deep suffering, she would so have liked to see her boy as ordinary, normal. Her maternal pride has been broken! She feels a knife in her heart, and her blood flows from inner wounds. She sees her child, her little René, amongst all those other children like a black sheep ... the odd one out! I can still hear her say: 'My God, what did I do to deserve

this? Am I so bad then? What have I done that my child came into this world unnaturally?’

She thought she was praying, but I know that none of us could pray! Not one of us has been able to send a childish prayer up to HIM. We suffocated in it! Anna said: ‘I am just stopping it, it is not helping us anyway! Your prayers are not heard, cannot be heard. Why would I slave away any longer?’

That is also a large hole again for the human heart! It is more, it is the worst thing there is! It sends you to conscious desperation, being alone, standing alone, it is helplessness! However, millions of people, souls of God, pray for something. All those children of one Father pray, kneel at HIS feet, but HE is silent! Praying does not help! But then what? Is there no God?

Just ask those millions of people, all of them prayed, nothing helps! God is silent! He leaves us all alone! Is it so strange then to long to be able to see behind all these masks? I want to help those millions, the deceived, tortured, beaten masses by it. I want to try to serve, and is this so inhuman? Should we close our lives to this? Go into a pit blindly and allow ourselves to die?

I have to be honest, I was also powerless, I also suffocated in my prayer! However, one day I wondered where this ship must strand, where will this trivial, yet so powerful human ship take, my life, and that of all those millions of people? What does this little lump of misery, which is little René, hope to achieve, if a healthy person already finds it too heavy, too difficult in this life? What will this little life want, I thought, if it awakens later?

People pray, people lay flowers at the feet of their Father of Love, as it is called and they think; flowers which interpreted their hope, longing, thirst for some happiness, also for HIS Son, Christ, but no answer, God remained silent! Then they ran out of their churches ... beaten, these human hearts are broken, because God is silent! I heard all that groaning coming towards me. I was there myself, I also stumbled home, my hands were empty, I felt no more gratitude in my heart, the Paternal respect appeared to be smothered. Am I to blame for everything? All of us screamed for help, day after day, nothing helped, no help, no loving hands which would support us, nothing, only deep darkness. It is a terrible mask!

Not knowing what else to do, we were just silent. Not one person dared to look up. Karel taught Erica and Anna how to act. It was he who with his ‘effect, nature and human fate’ gave Erica and Anna some strength to accept things as they were in reality. Including all the destruction and misery. They were able to! They did their best! They bore their suffering and sorrow in a feminine way, as mothers. Oh, they knew that there is even worse misery, understood very certainly that a lot of people would be beaten more severely, be kicked into this human destruction even more deeply, than they had to bear it through their René. It was Karel who said:

‘The world continues. The earth completes its task every day, it does not ask what we are doing, it carries on. Come on, we have to put it behind us. There will be nothing else left for us. My patients will also be buried.’

Since Karel is involved in life and death every day, he has a different opinion and he can deal with his own suffering better. He sees more misery, he is in the middle of it and has to show that he is strong, otherwise the patients will not need him.

In these two years all kinds of things have happened, all things which, just like the ones before, put on masks and were therefore problems for us. We experienced them, the rough with the smooth, reasoned about the facts using our heads to finally put an end to it, if we wished to be assured of peace and quiet in the house. I have meanwhile moved house and now live in with the family. René needed me ... according to Erica and Anna. I believe that they were right, because I was their support in many things, a springboard, a buoy.

We have received a few more letters, but they were very unclear in parts, a bit more consciously written in other parts, but we did not know what to do about them. I did not know either! There were phenomena which showed me from which direction the letters came to us, but I stood alone and was not able to see behind the masks.

My room is next to René’s. I behaved towards the child as a teacher would, but meanwhile I worked on our friendship. René had to feel that he was not alone. I believe that I may say that I managed that completely. Erica and Anna thought it was a miracle and Karel was very grateful to me and showed me that time and again. We put the rest in the hands of Mother Nature!

Then I wondered: if this life awakens one day, then what? I did not doubt anything, a wealth of wisdom remained for me, I thanked God for this reality, which the others did not understand anything about. They were the foundations I laid! I am on top of it, even if they do not see that. I know that this one will awaken one day! However, I may not run ahead of things.

We actually involved everything which we possibly could. We talked about splitting of the personality, about spiritual influence, astral influence and all kinds of other things. We even believed in ghosts for a few hours, believed that a power lived in and around us, which enjoyed souring our lives and declaring the child René as mad. We even thought for a while: there goes little René, straight to the madhouse. Nothing can be done, nothing ... this is his irrevocable fate! A well-known parapsychologist talked about softening of the brain, but then this man no longer saw a way out for himself and he also stood there prattling.

Karel said: ‘You can pull someone else’s leg, but not mine!’

Another person confronted us with a hypnotic sleep, which interrupted

the daily consciousness and sucked it in completely, as a result of which the soul now no longer possesses any viability. It appeared for a moment that this man would be proved right, but through deep reflection and scientific reasoning, especially through the natural, sensible thinking of Karel, this theory or diagnosis also scored no points and it disappeared into our waste-paper basket. We were faced with masks, with inhuman problems, which as normal thinking men and women we did not know what to do about, even if I went my own way. I did not stray from this path, even if I broke my neck on all those manholes and clamps, all that piled-up rubble from this world, I did not step in a clamp like that, even if it appeared to be darkness for me, I carried on! Finally we threw everything overboard and we had peace, the doctors left the house again!

Karel has done everything in his capacity and which he could do as a doctor. Professors have tried to gauge the life of René. However, that also turned out to be futile. Later it was called: 'Sexual destruction, a bit early, but it is no different, we have to tell you.'

Erica became furious! Anna could have wrung their necks one by one. Then it became too much for Karel and you should have seen him. I enjoyed this scientific fight. It taught me how to look, and how to accept. I looked from behind a natural independence at all those scholars and waited until they went past my life, to see then what beautiful things they had left behind. The word 'sexual destruction' hit home, they left the house head over heels. I will not forget it as long as I live. Oh, what a day it was.

'Yet we may not complain', said Erica one morning, when she had tried everything for René and came home all muddy and tears rolled down her cheeks for hours.

'We have also had other times. Haven't we?'

We agreed completely with her. However, we went through the nocturnal darkness, through rain and wind, there was severe storm, we went through snake holes and lions' dens and sometimes thought that we were also burnt at the stake as well. They were never allowed to see how the fire was lit and thank God it also did not crop up in the conversation. We were faced with animal instincts, frightening howling and I do not know how many other things, which terrify people. I said to myself: 'We have not yet made it, what you hear is just child's play, we are still days of travelling away from the actual jungle. We have not yet made it!' I was sensible enough to tell none of them about it, but I waited and also had my own opinion.

Erica was so upset at one point that she went to clairvoyants and consulted them. Those people could probably help her. She came back home quickly, covered in mud, contaminated, deceived. We heard:

'Oh, Frederik, how I have been deceived.'

They told her tales. I was also mad enough to follow her. I wanted to consult a gifted person like that, wanted to hear what the supernatural knew about it, but I also came home covered in mud and ragged, completely beaten, torn apart, by the terrible carry-on of all those people, these satanic women and men. However, we did it all for René! We wanted to give him happiness. When science no longer knew, we flew all over the place, because the human drama allowed our lives to go to grief for too long. My God, how those people can lie!

They do not pay any attention to it, these men and women, they go over your dead body. They tell you coolly that you are going to die tomorrow. These were not Jehovah witnesses ... They were seers, people who were able to act as a medium between yourself and those who had already been buried. Now I have more respect for a street thief, for the worst beggar, more respect for a public woman, than for these incredibly bad people. I had never thought that people could represent such masks. When a thief gets caught, that life goes to prison. Perhaps it will begin another life, but it accepts water and bread and honestly admits that it has stolen and is too rotten for this society. However, what about these women and men? They wipe their spiritual shoes on you and do not pay any attention to your sorrow, suffering or misery, they throw you from an unsure ground into a muddy ditch, one where you will not get out of for years.

It is obvious. Erica never came so far as to have a mass said for René. However, what does a mother do for her sick child? She ran from one seer to the other, until she no longer had a vest on, she stood naked. But she saw the mask! When she realised what that thing looked like, she was lying herself in the mud, she was beaten, as she had never been beaten before. How she wept.

What kind of people are they? When we talked about it later, we just had to laugh about it. I then had the feeling that we had started the next scene, as I thought the first set-up and the dialogue of our play, which is called 'The mental ill person', was so wonderful. However, I kept hearing Erica say:

'What rifferaff they are, Frederik, is there nothing that can be done now? Should thousands of people be deceived consciously and unconsciously? A thief is locked up, but these people deserve it just as much. I see it as a muddy spot on our social garment. You could give them what for!'

They are people with supernatural powers. I wondered whether these people were also sent to this world in order to pull millions of people out of the pit? Does God have nothing else? These people no longer have a conscience. A four-leafed clover like that does not wander into your life, I still have to see the first person who received his happiness through it.

They represent a dark mentality. There are a few real ones amongst those people, I have not met them and neither has Erica. They all have one char-

acteristic in common, which is completely conscious: they need your money! Without asking for it you get a visit from your father and mother and then you can talk to them for such a crazy half hour, when you are told all kinds of things. They penetrate to the heavens and hells, tell you about life and death, about karmic laws and universal possibilities, until you stand before the God of all life, where they then force you to bow your head and look a bit deeper into your pocket. What they then expect is your money, your possessions. They think: I have got that one; every human child succumbs to this? I now also believe – before I did not understand that so well – that there are people who could lay their capital on the table in order to support that great power, that charity. If you do not have your feet firmly on the ground, then you fall for it and before you know it your money is already lying on the table, because you have got the feeling of doing something for God and His life. I thought: now you are faced with conscious deception. This is not an occult madman; I got to know him, you have to go to the East for that, those people do not live in the West. Yet there is very little difference, I decided later on. Here it only concerns money. In the East real occultists live and they have had to learn their lesson. They are either truly mad or have stooped to street charlatanism. Now the nonsense begins!

I now saw only the human mask, the vegetating self, which does nothing else than suck the fellow human being empty, kick the gullible human being even deeper than had already happened and they had to accept it. I saw spiritual parasitism, so well thought-out that thousands have to fall for it, because the sign of the cross is on the doorstep and all these breasts are adorned with it. If a flame still burns for Christ, then woe betide those who come there for help!

When I got to know all those masks, I was faced with my dog and cat and behind that with the impure instinct of the jungle child, which is still not contaminated by anything and is completely open to Mother Nature. I believe I can say that I know something about it. The thing through which we experienced lucky shots, is inherited, natural sensitivity. As a result of this these people feel ... they feel you and you do not know, but now the search is starting.

Under all that searching René awakened. It started when Erica said the first word about ‘misreading’ her boy. I, stupid fool, let slip:

‘When the life awakens, then it will come.’

Within four days I already have to come.

She says: ‘Frederik, where has the awakening got to? Will the awakening life not deceive us?’

I could not answer Erica. There I was again, they sympathised with me, but remained themselves. I said:

‘You cannot build houses on desert sand.’ Karel understood it as:

‘Leave it and you will be rid of everything.’

At that moment he started on self-construction. We would have had peace then if Erica had not gone to all those people. When I followed her, we had created new misery, even worse than what was already experienced, this misery was disgustingly bad. Erica comes to me one day and says:

‘We shall soon be through with the karmic laws, Frederik.’

I was surprised and asked:

‘What did you just say? We will soon be through with the karmic laws? Where did you get that nonsense?’

An explanation followed and I thought about it. As a result of this I got the urge as much as her to know more about it. Why not? However, when the four weeks were past after which René could bury his karmic laws, Erica was faced with an even bigger problem, because that morning another of those letters came. Yet she continued her research, with the familiar consequences. She came home covered in mud. When I once talked to Hans about these people, he said:

‘We have enough of that sort, Frederik. I do not understand why healthy people are crazy enough to get involved in these things. We know what to do, we soon make them better, at least if that is possible, or they get their injections. We teach them not to do those tricks.’

René did not get scarlet fever, the ‘karmic laws’ went their own way, the backwardness of the child remained. We were able to establish some material progress and we were very grateful for that. It gave Erica some relief. The young life did not awaken. The doctors had to bow their heads to René, the card readers were completely off the mark and Karel was proved right: it is the effect, you cannot bypass nature. Yet, I have aged ten years because of it. My diary says:

‘What I could never have believed I did today, yesterday and a few months ago: I went to clairvoyants for René. I admit that I was bitten by a scorpion. Oh, how they beat me! Erica is really upset by it! What I saw was a horrific mask. It brings people death and decay. It is so terrible that I really cannot find a name for it, everything, every word to do with the devil in people that we can find in our dictionary, is nothing compared to these bestial daydreamers. I washed myself more thoroughly than I had done for a long time, I felt so dirty. I did not dare to go out for days, because I thought that everyone knew that I stank of clairvoyants. I did not want to contaminate people in the street. A louse is a sacred animal, a flea as well, since pig-like airs and graces have become scientific systems. You will sense what I mean: I see so deeply into that suffering, those people are so rotten! They suck you empty! They are merciless, the corpses of fathers and mothers mean nothing.

Human hearts, however full of love, they cut to pieces. They murder you spiritually!’

When Erica once went to one of those women, she said:

‘You have come about your husband, haven’t you, he ...’ If only she had kept quiet, she immediately would have known that she was deceived, but her honesty sprang forwards and she said:

‘I have come about my son, about little René.’

Much later she understood her mistake, but then those scorpions had already bitten her and there was nothing more to be saved. The woman recovered herself as quick as lightning, twisted the subject and continued. René was destroyed, the child moved to the Other Side, it was already dead for three years, but the doctor who operated on the child could not help it. You see, the child is in the hands of angels and those inhabitants of heaven now take care of your son, soon you will see it back alive. Just give into it, madam ... After all, God knows what He is doing, doesn’t He? God knows what He can do and that is a revelation for your child, the karmic laws now come to an end. The karmic laws are now as dead as can be. They have had to give up the ghost.

When Erica fell off her chair from the fright, ashamed at so much deception, the clairvoyant thought that she had lost consciousness. Erica asked what she owed, threw ten guilders onto the table and disappeared, poorer than when she had come. She stood naked on the street and felt sullied.

Another one talked about René and thought he was called Alaf and she thought herself that the child had a nice name. She also talked about the loss of the child, all those women just wanted to see René in the grave. No, your child did not suffer. Children are well-off in heaven. Believe me, madam, I have lost three myself. I know how you feel and I will do everything to relieve your suffering. Here is your little one already, what a beautiful child it is.

Put it out of your mind, madam, your child is happy! Your child has been spared much suffering ... Now just give me that money, she should have added, but that came a moment later. When Erica said that her child was still alive, a mask sneered at her, which made her tremble and shake. For the umpteenth time a skunk had got her and she was sick and tired of it.

What kind of people are they, I wondered? They bring misery to gullible people and kick the broken souls. Look through those masks and see how their swollen lives stink. The lady carries on! Whether they don’t see their own clamps and mantraps? They step over them. That is possible in this world, but afterwards? That is exactly what they are talking about. Oh, the people that live on the earth.

I gave myself a good beating. What a fool I was! I beat myself awake. I

wanted to put a just end to it, but I was simply laughed at. Then I locked myself up for a few days, as I already said, because I did not dare to show my face. How dirty I was, how terribly dirty. The things adds are good for. There was one who asked me bluntly whether I felt like dying. I raced out the door head over heels and then it was also the end for me there. Later we laughed about it ... about that mess ... yes, we had fun!

I thought that you could close yourself off to those people. I did it, but she went in through another door and this was the very door which appeared not to be closed. I waited and thought: just start.

‘I can already feel something’, the lady assured me. ‘You must not get a fright, but you don’t have long to live.’

I mumbled something ... Yet I got married again. I was already married ... I had already had a wife ... but that was nothing for me, did not fit with my character.

‘You will move house, you do not want to, but you do it, because your house burns down. I can see a man whom you must be careful of. Do not do any business with that thief, you will fall for it. He looks like that and that, you know, I can see one of those little moustaches. You are very lucky in love, you will go to Nanna!’

Is that not a lucky shot! I got a fright and she continued, but sees that I have been affected. I feel the first splash of mud right in my face.

‘You are witness to a marriage, which lasts four weeks, then they are disagreeing again. Then the divorce follows ... of course, but with an awful lot of noise, otherwise I would not even continue about it. Not nice for you, because that Nanna is also involved. That woman is a snake. Be careful, sir, she is a snake. I see a child there. It has the name of Enré!’

When that woman says the name of Nanna, she knows that she is spot-on. The parapsychologist calls that a lucky hit, I mean our one, whom we consulted for René. I feel that this woman stands in front of my door and cannot find the entrance. She is standing in front of me, but there is a wooden door between me and her life. Will she make it through under her own power? When she says the name Enré, she keeps rattling her key in the lock, but cannot quite get the door open. Well, well, what is that, I think, what kind of tricks am I experiencing here? I let her prattle and she continues:

‘That Enré is very gifted, do you know that?’ I nod.

‘Have you been to Indonesia before? No? You will soon go there. I warn you, do not travel through Spain, because danger threatens you there. Do not forget it.’ I nod and she continues:

‘I can see a house, a woman and a man and a servant. I think that it is that Nanna again. Oh, sir, watch out for that pair! That man is a big thief, it is a blackmail clique ... no, what is it called, a brothel! When you see that

woman, you will recognise her immediately. She has a scar above her right eye. She wants to hide it, but she cannot. If you know those people, you will leave. You can therefore orientate yourself.'

I nod and she continues:

'That Nanna is a strumpet. Do you not know her?'

I shrug my shoulders. She says:

'That is all. You owe me ten guilders!'

The door closes behind me. Who next! Not me ever again. That woman almost sucks our René out of my body. The academics call that lucky shots ...! I was ashamed of myself. I felt that I had let our child be sullied and tried to make up for this with toys. However, what scoundrels we people are, thoughtless and bad, you just throw away the most sacred things about yourself for the taking into those muddy lives. Oh, how I shouted at myself. When Hans heard it, I was given a good talking to. I allowed him this fun. We talked and laughed about it, spoiled René and then it was over again. But never that again!

Yet I have thought about it. I want to learn from everything in my life. We made comparisons and established that everyone sometimes says things which later become true but the women and men who act as clairvoyants earn big money from it. My diary says:

'They tried to feel, there is no more to it. What René passed onto Erica when she was pregnant, these people suck out of you under your very nose. I know exactly what it is and how they do it, only I do not have any words for it yet. However, that will come later. Furthermore, they are adders! It is the very lowest form of deception which I know. Our society should no longer tolerate this. It is so pitifully inhuman in thousands of cases, that I want to do everything in order to wipe out that scum. However, the policemen laughed in my face. Then I just gave up!'

René continued to make progress, his mind was at a level which no one could change. I taught him something, Anna added something and the boy got the rest from Erica and Karel. We did not have any more filthy letters. The months passed in this way and it was a case of waiting for his growth, his awakening.

Now, today, he has gone to nursery school. I took him there and handed him over to those sisterly hands. René is seven years and a few months old, too late, as far as we know, with regard to the normal. But what can you do? We wait impatiently to see how he got on the first morning. What will the teacher say about our child? How will the other children receive him? We know only too well that youngsters are harsh. Youngsters will beat exactly that human being which needs help the most. I foresee that they will also pull René to shreds, that his poor soul will come home, bloody, beaten and

deformed, yes, completed trampled. I foresee, yes, I know that we will now be faced with misery for the first time. Oh, how they will beat him up. I could weep, and Anna and Erica along with me. We know! We are so concerned about René! Yet, he had to go to the people, he had to go to other children.

I am so afraid. Erica came to me a moment ago and said:

‘Will you believe, Frederik, that my heart is bleeding? I have the feeling that they will murder my child there. Oh, if only I could keep him with me.’

She looked at me as if she wanted to ask me: ‘Could you not have given him everything? Did this have to happen?’

However, should we keep the child from society and bring it up ourselves? I told her that I had already thought about all of that and had reached the conclusion that such a thing was not possible, because life will reach awakening when amongst all other things. René must get through it. Karel has already told her that, but she reverts back to it. Karel says: ‘It has to be like this! It is supposed to be like this! There is no other way, the child has to get through it.’

Now we are sitting waiting for the time when we may go and collect him. Anna goes up and down the stairs, she does not know why. However, when she became aware of it herself, she realised that she was looking for René. Then I saw tears again. What therefore generally weighs heavy for a mother, a day like this, weighs thousands of kilos here. Our hearts bled ... It is a part of our lives, that they have taken into their care there. Will they understand that?

I follow René’s school time as it were ... a little walk outside, but none of us want to show ourselves. Those powers are still there, even if we have had to fight with each other for half an hour about how we should act for the child. We thought this was the best thing.

‘Another hour’, Anna says. Erica added ten minutes later: ‘Just less than fifteen minutes.’ Less than five minutes later I had already left to collect him. I stood waiting as if it concerned my own flesh and blood. When I was standing there, Karel came along. We got in immediately and he will drive René home. The bell rings ... Mothers and fathers, come along, here are the little ones!

I am standing on the stage again. The first sketch is over. The dear public is sitting down again and thought that the conversations were very interesting. A few mothers wipe away a tear, but there were an awful lot of nods! That says enough. We shall continue!

Frederik, how merciless youngsters are!

WHEN René along with the other children crosses the threshold of the nursery school, Karel and I race over to him and press the child to our hearts. It is as if we experience a miracle; our hearts thump in our throats, its red colour is in our faces and we behaved in a very exaggerated manner according to the other fathers and mothers, but we did not care. 'René ... Little René ...', we utter. There is René! Karel is the first to reach the child. René fumbles with his hand and wriggles loose. He looks up, looks at me and jumps into my arms. Karel blushes because of it. I behave a bit shy, but say:

'If only you had not made me a schoolmaster, Karel, I cannot help it.'

We are home. Erica and Anna cuddle the child. René dashes here and there, he has never been kissed like that before, but it does not affect the life. He looks a bit bedraggled, his little face is pale, his quiff stands on end. In his little eyes I can see little lights, which were not there before, proof that there is tension in the life. The soul trembles, the little body looks fearful, it is as if he has been given a good shaking there. Already? It is a very different child which is lying in my arms, it is no longer our René. And that within a few hours.

Erica and Anna are occupied with him. Karel has gone again, he has his own opinion, for the rest he does not care. The three of us are involved and we will make sure that the child has a good life. René talks a bit, wants to tell about what happened, but suddenly he cannot speak another word and begins to stammer. Then weeping and female laments. What on earth should we do with him? It is Anna who asks me to solve this problem. I say that it will be okay, she must not worry yet. Everything will be okay, this as well!

After the boy has eaten something, he plays. I am with him and take part. We have not been able to have a word in confidence the past few months, the child closed himself off completely. Now I feel that he has something to tell me. I ask:

'And, René, do you like it there?'

Now you must have some patience, he is starting to think. It always takes a while before you get an answer. Sometimes he stammers, it is also possible that you suddenly get such a sharp answer that a boy of twelve could not better him. He looks at you first several times, he tries to pull it from your life, in order to collect together all his powers to answer the question. You are now faced with a backward child. You would want to turn yourself inside out to help that life, but it does not work, you stand there powerless. For Erica that is still the worst thing there is. She cannot cope with it either, mostly you

see her walking away. René once came to me and asked:

‘Why does mother run away from me, Uncle Frederik?’

Now I was left speechless and really did not know what I should say. Now he is ready, but his lips tremble from emotion, yet I hear:

‘They are rotters, Uncle Frederik.’

‘Now, now, and where did you learn that nice word?’

I get from him that they have already called him a ‘rotter’! He does not even know what the word means, but it sounds very smooth, it touches him, it means something to him. Now he is silent and thinks about it. I try to make it clear to him that everything is becoming very different, but that he has to get used to it. I also give him the assurance that he must love his little friends and must make sure that he gets as many as possible. He has to understand that he will get back what he gives himself to his little friends. He quickly utters through his thin lips:

‘But I did not do anything. I have done nothing. Nothing!’

‘And then you got hit, didn’t you?’

‘Right in my face, here, Uncle Frederik.’

In the late afternoon I went with him to the woods. He is interested in nature, he imitates the birds, chirps and grunts like the pigs, flowers are miracles to his life, trees are bogymen ... I do not yet know the secret about this. When I wanted to put him under a giant tree like that, he started to walk away and he did not show himself again. Ah, I thought, you are afraid of a tree! It took me back to my dream: his sitting down there, falling and getting up and disappearing over his hill. How can it be, I thought, so it’s reality after all? Has his soul really experienced that? He is afraid of big trees ... He experienced the same as me and I can see the consequences of it before me. There goes René ... Here is the same child ... it walks next to me and he is not there. It lives here and the child lives somewhere else and people call that backward. In his head there is nothing ... it is the soul, the personality. Yet so deep.

I now know why he got blows this morning. The boys do not think that imitating is necessary. I have opened his heart in my way. I know that he is short-tempered and unmanageable if he is faced with himself and has to accept from other people that it is not the done thing. Erica says that he has that short temper from Karel and he resigns himself to it, which surprises Erica. Yet he suddenly said:

‘As long as you will admit that he has inherited that backwardness from you, I will not mind anything.’

Erica was on the run, she stayed away the whole day, she was angry, but still had to accept the deformed character of her child. I now believe that René’s short temper plays tricks on him, that those characteristics will break

his character, that he will completely dissolve as a result, so that we will be faced with problems again. I know one thing: what is now still backwardness for him, will soon be the untameable in and for his being. Whether he will then still belong in society? When I see him like this and follow him, I get the feeling that the life leads itself to the material awakening and we cannot change anything about it. What Erica and Anna feel as anxiety, is to me the natural development ... even if I admit that there is a question here of supernatural abilities, which the child cannot deal with. His head has now become narrow, that unnatural thickness has gone. It is a remarkable change, almost incredible, because the skull cannot be reformed and does not allow any human treatment. Yet this process took place under our very eyes, for which no academic has a name. Something new? The boys in the street who knew him even spoke about it. They said that his head had been drained. Afterwards René shut himself away and did not go outside anymore. In a way I got it out of him and I understood why he feared the street. His father has drained his head ... it is called! Then he asked me:

‘Why, Uncle Frederik, did Father have to drain my head?’

He did not trust either Erica or Anna with his secret. This life continues to worry about all these things, he deals with them, but I saw that the personality did not make progress. Irritation revenges itself. For days he lives shut away in himself and feels alone in the world. Not a word passes his lips, even if you were to beg him to do so, he does not understand or hear you. Unobtainable to everything.

Karel has already learned to control himself, which has cost a lot of effort. Erica sometimes falls out of her role. Anna never forgets herself. René knows exactly who he has to have, who forgets themselves, who snarls, he is afraid of that, it is as if he gets a severe beating. At a harsh or severe word this life trembles and shakes. He is therefore over-sensitive, so sensitive that a word can destroy him like a stalk of straw and beats him to the ground. Next to that lives brutal violence. Sometimes he cannot be controlled, he races through the house like a wild man, flings things all over the place, makes a terrible mess and breaks everything there is to break. Erica is also afraid of that.

‘Oh dear’, she says to me, ‘we will have to buy ourselves furniture made of iron and steel. What do you think about it, Frederik?’ What was expressed a short time ago in letters has now changed into visible tension, severe action and being mixed up in himself. The life has awakened, it is searching for itself and it wants to experience itself. However, there is no progress. It will not do him any good, it changes his life and the personality, but characteristics start to work of which I do not expect very much. I therefore believe that all of this will become his downfall in society, at school and whatever awaits this life. I think that this teacher will soon not know what to do with him and

she will say: just take that little chap away again, wild bulls are no use to me here, my children lose their peace. But then what?

We must do everything to prevent that. You talk for hours to him, he gives you answers which amaze you and a moment later pretends to be deaf and dumb. The life starts to rotate at full power and is immediately a cause of anxiety. I do not yet know this machine, I also hope to get to know its construction better.

When we are sitting next to each other on a bench looking at everything which passes by, which nature gives us, it is as if death is sitting next to you. It could also be the ice-cold wind from the North, which shoots through marrow and kidneys and creates such a chilly feeling. He stares at the ground, does not hear you talking, the soul of this body is everywhere and nowhere. Even if you shake him awake, it does not help any. Now all that light from his eyes has disappeared. Now you are involved with his mask or another mask and the life extinguishes itself. He sits for hours on end in the same position, quietly thinking or, what I make of it ... apathetically recovering. But where will it take us? You either have him or you don't, you sit outside and you sit inside, you are not outside and you do not sit in his room either ... I heard Anna say ... he eats and he does not eat, he drinks his milk and asks a moment later when he will get some milk. Then it is an adult. Anna got him out of the bath ... ten minutes later he asks her when he has to have a bath again. Karel drives with him through the woods, five minutes later he asks whether father will take him along some time, he would love a drive. Then you are faced with a mad person? Is this child off his rocker? An hour later he confronts you with other facts and asks:

'Does a dog have a soul, Uncle Frederik?'

When he asked me that, Karel jumped up out of his chair.

'Ask me again, René ...!' Karel asked. The child asks:

'What did you say? What do I have to ask, Father? Did you ask me something? Oh, I thought that you asked me something. Then I will just go.'

Karel says to me: 'God damn it, that is not a child any more, but an old man. Did you see that, Frederik?'

I saw it, I heard it, I experienced it. I do not think that this was René. But then what? Karel continued on the subject. I hear:

'I believe, Frederik, that this boy is fooling all of us. If you ask me, I believe that we will end up at Hans', in other words: he is going mad!'

His politeness has suddenly disappeared without trace. He is using 'thou', the polite form of speaking. A politeness is shown which you do not possess yourself and usually do not use, because you don't do that amongst friends, don't consider it necessary, but which you force him to use. A politeness, which suddenly changes again into the familiar form, which takes you

straight to the street gutters and lies there for the taking, but which is not looked at by anyone with any sense. A rascal now appears, a broken mentality, which stands before you a moment later and recites a poem. Karel says:

‘You could make a play out of it. People would enjoy it, I assure you of that, it is such a comedy. However, we are bothered by it.’

You know the rascals of the street, there are different types. If René has those airs and graces, I do not see one of them who is like him, even if I have to go to Paris for it or New York, Vienna or Berlin ... this one cannot be improved upon. He is like a wild man then. Then you can also hear:

‘May you destroy mice, Uncle Frederik? May you poke out a louse’s eyes, so that the beast is no longer able to find you? May you pull pigs’ tails, because that animal can scream so terribly? May you pull out chickens’ feathers, if you want them to get a new suit, because you always see them in the same clothes. Does that not get boring?’ Anna saw him one day busy with the chickens. When she asked what he was doing, he replied:

‘I am giving this animal a new suit, Anna, after all I always get new clothes too.’ After he had said that, he immediately becomes another child and he runs away from the chickens.

He has asked me hundreds of questions and they all came down to whether he was allowed to do this or that, in order to give all those lives some joy. And that for a while, a few months; then we saw a different personality again.

One afternoon – we are sitting together, tea and cake on the table – he utters:

‘How well-off we are, mother, aren’t we?’

When Erica says: ‘You are right’, he continues:

‘You have to thank God for that, don’t you, mother?’

Erica looks at us and replies: ‘Of course, little René ... every day.’

And now he adds: ‘But I will be damned if I will.’

Who taught René those words? It is the boys who live close by, he says, they will be damned if they do either. We know enough. He comes towards me at the same time and asks:

‘Do you want to hear a poem of mine, Uncle Frederik?’

‘Well, I would like to. Just let me hear it!’

He immediately rushes to say:

‘I was building a bridge. And that bridge was long. I destroyed that thing again myself. Because I did not do it right. I should not have said be damned.’

Bridge and poetry, the word damned, they are one concept for this soul. They are linked to each other and are separate from each other, knock each other down ... talk to each other and have arguments, feel that it is wrong and start again. There is no order, Karel says, that head is a mystery to me. It is full of nonsense! And rottenness ... I do not intend to make a fool of

myself: that is the way it is!

When he has said that poem, he lays down at Erica's feet and behaves like a dog. He licks and smacks his lips ... the animal in him longs for something ... Does he get nothing from the master? The animal jumps up, runs to Anna, pulls her apron from her body, steals something nice to eat from her and goes upstairs. You do not see that life again for hours. When you come upstairs this life is lying on the ground in a deep sleep. Or is it something else? That also lasted for months. Then this soul changed again. From this life another awakened, because this life presents you with problems, with masks, with inhuman things. That is now sitting next to me on the bench and is not saying anything. This life is not here, is not of this world, it does not belong here! It does not live here! It is everywhere and nowhere, it has nothing to do with this rotten world, it goes its own way. We say that: it is a mad person! This is an apathetic child. It is an impossible character. It has everything and it has nothing! What is it? Are you still trying to kid me that this is a 'spiritual child prodigy', Frederik?

The miracle is sitting next to me and is depressed? The miracle went to school this morning and got blows? Why? Because this miracle imitates everything and everyone there. This miracle cannot do any more. They will soon kick it out the door, no one in this world wants to be involved with this miracle.

It is a poor comfort to me. And for him it is a terrible world. That is our René, little René ... oh, yes, our child!

'Should you not go home, my boy?'

'What?'

'I just asked you whether you want to go home yet, René.'

'What is it, Uncle Frederik?'

'I said that those wild ducks can flap their wings so nicely.'

'They're lovely, aren't they, Uncle Frederik? I would love to be a duck. Do those animals never get to wear a new suit? And why do they lay their eggs outside? Why do they not come and bring you the eggs at home? You can eat them, after all? Why must those animals get everything and we get nothing? Why do chicken's eggs cost money and the animals do not get any of it? Why does that teacher talk so much nonsense to us? Why does she not tell us about Our Lord?'

'That will come, René, that will also come, just wait and see.'

He is already sleeping again. A moment later I ask:

'Do you not have to go home yet, René?'

'What do those people want from you, Uncle Frederik? Do they want to have our bench? I won't have any of it, we have only just arrived.'

'Do you not want to go home yet, René?'

‘Do we have to leave already, Uncle Frederik? What does Anna say? Does she have a pudding? Which pudding is she making? Is there enough to eat today? What time is tonight, Uncle Frederik?’

‘Tonight it will be one o’clock, two o’clock and also five past three, six and seven o’clock. But then you will already be awake, won’t you?’

‘Precisely ... Uncle Frederik, and then the daily tasks begin. Eating, washing, tea, playing for a while and then to school. Oh, yes, to school, what fun you will have there with the other children, won’t you, dear?’

That is Anna and there a bit of Erica in it. The rest is rubbish? The child is thinking, the child is there and the child is not there ... But do we not know this mask, this phenomenon? My God, Frederik, have you slept in? Are you dozing? René, little René ...! What an angel you are, what a science you bring to this world. My God, how can it be.

In my diary there is added:

This afternoon I got the foundations! They are amazing, great, awe-inspiring. I know René and I am together again with him. We were busy laying foundations, we worked on it in our own way. It went really well. Erica, everything is wonderful, everything, Karel ... everything, gentlemen, EVERYTHING!

Erica said: ‘You are there, doctor, and you are not there. You walk in the street and you sit inside. You talk to yourself and it is like a physical conversation with yourself. Do you not think that is a phenomenon, doctor? Do you have to laugh at that, doctor?’ Does the doctor think it is nonsense? Yes! However, does the doctor not think that this is mad? Is strange? Yes, that is fine, Erica, you are here and you are not here. René is not here either, he passed this onto you! My God ... what a miracle it is ... how can it be. But I will wait and see, I promise You that.

René thinks of a thousand things at the same time. He is good and he is evil, but it lives in one hand, in one head and wants to be a part of the huge whole. He stumbles there over himself. However, I am starting to believe that the life of Karel, his effect and nature, can think, even if it is like a bit of slime which I once held in my hand in order to become wiser through it. It is a brilliant day today, such and such a day of the such and such month of the year 1900 and something.”

Then it was evening, the sun set and little René slept like a baby. I sat in my room in order to record this incredible thing and to keep it for this so rotten humanity, in order to force the academics later to bow their empty heads to this miracle.

Oh, my ‘spiritual miracle’ lives and it gets wings ... A duck lays eggs, René, but they were not laid by the wind, they are worth their weight in gold and you will find the papers for them on your bank. I will guarantee it.

When it was three o'clock at night, I went to bed, although I would not be able to sleep anyway, it had got to me so much ...

When sleep comes to me I am awake again as well. I see René lying in the middle of his little room, the child is sleeping. What is it doing there? I follow him and I also go to sleep. A moment later we are standing outside. We are at a school, there are many children. He looks at the children, he follows them one by one and he knows them. He asks them to be polite to him, because then he will not need to say such bad things about them. They laugh at him. He asks again whether they will not say such rotten words, that hurts him. It is as if they prick him, stab him, and with a sharp knife into the bargain. Will you stop it? No ... we won't stop it, you shouldn't be so backward then. Weak animals must be destroyed. However, I am not destroyed, I mean, I am not weak! But you cannot think, can you? Did you think that we did not know that your father has drained your head? Rotter? Get lost. We will pester you away from here. There!

Ouch, oh, Anna ... Ouch, why must they hit me? Anna runs up to the boy, she asks:

'What was the matter, René? Why are you lying on the ground? Why do you not lie in your little bed if you want to sleep? Come on, no one will hurt you, as long as Uncle Frederik and I are here. Good, that is better.'

I awake with a fright. I jump out of bed, light a pipe and start to write. The words flow from my pen:

'I know! When René sleeps he dreams and those dreams come true. He dreamt about school. Anna told him that, but Anna does not know what is going to happen now. I even believe that I could now already write, could tell what will happen. What will they do to him? Oh, that poor boy ... This world is no good to your sensitive soul, but I will continue to help you.'

I experienced a wonderful day and a wonderful night. Now I will really go to sleep. When René lies on the ground like that, he is flying, he is outside and he is inside. Well, well, what is it? The child experiences good and evil and absorbs it. The child experiences this world! The child experiences the animals! The child experiences life differently from us. It is there and it is not there? You can't fool me, can you? Oh, how happy I am!

The third day at school brought misery home. René already has a black eye. The teacher says that she did not see where it happened. They could have killed René, she did not see it. She walked there in front of the boys and girls with her nose in the wind. She did not see what happened behind her. The children run across the street, they roll over the ground, kill each other, and she does not see it! When we come home with him, Erica shouts at me:

'Oh, Frederik, how merciless youngsters are!'

Yes, they are. But what can you do? Must we teach René to defend him-

self? Should I give the child boxing lessons, so that it can hit out? Can defend himself? Karel likes that that idea and tries it. René stands before him, his father, and looks, for just a moment! Then he runs away fast. Karel shouts: 'Come here ... stay here, René ...' However, the child runs off. He does not want anything to do with boxing. When Karel gets hold of him, the life says:

'Our Lord wants nothing to do with it, Father.'

'What are you saying? Has this to do with Our Lord? Come on, hit out, René, just give me a beating. You have to show the boys what you can do.'

The end result is that Rene slumps onto the bed, he is so tired.

'How tired that makes you', he utters an hour later, so that Anna asks:

'Why are you so tired, René?'

'I saw that father was boxing, Anna. I became so tired, oh, so tired, and then I went to sleep.'

Do you understand this, Frederik? I understand it, dear Anna, it is a miracle. And because it is a miracle and has to do with my 'spiritual miracle' I just keep it to myself. However, René gets tired watching. He gets tired from everything which he perceives as harshness, this life, this child this machine, is so sensitive. Did you think that? Did you see that? I saw it and am grateful to you for it. However, there will be no boxing. It will be experienced in sleep and now the own defence follows. However he will run away, you will see, and we will get him home again for good. Now it is me, but I do not want to be it, the life goes its own way. You will see, Frederik! Oh, that Anna!

What is the reason, I wondered the next morning, that the life already has the power to inspire the mother during her pregnancy and to pass on thoughts? I also let myself believe that a mother who wrote to me at that time, had become clairvoyant during her unity with the child. Does this have bearing on all of this? I do not know yet. It is becoming clear to me that the phenomena of Erica completely agree with the being that is René. I now have to accept that this is the miracle that I discovered. The foundation! We will carry on, René! There is a road which leads there ... that will be the state of purity.

You are continually faced with new questions. What we as creators give the mother during what is called fertilisation, is that inspired? Is the soul present there, which then later becomes a 'human being'? Is that all so close to each other? I mean, do soul and material at that moment already live in one world? It is a great miracle. However, what do we know about it? What does science know? Is it admissible to ask such questions? Is it fantastic to search for yourself and your birth as a person? If I follow all those mothers, remarkable phenomena appear, which I now see again in René. Erica was inspired by it, she reacted irrevocably to what ... is now the life of René. She was not there and René is not there now. What an embryo. What strength

such a small material little cell has and a penetrating capacity, it allows itself to rain in the daily consciousness of the mother. Such an embryo smashes everything there to pieces, it shakes the mother about, firm personalities are snapped as if they are blades of straw, so badly that they are capable of ending their lives. That same insignificant cell life sends the longing for a drink to the mother, it passes on the longing to imitate Franz Liszt and thousands of other things, which, now that I see this before me, it appears to be capable of. If 'personality' is already present there, we are faced with incredible wisdom and I and thousands of people along with me may know how God has composed our human machine, where it concerns us. Good grief, Frederik, what foundations you can see! That again through our René!

René lives in thousands of things at the same time. I have to accept that. Can his life deal with that? I do not think so. All those personalities represent an own world, but then we end up in our great dictionary. What sensible people like us have given a name to, lives in him, naturally in everyone, but for him those characteristics receive a shape and they wear a mask. High and low lives in him and outside of him in order to say something, and in between that you see something of Our Lord. I know one thing: he has a great love in him. He loves God and His life. He has a feeling for religion and he is open to nature. We will allow this life to awaken calmly. What I have to do is follow him and stand by him.

Youth is awakening, Anna said a few days ago, also in René. It is just as the child saw in advance. The boys do not tolerate weak people! They almost destroyed him. Five of those lads did not like him. I heard that they wanted to beat him black and blue, because he interfered in everything. The teacher did not see it. They attacked him so much that we got him home with holes in his head. Yet he took on three of them. It happened so unexpectedly that the boys thought that they were fighting with a lunatic. They do not know where that little lad got the strength. In few seconds he had beaten three of them to the ground, then the others ran away. Then the nice teacher saw what a blood bath her pupils had created. Karel got involved in it. He thought that René was great, if there had not been a question mark. It happened like this ...

They walked outside with the teacher. They go into the woods every morning. The children love that, they enjoy the weather and can please themselves for a while. We now know that there is supervision. They are squabbling a bit. René is called water head with a straw in it, which leaks. He asked Anna what all of this meant. He felt intuitively that it meant something terrible. "We saw his eyes beaming with fire", one of the boys said. 'First we saw tears. However, he can also call names, he also looks you up and says something horrible. Then those stupid rotten stories. What does it matter to us whether ducks lay their eggs outside and chickens never get another suit! How we

laughed. Chickens in a Sunday suit, we do not understand that. Then he became furious at us. That is what happened, sir.

Then ... then there were blows. He thought that he could fight against all of us. We let him feel that he could not do that, a moment later we were lying on the ground. I will never do that again, Mr Wolff, I am sorry.'

Karel had to accept that he was made a fool of right under his nose. René let rip like a real lunatic. His mouth was foaming, he screamed like a machine could not and was everywhere at the same time. Yet then he had no longer a face. His nose and mouth were bleeding, his hands were crushed, his legs broken. He was lying on the ground like a wild pig, grunted and screamed as if they wanted to butcher him. René has strange airs and graces. At that moment it was a madman which they walloped ... that's what lunatics do. They can fight ten people at the same time. René could do that ... but now he is lying upstairs, broken, dead tired, wounded and you do not get a word out of him. Anna does everything, Erica is very upset by it. Karel has taught the teacher a lesson, but became furious when he also learned how helpless his child is. The whole neighbourhood knows. Those intellectuals are now laughed at. A farmer from the country brings academics into the world, that one there a lunatic. Where are those people now with their learnedness? Did those people think that they could bring academics into the world? Did those people think that they could ask God?

You should hear those stories. The hassle is a torture to Karel. You cannot do anything about it, it is slander. The ordinary man is thinking for himself. The stupid person acts for himself. If this trashy town had been a bit bigger, such as Rotterdam, for example, then an intellectual would not have been so well-known. Now everyone knows the Wolffs and the family is talked about.

In one day this childish fight has turned into a great scandal. Everyone talks about it. One person is on our side, another is against us and wish the doctor well with his lunatic. Erica does almost not dare to leave the house anymore, Anna braves everything, she challenges people as it were. I go my way and think about it. However, you should hear that gossip. I can also see and hear my foundations in that gossip. I call that 'the gutter philosophy', the gutter philosophical systems, where awesome truth lives, however, which people throw away just like that and which cannot be seen by anyone. This is just the way I am, I have been collecting all these antiques for some time, my whole house is full of them.

I heard that Gerrit van Ess drinks like a fish, but just look at his boys. One is a clerk, the other has worked himself up to altar boy, the oldest has gone to Indonesia, and his two daughters got a husband, whose fingers the aristocracy would lick. They are ladies. That learned doctor now gets a lunatic in his house. Just as well, then that will be the end of the high and mighty

airs. Madam surely does not feel like horse-riding anymore? Would Doctor not like a ride? You cannot buy everything with money. I am just saying it, I have my own worries and you never know what hangs above your head, but that will be the end of his high and mighty airs. He can now go and work for his child.

Whether you drink and are eternally in a drunken stupor or not, all those people do not believe anyway that it has nothing to do with getting children. Gerrie from the old Van Knoop, who goes out with Tom, Dick and Harry, who does not shy away from sacred motherhood, who has had so many men in a year that another person would need ten lives for it, has triplets, all healthy, they are beautiful children. A doctor and his wife bring a lunatic into the world, a child with the airs and graces of a pig. Brains have no meaning. Even if you lie under the silk, even if there is central heating, even if there are flowers beside the bed and you can have a nice bath beforehand, it does not matter, it does not help you any, 'nature' still does its own thing. Even if you lie on the heath and even if you have not been able to wash yourself properly for years – that appears to be the case if you see Betsy de Krom, who has lived her whole life under the ground – conceiving children and having them, is not in the hands of any human being. Nature tricks you anyway! Betsy stinks from the dirt, her husband who is ten years older is just like a pig, but just look at their sons. Just see those boys. What men they are. They have heads on their shoulders, they know exactly what they have to do! They do not drink. The old Krom has given up drinking, his sons tell their father: we have other things to do, we want to leave this hovel. Stop that drinking or we will twist your neck. However, you should see that doctor and his wife. What poverty. I am certainly not laughing about it, a human being does not know what is hanging over his head, but is this not the truth?

I tell you, God punished them. Those people fussed like nobody's business. That showing off has now been revenged. That lady thought that she lived alone in this world. Don't you know that they always had parties there? There are always people there and the curtains are open, they want you to feast your eyes. I was so bothered when I walked past there. You should see them sitting there. You should see what a fuss those people make. But from my money and yours. The money a doctor like that must earn. And I do not like that other smart alec who is in the house. That man greets everyone in a friendly way, but I do not trust that man. If you ask me, that man is having an affair with the maid. I really do not trust that lot. So you see, what has a name, can also break its neck like us. What is rich does not mean that it has a head. I only mean – and I will leave it at that – those things are not for sale. It is awful, that is true and you do not need to laugh about it, but Our Lord knows how to find His children.

Whether you possess intellect, or whether you live under the ground, carrying the dirt behind you, it does not help, nature goes its own way. When life awakens you are faced with problems. Praying does not help! Even if you pray until you drop, it does not help. Corry de Leeuw has proved that. She went day after day to communion ... She was in the church for days in order to thank God for her blessed pregnancy. I believe that she laid a hundred guilders worth of flowers at Mary's feet. Her face looked sacred, you would have sworn that she was right at that time. And now? They had to pull the child out of her body in bits and pieces. I know that it sounds very harsh but is it not true then? Mary thought: just get lost, I do not want your flowers. I see that you cannot buy that holy family with money. If something is beautiful and very natural, why do you want to have it even more beautiful? There she goes, she looks like a drowned cat. Just a little while and you will not see her again ... then we will find her in a madhouse. If only that woman could put it out of her head that God does not even see her. If only she could imagine that the world and life carry on anyway. I talked to her. She says: I am destroyed, life has no meaning anymore for me. She prayed and felt so holy that this is a disappointment which you will never overcome. If you are mistaken in God, you will be finished. She made every effort! Poor Corry, just go and act the part of nurse. She scratched out her husband's eyes when he said that there was still the chance of having a child. However, one thing leads to another. She locks herself up, she does not want anything more to do with men, everything in this world deceives you. Mary let her down, communion is silent!! Her forget-me-nots, I thought, when I heard all that gossip, lie in the street.

There go the Wolffs! Gossiped about! People want to say something. They want the Wolffs to have this misery. Erica wants to move house. Karel says: 'Let them gossip.' I have my own opinion and Anna takes better care of René than any mother could. She does not leave his side for a second. However, are all these people wrong? Does gossip mean anything? Can you lay foundations for a new university from gossip? The diary says:

I gained amazing truths and I got them just like that for nothing. People in the street talk. All of this area talks about René and his intellectual parents. From everything it appears that these things are not for sale, you cannot bring God down by praying and bringing flowers for Mary and Joseph. It does not make any difference whether you are bitten by the cat or the dog, nature or God just continues. It does not help you whether you drink, pray or take a bath. Whether you conceive children in full consciousness or whether you have supper in a drunken stupor, let rip like a wild one, all of this does not help you, you get what is set aside for you, and not a jot less. Even if you stink to high heaven, this is as pure as crystal. It will be the truth, this does

not pay any attention to human thoughts, but it bothers Erica and Karel. Anna and I, we are all talked about. I tell you honestly, I had not foreseen this, I could never have got it into my head, I have never thought of such a thing. Now it is there!

It is strange. It tells me that inherited defect has no debt. I mean, for the life of the soul. Of course, the body can be influenced, diseases will later emerge, we have worked that out long ago and it is known. However, why is such a soul not contaminated? When the father drinks like a fish, a girl sells herself to all and sundry, knocks about like a wild cat and is then still able to bring three children into the world at the same time, which are one for one darlings, you can't help asking yourself: what does He wish to achieve with people like us? Does all of this have to be destroyed with violence? He sows hatred and malice amongst people. He curses one life and blesses another. He throws charity about precisely for those people who have not earned it?

Have Erica and Karel not earned this? Have those sluts prayed for it? Then Corry would have had a saint; but she got nothing and goes to Hans, for certain ... She succumbs under it. You see, these are masks! New ones? Oh, no, not that, but they are there. Erica is already almost mad. She does not dare to go out and yet she has to. We must not pay any attention to the people. I will go for a walk today and precisely where there will be a lot of people. I will show them that everything is actually perfectly ordinary, even if we are stuck with a lunatic.

Of course my talk appears muddy. I insisted up until yesterday that René was a child prodigy. I do not dare to say another word and they are right when they say: Frederik, stop it, I can no longer bear that, for goodness sake stop it or I will commit suicide. That flows just like that from Erica's lips. Karel now looks at me from behind his glasses and Hans wants to talk to me about it. I will go to him!

It also says: All in all a gain for me! I shall convince them one by one, only it is a pity that people interfere in it. However, this is because we live amongst good and evil, they are devils, who enjoy the suffering of other people. Even if there is some love involved, the satan speaks through it. However, it will all be okay!

Hans wrote to ask me to come soon, he had to go to Leipzig for a few months. I shall come when I am ready. René is lying in bed and is playing as if there is nothing the matter. I even believe that the events have done him good mentally. When I asked:

'What made you beat up those boys, René?' I immediately got as answer:

'I asked those rascals, Uncle Frederik, to leave me alone. They did not do that. They continued to pester me. Then they were already hitting and from that moment onwards I do not know anything anymore. Now I am with

you, with Anna and with Mother. Where is Mother? Call Mother, Uncle Frederik? Call Mother?’

Anna goes downstairs. When Erica is sitting next to him, René took her hand in his and said:

‘Just look me in the eye, Mother.’

Erica laughs and weeps. The mad child says:

‘Look at her. Did you really think, Mother, that I would let myself be hit?’

Erica’s hand is shoved away somewhat roughly, René continues to play and has forgotten her. We now see again that the child can think of thousands of things at the same time, or suddenly forgets everything:

‘Where is Mother, Uncle Frederik?’

‘Your mother is here.’

‘I saw her in the woollen pieces of fluff.’

He looked or stared into the woollen blanket. He sees Erica in it. I believe that he drew her likeness in it and no longer needs the real one. Erica was upset by it again. Not Anna. She looked at me and understood. I told Anna one thing and another, she now believes everything from me. She no longer falls, she can cope with everything, I only have to tell her something about his inner self now and again, she has asked me, then everything happens as it has to happen.

Erica had to look him in the eye. However, Erica did not see anything, did not feel anything. She only thought: my child is raving mad, where will this end; God forgive me, but I did not expect this. It does not help you if you behave like a learned person. It does not help you if you come from royal blood. It does not help you any if you weep or let things run their course, this sense crushes you or it does not crush you. Now it is a question of how you experience your own misery.

When you see this marked child playing, you could weep. When you think about the words it says, you could weep. However, if you follow this life and can sense what it is about, you will no longer weep, even if they had brought him home for dead, you will know then that everything is right in the way it comes to you. One thing is true: his soul was mad at the time of the fight. This was no longer a child! This was a hooligan, a bantam, as strong as a boy of twenty, who possessed the power to take on about ten men. Now, like a silent night, like a dream he sits there playing with nothing in particular, because you see nothing in his hands and yet there is so much there.

That day, it was an hour after dinner, he asked me:

‘Uncle Frederik, will you listen to me properly?’

Anna let slip: ‘What will we experience this time?’ Yet I simply said:

‘Well, what is it, René?’

‘Listen. I would like to have some chalk so that I can draw. I like to paint,

Uncle Frederik.'

An adult says what the life wants to do. Sort that one out, Frederik.

'Where did you suddenly get that from, René?'

'I have always wanted it, Uncle Frederik. But I was afraid that Father would not approve. Will you help me, Uncle Frederik? I do not want to be a doctor, as long as you know, not me, ugh, not me, never, ugh, ugh, not me, never me, ugh, dirty! I think it is dirty, ugh!!'

It could have gone on for an hour, that 'dirty' and that 'ugh', but thank God it stopped. He has also forgotten his question. However, I know the life will come back soon, it will awaken for this and it will have it as well. And why not? Does Karel wish to make a doctor out of a lunatic? I think that this is the best thing for René. In the evening, before going to bed, he says to Anna:

'You see, Anna, those boys have nothing and that is envy. I will get them.'

When Anna tries to answer him and tries to say that he has to love his little friends, he already says:

'I will rub pooh into them, Anna.'

Anna sinks under the ground, she is afraid of that 'pooh'. René goes to bed, closes his eyes and is immediately asleep. He did not even have anymore time to say goodnight to Anna. Anna says it is just as if he expects something in his sleep. It is as if someone is waiting for him, who says: let those dopes just work it out for themselves. Come on, I have waited long enough already. Have you ever seen a child, Frederik, who falls asleep so quickly? I haven't.

Then you can see Anna running back and forth. She creeps round on socks as if she is haunting. It is little René. She cannot believe that the child is not normal. Just look, Frederik, what a sleep, what rest. He is a lovely boy. Would you say that he is mad? That this child is ... psychopathic? Anna laughs, she cannot remember that learned word, yet she wants to absorb all those strange words and she is already managing well. She calls the parapsychologist ... 'the parade horse'. Hans is called a pissologist, she knows the others, they are simple good-for-nothings. They know nothing. She no longer has any respect for professors. Only for Karel still, because he said from the beginning: 'Effect is effect, nature is nature ... and I also know nothing!' That is the most natural thing of all.

However, René is a mystery to her. She watches over him and continues to watch over him! Erica really has no child to take care of, Anna does everything!

In his sleep, René had said:

'Why do you not come, Uncle Frederik?'

I felt that the child was calling me. However, I was wide awake, I was smoking my pipe and reflecting. He was somewhere and he is waiting for me

there. Anna says that he is like a saint in his sleep. 'You can hear him saying the nicest things. He behaves just like an academic. You would swear, Frederik, that René has many souls. Is that not possible? If a mother can bring triplets into the world, can a soul not be cursed with several souls? You know what I mean. Can René not possess two souls? Can he perhaps not have two people in him? I do not know how to find the words for it. However, you will just have to see for yourself. When he is sleeping, Frederik, he is a different boy.'

We were waiting for hours next to his bed when the family was out. I heard him say:

'Where are you now, Uncle Frederik? Are you not coming to the 'meadow'? Are you not coming to the tree? Are you leaving me alone? I am waiting, I am waiting, I can see blossom and I will pick some of it for you, also for Anna. Mother has not earned it. Neither has Karel yet ... but he is different. I want to draw! I will draw! I will do what I want to do, Uncle Frederik, Anna? I can see it, I can hear it, oh, it is so beautiful here.'

You could see that his closed eyes ... see, look, see everything, only it is not of this world. We go away! We weep, and we left our hearts open. That was one evening. There was no more and no more was coming yet. I now know that he is expecting me. I also know that deep within this life everything is all right ... everything, everything! If that awakens ... that? Then we will experience something totally different. Despite everything I insist that René is a spiritual child prodigy!

However, we shall see where the ship will strand. I believe that it will not be stranding, but it will mean going ashore, getting in supplies for a long journey ... Oh, how it will bang there! I will go along, Anna as well, Erica and Karel are there, but they see nothing, they have to subject themselves to a sleep therapy. It is the sacred truth.

Frederik, do you think that this is the right one?

‘IN SO FAR AS every thought, conscious or unconscious, represents its own world’, as it says in my diary, ‘and gives a will to the soul, personality, must be able to be explained, where it began thinking and feeling for this society.’ I already found that a few times in the book ... the answer is not there and will not come either for the time being. Despite that, I am laying my foundations, I am continuing. René has brightened up a bit, behaves very ordinarily again and is a bit apathetic now and again. However, we do not yet know what he gets up to in his sleep. We know what he wants in his sleep, because yesterday morning he asked Karel:

‘What would you think, Father, if I was to start drawing and painting?’

You would swear that this child is neither mad nor apathetic. However, what follows:

‘You can fool someone else with that, not me.’

Karel was smoking a good cigar, just lit. He throws the cigar away and wants to get René. René runs into the garden, Karel goes after him, back into the house, upstairs, into his room, door locked. Karel is left standing. ‘I order you to open the door. Open the door, René, open the door!!!’ The door remains closed. Karel goes downstairs and climbs in through a window. When he reaches the windowsill he sees his child. René is lying in bed, he is already sleeping. Karel looks and continues looking, he hears:

‘I will become a painter. I will become a sketch artist. I will sketch and paint, won’t I, Father?’

Karel thinks that he is being taken for a ride, he dashes over to the bed and shakes the strange boy awake. Clearly awake, because the child was sleeping. He looks the lad in the eye, his eyes are still asleep. He controls himself and puts the child down. When he comes downstairs he lights a new cigar and thinks. After an hour, he says:

‘Is that a lunatic, Frederik? Can you understand that soul? Not me. I believe that I could have been violent. I am pleased that I did not do that. However, where in the world does that sleep come from? Could that mad Vanduin with his hypnotic sleep be right after all? I have no words for it. What is hypnotism actually, Frederik?’

‘That is a person who goes into a sleep through another’s will. That sleep’, just rolls from my mouth, ‘was enforced, enforced by a will, a will which forces, which dominates, which becomes one, I believe, with that other will, of which we do not yet know anything about. That is hypnotism!’

‘Get lost, Frederik!’

‘Thank you, doctor, thank you very much!’

We do not get any further. I do not know either what a hypnotic sleep means, but I do know that René sinks away into a sleep just like that and now no longer knows anything about this world. It used to be called polio! Now we are already so advanced that we go to hypnotic sleep and ask honestly and sincerely what kind of man he really is. Are the cards open on the table? We are not playing poker, but poking ... sawing into a person, but we do not get one piece off him, he is such a tough person. ‘I do not know’, it says in the book. I will probably never get to the bottom of it, because it is an extremely strange word. I do know however that it is exactly in that sleep that René is the happiest. He dreams and he knows more than during the day. When he is in such a sleep, he talks and thinks better and is then, at least according to Anna, just like a sacred boy. When he is asleep he is not upset, I would almost say: when asleep he is as he should be here, but that is just not possible, it would be too good to be true for all of us. I think that only then will we understand that terrible God and He therefore did not make so much distinction between His children. Now Corry goes to the madhouse. Another just lives wildly, Corry has succumbed.

She does not go to Hans, but somewhere else, there where they mostly stay. Hans has made an interim gallery out of it, he thinks that those people must have that, a passageway before they disappear for good from society. Must René also go there, Anna asks. I cannot bear thinking about it. Frederik, I think that I will become an arsonist then.

Again I read: In so far as the thought belongs to us, possesses daily consciousness, I would like to know where that strange sleep comes from which overcomes René just like that. Ah ... Karel called out, I have worked it out. We were looking in the wrong direction. How can it be, that I never thought of that. Then it came, epilepsy! Falling sickness! Precisely, but he was not bothered by that a few years ago. Let us have a look, Karel, we have not known about it for very long. You could not have done anything for it yet. Karel has already started. We will fight the illness, he says, I will do what I can and I will leave the rest to you! Exclamation mark, and twice!!

It was enough for today. I go on a visit. Hans is already at home. We sit again where we have already talked to each other so much, in front of the fire. The box of cigars is next to me, he immediately pours a large glass of wine. ‘For your nerves, Frederik. You need some fortification, I hear. A madhouse like that demands a lot from you. Did you hear the gossip? Do you hear what people say about it?’ I know. Nothing can be done about it, but it is miserable. You could give them what for. ‘The respected public, Frederik. Just let that monster get hold of something, it knows how to skin you. Tell

me what the state of affairs is. You know that I am away a lot now.' I know, I have known for so long.

I drink, quickly empty the glass and fill my glass again, which goes the same road as the first one. It has given me a thirst, I notice. Hans also notices it and he says:

'It comes from the tension there, Frederik. You should really get out. You must be sick for a long time now of playing nurse maid, mustn't you?'

'I can cope with it, Hans.' And then: 'I enjoy it.'

'Are you trying to kid me, Frederik, that this is still a spiritual child prodigy? Surely you must have gone back on those words long ago. I think that I have won the bet. It is a good one. Do you not know what people are saying?'

'Do you respond to that, Hans?'

'Not me, but there is a limit after all, Frederik.'

'Of course, there is a limit and we see that limit every day. But what do you want? For me to believe that this child came into this world through messing about? I can hear and see everything, Hans. Erica as well, but she does not know everything. Should I, should you respond to gossip? Tomorrow it will be my child. Tomorrow it will be the child of Anna and me and the Wolffs have nothing to do with it. Anna was not bothered by it, even if Erica was expecting, she brought the child into the world for Anna and me, people have forgotten her pregnancy again. How can it be. Cheers, Hans, give me another glass. I have not had such a good glass of wine for ages.'

'You are drying out there, Frederik.'

'Could be. However, I believe that it is you who is exhausted quicker than I, it is you who has reached the dead point before us. Man, what a lot we are learning!'

'From that gossip and your lunatic?'

'From the flowers, Hans, from all those forget-me-nots, which I had not seen anymore for such a long time. They are miracles!'

'I no longer believe in it. I have to admit that. I now know for certain that you are going to pieces.'

'And you got that certainty because you have a girlfriend?'

Hans looks at me. He rummages in his pockets and finds nothing. Finally he finds his treasure again. Wrong, Hans! This – to put it bluntly – is called completely wrong! If you do not know where love is, it is not love. You will see, Frederik. He asks:

'Is that the right one, Frederik? Do you think, Frederik, that this is the right one?'

I look at the little face. I let slip:

'Wie die Nacht am Rhein ... Trink eine für das Herz und küss mich ...!' Hans fell for it. 'I do not know', I said, 'just work it out for yourself.'

‘I think that I shall marry her, Frederik ... Completely ... she and I. What do you think?’

‘I do not know. I do not have any understanding of women. One thing I can see, her left eye is different to her right. That is all. In my opinion her hair is too stiffly curled, but she has a nice face, I have to say.’

Hans knows that he will get no more from me. He has changed through love! It is his business. We are now strangers to each other, but remain friends. René has gone out of his brains? There is still the Wolff family, me as well, Anna as well. He is on the run. Yet he asks:

‘What do you think of René, Frederik? Is it true that Karel has discovered epilepsy? He talked about it. Do you think that this is what it is? Then we are all victims. I tell you that you will be able to bring him here soon. It is the very best thing, believe me, then you will be rid of all that misery. For that matter, that child no longer belongs at home. We built institutions for that purpose. They are well-off here, we know how to treat those lives. Laymen do not understand it. This work is extremely difficult, we rack our brains out with problems, what do you hope to achieve? Just talk to Karel about it, Frederik, or not, I will do it myself.’

‘Thank you, professor, thank you ... Just pour another drink.’

Hansi is still lying on the table ... Hansi this and Hansi that, but Hansi has already been lying on the table for an hour and Hans ... the man in this portrait, does not see it. Hansi and Hans, that will become one life, one soul, one feeling? He cannot fool me with this, not me. Hansi is already floating from the drips we have spilt, but Hansi is still lying there. When I see that Hansi is floating, I look at it for him ... that will help. Hansi moves to his left pocket. Hansi is safe there, Hans believes; I approve of it!

Hansi is from a colleague ... A German beauty, she lives in Leipzig, where he now has to go again. And he will lay his last foundations there for the professorship! I don’t mind, he will make it. He studies there, he loves there and he will become happy there with Hansi. He is getting married to a name. Not to a woman, Hans is getting married to a name, you will see, but I won’t tell him. Yet a power reaches my soul, which resists it. What do you see in Hansi, this mask asks me. Tell him, for later, do you see? For later.

Hans pours another drink. It is a good French wine. ‘What do you make of Hansi, Frederik?’

‘Look, my friend. I do not want to interfere, but now that you ask me again, I will tell you honestly. She is not the right woman for you!’

Hans laughs. He laughs too loudly and too sarcastically, as a result of which I know that it is already too late. It is Hansi! I hear that they really only started to call her Hansi because the two names went so well together. She is called Trude ... Trude is now called Hansi and Hans is crazy about her.

Hans is already under her thumb, but Hans does not know that. He is too regal for that. Too rich as well. I do not think Hansi or Trude is the woman for a doctor. What Hans will soon throw out, Hansi will take in again. Hansi will make her own yacht club out of it, Hansi will make a bowling alley out of it, when Hans is not there Hansi will make a bar of it with many colleagues around, because Hansi cannot cope with being alone for long, Hansi is a first class dancer. Hansi will betray Hans, she will sell Hans, she is already driving in his cars, walking in his clothes, smelling of his perfumes ... doing a bit of roller skating for Hans and winking ... when the lamp is no longer there. That is all, but I say it very differently.

‘It is your own business ... Hans ... I do not think she is suitable for you.’

‘Why not, Frederik?’

‘Because she is not your type of character.’

‘Don’t make me laugh. We match completely. It is a pity that you do not see this. It is a pity, but I will work it out for myself, Frederik. I do not blame you. I can take it from you, but any one else could not have said that to me. That is just the way I am. I love her as I love myself. She and no one else. Do you know that?’

"I know, Hans, and I am joining in."

We have another drink and then I just leave. Hans notices that he has lost me. He makes an effort to approach me. He asks:

‘Which phenomena did you discover yourself, Frederik? I mean those of a few months back.’

‘There is nothing, Hans. We have a lunatic in the house and we just have to accept that. Our paths go separate ways and have no space. I go my way and you go your own way, but there are no phenomena. Yet I would like to tell you: watch out for your temper! Watch out for your temper, Hans. You have changed recently. I think that it is because the life is awakening. When people like us become older, everything in us comes to the fore. Don’t you think so?’

‘I accept that, Frederik. I have become more hot-tempered. It does not matter whether that is a personal characteristic or whether I have become more hot-tempered because of my work, I am short-tempered. I cannot take much. I tremble sometimes. I think that I am already jealous. I had never thought that I could be like that, now I believe it. When you get something as beautiful as this, you automatically become jealous. I am! I shall fight against it, Frederik, but I am. What do you think of me in general, Frederik?’

I gave him everything and said:

‘Tougher, more empty, smaller, and a bit of a boaster as well, that comes from your learning. I think, Hans, that you have become extremely learned. You will now know all about it, won’t you?’

‘Are you looking for an argument?’

‘God preserve me, Hans. Do you not feel learned? Are you not busy now reaching the highest? Have you forgotten your little Frederik? Do you remember this house, do you still feel anything about the time when we talked about René? No, just do not try kidding me about that!’

‘Do you mean Hansi, Frederik?’

‘Whether I mean your Hansi? What makes you think that. Hansi? I do not even know how to pronounce a name like that. Is it Hansi or HÁnsi ... do you have to put the accent on the I? One thing I do know, Hans. You are a good deal on your way. I do not know you anymore. At least I miss that other person, but that is because of the love. I am very happy for you, but watch out for your temper, little Hans ... watch out for your temper, or accidents will happen.’

A moment later I see the old Hans before me. He asks:

‘Do you definitely think that you will be proved right, Frederik? That René is ahead of all of us after all? That this is something which we do not yet know? That he has supernatural capacities? That he forgets all of us, that he is busy confronting you and me, Karel and Erica with the fact, which will lead us to super-sensory perception? Are there also phenomena which still get scientific significance outside of my institution? Or is he an ordinary lunatic, a sick person, an infallible uncertainty to me?’

Do you think that change will come for the better? But no, I tell you, Frederik, that he is incurable, and I mean it! Karel also says so, we are expecting him. I have not seen him lately but I heard it on the street. Are you trying to kid me, Frederik, that this child is himself? I am not talking about gossip, I am not talking about God and His justice, about praying and charity, you know that I see everything differently. We are stuck with all this misery. We no longer ask whether He possesses more of this kind, we do not add any more notes, you will not get an answer anyway. We no longer need an answer to this, it is pretty obvious, Frederik. I am expecting this child, unfortunately, there is no other way!’

‘In other words ... nature sends him straight into your hands. Consciously or unconsciously, you are expecting him. Eloquently or deaf and dumb, you are expecting him. Good or bad, you are expecting him. What is subconscious actually, Hans?’

‘Do you have to ask me that? We do not know. Anyway, you are asking for the well-known way, Frederik.’

‘In my opinion, you will then end up in the madhouse. The subconscious is still unknown for the moment. I am telling you now that we live each day under and above it and that is through that lunatic of ours. However, you have nothing to do with it. Neither does Karel, Erica makes soup from it,

drinks her tea ... you will marry through it. I wish you good luck, all the best, Hans, we will hear from you later. Greetings to Hansi. Will we be allowed to greet her? Will we soon see her love? Good luck ... and greetings to Vienna, because you will probably also go there.'

I am walking in the woods. Oh, that Hans. I continue to walk. I have not walked for a while, at least not in the night. It does me good. I am worried about Hans. How he has changed. He is now hot-tempered. When nature awakens, the life starts to speak, the personality behaves strangely. He is a rascal. Hans is entering a second youth. Oh, how dangerous it is! Not for me. I am starting to feel that strange things will happen. For all of us. They are truths of life, are they not? I still have to research that. What still is asleep in us at a young age, reaches awakening when the body also, that is according to Mother Nature, grows, wakens up. I believe that only then do we get to know our self. Before it is not possible and our 'yes', our love means nothing. Tomorrow we will be different again. I consider my own case. The fruits only come when a tree is mature. Then you still have to wait and see if you can eat them. However, they are there!

Is a person different? We are the tree ourselves! The fruits are the character traits. One by one they reach growth and blossom. They are there and they are not there! We do not know them, because we are much more ourselves than we think we possess. People like us are soul, spirit and life, and material! That is the mask which we look at. Tree ... who are you?

Hans is descending, completely dissolved. The one which is sitting in front of me is a dead ordinary street dog, has nothing to do with a real breed. Everyone knows this type. I know. How many parents have not lost their children because of it? If they start themselves, those parents have nothing more to say. Advice is unnecessary, they are blind. We are going to meet the sufferer consciously or unconsciously.

He calls himself a psychologist. He is also a psychiatrist and will soon be a professor. I shall watch out that he does not get René. Whatever happens. Hans will not get our René. René will not be a guinea pig for Hans. I understand that Karel does not think of it, thinks it is very ordinary. He does not see through this Hans. For that matter, that is not possible for an academic. René will get better ... René is a miracle, and even if disastrous times come, we will make it. However way they see it, I will be proved right after all, despite everything! They will see and have to accept it. I will be proved right!

Nature tells me: 'That is the way it will be, Frederik. But did you see that, little René? Did you see that?'

I thank You! Even if there are few letters to deliver, I thank You! Just help me to worry. I will continue to watch out that I do not become too old. I want to stay like a child and that will save me! All of us!

When I come home, Karel and Erica are sitting waiting for me. They want to know how Hans is. Fine, he has to go to Leipzig and he is thinking of coming back with Hansi.

‘What?’, Erica asks. ‘Is he looking for it there?’

‘I suspect that you will see her soon. That clairvoyant just did not see the time. I think, if you ask me ... but I would rather not say a word about it ...!’

‘Come on, Frederik, continue.’

‘Erica, these are things which do not concern a sensible person. Once more I do not know what Karel thinks about it. On my part, I think about it. I wanted to say that some clairvoyants have lucky shots after all, they only have to, at least in my opinion, not look at what they think about it themselves, it is also feeling, I believe, but they must let the clock work better, it is behind. They see and feel at the same time ... and that is completely natural, but in this case either they feel wrong or they are completely blind and just talk nonsense. That clock ... yes, that clock ... that timepiece, I wanted to know about it, I believe for certain that we would then see the drama! Yet then it is no longer something human. Or in other words ... you are dizzy. However, it will be a drama! For heaven’s sake, do no talk about it, Hans would kill me. I do not like talking about friends. You will see, it will be a little drama!’

‘How are you so certain, Frederik?’ It is Karel.

‘Well, doctor, do you think that you would receive happiness if Erica here was a lion tamer?’

‘Is that other girl with the circus?’

‘A university woman with the airs and graces of a trapeze artist, if I am saying it properly, which will now become nobility. I can already see Peter ... ‘Oh my sweet pleasure, where are we going to?’

Do you believe in supernatural miracles, which are lying in the street just like that? No, neither does Hans. He therefore took the craziest of all, also the most banal, the worst. Also the most beautiful ... if you wish to see it like that, it is okay with me. I am trembling from that strong coffee. I do not want to burn my eyes, hurt my heart, and I am trembling from the unexpected cold ... I would rather go! The man is blind, the soul is deaf and his spirit flutters, is a day instinct ... without knowing it. He does not know! I am no clairvoyant! However, it will be his death! Oh, that Hansi! Well, you will see her soon. Now no more gossip, I meant well. I also told him but he did not hear me. That is not strange, just look at yourselves, we always hear mistakes; nice things ... Now, now, that is how people like us are. You will feel inside what you think of it, if you can hear the natural ticking of it. Because then? I really meant it well, but you cannot help children, especially not if they are over forty. Now he is walking in sandals, but they are made of lead, and there are holes in them, they are shabby, I believe. If I could have seen them clearly,

I would have made a drawing of them. Interpreted into words it is called: just sink away in a mud bath like that, one day the state of purity will come but then you will have nothing to do with it.'

Karel does not say a word and I do not accept that. I also say:

'One thing, Karel, I am not talking about friends, this is my science! I am telling you from a scientific inner life. To you that sounds inhuman, but it is under your feet, and if we are not careful, we will break our own self every second because of it. They are shards! It has nothing to do with graphology, nor parapsychology, it is the feeling of a completely sober human child. No more, but not a gram less either. Now blossom falls.'

'Light another cigarette, Frederik. Do you want something else to drink?'

'Pour what you have, it has made me thirsty.' His wine is excellent.

I now know that Karel will never speak to Hans about it, otherwise he would already have phoned him by tomorrow and that must not happen. Now everything is okay, even if Karel does not believe anything anymore from me. I must no longer talk to him about child prodigies, he would kill me immediately, and that is understandable.

We sit for a while, quietly, thinking. Suddenly, how can it be, we hear a terrible screaming. Anna rushes into the room. Before she can say a word, I am already upstairs. It is René.

The child is standing straight up in bed and is playing the fool. He is dancing like a real lunatic might do. Strength is needed to keep that up; he manages it. We look at him, all of us have to admit that this child is a lunatic. His eyes are on his forehead, they have come out of the sockets. Erica says:

'Of course, that is because of your damned medicine.' Anna falls onto a chair, she has collapsed.

René dances until he is tired out, throws himself on his side and falls asleep. That is all.

We are sitting downstairs again. Anna is already in bed, under her own strength she gained consciousness. Karel says:

'I am at the end of my tether. I do not know anymore. I give up, I now give into everything. I will not do anything anymore. I cannot do anything anymore. You are right. I will no longer be violent, I flatly refuse.'

Then maternal advice also follows and it is my turn to speak. I have to give my opinion. What do I think?

'René is mentally exhausted. He is still not over the terrible fight with the boys. It will take a while yet.'

'Where did you get that certainty from again, Frederik?'

'I am not a doctor, Karel, you know that, yet there is something which tells me it is fine. I tell you: it is relaxation. Do not worry. You know that this child is not normal, I mean, is different to the other children. Since he thinks

differently, this child reacts differently, cannot deal with such emotions in one day or two days. Now that there does not need to be any fighting, he just dances. However, it is not him, it is the life, the working, the nature. Who knows what we will still experience. Perhaps we will also get to see art. What would you say to a dancer? I do not know for certain, but is this so unnatural? We will just go to bed.'

I am in my room. Anna comes to have a look.

'What do you think, Frederik?'

'Just let him dance, Anna. He has to dance until he is tired out, then he cannot do anybody any harm with his excess strength. I am telling you: it is relaxation. Do not worry, Anna, we will carry on. Just go to sleep, I will watch out. Now go, Anna, go! Do you not yet want to? Why are you hesitating so much? Do you still want to talk? There is definitely nothing!'

How beautiful Anna has become. Yet I would not dare to kiss her now. I believe for certain that she would faint again, and would not regain consciousness for weeks. It is so serious. I am really starting to feel that we need all our strength. However, René will make it! My diary says:

'Hans is descending! Hans is stupid! Hans is a bungler! Hans has bolted! Hans is in a bad way, because Hans does not know that he has come home with a black stallion, although he left home with a white one. The windows shake, it is cold in the house, but all the fires are burning. He tries to find it through his wine ...!!

Anna has become love. Her soul is like mine! In between us we see René! They are three trees ... all three in blossom. God knows that we mean well, Christ as well! I will now pay a bit more attention to her. Oh, how good it will be. I think that she says from within, calls to me: 'You will never leave, will you?'

'No, never. Not me.'

Then I fell asleep. Yet I could still hear ... Not me, I will never leave of my own accord, never ... I believe, I now know! But then what, if we awaken in a wrong direction?

I can see a coffin and candles, they are burning, one of them refuses to give light ... as long as that is not me myself ... you would become afraid of your word, your feelings, your thoughts.

There is silence ... peace. Thank You!

Uncle Frederik, do you now know what dreams are?

OUR René has recovered that much that the scratches, the lumps and his black eye have disappeared. The intention is to give him another chance at the nursery school. The teacher is no longer so keen to have him in her class, but after a bit of talking with Karel and me, she has decided to do it. You will certainly already be aware that this school is intended for boys and girls who are unsuitable for the normal curriculum, you see all kinds at this school. We also know that this big child does not have an easy time, but she has no discipline. This will also change. The ages vary from five to nine years. All these boys and girls are somewhat unaware, but there are some amongst them who can as sharp as a razor turn their world of thoughts into deeds and immediately hit out with their fists. If we just go a bit deeper, then we are already faced with an improvement institution. The intention of this child is good, she has to make a great effort for these children, before they succumb anyway, to give them a chance in society, a short opportunity before they have to accept their unfortunate world. It is clear that we do not take things lightly. I no longer remember how many evenings we spent on this. The end result was ... back to the teacher. René is amongst his own kind there, he can learn what not to do and decide for himself how to act with regard to her teachings. We already saw that.

Karel says: 'Yet he must go back there. In the first place, because he already knows those other boys, but especially because he sees his own kind there. I know that there are also other solutions, but this appears to be the very best for him. If it does not work out, we shall look at it again.'

Erica is not in favour of it. She tries to put her problems on my shoulders, which I will probably agree with for the future, but not yet. Anna fathoms me out with her eyes, her sweet personality, she gives her whole self to René, but it is not working. René has to stay amongst children, we may not deny him this possibility. In this way we completely agreed.

It will happen next week. He will get a few more days to prepare himself for it. Karel takes him in the car and I am busy teaching him the laws of Mother Nature as best as I can; I point everything out to him, try to make it clear to him what he must do and what he must not do, if he wants to remain in harmony in this world. I do not imagine in the least that I will be successful, I know very well what is waiting for us. I keep my journey in mind.

This morning, it was nearly coffee time, we had another experience. We have a carry-on here every day, we are continually faced with problems, with

the incredible masks of little René. Anna came to call me. I was busy leafing through my notebook, sorting out the facts and looking at them individually and thinking about them, as a result of which I learn. What then comes into me is awe-inspiring. These comparisons take you to 'life and death', to 'soul and spirit'. You will not believe it, but when people like us start to see the things, which we experience every day anyway and which are part of our social and inner life, from another world, then you will be surprised how nonchalant people like us treat Divine truths. I already said before, then you see Divine truths lying in the street gutters just like that. They are lying there for the taking, you do not see a single person who looks at them. They do not know, feel or want those riches ... but you are faced with a human being! When I descended into myself so quietly, in our daily usual carry-on, see the comparisons before me, I saw such a miracle of beauty, theories and foundations for my university that I blushed. I said to myself: Frederik, you are also nonchalant. You have to be more careful or you will miss out huge pieces. It is now already a treasure of wisdom, which I gathered on my own. You will not believe it, but when this is put in order, you will have to admit it. You will then get lights in your eyes, your heart will beat faster and more sensitively, you will feel different, lovelier, healthy! Then I would like to ask you what you made and saw of it yourself. I am telling you, we are faced with a university of thoughts, it is a universe. We live in that wonderful universe! Now you can do nothing, achieve nothing, or you find it again there. You will now say, you are exaggerating, but I hope to prove it to you! I will prove it to you, so much material, but also so many sacred things we get out of all our troubles, which were given foundations by our mad René, which will be the universal foundations for my world! But what is universal? It has now already come to our lives so deeply, so high and yet, despite everything, so close. We are on top of it, we can feel it, but do not understand it. Our eyes which now have to look, are blind! Beaten by our 'self' which goes into absolutely nothing if it gets the least smell of higher awakening. Such a trail ... on ice as well ... follows you, touches you, sends you somewhere in order to bring flowers. Who pays for them! I think that it will be you!

Unstoppable, without pardon, we penetrate to the core ... that much I already know. I tell you: I like eating this bread, I am not ashamed of it, I bow my head! Karel and all his learned friends and whoever they are, as far as I am concerned you can involve all the sects on earth, your church feelings as well, you may do what you want, I tell you in advance that I will win! I know very well that every natural law calls this natural pardon to you. I mean by this that you have to devote everything in your life to it, but when you finally feel ground under your feet, you will be able to go deeper, about which so much was written and as a result of which those sects emerged. I truly believe

that God means well for us, even if you hear me groaning sometimes just like the others. I am now already beginning to see and feel that the masks are falling. I have already seen some fall, they lie at my feet, I am standing on top of them! It is happiness!

However, I warn you beforehand ... I do not attack anyone! Not anyone! Not a human being in this world. I do not intend to deny a catholic or a protestant his faith, by attacking this. I do not want this and I cannot do that! There has been enough destroyed! We have already waged enough wars because of faith. The victims who died for it have the right that we treat this material without quarrelling or swearing. This is a natural but very simple human research. We go our own way. We are separate from every knowledge and scientific system to the core part in which and through which we received our own lives and God gave us life! Keep this in mind and I will not talk about it again. Do not think either that I am attacking Mary, Joseph or one of the saints of your church. I will tell you how people themselves think about it and how those saints are seen in general and what our society made of them. No more than that!

What we do is for everyone who wants to get to know the masks; we went together on a journey, everyone thinks for himself, we will soon see who is right and then we will bow our heads to each other! After all, what we got from the East as wisdom is all very well, but it is the same as when the sun is there, that our thoughts and feelings do not understand any of all those strange words and we have not progressed in all those centuries, but that incredible wisdom has kicked us more into the pit and that is precisely why all these those strange circumstances emerged. I call it frills! One walks about in a white sheet and thinks that his teachings mean something for humanity, others sing along and behave so doubtfully, so hypocritically naïve that you feel sick because of it, nauseous! That is how it is! All those people think that they have found it, possess it, but how did this humanity receive them? What did they make of it themselves? Did it live, did it give you new blood, new thoughts, justice, space?

All those strange words have no value for our Western inner life. When people mean that the branma or hindohoela want to be life and soul, then that is very nice, but we very ordinary Dutch people have no concept for it. Their beautiful garments are just like their rheumatics, which they do not get rid of. Those words also suffer from distortion and do not penetrate our sober inner life. I do not know what 'sayom and slima' mean, but they say that you now see heaven and earth before you, naked even; we now think of a real Dutch scarecrow, where despite everything the insolent crow walks around it and finds its food. Now without crowing, really with a little hole in order to be buried! Strange? I do not twist a word and am not the type to use

learned or strange words if there is a good Dutch word to replace it. I do not twist the word either. It sometimes does you good in an unselfish way to call the child by its name and very naturally or if you prefer to get the bull by the horns and not lay any more wind eggs, which René was involved in, if I understood all of it at that moment. I therefore tremble from white sheets, if a garment like that brings wisdom the beauty of which we do not understand. Have those people earned their garment? You see, there you have it and your crow does not bother about it!

I already know that René does not just say all those things, for him everything has a core and intention. We have to try and see through it, feel a bit deeper and stay on our own two feet! However, then we see the mask and the problem, which will protrude its own obtained feelers towards us sooner or later. Now it is possible that this is a foundation for our own building!

What concerns me is to follow the things through our Western inner life and to get to know them according to our existence. We do not need a white sheet for this. It is the church's own business if it wants to adorn itself with it. I have sacred respect for the church because I know that it was the church which gave colour and shape to our society, our life. We have to be honest and admit what would have become of this humanity if no church had come? People who think that they can destroy Catholicism or Protestantism or the other religions, are as poor themselves as the rat, which elevated its own world under these foundations and considers this as its paradise. I am not talking about that! We must see and experience the things as they were created by God. That is now the aim of my life, I was thinking about that when I sat quietly in my room and arranged all these amazing matters in order to make a large book or a trilogy from it later which is going to be magnificent. From what I was able to see and experience up until now, the great East does not know very much, because that same East has nothing, but absolutely nothing to do with our society, our thoughts and feelings. A lunatic in the East is different to our lunatics. I now see a huge difference in this. Each nation has its own lunatics. If you go to America, France, England, then the lunatics are different to those we have. I discovered that this is linked to the obtained degree of consciousness of the people, the personality of the nation! You cannot avoid that, that mentality speaks for itself. In this way each nation has to represent the obtained conscious degree and cannot be released from this achieved consciousness ... even if they want nothing to do with it!

We do our research through a lunatic, that little René of my friends Erica and Karel, who confronts us with those laws because of his abnormal life. You will see that this is the intention! I also mean by this that all those academics have not yet been able to consider their lunatics, or we would have

worked it out! They are off the mark, they do not yet see or know those people! However, there are more academics than lunatics to be experienced in this inhuman world! But who is now 'mad'? See that Socrates laughing! Freud is now polishing his sandals! Our mad Socrates thinks it is extremely natural, only now will people serve his life, which he has a right to ... at least I think so! Behind all of this you see an empty safe ... there are notebooks inside ... but the 'letter' was not able to deal with the violence of this world ... or we would have seen its light! We have not seen it yet! Dear ... did you see the elderly passing by?

Now that I descend deeper into this subject, it penetrates my life, even if Hans becomes a professor, even then I tell you again, that does not mean anything. He will remain a stupid human being: he never gets through to the core of his affairs and patients, this is not possible, because of his study. I also hope to show the proof of that! What Hans is learning is how to help his patients a bit. There is no more to it for him. I know, as result of this he builds on his foundations, which will become the personality for society. He cannot follow any other path, but you saw it: we still came to each other. That Hans now throws everything overboard, is something entirely different again and means nothing, because I can see his good core and have locked it up in my heart, where it will continue to remain and, I hope, will be a bond for this life. Hans first has to experience his love and afterwards, after all those trials and errors, being deceived and doing wrong, he will come back to me. I stand still ... suddenly ... doubt comes into my life. However, I am waiting! As a result of this I give him one hundred percent friendship and my love for him as a human being. I will keep it for him, I know that this will one day open his eyes.

It remains for me to say that we people of this cold ground, are busy giving shape to our constructed personality. Now you will also see, only then will our lives get meaning, only now will we understand our lunatics, but especially our love towards them, who like us came to earth to make something of themselves. I believe that we will become more sensitive and will get more awe and respect for the suffering of others. Because what we had to accept the past few weeks, can never be justified. Do you think that people must speak evil about one another? Is the talk, the result of which Erica, Karel, Anna, René and I were gossiped about, normal? Is it not pitiful? Must one person find enjoyment in the suffering of another? Is it then not necessary that we set up a thorough study into all these problems? Consider: it is God! Did you not listen to the stupid talk of Hans? Are we finished if we say: everything is effect and nature? Hans adds a letter. Now he already goes back on it, because God does not interfere in our scandalous gossip, our search in His universe, since He sent sick people and lunatics to the earth, it is com-

pletely different! I believe that we get to know Him at the end of our study. I believe that no one will still be capable of enjoying the suffering and sorrow of another. All those abnormal things get to represent their own world. God does not punish! He cannot punish! I have already discovered that! It has nothing to do with intellectuality, or poverty or riches, they are the laws which were messed up by our own self! It does not matter either whether you enjoy a drink, or horse ride, God is not interested in those things! Human envy is speaking here! Stupid disinterest, suburban narrow-mindedness speak here, a mask! It is terrible to have to hear in this century that God is unjust. However, it is the sacred truth: in a certain way God is an rotter, at least, if we have to accept that He treats His divine matters so lightly and favours one life above another. I do not believe, I cannot believe it, that He hits one child with illness and puts a crown on the head of another, that is not possible!

In this way I could also think, could analyse all these impossibilities one by one, but we will come back to them. Now that I see these truths before me, a feeling arises from me of gratitude towards Him, because I was able to receive His penetrating eye as a trivial being, so that I am starting to feel and see as a very ordinary person, that everything was created by Him, everything which got form, life and personality in our lives is to be considered! I am starting to see that all people are one! If you see millions of fathers and mothers, you only have to see one, because one mother and one father received all of His being: life and soul, light, fatherhood and motherhood, personality, so that they represent the masses for Him. Now you are faced with your own child, even if that child belongs to another! You will not believe it of course, but isn't it amazing! However, that takes you to universal love! Was that not the intention of Christ? You can now try to get round it, look for nice words to defend it, it will not help you, if you want to accept the words of Christ! I ask you: must the Catholics hate the Protestants because these children have a different faith? Did you think that this creates liberalisation, the Christian awakening? I am starting to see it as one life and one being, we are all part of Him! Even if you live in a jungle, you are part of Him. Why do you want to make yourself so big and start to see yourself differently? It is not possible! We have to reach unity for this life and the Divine end for people like us, only then will it be worth while to begin a new life here on earth. Then life will become different and better! Then it will no longer be claimed that the doctor's family has brought a lunatic into the world, but then you will see it as your own mistake. You are involved in it ...! Just shrug your shoulders ... I am starting to feel it! As far as I am concerned – I see it as I already read it on the last pages as a revelation and I see the mask of it fall – that the mother who does not want to bear any children is a parasite to God

and this humanity!! Did you hear? A parasite! Now all those other mothers have to tune into the natural harmony and get a number of children which is relatively too many. There are mothers who have twenty. Why ...? it says in the diary. Now I have the answer ... because the other mothers flatly refuse it and this humanity may not die out – that is not possible, because then Divine Creation would be destroyed – so other mothers bear for those who mess up their motherhood. Then follows the mother who brings a lunatic to this world or a seriously ill person, she does the heaviest work for God and is now in harmony with the universe. She serves, the other mothers destroy! But how did they get a body? You see, not so crazy after all! Or did you think that our life and that of those millions of people on earth, who brought those lunatics into the world, was so simple? What is therefore a struggle, behaves strangely, will soon be universal happiness! I still do not have the proof of this, but I will get it, I have that certainty; even if my life is being smothered and I no longer dare to talk of a ‘spiritual child prodigy’. However, we are not there yet. I maintain it is René! Through him we got to see our supernatural self, so beautiful, so wonderful, that you will soon thank God and His heavens that you started it. I read this, I thought about it in my room and through my walks in nature. I have everything to spare for it!

Anna got me out of my world, I already said. She says:

‘Come and have a look, Frederik, we are experiencing something new again.’

I go with Anna to have a look. René is sitting on the bottom stair. He is thinking. He is sitting there like an old man, like a sage. Oh, the worries this life has! We heard him muttering, he does not see that we are there, he is in a world which is closed off to us, the world of a fool.

‘I am coming!’ he says to himself. ‘I will climb stair by stair. The children think that I am mad, and I am. However, they will be held liable for their destruction, He will never approve. Never, ever, ever, ever! But I am the victim. I am going higher!’

Where does the child get all of this? We do not know! He slides up a stair. We see that. We look. Erica, who is standing at the bottom of the stairs before him – Karel is not there – looks at her fool as we do. She does not understand it, but she is calm. René is talking.

‘So, a bit further again. Oh, how tired I am! Those people. I am dreaming ... I am a sleepwalker by day, ha ... ha ... ha ... people, how you make me laugh ... ha ... ha ... ha ... that Anna. Did you not see her bum? Did you see how beautiful mother is? I played with my own thing and they have something to say about that. But do they know why? Did you see that, mother? Did you see that, Frederik? Did you really see it, all of you? It was not me! Not me, never, ever, ever! Not me! Those people! But then it came, oh, oh ... what is

that?’

Erica changes colour. Anna stands next to me as if nailed to the ground. She swallows. Erica’s eyes bulge from their sockets. She sees and hears, I believe, more than we do and what she sees is no longer a child, but an old man. Yet the voice of the child is there. René continues. The child climbs up the stairs. Four steps higher he stops to rest. We hear:

‘As if bums mean anything! To be naked is to wear clothes. Eyes do not see, they are closed ... but I have the same thing as my father and I am therefore a man! I now know that! I believe that I also know how I was born. It is father, he ... made me ... or was it mother? I am sleeping and I am walking. People are afraid! That seems strange, but I am awake and I am sleeping ... was it always like this? No, not in my life. Only now I see that I am a man. I am a man ... father is a man, mother is ... mother. Anna as well!’

‘Good God’, Erica utters, ‘that on top of everything else!’ She wants to protect her child from evil, because René is fiddling about with his body. He takes out the universe and looks at it. I call to her:

‘Leave him, Erica! It is now as if you lift a person with a broken back. You can destroy everything at one go. Let him! Leave him alone!’ I whisper, and she stays away from her little René. I do not understand myself why I suddenly get these feelings, but an inner strength makes me speak. The child says:

‘I am this! I am that! I will share this! I know what this is. This is what gives people lust. Anna should also have possessed that. Father and mother do not understand it, yet it is this ... what you ... what you ... what you ...!’

The life is suffocating, what it wanted to say no longer comes out. That ... what you ... stops the thoughts, the seeing and feeling, or whatever it is. We do not know. However, Anna just as Erica has received bulging consciousness. She trembles, she cannot deal with this. Whether the satan feels this, or that good conquers darkness, the rot of this world and of people ... if we wish to call this darkness and rot, we hear:

‘My Anna! Good virtuous soul, if only you had got me, if only you had borne me, then we would not have had this fuss. Now it is too late!’

René is not even eight years old at this moment. The language which we hear is not that of a child. Does another person think through this life? I do not think so, yet it appears as if it is the case. He crawls higher, comes to the top of the stairs and remains seated. It is just as if he surveys life from his position. He is an old man, this is no longer a child. I experience thousands of problems, masks fall and masks are put on again. It gives me a view of things, of which God knows the truths and the creation. People like us stand looking powerless and do not know what to do with ourselves and the event. I already long to be able to think. However, René is dreaming! He is

a sleepwalker by day and proclaims wisdom, or he is possessed by the devil. Oh, my God, what foundations are we now getting to see? He is sitting there. Erica follows him and we stand upstairs around his life. A quarter of an hour, a half hour passes. We could continue to watch for two hours, because the child is sleeping. Is this sleeping? The life sleeps in a way which normal people like us indicate as sleepwalking. It is very simple, but this does not add up. It is frightening! It brings you into contact with the rot of this world. That because of a child! René is dreaming during the day and is talking as every other child or adult sometimes does in his sleep. This appears again very simple, but it is not. René is thinking and talking about adult consciousness and that breaks you! In his sleep this young life stirs upon or drills through problems which we do not know and have no explanation for either. It is a university! He is older than us as a result of this, far ahead of us in his thoughts and feelings.

The boy decently ties his trousers. Also a strange thing, good thoughts flow through those brains. Another personality covers the body as it should be. Darkness and light sit together at the table, play something, do something; conscious people like us stand by and see nothing. We are blind! This life is thinking and this inner life is sleeping. Have you ever read about this, Frederik? It is dreadful! Also terrifying! I am losing myself! He is still sitting there. I see furrows on his forehead. His little back has become broader. His narrow shoulders emanate power and consciousness. You could lay a hundred kilos on it, that weight will bear it. That back, that life, this existence of the soul speaks to normal people like us and we do not understand it. Who is mad? Who calls himself conscious! What are we experiencing? Is this a normal human child? Suddenly he says:

‘Marja, but Marja! Where are you? Why do you leave me so alone? And where is Uncle Frederik? Marja, can you see me? Are you coming? Do you want to come? Marja, I am already here! I shall see you. We shall see, we! We alone! Mother knows, but she does not know me. Neither does Anna, neither does father. But Marja!’

We no longer tremble. A moment later he adds:

‘Why do you think? If you come to me, Marja, sit down next to me. You cannot count to ten for me and yourself at the same time. You must do as I do! Are you doing what I do? But you are already there, I see. I can see you! I have got you already! I will see you, Marja!’

Erica now thinks of miracles. This enlightening, the darkness has been conquered? I feel from her life coming to me: Frederik, I am starting to believe in it. Anna as well, but she does not talk about it. We shall wait and see. René is still sitting down, he looks in front of him, his head is bowing quietly, peace has come into the life. Now he looks into space. Erica holds his gaze,

she sees more than we do. What she sees in René we can read from her eyes, from her face. Erica's eyes beam, they are open and conscious, they penetrate walls, they have become universal. Erica sees behind the mask. We can see that, she experiences it! Look, the miracle is happening! René is descending from his world of fools to her life. He is waking. René is awakening in Erica, or is it precisely the other way round? I don't understand this, but feel something amazing coming into me and I believe that Anna has also been possessed by it, she is also beaming.

If I had not seen this coming, René would have been beaten down, now I can catch the child and take him into my arms. He looks at me, recognises me and says:

'Do you know, uncle Frederik, what dreaming is? Do you now know, uncle Frederik, what dreams are?'

He looks at Anna. He absorbs Erica, feels me and himself and changes immediately. A curse passes his lips. The child wriggles loose: I cannot cope with this life, it is stronger than I feel. René is gone, to his small room, but the door remained open.

When we hear a hellish noise, we race to his room. René is throwing all his possessions around. One thing after the other flies out of the window. The glasses fly through the room, the broken pieces fly towards our heads. The child is like a wild person. I get hold of him; the strength with which he resists is that of a man. It is a man whom I am holding in my arms. It is a terrible realisation for me. I tremble and shake, but remain calm. I hold him tight and think, I penetrate to the deep inner part of this life. Now relaxation comes, the body relaxes and his spirit as well. I see that he breaks out in a sweat. Then general relaxation follows and he lets his little head hang. Now he is a child again! I put this child on the bed and could weep from emotion. I don't however. Yet tears fall, all of us pity this inner life, our child. We beg God to please help us, it is an unprecedented torture and no longer human. It is destruction, I know nothing more terrible, nothing, you could bury this life alive. What would we like to do? I can hear Erica praying, the word, her prayer, reach me from her room. Will they be heard? I do not think so and that hurts, that stings! And yet? Behind that I feel warmth, happiness, how can it be. Despite everything, still hope? At that moment Karel enters. He looks at his son and thinks he understands.

We are sitting downstairs. Karel says:

'It was just as if I was sent home. What happened?'

We tell him something. Karel goes away, his patients are calling him, but he will try to come home early. René is sleeping ... how beautiful he is now. It is peaceful! When the women also calm down, I ask:

'Do not disturb me, I also need some rest. Just go ahead and make sure

that it remains peaceful in the house.'

I lie down. I do not know why I feel this need so keenly. However, I clearly got the feeling to lie down and get some sleep. It is as if I am being forced, asked to as it were. It is the feeling: come, follow me! And I do! I am now lying in bed and thinking. I go through everything. I do not know, but I go through everything, everything what was just given to me. I become tired! Oh, how tired I am! I remember that I could no longer open my eyes, yet I continued to think. What is this? I have now gone to sleep for my body and not for myself! This is how I feel it. It can be felt and imagined clearly. I am now sleeping and thinking! My God, what is it? For the other part in me I am awake! But what is 'the other part'? I am wide awake for that part in me. Good heavens, Frederik, you can sleep and think at the same time. I go back, because I want to experience this again, feel it and think about it.

I feel that tiredness come over me and in me again. My eyes are closed, I am awake! What is closed above there lives here and it belongs to the material organism, my body. I am that! What is now looking, is that the soul, the spirit, the personality? I believe that masks are falling! Is that true? Is that possible? I have withdrawn from 'myself', I live, I think, I feel as well, I can feel things very clearly. People dream in this way, but I am awake, I experience it consciously. René as well? I think through, or people could not dream. Then no dreaming would exist. Then this, what I am, would also be in sleep, but I am awake! You can therefore be awake and asleep at the same time! In the East they know more about it, the yogis, fakirs and magicians know these laws, as well as the priests of ancient Egypt. However then ... then they spoiled the rest and it became very ordinary Western rubbish, destruction, passion, whoring!

I must try not to use coarse words, it hurts me. This is also strange, but I believe that I understand it. Those coarse words darkened my sight and my senses, as a result of this I understood it so well. If I think clearly, then light, heat comes into me! That is pleasant, kind, loving as well. It is nice! I determine that I am still a pupil when it comes to thinking. Just a moment ago I did not yet have these thoughts. I am therefore progressing, but where am I going? I am starting 'to feel', the feeling and thinking of my 'own' self! Or is this also wrong again? I believe that I am going straight to my 'subconscience'. Do not get a fright, Frederik, whatever mask you will see, it will be wonderful. Will I ever make it?

Now it becomes lighter. I see myself again in the light, there where René picked flowers, his 'meadow', there where that one tree is, which, however, I cannot see now. What is 'life' to me, which lives in us, which feeds the organic part of my castle, is this thinness, this inspiration for the material world, but which thinks, feels, loves, is open to good and evil, can experience

thousands of things and I am that! I am that! My God, the masks are falling! The masks are being torn off? Say that again, Frederik?

I have become lighter, I could float. There is light in and around me. I can see myself there again, where René now is. I think that I can sense in advance that I will meet him there. Now I also already know why I got the inclination to go to sleep. If I had not turned to his life, if I had not tuned myself to his life, this is felt and said more clearly, then I would still be in the self-conscious of every day, yonder where Erica and Anna live and think; now I follow him, René, he is my master! I follow him and reach unity with his life! I now come to know why he behaves so madly, is so mad. Everything is so simple ... my God ... I am starting to see this depth! René possesses a school, I consider him to be my master. Does the child, his life, already know this? René possesses an inherited mastership? Oh, Frederik, and that in this sober West? René possesses a school, I repeat, I want to hear what it sounds like. René possesses a power which we do not know, but that power lives in the human being! René is a supernatural, but has to get through rot and misery, passions and violence of this world. Ugh, how awful it is! Yet, through a manure pit, through manure we get to see growth and blossom. Oh, this Lotus! I consider him to be a priest, a mystical wonder! I can see that now and I have to accept this. I believe it!

What a doctor, a teacher, a master, it does not matter what it is for, passes onto a pupil, I now get sent through the laws of Mother Nature, but the birth of which his life knows and possesses, I think. I get that wisdom sent from this fool. For nothing, for no reason, it happens of its own accord, if you want to be open to it! I have to follow him, then it comes to my life. This is his science! It lives in his soul! It is the possession of this life! It is wonderful and it is Divine; even if he fiddles about with his universe, he plays with it, it does not mean anything. It is now sacred to me and to all who experience this and accept that the soul lives, even if you sleep half the day!

What I now learn is a wonderful gain. I follow him for the moment, he is sleeping there in his little room, I sleep here. Is he also awake and aware? I have to follow in his footsteps and I do that. I follow our little René!

I am asleep and I am awake, because the life in us is continually awake. I am therefore right already, Hans ... it is a new foundation! The soul never sleeps! The soul or the life, just give it a name, has to work day and night, otherwise the human heart would stand still. I say all of this aloud in order to make it very clear to me. I am experiencing a wonderful miracle, Hans, you will never make it, or you will have to follow René, accept his university. I go step by step higher, deeper, as Mother Nature works, my heart beats: however, I make sure of the ticking myself, the continual, giving life, I have become inspiration!

The soul as life is and remains awake, because it has to feed the body. Life, soul and spirit are, I believe, one whole, but have to represent their own world, if I am feeling it properly and saying it clearly. I am now going there. What is epileptic sleep for René, what the academics call falling illness and hypnotism, what others consider as softening of the brain, is to me descending, leaving daily life and consciousness. I become life! I become soul! I discard physical thinking and feeling, no, it is different, I remain myself, but I leave it behind, I remain a conscious personality. I know that because someone told me, which I laughed about then, that soul, spirit and life are one, but that we act, think, feel as personality, experience the good and bad of this society, this life! I no longer laugh, I could not!

I see myself standing by that life, it was in British India, where numerous people of this kind live and have made a study of it, mostly useless to Westerns like us, because there are so many frills attached, it is deception!

I am now becoming soul and at this stage I think as if I am awake. I therefore lose none of myself! I am now everything! Everything in one condition, I believe, one world. I am myself and I am becoming different, I am becoming better, stronger, more aware, I am starting to know more about myself. I am starting to look at my own castle, I am now capable of it, just as René did on the stairs, although I already know that, what this life, this child is searching for, because that space awakens, is growing. Can it be clearer? Is this dirty? Inhuman? Intangible? It is part of the castle, the body lives because of it, but we act, the personality has to know all about it! God wants it! He gave it to us, it is wonderful, oh, how infallible it is.

René is starting to live, he has to awaken through that tickling, it is a flower in bud, which he opens or the life will suffocate. That squeaking, it is also howling, moaning, torture ... races to his little heart, which is older than mine, also that of everyone, I believe, even if you have learned so much.

Little René wants to know what the growth for those systems will be. He is that himself! But who teaches him it? How does it awaken in his life? I now follow that, I believe. Little René wants to know why adults like us feel 'paternal' and 'maternal'. Is that a sin? Is that so dirty? Do not shrug your shoulders, he will beat them down, soon, I am starting to see that. Little René is starting; because he possesses that sensitivity, he is older, more masculine. This is why he sees bums, those of Anna and his mother and mine, he looks through every thick material ... or is it different? This does not mean anything, all of us are people of flesh and blood, however, he sees the life, feels it, knows it, knows what to do with it! I get those foundations from his personality. Good heavens, I have become so grateful! How simple everything is!

René sees soul and he becomes spirit. When he starts to dream, has to

experience something, which knocks him down, which is inhuman to us, he just lives in the 'human part', in which we walk around blindly. His soul feels what is so early conscious in his personality. That is now the 'mad part'. That appears to be mad and strange, but it is not. This is why I no longer dare to say that all lunatics are abnormal. I now watch my words, myself, I also approach the mad part, which appears to be normal!

What I am now looking around in is where I was before. I first saw mist, then light came. I walked from a night into the morning. Then the sun came. Exactly, then the sun came and that sun is the consciousness for our life. That life can be enlightening, if you wish to follow it. However, what do people like us do? What do we follow? The darkness in our lives, everything which is dirty and dark. But God did not create that! It is not there! There is light everywhere, it was always there! Hans, it was always there! Karel, it was always there. If you wish to see it as God created it for your life. Now it becomes love!

My God, I experienced this more than once. I did not understand my feelings and thoughts, now it came to me unexpectedly. I walked to the wisdom, to life and to a death, which I do not believe exists. I am now getting to know myself!

If I possess fire for one percent, fire of the Divine fire, I am already that! That little fire becomes bigger and I am part of the large fire. Stoke it up yourself and you will make it. Now you are starting. I will try to become a flame, be a flame. I will now set myself alight, set my heart on fire with it, only now do I glow, do I go to the wonderful part, which people like us call God! Frederik, you will see and experience it. It is Divine!

I am busy connecting my spark, my light to the great and wonderful. That is the Universal. I set myself alight and because I do this my life awakens. I have become enlightened!

I have to do with that wonderful fire, I am a part of it. As a result of this I have become awake, I talk in my sleep, I dream aloud and I know what I am doing. What does Hans know about it? It is a university! Which belongs to René! You will see.

I repeat ... I set myself alight, and because I set myself alight, make myself awake, behave like fire, want to be, I come into contact with the other fire. That is life, soul and spirit ... I control all of that. Because my soul, my spirit, were born from there, were created, I can go back there. I now believe that He wants that, or it would not exist! Isn't this wonderful? I am an enlightened soul! You can explain these things better in German, that language is suited to that. Most people do not want to believe that, because that mentality is sometimes so overpowering, boasts, yet it is the truth. I am enlightened! I am setting myself alight, I am becoming a light, I am going back to

greatness, because of René. What I am a part of calls me back, attracts me, there is nothing else to be experienced. That is how it is! For this purpose I now went to sleep in order to remain awake, because the dominating part in my castle is fed by it, or, as I already said, this machine would stand still.

We call that death. Is that death? Who still wants to make me laugh? That crazy death, who throws forget-me-nots, walks in sandals and is living-conscious, looks, loves, is light! You are walking by feeling ... I am standing on small flowerbeds of forget-me-nots, of a death. I am faced with his mask, which is not there, which now becomes alive through this trivial spark of mine, shines, beams, loves. I stand face to face with him, look him straight in the eye, he laughs, gives me peace, knowledge, reaches out his beautiful hand to me and says: it is good like this! I can now already smell his breath of life. I sit still like René did when he was sitting at his table with him. I eat everything which he gives me, it is tasty; a moment ago I did not yet know this food, yet I see that my origins have discarded the being the self of the farmer, or I would now see myself acting while sputtering, and full of refusal. However, I don't do that.

René went through the stairs to his life, higher, but deeper, he descended into his life. René has already matured here, he has the feeling for it, I now master it. It is happiness! I now know that the boy will catch up with me, at least physically, he is thousands of centuries ahead of me inwardly. He keeps me going, he inflames me, my machine runs through his willpower, his thoughts, his life, soul and spirit.

If all of this is true, it is amazing. Little René is not yet sitting beside him at the table, but little René is already haunting in his house and death approves. It will be like that, yes, death already talks through the little soul of René, which is this child. That is sleepwalking for the boy, who still has to grow up!

I go a bit further. The life, which is René, has already awakened, or that same life, as it now does, would have behaved, expressed itself differently, it then would have been as all life around us, as we ourselves are. What is now therefore mad, can be, has soon, I hope, to possess consciousness and undergo death consciously in order to tell us all about it. Oh, little René! However, then the life and the soul also change and I already believe that we recognise soul and spirit, life and material. These are other things than people like us have got to know up until now. I now go another way! I will master the things which Our Lord placed in little René's hands.

Now that I am completely tuned into this life, I start to feel and understand René. More light has come into me, I can go where I want, the doors of my little garden are open. I even already see a path around my house and yonder a mown lawn, where I want to have a quiet seat in order to think. So fully in the sun, which one enjoys and which does one good, it wakes one up.

I now go out of my house. I know that I am waiting for René, whom I know and whose thoughts I am tuned into. That is also possible here. In this space, because it is a space, it is a world, you cannot avoid your own kind, your own spark, feeling, character. I also already know this! If you love someone it means that the flames reach unity. Now our life gets more light, together we are stronger and see, feel and live because of it. Then thoughts and action follow of their own accord. I am now doing that! They are also the blossoms of the tree which enhances your entity, your human being. It is the spring time for your soul! I have become spring!

What can I see? Yonder I observe a dot, which is already becoming larger, which flies, which comes to me. It is René, yes, it is little René! There he is, the strange one. The child is more aware, it lives.

‘Uncle Frederik, how long you kept me waiting. I have now come to visit you, because I have not yet finished my house, uncle Frederik, I just come to you. Do you now know what dreaming is? Now, just look me in the eye? Do you know? Did you see me a moment ago? Did I not behave really strangely, uncle Frederik? Don’t talk, you must now listen to me, here you cannot do everything at the same time. You must immediately give it its course, its thoughts, then you will not come to grief, uncle Frederik. Uncle Frederik, sounds better now, doesn’t it? Can you not feel the difference? I do! So, I am nearly there.

What was Anna thinking about? How did mother think? Were they afraid, Uncle Frederik? They are really afraid. That Anna ... her bum ... her memory, her life, her self, I can see, I saw, I know, I know all about it. Mother is deaf, blind, father as well!

If I now beat you to the ground, Uncle Frederik, I am wrong. Then it will become dark! If I don’t do it, it will remain enlightened here. Can you feel it? Do you now know it? Or you do not understand it? That is a pity! However, that is the devil, that darkness talks, gives you something. Did you see that devil, Uncle Frederik? It is a devilish trick. I will no longer do that filthy stuff, rubbing filth into myself, but it was the beginning for this. Can I help it? Are you afraid of this? Is that dirty? How did the life come to me? Through this? It started then, Uncle Frederik. After all, I got into it! Through that I became awake and then I also became it and I thought I was filthy. Then they became colours, art, do you understand, Uncle Frederik?

Since the machine had to run, Uncle Frederik, I ran along. Other children do not run along, do not get anything either, do not know, Uncle Frederik. Do not know! Is it not great? Oh, watch out ... there he is, Uncle Frederik, there he is! He is a dirty man! It is that scoundrel, Uncle Frederik. Can you see him? He is looking for me.’

‘Come to me, René, no one will hurt you if I am there. I will take care of

you. We shall see. Come on, we shall go together.'

I walk out of the garden and what do I see? A horrible man. 'What are you doing here? See that you leave?'

The man runs away, we follow him. How fast that chap can run. We give up and go back. I ask René, because I do not understand it:

'Do you know that chap?'

'I know him only too well, Uncle Frederik. When I, what people think of it, did wrong, he came to my life. He gave me something and when I took it, he came back. Well, how should I say this. He is a vicious dog, a scoundrel, Uncle Frederik. He is evil, he is bad, he is rotten, Uncle Frederik. I am not! I do not want anything to do with him. Do you believe it? Where I now am, where we now are, he lives, he is! I think it is pitiful.'

I now understand that this is the evil of this world, the bad, which also follows the child, absorbs the childish life in itself, or this child would be different, I believe. René continues, has already forgotten the bad and connects me to something else. That is also bad, harsh for his little life, tortures him, beats, kicks, attacks him and bites into his sensitive heart. He says:

'I will get them, Uncle Frederik.'

'Who will you get?'

'The boys ... I mean the boys. But I will go away for a while, Uncle Frederik.'

I understand, or feel, that he now puts me in contact with many problems. Now they are the boys and something else follows, which has to do with himself. He continues:

'Listen, you must not be afraid. Never be afraid. Our father cannot pray. Cannot think! Never thinks properly. And do you think, Uncle Frederik, that I do not know Marja? There she is. Can you see her? Oh, Marja! Marja ... Marja ...! Did you see her, Uncle Frederik?' Immediately afterwards he says:

'Do you know why I am so old? And why yonder where we live, my life is so old? No, you do not know that yet. But you have worked it out! You are searching! You are searching for it and you will get it as well, Uncle Frederik. I am old, you are also old, all of us are old, Uncle Frederik, all of us, Father, Mother, Anna as well. Everyone! That has to lubricate the machine, but is there growth, blossom, life, soul, material, rarity in this, what is it? However, Marja will help me. Father says: it is an effect, but he does not know, he does not understand it. What is 'effect', Uncle Frederik?'

He waits for a moment, I had wanted to ask him something, but he continues and says:

'And Marja will help me. She and I, Frederik, together, but with you, we, we ... only, because it is ... you and we and Anna. It is her. Oh, how tired I am ... how tired I am. Is that it? Is this it? The tiredness makes me ill, kills

me. The tiredness, it is the waiting ... the effect of father. The naturalness is searching for a way, and I have to go along! Because I can not do it alone, Uncle Frederik, will you come with me?

But wait, just wait for me, wait, wait. Anna as well! Oh, Uncle Frederik, I am so tired ...!

‘Just sleep, little man, here on my knee, darling, my boy. You will have peace here. Yes, I can see it, I can feel it, as long as I know it there. It is still a dream, we still do not know anything, but it will come, little René?’

I hear calling and I am awake.

‘Frederik ...! Frederik ...! But Frederik ...!’

It is Anna. ‘René’, she says, ‘is dreaming aloud and is talking about you. I am afraid of it.’

‘What time is it, Anna? Oh, I see, I have slept for an hour. What is the matter?’

‘There, just see for yourself, he is muttering; Marja.’

I hear: ‘Marja, Frederik, you and I, all of us. There he is, Uncle Frederik, the animal. Go away, dirty animal, dirty animal, go away! I do not want you. Go away, dirty animal ... You are playing with ... damn, I get a beating from it, dirty sod!’

René awakes with a fright. The child looks me in the eye. Since when are those eyes so deep? I do not believe that this depth is permanent. Erica is not there, Anna and I have experienced miracles, I believe. As a result of a very ordinary dream, because that is what it is, nothing and nothing else, I believe. I have no proof. Little René and I saw the blossom of it in our own little garden. However, the boy is very tired. He wants to go to sleep again and I lay the child down. Look now, the life goes to sleep. The dream was not sleeping, cannot be experienced as sleep, this is sleeping!

Anna wants to know what is really the matter with the child. I tell her a part of it, I say that dreaming is not all deception. ‘There are dreams which are experienced by the soul and those are through the personality, what we are on earth and have made of ourselves, dealt with. We learn from it. René is dreaming! Even when he is awake he dreams here, but he cannot deal with it then. Then he is mad! However, it is not real madness, in my opinion, it is a supernatural giftedness. However, do not talk about it, Anna, do not tell the others anything, because they will not understand it anyway. It is love, wisdom, happiness.’

Anna walks away, but she comes back and asks:

‘But what should I make of his talk, Frederik?’

‘Do you mean about your ...?’

Anna looks at the ground. I say: ‘Did you think that this means anything? It is a part of the machine. René admires your house, not from the adult self,

but because it will be he who explains it. We will receive foundations, Anna. Oh, child, see that you leave or I will light a pipe ...'

Anna thought that I would hug her. She goes. I lit my pipe and go for a walk. See you later, my little dove. I have a tremendous amount of things to reflect upon. Anna, Anna, Frederik ... Frederik ... René ... Little René ... Marja, Marja ... And now? I am starting to think about it. Anna, soul of my soul, life of my life, do you not recognise me? Blood of my blood, can you feel my heart? Who gave me these thoughts, they do not belong to me. Yet, I think, I feel, I know a lot more than just a moment ago before going to sleep. How can it be!

'Soul of my soul ... life of my life ... Father, Mother, I love all of you. Oh, how I love you, because you suffer so much!'

I am beaten by dumbness. Today is such and such a date of the etc. ... I am outside and can already hear the angels singing. But through the birds.

What are dreams? What is a dream? Am I, I begin to wonder, occupied with myself, am I starting to experience the things coming from this rotten society in my sleep? If I dream aloud then I am still normal? When I dream I am in the normal, am I now in the abnormal? What I was there ... I am now also! And this eats, walks, talks, thinks, does things, and from those things I can see whether I am good or bad. I am faced, I believe, with the ten commandments! Amen!

However, I have worked it out! Enough for today, but I continue and tomorrow perhaps as well. It can still take weeks, months, but I can feel it. I have all the time for myself. I can do what I want ... because little René is going away! He said so, and I must not be afraid. It is now a case of waiting to see whether he goes and whether I shall be afraid. But now the others? Little René is going away!

It is Christ!

It is Golgotha!

It is also God!

It is love!

Everything is love. Me as well, but I am still a spark. I want to make myself burning; I believe that I have found the way. I kicked in the door of His Temple: how spacious it is there! I already possess a lovely little house. I can receive all people there, friends. If I received nothing else for this world and for what is the soul, I am already satisfied. However, I still do not understand that rascal very well. It does not appear so simple as it is in reality. Yet I can feel that person as well. René is afraid of him! Just a moment ... I will go even further!

Ha! I have already worked it out! You will see, Hans, that will take René to the madhouse. I must not say it like that. It will take him away from us for a

short while. René has to get through it. It is truly the filth of this world. That filth spreads itself, but through the child! That filth wants to draw, paint, but the Lotus appears from this mud! We will wait for that. That filth is the person, who gossips about the other life. He does not bow his rough head, he is conceited, he insults, sullies, he destroys! That filth enjoys another's suffering and sorrow. This filth shows itself as a person and calls René ... boeha! That's it! René still lives in good and evil, he is no angel, but that is not necessary either. What could an angel hope to achieve in this world? They live in a heaven, if that exists. Yet this is the little sun which we see, the little light. It is happiness! It is love! It has nothing to do with suffering and sorrow, I now know! Hans, I will soon crush you!

That same dirty little man in person, that little man shuffles on the earth and possesses space, can go where he wants to go; but keep him out of your house. If you don't do that, it will become dark, it will stink as well, everything will become dirty now! He has had this space for so long; we do not want any more to do with it. I saw this clearly, René is also bothered by it, it impedes this life, it follows his soul. That is being mad!

That devil haunts, is in you and next to you and follows you in everything. If you take his money, you go with him. If you cheat, you are ungrateful, you slander people and your God, all good things, then you have got him! He is everywhere, you are immediately a child of his life. Ugh ... ugh, what a strength that chap has, a space, it is wonderful, and yet? He cannot stand light, yet we pull him upwards, to the border of good and better! René still has nothing to do with him yet. I now know that. Thank God, or I would already be following all that filth and I would stop without question. I went into the mud! Who sees all of this consciously? The word tells you that! The light tells you that! The feeling tells you this! Now you see the love! It will now have to speak! Destroy the feeling, then you will see ... him, this little fellow, who can run so fast!

I see Golgotha before me.

I am building my road to it!

It will be difficult, but I get up again. I bow my head to everything! Oh, little devil, you will not get me. Now I know that I have had enough of you, you will not get me. What I used to do was just fooling about, what René did has nothing to do with passion, sexual carry-on! Nothing! Even if he walks naked in the street, it does not matter! I know what it is! Now I am standing sharply! This is worthwhile; what people like us consider dirty is maternal love, it makes the machine work, it is no more than that!

This little devil, my people, friends, does not matter. We have him in strong hands. If you so wish. As long as there are people on earth who harshly rape life, spoil it, he will be involved. Oh, Frederik, how well your machine

is working. I am so happy. Isn't this amazing? I thought so, even if we begin first!

A person has the right to know; he has the urge to get to know himself, he has to accept that he will become a parasite if the laws for body and soul are neglected. One mother bears children and creates, the other refuses to serve. However, when does the personality understand this?

How many of these wonderful machines are stopped in ignorance? My God, the things which now bombard me. I thought I would stop today and let everything sink in first, now I am faced with a world. What I now see and feel is awe-inspiring. I see infallible foundations, I am already able to elevate my building, to draw the whole, in order to start on the tower soon. Oh, Frederik, when the final part will soon come to you. Hans, you and all your learned friends will have to bow your heads. As a result of René, our fool. My concrete is lasting well ... these are foundations!

All of this nature speaks to me. When I go into it deeper, I am faced with the ten commandments. It is so wonderful. People, just bring a fool into the world, it has to happen! Even if you think that it is not right, it is still very natural. I am already that far now, that I understand all these things. I hope that I will receive the universal, the Divine foundation, because that is the point for me.

'If you speak to these laws and you get an answer, but you have to do everything for it', comes into my life. I want that. It is the oil of Our Dear Lord ... which lubricates us and as a result of which we walk, think, do things which are sometimes wrong, sometimes good. As a result of this you will learn! Oh, it is wonderful! Now you can see the forget-me-nots and the daisies, you see them smiling and talking! Now you have reached unity with that unprecedented nature. It is the moment that you wear the sandals and receive the new garment. Now you look behind the mask of death and you stand before eternal life, which I do not yet know, but which will come to me. I am curious what Karel will say about it.

When I come home it is Karel who is waiting for me. Erica is upstairs. He asks me immediately:

'What kind of trouble happened now, Frederik? What do you think about all that mess? A fit of madness? As a result of which he talks like a sensible person and immediately afterwards you see those crazy phenomena, as Erica told me?'

'I still do not have any view of it, Karel. I believe that we must just give in to all of this. I am starting to think that we as people truly possess a sub-conscious. The human being is deeper than he thinks himself. If we, Karel, possess the foundations for the soul, may truly accept that it is a personality for this and the next life, then everything is solved for me and I lay my own

foundations. How is René suddenly so tired? That is still not clear to me, but what do we do, when we discuss serious things, get to deal with heavy matters? Then we are in that same situation. However, René still has to start life.'

'Continue, Frederik, it means something to me.'

'Do not forget, Karel, that every thought possesses a universal world. I know what the academics say about it. We know what theology is to them. We know what the parapsychologist knows about it. Freud and all the others say their opinion. We will never make it scientifically. You know that, but I try to get there in my way. I believe, Karel, that I will succeed, although I have to honestly admit that it is not simple. I do not imagine anything. If you come to Kant's reasoning and thinking, then we still know nothing. Then you are faced with empty words with a scientific shade to them, but no more than that either. When, I wonder, Karel, are people like us natural in our thoughts and feelings? What is good and bad? Do you not know that? If I think about it, I am faced with thousands of problems. When there was such terrible gossip about all of us and people wondered why intellectuals could not bring a healthy child into the world and a whore could bring triplets, healthy and with sense, I was faced with your effect and Mother Nature, which, in my opinion, does not pay attention to anything. It goes on and we do not have the birth in our own hands. However, what is it?

That talk is no good to me, nor to you. Whether distance systems and reason concepts are talked about, we do not come any further anyway. Sensory embodiment of all these unknown matters. Karel, no machine has been invented for this purpose and it will not come for the time being either, because then the soul shows itself and it stands naked before you. There is still another machine, in which it lives: namely the mask, which we are faced with. Put more humanly and a bit clearer, Karel: how do we think? What is thinking and where does it take place? What is it if you say: I love you? I now know that Socrates was not so crazy after all. He kept pointing one finger upwards, that is to him and his life the universe in which we live. Precisely, that is where it lives. But what does that mean? What did Kant and all sages forget? They do not know themselves! They should have started with themselves! Now you are faced with the human machine, Karel, the heart of which René has discovered. Were we different? Did we not play with this toy, did we not wind it up because it moved so well? Do you think that is dirty? Do you think that is madness? Is it normal, I ask you, if you never look at your castle and therefore sorely neglect it? Good heavens, I ask you, how many millions of people, men and women on earth, do not walk wide of creation? For what purpose did we get this machine? Just let René be! This means nothing, Karel, nothing! The boy lives in different worlds at the same time, as all fools. They are between this, the material world, and that of the

soul, the spirit or the life, whatever it is. Now we have, and you have to accept that, hells and heavens. We do not need to kid ourselves that we live in a heaven, this society is agonisingly bad. A human being possesses good and evil. A human being is good and wrong, we have a bit of both worlds. If you leave this consciousness, Karel, you are not strong enough to experience this life and you are over-sensitive, which is sent straight from the inner life to the daily conscious material one, then you have to accept both these worlds and you talk of good and evil. You do nice things or, what we now see and do not understand, dirty distasteful things. If I see Hans' lunatics, then we see these phenomena again in old and young. René lives there.'

'Where will this ship strand, Frederik?'

'In a psychopathic institution. For a short time, then he will get out again. I tell you, do not let yourself be influenced by Hans. He wants this guinea pig, but even if he is our friend, he may not have René. Do you promise me that, Karel?'

'I have already thought about it, Frederik.'

'About what?'

'About his condition and his treatment.'

'Never to Hans ... Anywhere, not in that area, Karel, because then he will never stand on his own two feet.'

'Do you think that Hans will mess him up?'

'What is there to mess up, Karel? No, it is not that. We are rid of Hans for the time being. He does not bother about your child; I want that help for René which will give us the certainty that he will get a natural treatment. Hans tries all kind of things and we must not have that. You understand, René must have a good treatment. He is a lunatic and he is not, Karel. I believe very certainly that the boy will succumb. Not that he cannot cope with this life. It is not that! It has nothing to do with it, although it has a role to play for his daily consciousness. The only thing is his temper. If René was not hot-tempered, he would never collapse. It does not matter now either, in my view ... but it plays tricks on him. What is a hot temper to him, is to me dealing with all that material. He actually collapses because of his thinking and he tries to shake it off. However, he cannot do that, that is why he runs through the house like a lunatic. If this was natural madness then I would say to you: give him to Hans. Hans does not know him and makes this case heavier and more serious, until there will be no more life and we have to do with an apparent death. This is my opinion, Karel, and I certainly believe that I will be proved right.'

'Very clear, Frederik, but who will give us proof of it?'

'You must wait and see. In addition, people like us can be attacked by the evil in the world. They are the hells. I do not yet know whether people live in

them who like us have known a material life. However, you and I and now also René are open to it and that is all. We must conquer the wrong in us, Karel, there is no more to it. Now you are faced with miracles. Because René gets to see and experience strange things, which again we do not understand. However, they do exist!

‘What do those names mean, Frederik? What does all that talk about that Marja mean?’

‘I do not know. If we possess a subconscious, it is certainly a part of it. However, it is also a huge question mark to me.’

‘Do you think that he can draw and paint?’

‘Let that soul go its own way, Karel. What can happen? The longing to draw lives in his character. Give him those things and let him mess about. I cannot see any trouble in this. Or do you think differently about it?’

‘Will you buy that rubbish for him? Or let us wait until he asks for it again. I have nothing against it, but it is strange.’

‘What is strange, Karel? Did Mozart also behave strangely when he crawled to the grand piano as a child?’

‘You are surely not trying to tell me that this still has to do with art?’

‘For my part, I believe so, Karel, even if so many of those devilish things happen. I cannot believe that René will become completely mad. Is this art? No ... it has nothing to do with art, but let him mess about.’

‘I am afraid that it will happen under the force of another.’

‘I also thought of that. However, you can see, today completely mad, tomorrow normal again. I think it is a means of keeping him occupied. What will become of it? We will wait and see, you cannot do more than that. Is there anything else?’

‘I don’t think so ... it is a chaos in my head. My God, what will this lead to.’

‘To the natural awakening, Karel. It is no more than that. There have already been more of these lunatics on earth. Later they became geniuses.’

‘Come, come, no frills, Frederik. No joking.’

‘I know, I will think about it, I will not go too far, you try all kinds of things. All of us have to do with it, we cannot sleep because of it, we are afraid, because it is a life which belongs to us. What do you do now? Everything. A while ago we went to clairvoyants for it. How many academics were occupied with him? What is epilepsy?’

‘Now that you mention it, where would that falling asleep quickly come from? I cannot see anything abnormal. Yet it is there.’

‘Yes, could this perhaps be the hypnotic sleep of our friend? I think that it is linked to all those other things. I think that when things happen in his inner life, which are part of that inner life, he is suddenly torn away from the daily consciousness. That means to me that the inner life is dominant. The

material machine has then nothing more to say. He himself is the oil for the machine! He himself sinks away and goes to sleep? I do not know how these systems work and are tuned to each other, Karel, however, it seems to me that this is worthwhile.'

'Where do you get all those explanations from?'

'I think about it, Karel. I study myself and life and make comparisons with the eastern yogi.'

'So from there after all?'

'Is there anything to be found in this sober West which explains this?'

'No there isn't, but is a comparison possible?'

'Why not? Yet we are now faced with problems, which you cannot accept just like that.'

'What are they?'

'Do you still have to ask that? What is soul ...? What is spirit ...? Has the soul eternal continuation? Is the soul for the first time in this world? Is there life after death? Is the soul already a personality when it comes into the mother? Is it an independent being? Then where did it live before? What is it doing here now? Why is it father? Why mother? Why does one person go mad and the other is a genius?'

'Why riches and poverty? Why black and white? Why ... I can express thousands of why's, but we do not have a satisfactory answer to a single one. You get to know all those matters in the East. Does René live in it? Then we are already faced with the enormous problems of the soul. What do spiritualists, theosophists say? That it is true. Certainly, we do not need to condemn the teachings from ancient Egypt, but do you ever achieve it? We have no foundations, Karel. Everything is still unsettled, but it is mighty interesting. I worry about it, I do not do anything else. From time to time I get a little foundation like that.'

'You have time for it, go ahead, Frederik. I am grateful to you for your help, your support for René, you know that!'

'What do you think of that little school? Send him there?'

'There is nothing else here. We have to give in to it. We shall see. If it does not work out, then just back home again.'

'I am afraid for the puberty years, Frederik.'

'Of course ... But he has to get through that as well. They will be difficult years for him, but he will make it.'

'Do you still maintain that?'

'I do not take any of it back, Karel, nothing!'

'You have my respect, I am not so conceited, you know that.'

'Could well be, I cannot do any differently, it has become my life.'

'How you have changed in recent years.'

'I have awakened, Karel. I now think things through better and I am going to my third youth. It is no more than that.'

'Are you having elocution lessons?'

'What a fright you gave me, Karel. I have been silent all my life and looked around. I was always thinking and I was not able to open my mouth. I suffered terribly because of it. You got to know me when I was still completely up to my neck in it. Now I would say: thank God! I am really pleased that I kept so quiet. However, can a human being do that? It is my nature. As a result of that thinking and keeping quiet, Karel, I could see the things in this world better. I was like a deaf and dumb person, I could not express myself, especially not when I was in public. It bothered me to death but it did not help. I resisted it; it did not help any. I really took elocution lessons at that time, but already had to stop after a month, it was not working, I was a hopeless case. And from inside? I delivered speeches to myself. I did not get a word over my lips. Then I gave up. Now I do not know any better. I have thought about everything. This is why I can envy a deaf and dumb person. People talk far too much in this world. The very first thing we must do is be silent. How much those people have to make up for, who brought all this misery, all that gossip about us? I never took part in it. Empty enjoyment meant nothing to me. I thought about it. I thought that if I could ever express myself as I would like to, words would come from which people would never fall down from drought. Now you are already telling me that I possess a talent for writing. I think it is fine, it has come to me because of my silence and finally broke through to the conscious social part. Now the words fly from my mouth of their own accord, or is it something else? What is it, Karel?'

'I do not know about that, it strikes me that you can think so well and so clearly.'

'I am rising. I am in blossom, Karel. It is the spring, even if we live in the cold ... it is the spring!'

We now walk off stage. Karel goes to Erica. I go to sleep and to think. Behind this they have already started with the next changes. The hall is in anticipation, and daisies really did come for René. We think he merits them. Since this play pulls off your own mask, people throng to the box-offices, they come to our theatre from far and wide, with flowers in their hands. There are some who already wear sandals with beautiful garments, but they are the spiritual aware, they no longer wear masks. They were strong enough for themselves to throw them away. These people have nothing, nothing more to hide from us. I wish I was as far advanced as that, because then I would be face to face with the state of purity.

What takes us to the next scene? Sorrow, suffering and misery. Let us hope that we will grow because of it, awakening is better! Masks off! The play is

called that ... you bow to the Messiah, to Christ, to God Himself. Who comes!

Is this not wonderful?

Do you call that a spiritual child prodigy, Frederik?

RENÉ has now started drawing. He pounced on his prey like a wolf, I have never seen anything like it before. The child was really hungry for this drawing material, which gives a lot to think about. It is as if his soul sees and appreciates it as food and drink, but we cannot understand it. You would be amazed at all the things he puts together. You see lines, of course, it begins with that. However, there is a purpose, a calculation, which can be observed, this is not drawing aimlessly, his young and old soul is thinking. He just lacks routine, I believe, and then we see paintings emerge. He is also already hanging up his rough paintings. Anna was given a few, Erica's room is full and I also got his examples of art. He does not touch his food and drink because of it, as it were. He draws greedily, I do not have another word for it. He prefers to mess about with bright colours on the paper. No one is any longer allowed to touch the box of pastels which I bought for him, it is the most precious and beautiful thing which he possesses. We say: thank God ... we have peace again in the house for the moment, just let him get on with it. Karel now also sees that this gives his soul some relaxation.

I paid attention to everything. Of course, to those last curls, as a result of which those notes were born. It seems that they try to give shape and space to the whole, but after a few hours I thought differently about it. Then I saw a different picture, which made me think and which only I knew and recognised. I stand next to him watching, but I have to go. He does not tolerate any spectators. They disturb him, according to Anna, who has to leave the room as I do. When he has to come downstairs for some food, I nip into his room. What do I see there? A little landscape ... I see a picture there of a meadow with one tree. Guess what that is ...?

When the object, the picture is lying like that in front of you, you see nothing in it. What is there to see if a child daubs down a piece of ground and a puts a tree on it? That rough carry-on up there in that tree, Frederik, I said to myself ... are your and René's blossoms. The child is busy portraying his subconscious? It cannot be any other way. Now I immediately understand his hunger, his thirst for drawing and painting. This is another foundation for me! My God, how cheap everything is, you get it all for nothing. I thank You!

Then there was something else, which interested me intensely. Imagine a little garden, a little fence, a chair with a doll in it, and on top of that doll a very small doll with a kind of hydrocephalus-head. In front of that little gate

someone else on long legs, a bit shady, ready to run off. Under the drawing it says 'boeha'. Not René, but boeha ...!

What did you say? Children draw just like that! What is inspiration? I will come back to that later. This hit me right in the face. The drawing stabbed me in my heart, so much that it forced me to kneel and to thank God for all of this. People can call me a simpleton, I did it! Erica asked me why I was so quiet and Anna thought that I had been sleeping badly lately, but they were all bothered by it, Karel had something for me. However, I do not need Karel's art. His crazy son's art is better, it means more to me, it speaks to my soul, spirit, life and heart, it suddenly knocks the mask from your head. What did you say?

I was upset by it. I tried everything to be allowed to get into that drawing-phase. I tried telling him that I was extremely interested in it and that I also knew about some really nice chinks which I would soon buy for him when he had got the hang of it better. Then René asked me:

'Do you like them, Uncle Frederik?'

'How can I like your drawings when I am not even allowed to look at them?'

'What? What did you say? Is that not allowed, Uncle Frederik? Just come, I would like that a lot.'

You see, there you are again, as usual. Did I say that? Did I say, Uncle Frederik, that you were not allowed into my room? Did I close the door to you? Did I behave strangely, really? I do not believe any of it, you just dreamt that. Just come in, I would really like that. They are good, don't you think, Uncle Frederik? I will make one for Anna. Could you call Anna. Let Mother just come as well. What does Father say about it?

It is a list of questions ... but what can you reply? I already know: nothing. Just run off, I know you. How amazing a human being is, a fool.

He has been busy for days. Not one hour is wasted. He does not want the school boys to know. That is not normal either, another child likes to show what it can do, not he. However, that horrible chap is drawing. As far as we know, that is his inner life. I no longer know how many of those chaps we already know about. Then something else came. The things which have nothing to do with the daily consciousness are exactly the ones which get shape and meaning through and for him and which he models. I saw a little head. You know what a thing like that looks like, a round circle with eyes, two lines for the mouth, some curls and Bob's your uncle. However, under it I read 'Marja' ... it was written clearly. Where did he get this name from, as a result of which is he already able to write? He has learned a few things from Anna, I also taught him some things, but this?

A moment later he dashes over to me and says:

‘Here, Uncle Frederik, let’s see how you get to the top. This is your path.’

Thirty-two lines and a line along it decorated with bright red colours, a surface, a painting on the wall. Above and below on the stairs a few dolls. One of them is lying stretched out on the stairs, the top one is sitting. It is a mystery to me how he managed that. However, we know that scene, it is just a few days behind us. That is René! I get it from him, my staircase, my climbing upwards. How can it be. That is a drawing in daily consciousness! He was sitting there sleeping. He slept deeply and we know what happened at that moment. Everything has meaning for me!

Erica and Anna were not aware of it. They think that he is just daubing. Karel thinks that his things are very boyish. However, if we go a bit deeper? Must I kid myself that this is all imagination? I see here that a half lunatic portrays my thoughts and dreams, or whatever it is. This messing about is worth a fortune to me. I also know that this has nothing to do with occultism, is not spiritualism, even if it is drawn by the little devil. This belongs to him and is tuned to his life, his soul is revealed through this drawing.

The diary therefore states:

Experienced more miracles today. René is a genius! I will not only be proved right today, but tomorrow and, God willing, for years to come as well. Or is this not a child prodigy? Have all those parents of healthy and crazy children understood the messing about of their children? Did you see that little devil? Did you recognise the little fence and the mowed lawn, Frederik? Of course I did!

These things take me back to thousands of matters. If René transforms inner feelings into line and colour, why should a child inside the mother not be capable of passing on to her what it is feeling? You see, Frederik, we are laying stone for stone on top of each other, I am climbing upwards like René, my path, it is my life.

Underneath it says ‘boeha’, as an indication of that through which he experiences all his troubles. He draws from his subconscious, which is a world to me. I was sitting in that world, took him on my knee. Is that subconscious? Is that subconscious so within our reach? Do we live as a result of it? Do we act as a result of it? Are we in the middle of it or just outside of it? René is already proving that. As a result of that very ordinary mess, adult people like us get served the spiritual goods. However, then we are capable of getting to know ourselves. How deep the soul of a human being is then. How many spaces does the soul possess? I could carry on asking questions. These are miracles. We have not yet reached the end. René is a spiritual child prodigy!!

In the days that followed I was not able to discover anything in particular anymore. He is now also drawing chairs and tables and dogs and cats and colours in the animals. When he paints trees they are not green but gold. I

also understand that. In this way he passes his free time drawing, painting. He tidied away his things neatly, no one was allowed to touch them. I paid attention to whether he took his drawings with him, but no, because the boys and girls were not allowed to see them. I assume, in the first place afraid of criticism, but carefully thought-out. The inner life does not wish to be understood, it is the little devil. That sends from inside the command: watch out. That is why we had to leave the room first. This phenomenon has to do with his strange behaviour. As a result of this we speak to the fool. The fool in him wants to be alone, not René as a material person. He wants to talk. He wants you to look at his things, the unconscious is afraid of the conscious person, they are two worlds in one and yet possess their own soul with its own personality. This is how I see it. It will also be like that. I shall wait and see again, but I received amazing foundations. I am starting to see behind his mask precisely because of those drawings. The mask betrays itself. That was the fear! This is the self-preservation in the human being, crazy or healthy, all life, in whatever degree we are, has it, takes care of it and watches out for it. I can accept that.

The last few days at school went well. We bring him and collect him and may not complain. When he comes home he races upstairs in order to draw. It seems that he cannot get enough of it, he lets rip so passionately. When we thought that we had made it, a storm beat about our ears, we hear bears growling and a jackal howling. Erica and I saw snakes and Anna was also really upset again.

The child has been upstairs less than half an hour when we hear a terrible creaking. I dash towards him and see that he is tearing up everything which he had made the past few days. Another strange thing, I thought, he does not want anything which does not concern his subconscious. It is a battle of life and death. This is the continuation of it. Just let him do what he wants, what he can, tomorrow he will go to pieces, because the daily consciousness is fighting with the unconscious or subconscious. People call that crazy. Honestly, we have had moments when you would swear that he was normal. Now this misery.

He is foaming at the mouth. He lashes out, is as strong as seven others, he bits and hits like a wild man. He bit Anna's arms, he almost gauged out Erica's eyes. I took him in my arms and held him but he tried to wriggle loose. The end of the story was that he was tied in bed with a straitjacket which Karel had had made for him. Little René is lying there.

Asleep ... exhausted, the child knows nothing about it. The women weep again. Karel just wants to talk. Now he says again:

'Do you call that a spiritual child prodigy, Frederik?'

I was expecting that. I cannot say another word, of course. They are right

again. However, René is sick. What should we do? Karel does not know. We shall wait until tomorrow.

Anna brought him his milk, has a talk with him, but does not get an answer. I try it, he does not utter a word. Erica comes, it does not help. René is deaf and dumb again. Weeping women, a tension in the house, misery upon misery. Will this come to an end? What will this be like? I have had to listen to this at least ten times: is this a child prodigy? Whether I am or he is, is no concern of theirs. Both René and I are. We are both crazy. Everyone actually. Then it is a question of wait and see.

In this way we talk all day. However, there is no change. He is lying there stock-still, as if the storm has raged, the bears were shown the door, the jackal has been smothered in his howling. However, there is something else, we do not know what it is. We wait. René does not touch his food and drink. After three days new life enters this soul. The machine is starting to operate again. He asks me:

‘Is it raining outside, Uncle Frederik?’

I say: ‘No.’

‘May I go into the woods with you then?’

‘Why of course, why not. It will do you good.’

‘How was school, Uncle Frederik?’

‘Fine, René.’

‘Were you beaten and kicked, Uncle Frederik?’

‘Not me, René ... were you?’

‘They started on me, but I got them.’

‘Just a moment ago?’

‘No, tomorrow ... it will be tomorrow!’

‘I see, tomorrow. Would you like something to eat?’

‘If I get it? Is Mother not there? Or Anna? How are father’s patients?’

‘Fine ... do you want to see your father?’

‘I do not have to become a doctor, do I, Uncle Frederik?’

‘I do not think so. But why not actually?’

‘I find that being ill so horrible. Did the chickens get new clothes yet, Uncle Frederik?’

‘The tailor has started on them.’

‘Oh, then it is okay. Now my milk ... Anna??? Anna, can I have my milk?’

Anna and Erica rush into the room at the same time. Here is your milk, dear. René gulps it down. He wants some more. We see that he drinks five glasses in a row. Now his egg to follow ...

Anna soon comes back with his egg. He says:

‘We also have things like that, don’t we, Uncle Frederik? The chickens are like Mother and Anna ... Father is sleeping, otherwise he would lay a lot

more eggs. I like them.'

Anna and Erica are downstairs again. They feel that they are no longer wanted here, men belong with men. It would just upset them. I listen ... What do I hear? Something else new ... Pity, what a pity, it was going so well. When I ask him what he is doing, he says:

'I am wetting the bed ... Anna is there, after all?'

Now it will become a mess, I think. I really had not expected this. It will be a dirty mess. What a pity ... pity. But Anna has already put him in the bath. I watch and conclude that the wild part has gone from his life. His eyes are a bit dull, yet there is something flickering there which I do not like. It reaches you like a lighthouse light, but it is immediately dark again. How difficult it is to understand this life. Are all fools like this?

Suddenly he asks you fluently and consciously for different things, adds something himself, since it is spooking in his brains which are very tired. A moment later he is deaf and dumb again. The bath and the food have done him good, the body and the soul are tired, tired out, the human organism falls into a deep sleep. Just sleep, just rest, then you cannot get up to any mischief and no one will be bothered by you. I shall go to my room and have a think.

Hours pass like this, sleeping, eating and drinking, now and again a bit wild, and we are forced to stay and watch him and tie him up. There is no question of going to school. Yet this life scrambles upwards again, you see him walking upstairs, downstairs, you see the personality resting and behaving wildly. The weeks pass like this, there is no progress. He does not think about drawing and painting, it is as if he has never held a pencil in his hands. I believe that he has aged, I am starting to think that all these things will open him and bring him to awakening. He knows that he is a man. He smells of the eggs ... smells many times, but does not say a word. I know that! I know it from before. Many boys have wanted to get to know this problem, we are all the same! However, he thinks because of it, it is spooking that brain again, you will see.

Within an hour the house is in an uproar again. He is lying quietly in his bed, suddenly climbs out and breaks a window with his shoe. Then he bangs on the doors and tries to hit his mother and Anna. I get involved and the end of it is: straightjacket on. He wanted to tear that thing apart like a dog, but it seems to be too tough for his teeth. He did not manage it. The life in him wants to be free, but is at odds with the entire society. It is hopeless, we decide. We think that we are not making progress. Karel is already sorry again that we started him drawing. As if his soul hears it, enjoys it, he asks me the next morning:

'May I draw again, Uncle Frederik?'

‘Do you want to draw now?’

‘What do you mean you ... A bit more respectful, Uncle Frederik. Can you ask again?’

I say to Karel: ‘What do you think?’

‘What do you think? Must we put up with more misery?’

‘I myself, Karel ... have a different opinion. Just let him. We got peace as a result of it in any case.’

‘I notice that. I do not know anymore. My God ... where will it end?’

‘We have also talked about that so often. Just leave him be.’

‘He exhausted himself mentally as a result of that messing about ... I think that I will start treating him again.’

‘Don’t do it, Karel.’

‘Why not?’

‘Because he is already taking himself to task. You will only beat the body. The soul will suffer because of it.’

‘Since when did you understand lunatics and patients, Frederik?’

‘I do telepathy, Karel.’

‘Oh, is that so? But what do you want?’

I had not wanted to tell him anything about what I knew, because he laughs at everything anyway, especially if it is something new. I fathomed his situation and said:

‘René will heal himself, Karel.’

‘What do you mean, put your cards on the table.’

‘You know what happened a few weeks ago. The incident on the stairs. He has drawn that climbing.’

‘Nonsense, Frederik, hallucinations. Exaggeration. Prove it then!’

I fetch the drawing. ‘Look ... that is the staircase, the wall, the rail. He is sitting upstairs and downstairs. When this thing was finished, he said: ‘It is for you, Uncle Frederik. Just go upstairs, or just see that you get to the top. And I have already started crawling upstairs.’

‘Don’t make me laugh, Frederik. You are starting to become childish. Watch out for yourself.’

‘That is all very well, you can tell me what you like, Karel. But what about this? Will you come with me?’

We count the steps ... ‘Thirty-two lines, thirty-two steps ... Then you are upstairs.’

‘What does that mean?’

‘Do you not understand anything then, Karel, or are you just pretending?’

‘Good grief, I do not understand what you are after.’

‘Quiet, quiet ... take it easy, stay calm. René drew this staircase. I saw that there was a similarity. I counted the steps and it was right. Does this simple

messing about not mean anything to you?’

‘No, nothing ... not a jot, if you wish to know. I am too sensible for it and thank God, otherwise I will come to grief as well.’

‘I thank you for your honesty. But just wait.’

I fetch the drawing on which Marja is written.

‘Look, Karel, another strange thing. A bow for a head, lines for eyes and a mouth, the little chin descends and looks like nothing. That is Marja. René is sitting on the staircase and is talking about this little head. She and I ... we ... together. I do not know yet whether that is nonsense. However, where does a child like that get such a clear name? All nonsense?’

‘Are you trying to drive me mad, Frederik? Should I start to consider my child as supernatural?’

Erica comes in, she hears us and says:

‘I really do not understand what it was, Karel, but I saw into a universe, so nice, so beautiful, so incredible were his eyes, his look, his whole little face. I thought then that I had given birth to an angel. And now? Everything is gone again, an animal could not behave like that.’

There we are again. I also have something to say:

‘Whatever it is, Karel, do not react to anything again. Wait and see, but do not ask me anything else. A large question mark? It is your own business, but leave me alone ...’

René is drawing again. He now see things differently, he devotes himself to drawing cups and saucers and colouring them in. I have to admit that he manages it. Will it stay like that? However, now I see that the daily consciousness has beaten that unprecedented wonderful ego. As long as it works out. Only two days later ... all hell broke loose again with finally: tied in bed. Food is no longer necessary, he only wants some drinks. Karel took him to task after all, he sees the child growing weak before his eyes. That is not good. Now we wait again ... we follow this life, it is an odd state of affairs, at least for them, not for me!

‘We are now on a journey’, it says in my diary ... ‘We have a lot behind us, I think that we are approaching the jungle. Those panthers and brown bears are not so bad after all, snakes are more dangerous ... because they lie under the grass and suddenly go for you. Anna was wounded by them; I patched the wound up again with some bandages. The logbook is kept by me. Karel stokes like a born pulverizer ... The man who takes care of the food supply, I believe, I do not know exactly either. However, we are on a journey.’

It was long ago when I predicted all those things. I do not know whether this is predicting. Yet you would say that this has become ‘knowledge’ and as a result of a certainty which interprets things so infallibly and passes them on to you, just as René has to experience that. We have yet to experience

whether there is a difference.

Received a letter from Hans today. He is getting married there. We shall see Hansi. He has already had the real celebrations there. What we will have here is a belated party for all of us.

I am very curious as to what kind of woman Hansi is. I have the feeling that she would rather see the back of us. However, I could be entirely wrong. Yet I am afraid. Something within me warns me, tells me: watch out, Fredrik! It will probably be the case' ... it says now ... and I go to sleep.

René has been taken care of ... everything is quiet in the house, we are not lacking in anything, but we catch our breath. Every day there is something else. I will never tell Karel anything again. It is not so simple to look behind the masks. I now know that what to me are revelations, they shove aside just like that, into the gutter. If it is at all possible, they even lie down beside it. Then you hear:

'Should I look upon my child as supernatural?' No, not you, I will do it. I am happy that he is not involving Hans. I do not know what it is, it just comes into you and warns you then. I do not know, yet it exists. What is all of this good for? I will find a name for it. I believe in everything and trust in the future. It does not concern me what they think of it and what they pick up of it. If there are shots, they will waken up again.

I am sitting for a moment in front of the logbook. I note: I am the man around whom everything actually revolves. I make sure there are bullets. If I was not here, there would already have been fights and one would have consciously murdered the other. As a result of trouble and misery!

What I used to experience years ago I now see around me and is lying in bed with a straightjacket on. Even before it was born, this life let rip, so that broken pieces flew around you. Now it is drawing, it is painting ... just like before, but more clearly, and still they say there is nothing the matter. They do not see it, because they do not want to tear off their own masks! That is the way it is!

We continue. Palm trees above our heads, a stream is murmuring in the distance. I can see shadows. I am looking for the tree in blossom. The carriers are afraid, not a good sign, but I am at my post. I become sleepy and lie down to rest. What a lot an old person can put up with. Yet I feel like twenty-four years old. I now hear something ... Who just said 'good day'?

Oh, it was the clairvoyant, the star. Your nonsense will not become true! René is still alive! I am still here and I sold my house last week for a good deal of money. There was therefore no fire, but I have known that for some time, because my neighbours were not there.

Who else? What else? Nothing more. Goodnight together.

Can you feel this silence? It is silent, yes, silent ...!

Frederik ... what do you think of my Hansi?

WE have meanwhile aged by a month. We have treated the everyday things according to what we were able to learn and we managed to keep peace and quiet in the house. That is not so simple when you have a fool in the house, yet we may not complain. René changes by the hour. We think that we know him, at least Erica and Anna think that they are able to take care of the child themselves, thanks to their experience. When I add my bit, Anna says we will make it. I have to say that it is okay! Drawing, painting, and behaving like a deaf and dumb person are the material and spiritual phenomena. Now and again he potters about the house, but then the three of us watch over the life; it can suddenly happen that he takes hold of something and throws it to smithereens. That is the sensation, the unexpected, which makes you call out: where did this suddenly come from! How can it be. What do you think of it, Frederik? I am slowly becoming a professor. Karel is no longer needed here. When psychological phenomena are present, I have to give Karel a lecture, because even if he does not react to anything, his curiosity remains. Sometimes I draw him out, because I want to prove that it is the case, for later. This is again a feeling which I cannot justify, the foundations of which I do not know, but there is an urge within me to do it. So I do it. I was able to accept several times that I had felt correctly. It also happens when I am busy with my diary. Then words and things appear, which I could not have thought up myself. I let myself go completely. There are words which I could never use, because they appear so cold and meaningless. For example, I do not like coarse words ... and yet, when I follow the pages, that bothers me. Does this mean anything? I am starting to think that there is a pattern in everything, a meaning. You have that even with the most trivial things. I therefore let myself go. It is an urge which consciously pushes your inner life one way and which is capable, I believe, of making the nerves and muscular systems of the organism work, of which the life is of course a part, which, however, your brains have nothing to do with. At least, I suspect that. I will discover later whether this is the case.

I am now very sure indeed ... I see a rising line in my thoughts and in my writing. Slowly but surely we are heading for other times. I think it is a pity to obscure the absolute truth by a nice word. People like us must not pretend to be different from what we are. I could consult a dictionary in order to look for poetic words, but I feel that I am busy thinking and writing down for myself what I get or what I am compelled to do as a result of the circumstances. I think that it is precisely the event which writes itself ... later then,

if I were to achieve making a complete whole of it. I think that each action, each event, has its own style and word choice, which it considers necessary. It does not want anything different, because we would see a mask again. We see enough masks. Don't we? Yes, Frederik, we do!

In addition, I have become convinced that René is not dirty, is not cursed with sexual inclinations. It is the growth- and blossoming process, so far as I now agree with Karel. This month I saw that the boy thinks about everything. He just wants to know everything about himself and his castle. If he knows everything about it for the moment, he no longer thinks about it. You have to accept that every day takes the life to another awakening. Now I no longer have any more worries about the puberty years, I know for certain that he will also make it through that, even if there will be other phenomena just like now. All his life will become a phenomenon, because this is and will remain something different. Were there more children like this? Have the doctors not known the phenomena and thus smothered the 'genius'? That is very probable. However, I do not know. To me he is still a spiritual miracle.

We have grown a bit older, we have used this time to give ourselves a rest for later, when sir will start again. There can be no question of going to school. That is therefore a great disappointment. He is not learning anything now. I just hope that that will still be possible, otherwise I do not know what to think of it. You cannot set a table on a tree, give a large dinner party, everything rolls off. For this purpose you must go to a sawmill and then to a joiner. It is exactly the same with René, people like us are no different ... if he learns nothing, how will this life reveal itself then? You have to learn words, a language; however simple they may be, it is necessary. Or you will remain stupid and unsuitable for society. This is a lack, life stands still. It is our social conscious for that human existence. What will become of such a life? Nothing. What can all those lunatics do? Nothing ... and look, we are thinking about this. It is the suffering of Karel, Anna and Erica. The gossip for people in the street, slander. It is not slander, stupidity, it is the mask. But our poor René.

Yet ... when I thought about all these things until deep in the night, the conscious feeling entered me that this would also be okay. You have phenomena, you were allowed to lay foundations ... René will make it!

I thought about everything during this month. I saw thousands of masks. I compared all those shapes with René. As a result of this I make progress. A drunk man gets a different mask, when he loses the social balance because of his drinking and blows up his personality. The man changes in a short time. I know from experience how remarkably a mask is built up. When I went out with my friends, I was approximately eighteen years old, and we experienced our evenings, we had great fun about Jan Hoog who, when he had drunk a

few beers, started to act as a priest. It is a wonder that I had not thought of this before. As a result of this I would have been able to make an amazing comparison with regard to René and Erica and all those other women, who wrote to me.

Jan Hoog got the airs and graces of a priest because of his beers. He kept wanting to bless you and make you as holy as possible. I spent hours analysing this life, but I could not. Now it gets through to me that Jan was sent amazing feelings from his life. They had to be there anyway, had to belong to his subconscious, otherwise they would never reach the daily conscious self. Jan got sacredness through a beer. He preached for you. He definitely wanted it, and sometimes it became so unbearable that you said confession to him. We wanted him to have his fun. You will understand that we laughed about it, that the public, all the men and women who enjoyed fun like us, roared with laughter, the whole thing was so funny. Table clothes were needed to be a man of the cloth. He said mass ... when he went too far then we rapped his fingers. Jan experienced this bustle so consciously, to him it was a life task. We sometimes had difficulty getting him back to reality. For this purpose we took him outside and nature took care of the rest.

Another friend longed for nice things, of course, and especially for beautiful women. He reached other thoughts and feelings through his beer, different from the thoughts the rest of the world is open to. Another got inclinations towards art. He suddenly became a painter. He started to paint landscapes before your eyes, which were a pleasure to behold. Those invisible paintings got consciousness. You saw them. He became Rembrandt, painted the Nightwatch and many other famous masters were interpreted by him in this condition. Another one became a sports teacher. How that man could jump and where did he get that strength from! It usually started with arm wrestling: who is the strongest. He always won it in his condition, but only through his beer.

I wondered later how we possess all those thoughts. I started to reflect as a result of alcohol. Something changed within me, which took me to a silence. I am not afraid, but that silence is frightening. I know exactly how many glasses of wine I have to drink if I want to enter into that condition. Then I look like a ghost. I have no longer a face, I am depressed. I start to feel suffering and sorrow, the misery of this world rests on my shoulders then. I have none of what the others possess. I become silent, another person makes a fuss about nothing. One acts as a saint, wants to change the world and humanity as a result of his drinking, I am no longer able to help myself, that's how it hits me. This is the effect of alcohol on my being and systems.

Just analyse this, just compare this to René and Erica and all other mothers? I did not want to continue it, because I did not see its foundation. How-

ever, I continue thinking ... It has now taken possession of my personality. I saw other masks. They are lying in the gutter in the street. It is the grocer, your baker, your landlord, your husband, your wife, your friend, your child as well. You are deceived by all those people. They stand in front of you, listen to your talking, say yes and no and think that you are a strange person. People wear masks. You are placed in front of those masks every second of your life, you are deceived every second consciously and unconsciously under your very nose. Men and women cheat each other, even if they reach the most sacred things, the wonderful event as a result of which you yourself came into this world. You also see the masks there! Our society is dirty, rotten, sensitive children behave strange as a result of it. Just look at those ribbons ... ugh, mother, do you allow those to grow?

I said all of this to myself, but I do not want anything to do with it. If had to analyse the problems of it, then my life would be too short in order to follow all those things and to give them a place in the logbook. There is so much which goes against the true being and the life which a person has to be according to Divine Creation! Isn't there?

There is no justice. If you have money, you can keep yourself out of prison, even if you deserve twenty years or life. You can do everything with money. I do not want to say a word about it, it is generally known that our society wears a mask, which makes you tremble and which you cannot yet change a thing about. People, how can it be, like it. Good things are attacked, people love evil. Did you see those ears? They would walk for hours to see them! Should I know? Do not talk! Now you can see that chap as well! People want chaos! That has nothing to do with my world and what we experience. Nothing! However, it exists!

As a result of my friend's beer I got to see another mask. We also see the same thing before birth as well, if you just watch out. Erica is intellectual, Karel as well, but they bring a fool into the world, about whom I say that he is a spiritual child prodigy. The whore from a while ago, delightful triplets. Three guesses, why? Why, how can it be! Yet it is the sacred truth. However, what a mask it is. Where did it begin and where does it end? We travelled quite a bit and will make it. If we just have patience.

I thought about thousands of things this month and I may say, not in vain. I have become wiser as a result of it. Later, when we manage to have a conversation face-to-face, as Erica experienced that, it escapes me. That happens of its own accord. It was born in me, it corrects itself in me and I am in growth and bloom. If that is my soul, then I know what I will look like later and to which life degree I really belong, if we wish to speak of supernatural consciousness.

Tonight we have to go to Hans. Hans has come to visit us with his Hansi.

What will become of this? I do not wish to think about it yet. None of us say anything about it, we are careful, we do not want to say a word about it beforehand. What Hansi is like! What do you think of Hansi? I will hear that tomorrow or this evening when we are at home, but I believe that I already have my judgement ready. The castle of Hans is ready; Peter, his servant, takes care of everything. That is Hans' lackey, whom I also dislike. I am afraid of Peter. I do not understand that Hans named his beautiful horse after this life. I truly thought that his grandfather was called that, but that is not the case. Peter is called after Peter the lackey, his butler. I do not trust his butler. Peter is too servient. I have never seen such servitude before. I am not saying anything about real servitude, but it is not Peter! I maintain that and I am as sure of it as two times two equals four, even if there are also academics who think differently about that as well, but not it becomes the universal imagery, it is strange behaviour! They are now faced with their scientific possession. Our learning and wisdom. After all, it is of this world. Who tells us that two times two is four for the universe? Who tells us that the sun is feminine? No one knows! Who is trying to kid us that Einstein sees a square table as round? I believe in this person, because I am starting to understand what he wants. I see 'dimensional worlds'! Those for our cats and dogs as well and in addition those for nature and for people like us. A person is 'dimensional'. René, for example. He lives in it, and it also lives in us; it is every cat, every animal! Or I believe we would never get any further, or higher! We would then be standing still! That is not possible! What you will later meet in that world as material or spirit, or soul, are phenomena which show themselves as inner worlds to the daily consciousness. How beautiful it is to be allowed to think about this. That all ran after Peter and I picked it up exactly on time in order to think about it and give it a place in my inner album.

But did you see that chap? It is not the small hat of the devil, but everything is now spherical and universally deep. The smallest insect is now universally deep, is a universal independence. Oh, it is amazing and yet so conscious, you can understand, feel, think about all of it, if you are just separate from yourself, the harsh part! I suddenly feel that is how it is. I suddenly know that René is already capable of speaking shortly as a result of my reflections; it does not matter how it will happen, as long as it happens. Then I no longer pay any attention to all these troubles, because it will be okay anyway.

However, I do not like Peter. Another hour and we will see his heavenly cake, Hans' pudding, his love. It will be an intimate party, but I know that all the friends will be there. What academics shall I meet again. I sat down, first in my room, then René drew me towards him.

'What is the matter, darling? How are you?'

No answer. I am standing in front of him, he is lying in his cot. I sit down

to look at this life. Unexpectedly he asks very consciously:

‘Who is Hans, Uncle Frederik? ... where you are now going. Someone from our family? What do father and mother have to do with him? And you, Uncle Frederik? And who is Peter? I know that as well ... When are we going horse-riding? Why did father sell the horses? When we will go to the country house? Why ... why!’

I got a fright. Suddenly I stood still in my thoughts, then he also stood still and the why and why started? What does he know about Karel’s longing? There was never a word said about it. René, I quickly reflected, was still to be born then. Telepathy? Transfer of thoughts? I believe so! The child sucks me empty. He gets Peter out of me. I know a lot, but I do not yet know everything about this life. It tells me that, if the academics know this, I will be blamed for bringing René under my influence. I will then be the guilty party, be guilty of everything, all his thoughts and all his talk, because I am looking for it. However, that is not true!

I started this research when Erica lost herself. I started it when I saw this misery. I know, but the academics will think differently about it and it will be their footing. How dangerous it is. I now know that I can help René, as I helped her before her time. All of this sounds like a warning, I believe that I am enjoying a preparation.

We have a contact, we are tuned and adapted to each other, there is no more to it. It is true! Karel and the learned gentlemen, it is not any other way! Anyone who associates with pitch will be tarred by it. That is all very well, but I have put on a nice leather jacket. René as well! We contaminate each other, but the street on which we are walking looks really fine. You have to wear sandals for it to walk over it. Or you will stick to it. We are now busy bringing the sandals and the street into harmony with each other, so that it will become a firm background for our legs and our lives, for here and a bit further on.

Or is this also a mask for me? Imagine that René did not take Peter out of my life. Then what? Now what? Where did René get Peter from? What did he actually ask me? I have already forgotten. I think for a moment. He pretends to be sleeping, but he is not. He is thinking as I do, we are one. He thinks too much.

Who is that man Hans? Does he know Hans? Yes. He has seen Hans here several times. Hans and Karel were taking a treatment. There is Hans, but Peter? Did Hans mention Peter here? I do not think so. What is it? When I am this far, he also says:

‘When you are that far, Uncle Frederik, watch out for Peter.’

What a boy. He sinks into his pillows and I wonder how all of this is possible. He is in perfect health, but you cannot depend on him for a minute.

Look, he says:

‘Do animals have thoughts like us, Uncle Frederik? So they go to prison if they steal? Do they put their children to bed, do they not have a bath first, like mother? Are they cakes from Our Lord? Why do you not speak? Are we going out with Sientje tomorrow? May I sit on your horse? Uncle Frederik, I will buy one myself. I do not need your horse! I do not need anything! Nothing! I have everything! Everything! You have nothing! Nothing! Nothing! I do not like you, I will get you and Anna as well. I will get all of you. Hans as well! Peter as well! I will tell Marja. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?’

His mouth is shut, his eyes flicker for a moment, then peace follows again. Good heavens, how can it be! He knows about my Sientje? He knows my horse? What goes on in this childish brain, where does all of this come from? He sees everything, he knows everything! We thought that this child is deaf and dumb, sees nothing, hears nothing, knows nothing, feels nothing! We thought that it has no understanding of normal people like us. We are normal and this child is crazy! Is that what you thought, Frederik? Did you think that, Frederik? Did you see this mask? Do you know this mask? He knows himself, we do not! He is busy getting to know us?

I got this unexpectedly ... in a stolen moment. I was waiting. I did not count on anything. I can wait for days and sit next to his bed, I do not get a word! You see, Frederik, everything comes in its own good time, it is calculated exactly, I think, that I need it tonight. Oh, that state of purity. That because of a fool?

I shall watch out for Peter, little René. Thank you very much, because I do not like that man either. We are warned! This is a mask, but it will reveal itself. I thank you, little man, and am happy again. I thank you!

The child is sleeping, Anna is at home, we leave. Hans is on cloud nine, he floats forwards on the clouds of his paradise and looks at us all, his flock, the unconscious flock of a town, of which we are all particles and yet do not want to have anything to do with. Hans experiences divine happiness. I have to say: Hansi is a beauty! A slim figure, a bit taller than Erica, blond, sharp grey-blue eyes, twinkling, but shy. A modern woman. She could have been a film star. That breaks everything! Hans, oh, Hans ... already flows from me, where are your human, male, psychological eyes? Hansi wears her clothes like a queen. I got a shock, because I saw silver-white sandals on her feet. She has not yet earned them, I know that ... I do not want to see any rain, any trouble, nothing but good, but it is very obvious, and what do you do then?

All the doctors are there whom we were able to get to know over the years. About fifty people together, a huge crowd, the finery, a suburban or university mentality together, whom I walk amongst, sometimes making conversation in order not to lose the honoured contact. Good God, what books I see.

What a lot you could tell about all those people. Now it will certainly not become gossip, it will be wisdom, if I am able to tear off all these masks. Look, there is Tippy as well. She is just as beautiful as Hansi. I now have to admit that Erica is simplicity itself. Ten Hove follows her everywhere, he knows his little dove. I do not yet understand that these two are still together. They should have suffered a shipwreck long ago. He holds the rudder straight, she should have put the wagtail on a little rock long ago, just like that in the middle of the little ocean. Ten Hove comes over to me and asks me about the horses. They have found a name now. I am really curious. I wait, but he stutters out of sheer happiness.

‘What do you think, Frederik?’ I think of nothing. ‘They are called ... Fleuris and Roosje.’ I have to hold myself back so that I do not laugh right in his face. ‘Wonderful, really extraordinary’, I manage to say and I was immediately faced with my own mask. If only I had told him straight to his face that I thought it was absolute nonsense. Fleuris and Roosje? I do not even ask who rides Fleuris. I left him standing. I clung too confidently to something else. He understood me and went to tell someone else. I can hear him from the corner where I am standing. He is talking about Fleuris and Roosje, people laugh scornfully, the worst thing there is. He just has enough sense to feel it, how far people can go, otherwise these people would be ignored. Since he walks round in a white coat through the municipal hospital, people put up with this family. How pathetic. Just give me a street sweeper, a workman, it does not matter who it is, I do not like these people!

Peter pours me a drink. That is Peter ... Little René. This man, this life, this soul is called Peter. This is the very same Peter. Did Hans think that he is rid of little Peter? That this Peter would let himself be cast aside on a little dyke just like that? I know a lot this evening, I see a lot today, I have not seen these people before.

Peter behaves in a really friendly manner, but that is his make-up, which is sent straight to me from his deep inner life. I also see a ‘bowler hat’ there, on amazingly clearly, a mask. It is betrayal! Where did you get that from, Frederik?

Peter has gone again. I see other masks. There are some which you see through, others which still hide themselves, but the poison flows towards you. I am just seeing Mrs Van Duin and her husband. I know: this evening I will not talk about parapsychology, even if I am busy building up my own university. However, I give myself a lecture this evening. Shaking hands and ‘farewell’, ‘see you soon’ ... ‘I’ll see you later’ ... ‘bye ... bye’ ... ‘of course’ ... or, ‘we are not leaving for a while’. However, I live in an underworld, during the day ... I see ties around the necks, chests are decorated, but the patent shoes look reddish ... the white and blue on top and they will be ready! Did you

see that jackal? Hans' wine is good, his name is well-known! Tasty ... fine. A fortification before dinner. There you are. Look for a seat!

Hans has got us. I am sitting near Erica, fortunately. That Hans. However, sitting next to me is ... or I am sitting next to Tippy. Ten Hove also next to Erica ... we have been double-crossed! However, that does not matter, Hans, we will make the most of it. I also read the same glint in Erica's eye. They put Karel next to the fattest lady who is here this evening. A hell for Karel! Who is that? Mrs Slievers ... Her husband is studying to be a professor, like Hans. He is the supervisor, the inspector for the mental institutions, Tippy tells us and she thinks that she has been friends with this family for such a long time. Karel swears to himself, he has to look for a mask. Put on a good one or you will lose yourself from irritation. I can already see the others with the women. We experience a great university. There are all kinds. I am only missing the theologians and if they were there as well, then we would have had the consciousness and the personality of this rotten humanity together on a visit.

Hansi and Hans are sitting there. People speak a lot of German. She is beautiful, she has nicely shaped lips, but I do not like her. It sounds premature, however, I can only see the good now ...! Only the good! They will have had to interpret a great deal of impatience, bad temper and other human matters, these lips of Hansi, as a result of which we get to know the human being. I can see straight into her face, she is sitting there on the other side and is looking at everything. Also at me, with consciousness, I feel: we touch each other for a moment, it is a light wind, and she also knows, she does not like me! These masks are gone! They tore themselves off completely, there is nothing left of them, she is naked before me. Now she has to look, feel, think, understand, but she does not have that. I hear that they have been here already for a fortnight, that they have made a short trip first, saw Naples, spoke to the 'Heurigen' in Grinzing, let themselves come to grief at the 'zum grossen Tor' in Berlin ... Observed Paris by night and were able to see the Moulin Rouge type faces, for which Hans paid a lot. Then home, in order to sleep and prepare themselves for this evening, for a task for this society? Good heavens, what fun they had. I know!

Tippy leaves me, I was not much use to her to sit next to. With all due respect, I was busy releasing myself from her life, now she does it herself and I agree totally with her. Erica winks. I send her my silence, she feels it, as a result of which we know! I now know that everything is fine. It is not the way to take part, but I cannot help it. This child, this Tippy, has practically nothing, absolutely nothing which you would want to talk about, there is only emptiness and poverty. What could interest us gets a city face as a result of her emptiness, goes well-dressed, but has a hole just above the heel of her shoe. Now fur coats no longer mean anything, nothing, madam, you should

have watched out. Drought!

Karel will settle with Hans, I do it for myself. I thought it was a very ordinary move, there was nothing to it, too transparent. It is silly. Karel sees it as ... checkmate, but that is really too far fetched, you do not have to make a fuss about it. However, I know Karel! Hans doesn't! Karel will get him, this is something for his life, as a result of which his very best self has to react. I do not mind.

Now we are sitting here and there, we run through the house in order to admire Hans' possessions. You meet people everywhere. I talk to everyone and to no one. Karel comes towards me and says:

'What did you think of that, Frederik? I will get him.'

Not a word about Hansi. You see, I thought, all three of us feel the same. A nice trick of Hans. However, the fellow is coming towards me.

'Frederik, Frederik, how are you? What do you make of my Hansi?'

We look each other in the eye. Hans immediately adds, as a result of which I can appreciate him again:

'If you have something to say to me as one human being to the other, Frederik, wait with it for a while.'

'Thank you, Hans, you are kind.'

He also asks: 'Is Karel furious?'

'I do not think so, we know your tricks.'

'Erica?'

'Exactly the same, you know her.'

'And you, Frederik?'

'I will checkmate you ... we will see each other again. What a pity ... now I see nothing for you, and I had such an opportunity.'

'Do you mean Hansi?'

'I have no thoughts, Hans, I am emptiness.'

He drags me along and we have to have a drink together. I do it. Then he sees other friends and says something, takes off immediately. Goodbye, Hans. The academics are everywhere, wherever you go you are faced with a university and you hear amazing things being treated. That wisdom falls in your lap just like that, you do not need to do anything for it. I start to notice that all these gifts are completely worthless or these people would act differently, would have more respect, they would have more love for a human heart; they do not know the soul, the spirit! What did you expect! The whole animal kingdom is involved. I experience amazing operations, but I move ten times, in only five minutes, to the Other Side! I go to an invisible sleep as a result of the morphine. I am consciously raped and beaten, they inject me with leprosy ... in order to get better. I am cured in three days and seven minutes from a stomach haemorrhage with ulcers, it is a miracle! I am in Paris,

New York, in Prague, Vienna, Berlin at the table with the gentlemen, enter operating theatres with them and get to wear a white coat, a mask and am immediately faced with epilepsy, with the simple measles which they do not know now, it appears after a short explanation, the conscious statement by a sovereign. I now hear that the Russians also want to participate. However, I see that that Pyramid of Giza is shaking. We move every moment to other parts of the world, we are amongst the jungles, the swamps, the Singalese, until I hear the word magic and come to stand before that door. Now they go to pieces, one after another falls! Did you see that, Frederik? Did you see those clouts, those cucumbers ...? I saw them! I also know them! And who doesn't?

We enter a British Indian temple, where we stand and talk to initiates and 'we' have to watch out, if we want to rise like buckwheat flour and raisins in a Dutch pot, but where the universal saliva is missing from. What a tongue, or is it because of the false, Western teeth of the director-doctor? It could be!

Goodness me, how tired I am! Where are those academics taking me, why such a hurry, such a terrible fuss? When I think that peace comes and they all experienced satisfaction, they would finally tell a good joke, it appeared splitting hairs, which did not make anyone move their lips. When I look properly to see where that dry crackling is coming from, it is the squeaky voice, the wagtail, who thought he should make the people laugh, who thought he should show some of his personality, but which came to nothing, because he was called to order, and that by a single glance of Tippy. Then Ten Hove lay in the middle of this hall of Hans at her feet and blushed up to his first scalp ... Thank God, otherwise he would have got a bruise. Mite, what is your name?

We go through cholera to cancer, move from TB to scarlet fever, oh, mother, from syphilis to the chastity of a woman, from childhood to old age, from the puberty years to the first kiss received as a woman, given as a boy intentionally, from 'life' to 'death', from soul to spirit, into one mental institution and out of another, we are faced with our own society, with kings and emperors, with tyrants of this humanity, loved ones as well, with workers for the good, with thieves and conscious murderers; we go through whoring to the perfect marriage and are suddenly faced again with Hansi, her first kiss and her lively beauty, which Hans will soon not know what to do about, I think to myself – and know that it is okay! Again we go under anaesthetic, there is an operation, but, did you expect something different, after all? Successful ... but ... the death came ... you see, I had nothing, nothing to do with it. Did you see this mask, Frederik? They are conscious murderers, they are there, I know, those people are no longer ashamed, but they should have known anyway that there were unconscious people present. They do not pay any

attention to anything, speak, represent their profession, many suffer from a lack of charity! I do not like sprouts ... the smell of them already makes me nauseous, but all these conscious people are like that! Oh, Hansi, that Hansi ... do you not hear their goodnight?

I walk amongst all these academics and am disgusted at their empty talk. I drank a bit more than usual this very night, because I want to experience my silence. I am then exactly in the mood to see and feel all these people of good will, although I am outside of it. That is my drink. Everything used to be different, now I enjoy it. Before, I must not forget that for myself, I had evenings when I behaved like a rascal, was full of fun and raised hell like a playful child. This changed the older I became. Now I feel myself becoming quiet, I have one glass of champagne after the other. Then the silence, peace, a natural effect comes to my life, it is pure naturalness, I enjoy it now, can think and feel, as pure as the grape in the field prepares itself to serve us. There is nothing now, nothing which fools people like us, nothing, it is you yourself with yourself, there will never be an argument, you are prepared for everything.

I can already feel the natural halt. If I now continue, then I will become nauseous, only then do I really get knocked out by everything. No, just wait, it is not because I myself see cross-eyed, it is definitely not that, I am nauseous from everything around me, it is a sadness which is not of this world. I now want to do good. I want to be honest, the feeling also arises in me that I want to pray! Is this perhaps a gratitude which we do not yet know? I can consider myself lucky, I also have it without that liquid, this desired feeling, this strength to do something, or I would not even have mentioned it. There is something to it. I am and will remain with my wits about me, I am now under anaesthetic. If I follow that anaesthetic, then I see myself somewhere else. I am now walking in a beautiful countryside, wear silk ... silk ... taste yourself what this flavour is like. I think that, if people taste this, I will immediately sell all my little pounds of fruit: these ladies and gentlemen, however, do not know how to peel these fruits of Him!

We go back to Egypt. It will be a wonderful journey. We experience, I can already hear it, the anatomy of ancient Egypt, they talk about zootomy, a part of something else, we go as far as Abraham, where we ask for the biblical mustard, which Abraham, it must be understood, did not know. However, they know that by heart; when it appears that the scalpel cuts open another reality, they shrug their shoulders and it is the simplest thing which they can do here. Are these men? Are these people? Do these lives have feeling? Hearts? Are we their victims or are they as a result of another self? You could give them what for! It is a great disaster, they are mucky and no longer have the light in their eyes to open the secured life. They cut completely off the

mark!

As a result of a button which they have turned in their brains, they place me and one or two others somewhere else to face polio. You would think that this was a familiar phenomenon for these gentlemen, but that is not true, they all agree that it is something completely different. But what, what is it!

I hear father Abraham again ... proof that there are some who get heightened feelings as a result of alcohol, because this points all of us in the direction of the undesirable; what a pity that we miss the theologian or I would also experience a circus. What a pity, but it would be too much of a good thing.

Did you think, Frederik, that you had already worked it out? We suddenly dash from polio to imposed hypnosis, to, that is close by, apparently, looks already around the corner at the academics, softening of the brain, and finally, how can it be, yet worthwhile and completely justifiable, the sexual desires of people, animals, dogs and cats, nature. Then Freud was in our midst. My God, how you are destroyed by this horrible group of people. How those dogs got Your son! My God, will You shrug, or will You shrug ... Your shoulders even longer? I am trembling, I could murder them for Your will, if mine has no significance. People with sight are blinded here! You see healthy people become ill before your eyes! They destroy, they sully what is good, they inject their poison and decay and send it home. Who is still to come?

I look at Erica and Karel, this moment is spot-on and means something. However, if those insolent dogs had carried on talking, then we would definitely feel where they wanted to go, Erica was already blushing, Karel trembled inside, then I would have put something of my life in their glasses and they would immediately have walked towards a move of soul, because I could never approve of these ladies and gentlemen mocking the suffering and sorrow of my friends, another person. However, they avoid the dangerous part, they saw eyes flickering, Erica's anxious look and fidgeting as well, Karel's farmer's neck on top of that. Afterwards they just picked up their oars and chose the sea in order to prevent being stranded. They intended to conquer hearts, as blood thirsty as they are, they try all kinds of things, but this, no, halt, I tell all of you, not a single step further or there will be accidents!

We are now stuck with Hans' institution. Hans himself is not there, he does not want anything to do with madness. He now leads the honoured conversation round to himself, to his possession; the white coats and masks make place or are tidied away for the noble horse. We are already on top of it! Tippy and the wagtail now get their chance, they may say something. They are already asking how much a nag like that costs. Just look at Tippy, I find her genuine and can now forgive her a lot, her awkwardness is so natural. Just look at Ten Hove, he remains a fuss and emptiness. No, I never want to

see them again. The horses are already in the stable, the fun is over, we now cut into human souls!

They are now talking about bigamy, then follows the talk about being married to two men simultaneously, it all fits together, it is a complete whole. Men and women suddenly no longer trust each other. I see again ... other masks, masks, you can now pick them out one by one, those who have tasted some of that darkness or made light of it. Just look quietly, little lips and lips tremble, shake from satisfaction, smack their lips as well. Eyes ... staring and blurred, I see splits, conscious, there are razor-sharp ones, from behind which the human peeks at you ... raped is clearer. The men sniff, I also hear female cries, softened by the world's beauty, shoes, silk, beads, unrivalled showing-off, whistling incense, which burns your eyes, everything is so false, so unreal, this is imitation-happiness!

Karel is a saint in comparison to all these defiled people ... Karel is a god, if I follow him like this and experience his feelings. He would not think, he could not, he has his knife in his hands openly exposed and warns his patients, it will hurt a little, a bit, but I am only a human being after all. If He wants to control my hands? Then everything will be possible!

So you see, Erica, you gain a lot of knowledge at a party like that. Here you can make distinctions, here you can see what you have and what you still lack, all of that is there for the taking. This is your gutter! Here in the house you are standing in it! All those white frills show you the way, you see! Did you also see the snakes? Did you see those white crocodiles, those polished jackals, also those poisonous butterflies dressed in silk? Are you not pleased, not really happy, that you just put on your little black dress? I thought so! How beautiful you are, you beat them anyway! The wagtail cannot help it, you also forgive Tippy a lot, she is natural. Did you see the brown one there with his white coat on? Look ... the corpses are already following him, you can smell them! It is just like a greedy pen which is leaking, but wants to tell about that filth. Can you see those women, these women as well? I can see them! Karel as well, he now knows! The gentlemen look through your clothes! They are worries, a helpless carry-on, a nobleman who is dying. What does the baroness wish to say? I would rather look for it elsewhere.

Karel is here as a prophet, Karel is a real doctor. He still has moments when he consciously behaves like a farmer, but he will get over it, it is receding. I live this evening in a continual tale of woe. Everything which I experience is exasperatingly false, as mean as what we are fighting against and awaits us at home. Hans takes part. Look, he wants to talk to me, will it be about Hansi? Watch out, Frederik, he will provoke you, now not a word about his child.

Peter also comes. Does sir require anything else? No, thank you, not now. 'And, Frederik? A bit muggy this evening? Are you not taking part in the

analysis of our existence, of the universe, corpse and life?’

‘The main thing, Hans, is that I am here. No more than that.’

‘Frederik, I had not expected such a solution.’

‘Probably, but I do not take part in black magic. I do stay informed until the last minute about what is said. This conviction, Hans, was lying in your gutter last week. Peter will not think of picking it up, but I know, goldfish like titbits.’

‘Where is this leading?’

‘To that concoction, Hans, we are drinking, aren’t we?’

Karel and Erica join us. We are alone for a moment. Now Hansi also comes. Hansi tries to ignore us. Erica is furious. Karel is not bothered. She knows us very well! Hans has drawn a complete picture of us. What a pity – what a great bustard. Hansi is pretending, but the mask is very simple. She is playful, behaves childishly and, Hans has fallen for it. However, she has been all over the world. She has seized her chance, no more than that. This will become a huge drama, I would stake my life for it.

We are sitting. Hans orders and we have a drink. We do not hear René, Hans ignores the child. Hansi already knows about René. I can see that from her look. What comes to me is familiarity, a family feeling, but I am not a relative. She knows us and we know her. If she had not known us, then we would not have known her either. Now she and we fall for it, but because of Hans ... he is the guilty party.

We sit together for about half an hour and talk about things which mean nothing. Hansi is getting a horse, they will go horse-riding together. No, we no longer have any horses, we have worries. I will also sell mine. Hans already makes an offer, but he will not get Sientje. Sientje will be well-off. I start to feel so nauseous again. We try to be happy and wish Hans and Hansi every happiness. Also the others, who come and stand around our table, take part. It ends by us going home and then this wedding is in the past.

We sit at our own fireplace, Karel has opened a bottle of wine. ‘This one tastes good’, he says, ‘it gives you peace.’ That is true. Now you will hear it.

We are completely convinced. Hansi is an actress, and one of the old school. She throws kind-hearted words about and she does not mean any of it. She is a false character. ‘Oh, no’, Erica says, ‘not because she is beautiful, can be charming, I can see it immediately. I really do not know how. I am not carving my way through this life, however, I am worried about Hans.’

Karel says:

‘My God, is there nothing else in this world? Must you just meet with this person amongst millions of women. Cheers, Erica, cheers, to René, to his health.’

We swallow, we taste the flavour of our sacred bond, we know that it is

not that. We have learned a lot this evening. Oh, poor Hans. I do not hope that you get that disappointment. However, what are we actually interfering in? It is Karel who comes forward with it. We talk a bit more, eyes begin to flicker, bodies feel exhausted. Is it the soul? What is tiredness, being tired? Who is tired, the soul or the spirit, the organism? Why do you have to go to sleep again, Frederik?

I sat down and wrote:

Hansi was a disappointment to me, and I cannot help it. Karel and Erica have the same opinion as I do. They also feel something. I also know what those others saw. Hans needs lots of friends in order to put Hansi at ease. Those friends are there. He should have lived with her on the Nile ... not here in this climate, that soul is dying. However, I do not know. I hope that I bury myself ... bury myself ... Strange ... that burying definitely wanted to be written down. I analyse it. I hope that I bury myself ... bury myself ... again that word wants to be written, it dominates me. What is it? I will certainly not bury myself. Who will bury himself? What will be buried? Where do these thoughts come from? I will stop for this evening, this night. I am going to sleep.

René is calm ... I wish everyone goodnight ... Good heavens, what masks I saw ... masks, masks ... they were wearing bow-ties, I only saw one sandal. Do you feel where? Do you now understand what ghosts are? All these people haunt. All those people wear beautiful garments and wear masks. I saw a few masks which had many murders on their conscious and yet were free. When you see through such a conscious fool that all is pure nonsense, means decay and destruction, you tremble and shake of such a party, for those people who are so stylish. Now the phenomenon becomes a problem and a lunatic is able to say natural things, for which an academic has built a faculty, although he does not know the fool. Can you understand it?

That same fool warns us against Peter ... against many more things. He is more conscious than we think, only our society is abnormal. Talk to such a crowd of masks about supernatural giftedness and they declare you to be mad, they put their feet on your body, your soul and your spirit, and they wipe them on you. You just have to accept that? It is they who think that they know the Divine universe through and through. However, did you see that emptiness?

Now that it is over, that I saw and was able to get to know those faces, a feeling of fear for Hans creeps over me. I cannot change anything, I feel it.

When such a deadly mask speaks to you, then you are faced with your own stroke and those gentlemen do exactly what they want with your soul, your bliss and your body. When you are lying on their operating table, then gather all your strength to escape, or you will die under their knife. I heard

shocking things there.

Yet they are very simple operations! But you are butchered. The mask did it! The gall bladder called out loud: keep your hands off the liver, because it is not that. They do not even hear it. They anaesthetise you and begin to cut, a moment later they conclude that you are bleeding empty. The mask sees nothing of where it came from. Does such a mask know the depth of the blood circulation, of every tissue with regard to the actual life? I do not think so. What nice things I just said again. They are rotters, to drive all those lively children of God to death.

A small spider crawls over the logbook, I do nothing to that little creature.

Within me arises: 'Spider at night, bring me luck and delight ...' or is it something else, I don't mind that either. When the little creature has crawled off the book I close it. It is just enough for today and this evening. I write ... we live in 1900 and something, it is one and half hours after the party of Hans, who has bought a pig in a poke, but does not yet know. In the poke that animal has already started screaming, but he did not hear it. Only we heard the screaming, all those others wear masks and closed themselves off to it. However, there is trouble in store.

My eyes are closing, I am not suitable for dreams just now. God of all life, grant that I am wrong. I want the best for Hans, also for her, but the mask is there!

In Paris you can buy many new things for ten francs and you can make sparks fly. Hans let it happen, but was mechanically analysed and then his eyes closed. This medal, Frederik, has two sides, I saw that the other side appeared to be untouched. This is meant for someone else, you will see.

Little René, there were no flowers this evening, but that does not matter, the seed for it is already germinating in our hearts. I see the daisies, the forget-me-nots for your beautiful, but difficult life. We will go through the misery to the happiness for all people.

I wish you satisfaction and truth, there is no more for the moment. We will still try to keep faith, but it is difficult!

Do you think, Frederik ... that epilepsy is the same as hypnosis?

ERICA thought about inviting Hans and Hansi for a pleasant evening visit, when we heard that they were off to Paris together. For my part, I do not believe that Hans has suddenly forgotten his patients and just leaves them alone; I never thought that of him. However, I do not want to speak badly of him. Yet it seems strange to me and I have to think about it whether I want to or not. Hans is going in the wrong direction ... and it is she who is leading him. However, she now already has control of the helm and directs his life. Or is it just the honeymoon? Oh, come on ... he does not have any more blossom, to him it is always winter. We must have a bit of patience, that is all.

René is not doing well. The boy is sinking away deeper and deeper and does not speak another word. He does not draw, he no longer pays attention to his things. It makes us sad. I do everything, but cannot get him to talk. Karel says that it is as if he has epilepsy ... it is really horrific. However, he looks after his offspring. I think that Karel has both feet firmly on the ground. Erica, who got another picture of her spouse after Hans' party, spoils him, caresses him in your presence and Karel is heading for his second youth, I think, although he still looks really young. If René had been healthy, we would have had everything really. However, if I think it through, then I know that we would not have known any happiness in this mutual connection. I do not believe that we would have been happy as a result of fortune, material possessions, having everything. Well, we have not yet made it ... Harsh words will also be heard here, even if I see that the true spring is on its way.

We look deeper into each other's eyes. For example, our good morning says such a lot. We want the new daylight for each other, which is what counts, after all. Just listen to how Anna says good morning. When you hear how she says my name, you could simply weep. But listen to Karel's good morning? You should have heard that before, even if it was good evening, or good day ... now it is different. It sounds different, it means more to you than before, it sounds like a kiss. Everything is becoming different here ... everything. You simply notice it. You cannot avoid it. I know very well, that is also little René!

We open ourselves. We are open to the word. We begin to see each other as we are. Karel is changing! For the better too! He is no longer so dour, no longer so farmer-like. I do not believe that people will still ask him the price of potatoes, he is now starting to look like a city gent. Don't you think that is amazing? That happens of its own accord, although he is not aware of it.

Erica looks more radiant than ever. She has become a bit fatter, misery

does her good. I am not kidding, but that is the way it is. You should hear her play. She sings beautifully; when she was carrying René she did not open her mouth. I know, Karel took her because she did art. On another evening they saw their love awakening. Erica now sits differently at her grand piano; she does not search, she plays more consciously, her touch is lighter, and I like that, because I do not like that robust pulling at strings. She and I are very fond of Chopin, Karel does not care so much about music, he likes to listen to it, but does not enjoy it as I can, when the sounds reach me. I have to be careful of Chopin, that man drags me everywhere, he lets me rain and storm, freeze and defrost at the same time, he is grievous, painfully precise, you undergo an operation as a result of him ... however, you are healed in ten minutes and walk outside. I cannot deal with that so quickly. Erica is a long way towards frightening me.

We also got that through little René! You do not believe it? I assure you that it is true.

I could prove to you how natural this is through an example. Then we see that everything lives in our human heart anyway and is also present there. A friend of mine – he is no longer alive – he died in a car accident, had a wife and child. In the beginning everything was great, he was crazy about mother and son, but it went just the same for him as the man I spoke about. After a short while he no longer cared about his son, or the mother. He asked me for advice. Well, now what ... I also had no understanding of those things. However, I started to feel, I started to think, I wanted to help him. At that moment I became twenty years older. Now for the first time I know where these feelings suddenly came from. Understandably, I did not talk about it and I would not have been capable of it either; it suddenly came to me. I said:

‘Do you know what you must do?’

‘Tell me.’

‘You must go away for a while. You must try to go abroad for a while and work there. Not to go out, because then it has no purpose. You will take part in bridge building, you will do there what you do here, you will go to concerts, you will not forget the operas, you will take in everything which has to do with art. However, you will not go out with any women. If you do that, you will be lost and you would be better to stay here, then you will suffocate your own life. You must do it in order to get in touch with yourself. You must be separated from your happiness, because you can no longer see your happiness. Then you will start to long! You will now see and experience what is happening to you. Take that in as something natural and if you love it there, just come back as quickly as possible, because then you will not have the feeling of making something good out of a marriage, you will then be a friend to everyone and you should never have started the marriage. You are

not ready for it.

Remember, you will not say a word about it. You will act this out for yourself. We are concerned with your son, your wife and yourself. We have to know whether you possess depth. Your inner life has to rise, you want to get to know yourself and you will now know. Talking does not help, nor going out with your wife; whatever her attitude, none of it helps. Even if you drink champagne, it will not help. We are concerned with whether you still possess feeling for life, for the marriage. If you have used up those ounces, then you will be faced with your own ... mask!

At that time I already said: mask, and if I now follow that period of my life, I understand that I already got the words then to tell him all of this. Now, when I consider all of this, I can see a universe before me. I will tell you soon ... we must not forget, this is urgently necessary and demands of me that I follow it. It is amazing what I now see and feel.

However, he goes. To Berlin ... I get letters from him. He writes that it is very boring there. He is complaining. His wife and child are constantly on his mind ... he already sees them. He goes out a lot, does what I said and lives to the full. Meanwhile there is a gnawing at his heart. He looks at women, but stays away from them. He plays cat and mouse with them. He stays away from them, because I send him letter after letter and impress upon him that he must not deceive me. He keeps it up. He keeps it up, I see, and the months pass. He has signed a temporary contract there. Everything was discussed with one of the managers here and he found the case pleasantly good. A bit strange, but that's the way people are. He could respect that. I sent him money, a lot of money, because I gave him a choice: get through it or go under. Everything or nothing! Muddling through life and destroying everything, following an endless path of suffering, or happiness! That suddenly has to be decided, now has to be revealed! For wife, child and father's happiness or unhappiness. I enjoyed it and thought it was a great sport.

He writes letters to his wife and child. The letters are experienced. They become different. They get depth and feeling. Love speaks from the letters. A soul is writing here which longs for mother and child. The longing increases, it becomes stronger and stronger, it already thumps in his heart. He almost succumbs! He writes this honestly to me. He sees a woman who wants to be everything for him. He says:

'I am standing before a fire, Frederik. I am almost bursting. Love lives around me here, as long as I am strong enough for it. I shall do everything I can. You can count on me, I shall tell you everything. You have the right to it and I do not want to lose you for all the money in the world, for nothing, as long as you never forget that.'

He is almost bursting. I wrote to him to look at all those flowers more

clearly. He will find a stinging bee amongst them, and a poisonous one as well. I make comparisons, I show him his wife, whom I know well. He sees her and he see the many others. I hang up paintings in his room, he looks at them all day long: he has to.

A telegram: 'I am coming home, Frederik!'

Good grief, I will not forget that feast as long as I live. He devoured me, his wife, his child got toys, it couldn't be enough. He had aged. Both experienced seven years of incredible happiness. When he was buried by us and she was alone with me, I brought her the most beautiful thing for her life in order to be able to bear this great loss. It was as if she was broken. He wanted me to tell her everything, if something was to happen to him. Now that he had suddenly left us, I found these to be the flowers of his heart, his support, his life, his love to be able to bear it. You should have seen her. She throws her arms around my neck. She weeps until there are no more tears ... A hundred percent love had gone from her. 'Oh, how happy you make me, Frederik!' She has thought about it often, but did not understand why he had changed so much at that time.

And what did she do? When she heard that he had accepted the battle for ruin or gain for her happiness, the happiness of the child and himself, she suddenly became a hundred years older and wiser. She wrote a book about it and that became a best-seller. Good gracious, how much that book was read. I have never known such happiness before, and that because of me, helpless Frederik. I just mean to say, people like us do not know ourselves. We say that we love our wives and children, but that is a mask! He wore a mask! However, he also had the strength to take on the battle. It was a question of all or nothing! We put an end to it or made it the beginning of the eternal. You should see her now! She is still a beauty, but she is no longer married. Now she says:

'I would just kill him, sully him!'

She said that immediately after his death. She lives on it, because of it, she is always at home or at his grave, and pleats wreaths for his beautiful head. She has become a writer! And what a writer!

The human being, all of us, have some feeling for everything, in order to bring that to growth and blossom. I now go back to what I just felt. God is feeling! He is universally deep! We pick some of that feeling. We got a part of it, well, I believe that we are Divine beings. The human being on earth possesses all kinds of things. It is the masks through which we want to hide ourselves. If we reach the natural, we want to make something of our lives, then we put our feelings into it. If that is finished, used up, then you are empty and naked before the other life and you no longer know what to do. You stand before Divine beauty and do not see it. The marriage collapses!

You destroy it yourself, because you do not know yourself? No, because you have nothing more and you make no effort to make something new of it. You ignore your task, you throw away life tasks just like that, you only have a bit of egoism in you. You are now as poor as a table leg, a rat ... and so on! There you are! Both not a grain of feeling to put in any effort. What is the greatest thing for people like us means nothing to you. You look for it in another person, you see it in another life and you think that it is there. However, it is not there. What you see is tricks. That life reacts differently for a while than others do, the first one. When you have tasted the pudding, you no longer like it, it is all exactly the same. That is a human being for you; men and women search for some love. Love ... love ... try getting involved?

We have good and evil in us? That which is wrong became a discovery for my life. I did not cause disasters by tearing human hearts apart, I was spared that! I do not believe it. There was a feeling in me to lay off; I already knew that before I started. That is all. However, anyone who does not have that, that feeling, those ounces of genius ... searches, beats, wants something else, finally goes over the dead bodies of himself and his family and buries them. We do not think. We think we love, but that is not true, we love our flesh and blood. We, men and women, do not know love, when we neglect the task which we are faced with and think that another life with those nice tricks has more of it. Hans does not see that either. Hans sees tricks, but does not feel any love, Hansi is breaking his neck. You will see. Try saying that he is wrong? He would kill me. We therefore want masks ... We are too consciously attuned to it, we do not want any faith, any love, any truth, we flatly refuse to absorb and accept some of His feeling meant as love, that this is it, not the other. This is it! This evil, of which you can make everything! Only then will you be faced with the state of purity!

God is soul, spirit and material. At least we believe that, we do not yet know it. We have to master all of that. If you do things well, improve them, then you not only rise above yourself, but your whole environment takes part. Everyone now gains something, comes to be in blossom. We experience this miracle. As a result of this misery, I see, we come to each other. How amazingly beautiful it is. You see it growing. It is the evolution for yourself, for your happiness, your love. That light in your eyes, the sound of your voice; you do and see everything differently!

If you stand in the surf of life, and you have to drown – then what? You will probably continue, you will see other worlds, because we go back to Him! We have to accept that as the meaning of life!

I gained a lot of knowledge in those wild years, I now notice. When I think about it, I see different people, to whom I have given my good and my evil. Of course, I also made a mess of things. My advice was not always good.

I could not yet balance that very well. Yet I may not complain. I always kept the good in mind. Anyone who truly loves, does not destroy anything. Does not lose any friends either. When someone told me that she kept on making friends, whom her husband then kicked out of the house, I let her prove it. I gave those people a kindness until they suffocated in it. I placed them before the pudding ... and put gold spoons next to it. I saw how they enjoyed tucking in. However, three months later I lay in the gutter. They did not like me anymore, I had become annoying. I flopped into the gutter. What meant love, true friendship, became a burden, became heaviness and they did not want that. I went, consciously finished, but I went. They also wore masks!

I played out more. Numerous ... many went another way as a result of my intervention. Do not say: 'I love you so much ... What a good person you are ... I would not miss you for all the money in the world', or 'you will not walk in sandals'. I shall go sooner or later! Friendship gone! Love for each other gone, everything gone! You have become strangers! You have nothing more to give each other. There was nothing! You never had anything.

I got another friend out of a dark environment. I wanted him to start another life. However, can you see the difficulty? Can a person work himself higher up? He found that life too good and sunk back into it. He ran back to his love and broke hearts. One after the other, until they broke him. Then I had to come back. How many books have been written about this? How many films do you see, which teach us how not to behave? Do we react to them? Do we behave as if it is for ourselves? What people have written ... have filmed, in art in order to learn, transformed for our better self, was not written for us, that was for someone else. If I knew that my thoughts and feelings had no value, I would not have started it. However I am starting to see that it is worth the trouble. I may not deny this society this yet. I already learned, I am thinking for many people! That is still worthwhile.

Erica is changing ... Karel as well, Anna is a miracle, little René no less. We are mad about René. Why? Because this child has taught us a lot. We learn every day and most people hardly notice it. I do! Karel is another person. We are busy tearing off our masks, which is not so simple, but it happens! It hurts, it has to do with suffering and sorrow, but just look at our violets? This is how we continue! I am starting to see that it should be like this, there is no other path to tread, we have to bow our heads to each other!

Now you get to see that crazy love! Do you not want some of this crazy love either? Just look at yourself. You have not yet seen yourself. Just look how beautiful you are. Just look at your own castle. What do you feel? Just declare Anna and me as mad. Little René saw that Erica too has seen herself. She now looks at the sandals, which are surrounding her feet like a thin haze, but already take shape. That fibre is growing.

Karel looks smart. He cleans himself up as if he has to go to the altar tomorrow with Erica. Guess why! His shoes are shining ... Anna feels and sees it. So do Erica and I, but not one of us says a word about it. We enjoy ourselves in silence. Can you feel this silence? It is truth!

Erica sits differently at the table, which is set differently. Yet everything is exactly the same. Anna walks differently. She acts and thinks differently. She is like an experienced stewardess, helpful in everything. And that for a maid? We get to see nobility!

If I was to ask them, I think they would say: we do not want to lose this trouble for all the money in the world. However, I am not getting ahead in anything, we are not yet there. We have not yet completed our journey!

René is declining. He becomes tired. The silence, the peace of the last few days is strange. You see him changing, but away from us. You can do nothing. I just wait and see now. Talking does not help. He does not answer you. The eyes are reversed in their sockets, they do not see you. My God, why?

We had to put him in the straitjacket once again. For days he enjoyed silent rest. We have seen numerous situations and one is even more unclear than the last one. We do not yet know what this is. Karel asked me:

‘Do you think, Frederik, that epilepsy is the same thing as the hypnosis?’

We are sitting by the fireplace ... Erica, Anna, Karel and I. Hans and Hansi are not yet back, they will not get back until next week. Well, what is epilepsy?

According to Karel: ‘A collapsing illness ... disturbances in the brain tissue. And something else. However, I do not want to hear anything about heredity. I examined my whole family and there was no disease in our house, I can connect century to century. Does that play a large part? Were my ancestors addicted to alcohol? I search for clues elsewhere. We know what René’s skull looked like. Yet we find nothing. You see, Frederik, how that head has become deformed, that is still a mystery to me. Because I miss the cramps and muscle convulsions in René. I did not know this epilepsy and yet I dare to swear that’s what it is. I also thought about induced hypnosis. However, I do not know what hypnosis is. I know what we make of it, but that does not help us. René is apathetic. You see it and we are powerless. The heart is normal, I cannot find anything. None of us.

What is hypnosis? What is induced hypnosis? We know the case. I could put my patients under hypnosis, my will is strong enough for that. However, what we see here, Frederik, takes academics like us to thousands of possibilities. Where to? What should we do? What do you think about it?’

‘When you put the patient under hypnosis, Karel, you force the life to sleep. That is possible as a result of your enforced will. However, what happens at that moment? You do not know. You do not know the depth of the

life and the sleep is a mask to you. René has nothing to do with any of this. They are not sexual inclinations, we must wait and see whether they will ever come. What we now see is destruction or change. There are phenomena which we do not yet know. However, haven't we got to know a lot already? It started with his head. Backwardness. A moment later he is conscious. He lives in ten worlds, Karel. This world is the material, the one into which he sinks, is the one for the soul. However, we do not know the soul. We do not know the spirit either, we really do not know anything yet about the human body. Yet his brains are working. In my opinion, his body is completely functioning. Of course ... I mean ... I cannot see any brain disorders. This epilepsy has a different character. It takes us directly to the inner life, but it goes outside the day-consciousness to the revelation of the actions.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'That René thinks, feels, experiences something which is not absorbed and dealt with by the brain, as is the case for a normal person. I really mean that the personality dominates the systems. As result of this he sinks into his condition, which we see as epilepsy. You are faced with an invisible hypnosis. A sleep therefore, which appears from its own movement, own strength. That sleep is also a factor of importance.'

'What is that sleep?'

'In my opinion, that sleep is an expression of weakness. The powerlessness of the personality, to deal with what the soul has to accept. The personality has to undergo growth and blossom. I think that there is a question here of unconscious hypnosis. The conscious comes about because of you, we as human beings force that other soul to go to sleep. This one lives precisely under the day-consciousness and forces the personality to react. I call that the 'unconscious' hypnosis, but this actually means evolution, awakening. Now I am starting to make comparisons with the boys I saw at Hans'.

When you see René, look into his eyes, you simply have to believe that he is different to all those psychopaths. René is not a psychopath to me. Those children, those souls and all those bodies are different! That consciousness is unconscious, René's consciousness is not. He feels differently, he can sometimes tell things clearly, even if he rambles everything together. Those boys, Hans' children, are physically and mentally unconscious. I do not know whether those organisms are to blame. I do not yet have a name for it, but I think, Karel, that the life as soul deforms the material. They are not material illnesses, not a matter of heredity ... I think that we are not capable of raping the physical laws.'

'I do not agree with you.'

Erica interrupts him and says:

'Let Frederik finish talking, Karel.'

'You do not believe that, Karel. Why not? I cannot believe that, even if we have to accept facts, my great grandfather leaves me to inherit a psychopathic condition, because the soul has nothing to give. I must be clear. This is not easy. However ... did you hear the gossip? A harlot gets triplets, three healthy children. We got René. Did you think that God has anything to do with these dirty tricks? Did you really think that you as a soul got something for nothing? Why do you not act the genius? I mean, Karel, the soul is itself! It does not get anything for free, but it cannot become mad either, if it is in harmony with everything. Now I am faced with thousands of facts, I have thought about all of them, but I do not yet possess the foundations for them.

René's illness, I wanted to explain that as much as possible to you, is a spiritual illness. We decide that. You. However, this is not an illness. Since this is not an illness, René is not a psychopath either. If he was, this head would not have changed. Then you would have seen him like that all his life. That head, those material systems, Karel, were deformed by the soul. That is a bit late, because that should have happened during Erica's pregnancy, yet it has happened and for the best. As far as those other children are concerned, they are less conscious for material and soul. I therefore see types of madness, also for the psychopathy, I am sure you will agree with me. If we descend to the very deepest degree for the psychopathy, Karel, then you will be faced with those distorted masks. However now the material, the face is exactly the same as the soul shows itself. Material and soul, the personality is deformed. These two worlds are totally complimenting each other. One is not ahead of the other, they have one purpose, feel and experience the same thing, they are both deformed, however you wish to see them, you are faced with the material and the spiritual mask.

Are they not bothered by epilepsy? Some of them, as Hans claimed, fall down and hit the ground in front of your eyes. But now what? Who are they? Precisely the most conscious. Precisely those hit the ground, Karel; the unconscious, therefore the more sick, do not know about it. I saw that when I visited Hans' patients with Hans, patients, yes, but they are cattle to a few of your friends.

When we therefore see the epilepsy, experience it, we are immediately faced with some more consciousness and feeling. I concluded from that, Karel, that the soul creates the own body according to its obtained consciousness. The character creates. We also see that for the perfect. The human being creates itself. You can see from a vagabond like that, what the inner life wants. You also know those types of people, whom I see as the conscious mad, the non-material patients, but the soul which deforms itself as a result of its terrible life and yet walks around through this society as if there is nothing the matter.'

Karel is thinking. We smoke a good cigar and sit in front of a good glass of wine, we feel extremely happy. After a short time he asks:

‘Continue, Frederik.’

‘What I wish to explain with all of this, Karel, is the following: René is neither materially nor spiritually deformed. However he would have been long ago if his soul had not known this consciousness. Since the inner life was able to deform the material systems, I assume that this physical and spiritual self sends itself to the perfect, the harmonic structure for this life, our human being. What those other boys and girls do not possess, I consider to be present in him. It is therefore not a question of heredity, but of inner awakening and that changes everything.

Now it is called: you either have it or you don’t. You are aware ... or you are unaware, but that has nothing to do with God. We have got those problems ourselves, because we created them ourselves. What those other psychopaths experience, is the obtained and own awareness of this material, earthly existence. I assume that all of us, however healthy, have gone through all these mad possibilities in order to reach the social material state. I know that I do not yet have the proof, because with this we are faced with millions of laws. Then the soul started its life somewhere else, which confronts us with ‘reincarnation’. The spiritualists are therefore right, and a few other sects, such as the theosophists, but I do not yet accept that, I must have proof of it.

However, now you see everything different. Now Hans’ psychopaths are self-destructive. Since those souls possess an animal consciousness, they are still far removed from the perfect, towards which we grow. As a result of this disharmony came about with nature, with our daily life, with this society, and they are not suitable for learning the ABC. We must lock these people up. Those souls still have to awaken. However, as a result of those unconscious feelings, Karel, the soul pulled apart your effect and nature, which had got a will and personality for me, that whole castle and now looks as it was created in the mother. Why did René have that distorted head?’

‘I do not know. Do you? Then you are clever, Frederik.’

‘It’s because the soul influenced the material tissue in a dominating way. I was able to follow that according to Erica’s phenomena. What she experienced as misery – which you know all about – also happened inside her. During the first three months. Afterwards the phenomena changed, also in this respect. I would have given my life for it. Now even more, because now you already see all those worlds before you. You look into the open soul and into the body of the mother. René came as a personality – you just have to accept that for the moment – to awakening. When the soul got consciousness again – you now also think of all Hans’ children and what you think of it yourself – the material deformation had already begun. Erica got to see

phenomena, in her they are spiritual and material. The human body is under too high a pressure, tension, concentration, dominating expression of will. That took us to the problems. This is the reason why all those other children have started to suffocate the material body. It is they themselves, Karel, there is no other explanation! They are still just hypotheses, but people like us possess an independence. We can do what we like ourselves with our lives and we started material and spiritual destruction. Now we come to the hereditary questions.

If we spoil our sperm and we give that to the mother, then she will not be bothered by it. However, if I go deeper, which is already possible, then I come to the conclusion – now listen properly – that this influence is of and through the material. She touched pitch! However, if we follow those other families, Karel, then we see material destruction. Tissues, nervous systems, hearts, kidneys, gall, liver, just carry on, are at half strength; something lives in there, which has not been given one hundred percent viability, because the illness, the weakening of the tissues, already started that destruction a few centuries ago.

Now we are faced with illnesses. What is cancer? We don't know. To me all illnesses emerged through earlier weakening. The natural law for the tissue was raped, infected, sullied. We are now left with illnesses. The illnesses also possess their own personality, by which you recognise the contamination and the destruction. However, that is your own university. The foundations for it, Karel, lie centuries and centuries back. My great grandfather started it. However, he did not contaminate my great grandmother, but the girl or the boy who was born. These are material-natural, obtained questions for the human body, which have nothing to do with those distorted beings, by which we recognise the psychopaths. These are the effects for the soul life! That is material, physical, this is spirit and soul, which created a rotten world because of the personality. Now listen to the Lord's Prayer:

'Our Father who art in Heaven ...' etcetera, and then: 'lead us not into temptation but deliver us from all evil!' This is quite enough.

Did you really think that God would lead us into temptation to do bad things and to destroy our body? Did you think, I ask you, that He is capable of absolving us from the evil now? It is we ourselves, Karel!

'What are you getting at, Frederik?'

'To where we experience perfection. The moment when everything was pure and good and the human being did not yet know that he brought rotting and misery as a result of himself ... No, it is not like that ... I am saying it wrong ... I mean ... to the natural ... perfect ... the 'absolute' life source for everything. Because our answers lie and live there and we see the state of purity, the harmony, the natural for your life.'

‘That therefore means that we have created our misery ourselves? I am therefore to blame for René’s decline and misery?’

‘You or Erica, it is you both, not I or Anna; God knows where it started, but you have got what you deserve. You brought this upon yourself. I tell you, I do not know where it started. However, I do not believe in suffering because of someone else. What we see, Karel, wherever you look, is accumulated misery. That is a world in itself, which possesses an independence like all the others, which people like us cannot avoid. It is the infallible working of Mother Nature. However, we are one with Mother Nature, we were brought to life by the same nature. I believe, Karel, that we have millions of lives behind us, have experienced them. However, the proof ...!’

Here lie the problems for you. You only have to hold them and you look through them, unless you understand reincarnation. If not, you are faced with a universal wall and you go to pieces.

René is to blame for his accident/misfortune? Yes! However, I do not believe in misfortune, on the contrary, we should be happy. That means that, despite all this misery, I still believe in him. I cannot believe in Hans’ mad people, nor in his psychopaths, they cannot be helped. I therefore asked you never to send René to Hans. He does not know René and René is not a psychopath, even if we are faced with this epilepsy, with hypnosis and all those other numerous phenomena. It is something entirely different in René’s case. I wanted to explain that to you according to my thoughts and feelings, as a layman. Academics like you stick to the existing laws, you have to, or you will fall. I can go where I like and I see with both eyes. I could not do that before either. I learned it here. I learned it because of Erica and René. Since I got worries, experienced it with you, I studied those phenomena. Nothing concerns me, only I know that this is not material epilepsy, because I was not yet able to see those disorders for the tissues. Neither could you! We have no natural moments, Karel. He talks about abnormal things, but I swear to you, if you were able to see all those things as they are in reality, you would think differently about it. René has to accept that domination!

Epilepsy exists because of material disorders, Karel. At that moment the brain refuses to work naturally or there are nerves present which cannot deal with the tremendous urge for awakening, sent up directly from the soul, so that the body hits the ground. If there are also convulsive movements, the rest of the body is busy resisting, and we therefore see a battle for life and death! A battle for life and preservation; the unaffected systems resist, because the personality won’t accept it again. If such a patient just let himself go, there would be no more spasms, we are also faced again with unconscious, therefore inner disorders which appear directly from the soul and offer resistance.’

I am gasping for breath. Karel is reflecting. It does not take long before he says:

‘If only you had become a doctor, Frederik. I am surprised. Where do you get all of this from? Are you trying to kid me that you know nothing about these things?’

I sit and look. I have to tell him.

‘Do you think, Karel, that this means something?’

‘You are constructing a hypothesis as I have never heard of before.’

‘I tell you – and you have to accept that – that if you ask me what I was talking about a moment ago, I no longer know. Is this inspiration? Okay then. However, don’t you see ... that all of us are actually the same as René? He is behind all of us or ... he is just a bit ahead of us. We must wait and see. I feel it like this ... one thing attracts another. If you feel the soul, you also feel the organism. Now you can draw conclusions. You are amazed how everything makes sense.

You now know: René is never to go to Hans. Whatever happens, Karel, never that. There are also other perspectives for René. I hope that it will not be necessary. However, that is doubtful. I rather think that we will lose him for a little while, because this being at home is not good for him. Amongst children, his kind, he will at least learn something. He has to get through it.

Erica and Anna have listened and listened well. Erica asks:

‘Do you think, Frederik, that since René was involved in a fight with himself that I experienced that misery?’

‘That is the way it is, I cannot see it any differently.’

‘Then I understand what inspiration is. I now also understand why I was like that. I now also understand my physical conversation, which that mad Van Stein, Van Hoogten and those others laughed about. I now also understand why I had such a longing for a drink. That was René with his violence. That messed about in my body. How simple everything really is.’

Anna says:

‘I now also understand why René is now so dead. I believe, he is now in the third month, Frederik, he is heading for the fourth, and when he is through that, that sleep will dissolve, we will have no more unnatural phenomena and something else will happen. As long as it is something good.’

We laugh and Anna goes to René. We continue to talk.

‘What is epilepsy, Karel? Brain disorders, nerve disorders. If there is something there which is not natural, it will never become any different. We have not yet seen this in René. As far as that sleep is concerned ... that is quite something new again. Why is he so strong? Have you ever thought about this? To me it means that only then does he use his strength for one hundred percent. People like us are in a situation as result of which we use up phys-

ical strengths, but at half strength. If we reach full strength, you would hit ten men to the ground, but we say: you can only do that once in a lifetime. Do you know how deep people like us are in strength? However, there is something else, in which I do not believe, but which does exist. Namely this: do you believe in spiritual possession? Soul influence? Therefore possession through spirits?’

‘No, of course not, we have no proof.’

‘Neither do I, but let us just accept it. Imagine that René was under astral influence. Then he would draw other powers to himself. He is being lived through other powers, they live through him. Those powers make use of his soul, life, personality and body and live it up. In the occult world all these possibilities are known. I will not go into it yet, but if it is true, then you see a possibility, through which these powers can be explained. However, there is also the last possibility. That tells me that people like us do not use our natural powers to the full ... we still do not really use any of that universal supply, which lives in us, because we possess attunement to the universe and to God. This explains to me how René fought under his own strength ... If they were other powers, Karel, believe me, then I would lose all my certainty and you could soon lock him up for his whole life. Because the older he becomes, the more difficult it will be for him. That can now be conquered.

I could also explain to you by numerous possibilities, how supernatural powers are at work here. Soul and spirit, material and life, are ruled by him and us, by the personality. It is we ourselves who dominate, who make something of our lives. However, Karel, if we accept other lives? Why do we actually live here? With what purpose are you and are we here, for what? You do not know. We all have one aim, we live and do something, but the aim is awakening. Our aim is to reveal; our life has to evolve. Who does something for this humanity? For society? You and all those who work for this humanity. I hope to make my contribution. That is all and, I believe, just enough.’

‘I have to honestly say, Frederik, there is a lot to it. I will think about it, I will perhaps meet someone who says: look, there it is. I have not yet given the best of my strength for it. But who knows, you are never too old to learn. Really, there is something to it. We still have a lot to learn. We have only just started, as long as you do not forget that. Definitely, it is possible. I feel something for it, because you start to think more deeply as a result of it. For the rest we ask for proof and we create misery upon misery. I sincerely hope that you are right, Frederik. Nothing more than that, my friend, how happy I would be. I still thank you for being here and I hope that it will remain so. What do you say to it, Erica?’

‘We will have another drink, Frederik, you have earned it. Goodness, how shy you are. My God, I can still see you on the boat. We had such sympathy

for you. And now this! Then René will also get better!’

We went to bed ... I wrote down various things and, miraculously, everything which we had talked about came back to me. In all honesty I was only half there. It happened of its own accord!

René continued to behave badly. Yet his eyes are returning to their normal position. There are little lights. I think that this anaesthetic will soon wear off. This condition is a material one. This belongs to the body. The soul now has to accept that the material systems dominate. How natural everything really is. I get a lot. I write in the logbook:

The past few days I notice various possibilities for myself in order to think clearly and well. It is a gift. It is also René. I receive. I am starting to – as Anna and Erica already feel, but not yet Karel – understand that a telepathic effect exists for all the life created by God. They are the two ounces of feeling which we ourselves possess and which attracted all the universal inner life over the years. It is just like the child with the mother. I am a baby and I long to drink. I do not want to call the universe a ‘breast’, but yet it is the case. My life is open. I want to open myself! As a result of this – remember that, Frederik – that unity emerged. I am thirsty, but this is not milk to me, but wisdom! As a result of my thirst I get sent the ability to learn to think. I get the thought within me of its own accord. I then analyse everything and reach excellent possibilities, which surprise Karel. They already told me before that I can write, I am now starting to also believe it myself.

However, I have not yet reached the end. The universe asks as it were, sucks me empty and I am separate from this world, I do not long for anything and attain the state of purity. The more I love, do things in harmony, the sooner the word will also come to me. This is the way I continue.

They, the academics, probably call that telepathy. Let it be whatever it is, I am concerned with something else entirely. I know that there are words in the book which mean something else entirely than we make of them. The word has not yet received its own awakening for our lives. The people do not believe that, but it is true.

Take justice. I now see that every word, like everything, has a world. I already felt that a moment ago as well. That justice has got depths. What we are concerned with is not justice, that is wanting to be right materially. I already said: through money you get yourself out of prison. If we were to apply the highest justice, a judge like that would go straight behind bars, because that man did nothing else but treat people and their cases unjustly. You see, that is how it is.

That judge is a spiritual thief! Just continue. You pay for proper treatment, there is something the matter with your wife and you send her to a good clinic. It says above the entrance: ‘For everyone who comes we are equally good’.

However, after the first day she got black pudding and green cabbage to eat and that for a mother who just lost her child. A friend of mine experienced that. Another was done out of thousands of guilders for the just treatment. Your purse cannot cope with that, but neither can your soul.

Every word therefore has a universe to represent. I see it before me. You go from hatred to love. From being a burglar you become a judge, unless you live according to nature and the ten commandments. Now that I send myself to that justice, I absorb those life juices and I am in blossom. Isn't it amazing?

Every thought possesses a universe, I already said, but now you must try to be in harmony where the Divine thoughts become material. If you penetrate that deep, you are in the middle of René's life and you can start to analyse the problem. If you continue to thirst, that breast appears to be inexhaustible; by sleeping you deal with everything. What does not belong to you, what you do not need, sinks away and becomes subconsciousness or day-consciousness. I now understand that this is the right way to continue.

You get unity with everything. You no longer walk, you float. Probably, I still do it wrong. I will do my best to get to know the other things. If René is capable of sucking me empty, why will I not be able to do it? When a telepath takes a cigarette, in which a needle has been pierced, out of a case, in front of a few hundred people – I was there myself – it must also be possible for another person to bring about a telepathic connection, as a result of which we can help and get to know each other. Although those people do it for sensation, for their living, you can also use these powers, this sensitivity, for scientific research, but now directly tuned into Divine Creations and His laws. In addition, to the soul of all life, which then speaks to your own life. Finally, the being open to everything comes to you and you absorb everything which is good: you immediately taste the bitter flavour if something is not right.

I am making myself into a universal telepath. It sounds good and is definitely not so pathetic. I bring myself to openness, to harmony for everything. We are immediately faced with unknown laws. If they speak to your life and being, it shudders within you, but after a few days you will be used to it. Sometimes you are sent cold shivers. You must follow the natural, but stick to what is necessary, so that you do not start imagining things, or you will see other masks. These are even meaner than the material, these are created by your soul and take you to Hans.

You surely feel', I write, 'that this unhealthy absorption does not mean anything. René also absorbs. That life is also attached to the universe. He clings firmly to that mother and she feeds him. I see the universe only as a mother. I do not know whether fatherhood also lives there, you would say that it cannot be any other way, because God is also Father and Mother! However, I do not know! I shall wait and see.

René is getting worse the last few days. I already said that his eyes speak of a new awareness, and the body is apathetic. We have natural rest, but this is misery. We want to help him so much.

Karel tries all kinds of things. Yet he is getting more careful with his injections. He himself trembles and shakes from all those medicines. They do not help him either, they paralyse the body.

I insist that this is a material reaction. The soul can play the first violin, the body also gets a turn. Both worlds get peace in time. Soon we will be faced with the puberty years and then the body will perhaps start again. Should the soul expect a beating from the body then? Will the body then get to experience the reactions through the soul? It is amazing. You see, questions keep coming to me like that, which demand an answer. I am left outside of it and listen. I now believe that everything can speak. I also believe that this will become the universal unity with God. Is that not the miracle which we are all waiting for? Is this not the essential for which people like us live, through which and for which we are mother and father? I believe so!!

René's soul then gets a terrible beating. Also the organism, that he – as the personality – is already discovering. This is why this has nothing to do with the sexual, I consider it more as awakening. Of course if he is beaten by it, he will probably undergo that annoyance by moaning, it hurts him, but is nature different? Have you ever in May heard the ripping loose of the young life? You can hear that. The life squeals with pain. A green bud like that is in pain. A leaf from a tree is in pain, the flower which colours is in pain, because that is awakening, I believe in the universal fatherhood and motherhood, which is dominant in everything and will remain so.

No, we continue, broken in soul and spirit, materially probably destroyed, flung down by everyday life, but open to the good morning and the good night.

Miracles happen here in the house. We are on top of it. Every day brings new life for us. Exactly through this misery, experiencing each other, talking, thinking about it.

I start to see more expansively, feel more expansively, feel that God is love.

I went to have a quick look at René. The boy is lying in a mist as it were. However, I believe that the sun will start to shine and is already sending the particle for his life to earth from behind the clouds. He is not alive, he is half dead. This is psychopathic, it touches upon an epileptic condition, with the phenomena associated with it, which used to pass for scarlet fever and all kinds of things. To us it is now called awakening! I hope that I will be right. I think so, I will soon write something else in the logbook, before I forget what just came into me. Only then shall I go to sleep.

Little René? As these thoughts go through me, he opens his eyes. He looks

at me, our eyes touch each other, we descend into each other's lives. What do I feel? What do I receive? He is talking to me. I can translate it just like that.

'Is something the matter, Uncle Frederik? Thank you for caring. Just go to sleep now. Do the chickens still not have a new suit? Have the horses been sold? Is life so ... rotten, that I am mad? Are you still dreaming ...? Are you also becoming ill ...? Do you also have a cold fever? Is Anna not nice? Father? Why do you speak so low when you come to me? I am no longer bothered by boeha ... I know, Uncle Frederik ... May I draw again now? May I? May I do that again ...?'

In order to confront me with the facts, everything rolls materially over his lips, so that I am surprised and do not know what to do. Then he retracts into his condition. His eyes close and there is peace!

I go away. I also write down:

When I talk to Karel, Erica and Anna, I do that to give them strength for this life. I know that Karel learns nothing from it; or it is still to come, I do not know. I help them and, as I already said, we develop a bond. We are more open to each other. Life becomes good like that and bearable. I am thinking about following those footsteps.

Now I go to sleep. There are no flowers again. However, I know that. Soon the stage will be full, because there will be tension again. I saw more sandals! The garments also change, I saw mainly blue. Even a light blue garment, which I thought I had already seen before. I now know where it was. Is this perhaps a part of the unknown subconscious?

Tomorrow I will tune into it. Tomorrow and all the other days which come, if I have time for it. I must try to think during work. I really do not yet know anything about the subconscious. I have to follow everything ... experience everything, or I will not make it. Subconscious ... the unknown mask and, I suspect, the deepest and most terrible mask which exists. Why? I do not yet know. I do everything to discover it!

'On your side I wish to assure my love' ... well, well, what is it? Then a dove flew over my head ... did you see the little creature? I feel like Noah ... I am sailing ... All of us are sailing ... I throw another dove out! Will it take me to the subconscious of the human being? Come back to me, we have become friends!

I now wait! I shall draw the 'olive branch' in my sleep. Good night, all of you! Frederik ...!

Oh, Frederik, our René is going away

WHAT we were always afraid of, watched out for day and night, appeared to be inevitable. René has gone! Our René could no longer be controlled, Karel put an end to it. Now what?

Meanwhile, we are six months older. The boy remained apathetic for a while, behaved strangely and told the biggest nonsense, in which I did not understand him either. He imagined the most impossible things. Anna was at such a stage that Karel had to put her under treatment in order to calm down her pent-up nerves and Erica as a mother broke down completely. He was crazy, he could not be controlled, he threw everything and could easily have broken his neck, so carelessly he played with his own life.

I had already seen it in his eyes, it was one evening when he was telling me such strange things, which he drew from my life just like that, as it were. At that moment he was telepathically tuned, feeling ... The boy knew what you were thinking about and what was happening in your life. I recorded progress that week, for that matter, we all thought that. I just kept myself in the background, because my own thoughts and feelings had warned me, even if we saw him as never before. He told you things which adults do not think of. You saw him sinking away before your very eyes and yet getting a bull by the horns more awarely than ever, to then start a conversation with that animal which made you tremble and shake. Anna just fled away, Erica's cheeks became flushed with shame ... he ranted and raved so much about the human castle and the entrances and exits, which he had discovered in himself. It was just like a spiritual slaughterhouse, a sexual anatomical lesson. He even lectured about how you could enter that other castle. I can still hear him saying:

‘Wipe your feet, Uncle Frederik, do not enter there just like that, otherwise Anna will drop dead. It is not so bad for mother ... she has not yet opened her doors, this is why she smells like that.’

I do not know what else ... too many things to mention and too delicate to talk about, although I had to save a few things for the logbook, if I also wished to overview this time at a later date. Finally ... what does it matter ... René is just a child. We determined: there lies and there now lives a sexual libertine. I rapped my own knuckles, because I had claimed thousand times that this had nothing to do with the sexual. This could no longer be glossed over. Yet ... when I saw him like that, I thought, you, my friend, have already started your puberty years. Because that is what it is. His life will tell me and reveal to me whether I am right. I believe that I am close and touched

the real core, because René is ahead of youngsters in everything. You must now see him as a boy of about fifteen at least. When I discussed all of that with Karel, I was completely off the mark again. This is how Karel is, you never know what he means. We sit and talk and you think: I have got him; tomorrow he will have forgotten everything again. He said frankly: rubbish, Frederik. Are you trying to tell me that this life is ahead of normal growth and development?

You will understand that I said things in the wrong way, but I meant it well. Whatever he said, I could not forget about my own thoughts and feelings with regard to René's development. I could not believe that he was backward. I did not want to accept that this life experienced insanity, even though we saw that he behaved like a deaf and dumb child, was apathetic, treated himself and the things around him in a wild and fierce manner. I insisted that he was older and had already started the puberty years. Now I was laughed at by everyone. Anna said that I could also go too far.

The first few days apathetic, the next a bit more lively and then the terrible talk came. 'Good heavens ... how a soul, such a young soul can let rip', according to Erica. Karel felt repelled because of it. Karel felt ill. Anna blushed the whole day, because the boy continually confronted them with human facts. His nakedness and that of all of us showed, as though he desired to beat up those bodies. We had to accept that he was an old man in all aspects. He pushed his pinky out above the water and prodded Anna with it, after which she ran out of the bathroom.

When Erica took him to task, it was even worse. He simply told her that she should stop her screeching, when Father came to her to get his oats. When she stood naked before him she should not make such a fuss any more ... Father had known that for such a long time. Men do not like that pushiness and Father was already used to that. Then I heard a scream, rushing around and banging, and another beating. I found her at the bottom of the stairs. She called to me:

'You wash him, Frederik, I am not capable of it. My God ... what misery.'

Erica was blushing! Anna was nowhere to be seen, the women had succumbed. René was like a wild man towards me. He threw everything at me, but the female rogue had gone to sleep again. I finished washing him and put him to bed in the straightjacket. Now it started again, eating and drinking flying through the room, bound hand and foot, he spits me in my face, a real madman. Completely crazy? When Karel wants to know what is actually the matter, Erica does not want to say anything. He forces her to confess, we have to tell each other everything, we have to know the score. When Erica tells him what came out of that little mouth, Karel does not believe it and that makes it even worse.

‘Would I lie about that?’ she says. ‘Must we ...’ She does not get any further. She falls to the floor. Karel is annoyed. The house is in an uproar again, the personalities are broken ... a child is dominating us. However, that is no longer René himself, this is someone else. So it is possible, after all, I thought ... that an astral personality masters a child? Must we accept possession in this case? What kind of phenomena have we already seen, got to know? We heard crying all day, as if we had tied a dog to a chain, this young life felt so beaten. The heart turns, as a result of which Erica succumbed, because this was no longer human.

The following day it was exactly the same carry-on. I determined that when people, that means, when a female hand touches this body, the soul and personality feel stimulated. Worlds reach consciousness, which are experienced in a short time and are amazingly thought up, even more consciously than adults like us can imagine. I know how Erica is with regard to her maternal feelings for Karel and herself ... She is free, feels natural and childishly naïve in this, so that this saying knocked her to the ground. We know what we have to discuss; Karel as a doctor always has something new, but we are careful that not a word reaches the young life. However, it is something entirely different. René absorbs it from us. My last thoughts before he left us were, he can do that. A sexual hotchpotch is made of that, as a result of which the body speaks and the soul and personality are forced to listen. I wondered: can the organism also talk? Has it something to tell the soul? I have to accept it, but then they are those stimuli, it becomes ecstasy ... they are that sexual nonsense which this life is full of. I only just noted down all of this, because we did not have time to think in peace, we got so much to deal with.

It remained like this. Fit and strong, but mentally abnormal. We saw him change within a fortnight. We thought: that is going well ... However, we celebrated too soon. The boy raced through the house like a madman. We were not aware of it, because he could sometimes carry out a conversation like a normal child and then he chatted with his mother, Anna, Karel and me. We did determine that his memory had suffered. Just like with a baby the sounds passed his lips, you could not understand any of it, his talking was so unclear. I thought that he had lost all his powers and had to start from the beginning. A phenomenon that again I did not know. However, we suddenly saw him differently.

That was one morning, when he was in the garden with Anna. He runs away from her ... runs to the next house, jumps inside the chicken run and starts a real butchering there amongst the animals. He is talking about a suit. He would make sure that they get a new suit, it had taken long enough now. Of course they also had to go in the bath.

We got hold of him, with a plucked chicken in his hands. We see one finger inside the chicken ... he wanted to have eggs. People declared him mad. Hours were spent talking about him in the neighbourhood and the sad event became the talk of the day. The worst thing of all was how they gossiped. As a result of this Eric, Anna and Karel are distraught. We cannot change anything about it, I thought, it is sad ... it is terrible, but what can you do?

We were up to our ears in trouble and misery. There are many people who show us their sympathy, other people take pleasure in our unhappiness, they enjoy it. Anna no longer dared to go outside, Erica locked herself in her room. Karel was strong and aware ... He challenged them, but the wretches did not give a glimpse, from behind their masks they carried out a battle with us and gossiped about us. I could fill a book, I heard that much gossip and nonsense. What a lot people know about others. Universities come to you. They take you away in order to consciously murder you. They come to you in order to pity you, but that is only in order to tell it further. The most terrible part of it is that they involve God in it. Dear me, how those people are afflicted! Again we heard all kinds of things, there was also a lot of news, but mostly not worthwhile thinking about, in so far as they were not problems for every human being, for all the life of this world. I had already given much of it a place in the book, this exceeded the last one.

Then I called our household together. First I gave Erica a sensitive beating, then Anna, who was capable of completing her task again a moment later. In one day I was at that stage. She then challenged the gossips again ... Of course, the intellectual has a different opinion. People with a little bit of sense feel the suffering and sorrow of the parents and those people give you their support. It is the silly people. What harm they can do. I know, silly people have wrung the necks of the geniuses of the earth ... they were thrown on funeral pyres and their temples were set alight, they were consciously killed! You cannot fight against this. You would think that you lived in a conscious century, but that is not the case. Eventually you get that far and you surrender everything.

The boy was completely crazy that day. He was foaming at the lips. We pitied him, but were powerless. What will Karel do? Hans had gone to Berlin again with his Hansi. They visited us one evening, an evening of cold talk, of emptiness, because Hansi consciously treated us all with disdain. They visited us for an hour, then she had to leave again, her dogs needed her. I will probably come back to it later to tell you one thing and another about it.

Hans did not even go into the subject of our fool. René was nothing to him and Hansi. Erica was bothered by it and Karel likewise; I now found Hans cheap, empty, a loudmouth. However, Karel kept contact with his colleagues. Van Duin gave him advice ... other psychologists had their opinion,

to finally get back to me with the question: what do you think about it, Frederik? What can we do.

I told him that we still had to wait a bit with the matter. There might be a change for the better. However, there was no more change, René now remained rebellious. The soul dominated the body. The personality dealt with the inner turmoil according to human age and we had to deal with sexual happening, which we really did not want to hear from him. Nice, pleasant things no longer passed his lips. What used to perhaps mean wisdom was now dirty talk. If we let him roam free for a moment, then you saw a dog, who became aware of space and freedom. He jumped up on you, twisted his whole body and barked for joy, as if he wanted to say: Are we going out, master? May I go with you? May I walk off the lead? May I go with you to the woods? Will you take me outside? Good, oh, I am so grateful and I will be a good dog. You saw, you felt those animal inclinations and were disgusted by them. You felt yourself becoming nauseous, but a moment later he bit you unexpectedly in your legs or a cup, a vase flew at your head and you experienced a war in the house.

That continued like that, week in, week out. There were weeks which were bearable, and then we got hope again. Yet he did not get out of it. One day in the straightjacket, tomorrow a bit more freedom again. Dirty talk, with childish naiveté. Obedience next to brutal power, lust, destruction. All the human qualities for good and evil got the opportunity through him to manifest themselves in strength and then we saw there was the devil to pay. He inflamed every characteristic to a great height, but it always ended up with the naked bottom of Anna, mother's naked neck, her indecent washing ... although he was never present at them in anyway and which were to Erica the hours of chaste labour and human caring of her castle.

When you heard him speaking those words, you thought that a university also lived in him, a dictionary was busy manifesting itself to old people like us, because he had never heard one word of it before. We knew that he picked up a lot, had received a lot from those few days when he was amongst children ... but there were also words which were never spoken by any of us. Where does he get that 'indecent washing' and 'Jesus ape' from, 'exposed bare bottom, incense wind, disgraceful behaviour'? What could you make of 'angel bitch', 'fox love', 'exposed kidney'? Enough to drive you mad, we got so much flung at our heads.

For the second time he saw the chance to escape and the windows rattled. It became frightening. We were no good as guards. It remained so, nailed to his bed, weeping women around him, men who do not know what to do, doctors who are powerless before everything and can only give their injection in order to kill the last bit of feeling. Everyone can do that, Karel said, it is

no good. I give up.

I wrote down:

What René intends to do, borders on the incredible. I can no longer understand it. I cannot think anymore, I am as tired as a dog. I give up. At least for the time being. What I now see tears everything which I have experienced and thought I understood up until now, out of connection. We get to see commonplace things. They are distinctive, animal longings. Nothing more, but nothing less either. There is no discussion, they do not laugh at me now, they think I am a sad case. I can almost not cope with it. Sometimes it overcomes me and I go for a walk in the forest in order to have a good cry. Yet I am really not pathetic; I now start to think about it. There are also religious objections. What I had never thought about, dominates me ... I get into arguments with all people and attack the church. I can no longer bear to hear that God is a cad, we as people are! Karel flings all these things at me and Erica sometimes adds her own opinion. That makes me sad. I succumb to it, but you should not ask how!

The phenomena are of such a nature that I can no longer find any words for them. I worried myself sick, but I too was at a standstill. Just at this moment! I no longer beamed, I saw myself walking, I saw somebody walking in front of me, sagging at the knees, who suffered heaven and earth. That was me! Myself. I followed that advanced shadow of myself. Then I started to think again, in another direction. What now occurred to me did me good again and I could carry on.

It was as if nature said to me: if he stands still, you also stand still! Idiot! Dope! What a dope! If he lives, you also live, sourface, wretch! If he rebels, it is you who gets him out of it again. Wretch, wretch ... heaven-high shirt? Then I got a fright, and it was exactly that fright that brought me back to myself again. It was a word from René! 'Heaven-high shirt' ... he said to me one morning. I happened to be tying my bow-tie. What on earth does that mean? I sounded him out, but he did not communicate a single word or thought. Suddenly someone said to me:

'Is heaven not collared? Did you think that heaven did not have a collar on? You look for yourself, old fool? Oh, forgive me. It is just the way I am, Frederik.'

It was as if I got a kiss, when I heard my name said. Happiness flowed into my soul. The shadow before me raised itself up. The burden fell from its shoulders and there was no longer a question of sagging knees. I had looked at my own mask. I had seen myself and I knew: in this way we will all go under, all be destroyed, and that may not happen.

I very probably see everything wrong. However, I am firmly convinced that I did not receive any nonsense in the years which passed. I possibly see

myself wrong and, of course, René. What the others think about it is the truth. However, that voice then? That shadow of mine then? All nonsense? Am I drunk? I have not had a drop. I do not drink here, we do not feel like it. No, I have to see it like this, if he is sick, I am as well. If he stands still for a moment, I rest. If he chatters, then nonsense reaches me, and if he chatters about Anna and Erica – I catch myself out now – I see more than usual. I then look at Anna, I could just kiss her. At my age? Are you so old? I do not know how old I am, I do not look bad ... most certainly not. I would still be perfectly capable of ... Good heavens ...!

When René can no longer cope, I cannot cope either. If he says things which adults like us do not think about, a fountain rises in me which does not contain any water, but which is then fed from another life source. Then I live again.

It took a while before I knew why I was so sad. When I understood it ... Karel took him away ...! Of course, I went along, but then I knew. I was standing completely still!

The things I was busy with meant nothing to me anymore. For days I did not look at the logbook and yet right now there was so much to write. I dealt with it inside and days later I had the feeling that all of this meant nothing. This was part of the material wakening. I was therefore proved right, when I wrote:

I now know for sure that René is far ahead of his physical life. He has already started what a boy of fourteen must get through, has to experience, because the physical part forces the soul. As a result of this we see him so upset. How simple everything really is, when you know the answer.

Those passionate inclinations mean nothing. I know what he is up to. We have to prevent that. Karel gave him something to drink and it lessened, he no longer reached out his hands and he got some peace. After a sleep it started to saw into him again and cracked for Erica and Anna, as a result of which they were hopeless. Then Karel inquired and he found what he thought was suitable for René.

I am not going to tell about all those troubles. Erica and Anna were distraught. My God, how much those women must love this life. Then Anna. Erica did not hold herself in, Anna behaved as if she was being burnt at the stake. I have no words for it. It is much worse than taking your life to the grave, this is being buried alive with all the misery on top of it. In short, we know those sorrows for the human being. Anyone who does not know them and has something to say about them, just has to experience the first thing for himself. You now know how improbable you are yourself. René felt it. He did not want to leave, even if he did not realise that his father and I were taking him away. I wept the best tears within me which I will weep in this

life, I believe. I was so sick about it. However, on the way he already became peaceful. Suddenly we saw another child. He is interested in everything, talks very ordinary. Karel says: look at that. I saw it. Having arrived at the institution, he sank back again, but there is a change and a change remained.

We assess things. There are about sixty boys together. There are psychopaths. The rest vary from half-conscious, unconscious and those, what I can make of it, who are crazy. René is one of them, he is also crazy, the fifty percent which has to give him social consciousness is on the run and is talking about thousands of things. Karel is an old friend of the doctor in charge. It could not be better. This man will do everything for René. That goes without saying and it is a great support to Erica and Anna. When René saw all those boys, he became afraid. The situation was discussed briefly. I still hear Erica's frightening scream reaching me, when she interpreted her feelings as a mother for her child!

That 'Oh, Frederik, our René is going away!' chills me to the bone. I can now tell her everything about it and I know that it brings some relief. We go back home. René can no longer see us, he is in the hands of a nurse. We drive past fields and roads, we look at Holland's prosperity. The cows there in the meadow, we look at all that tremendously beautiful green, those colours, that scenic possession, which pleases your eyes and your heart. I do not talk to Karel, he is totally depressed by it. However, I hear:

"You would for heaven's sake ... wrench a tree from the ground here and there in order to inject your child with the sap to cure it, if you did not know that it does not help at all."

I said: "Cow's milk is even better, but if you see before your eyes that it just goes sour anyway? René does not like cheese, we have known that for so long. What do you want?"

'First of all, half a litre of gin, Frederik. Then we will see again.'

We stop and have two drinks. Then we continue. We think, we think a lot. It is one thing, one life, one heart, which we love so very much because it is not its own master. Oh, little René!

Karel does not think about everything for long, because he has something to say again. I hear again:

'There I am, Frederik. I am a doctor now. Would I not have been better to have stayed with the cows and horses? I would have known less about it, would have had less pains, now I could tear the hair from my head. I think that I will stop it now. Can you believe it?'

'No, I don't believe that. What do you want? To ask God for even more misery?'

'Are you trying to kid me that you believe in that?'

'It happens that a human being sometimes says something which he does

not believe himself and which in spite of that is a comfort. You do not go upwards amidst your tears? What do you want? I tell you, soon we will smoke the peace pipe. I shall release another dove, perhaps, you never know.'

'What are you talking about now? Release a peace dove?'

'I am worrying so much for my part, Karel. If a dove like that rises up, it has to fetch the answer in the shape of a green branch. Well, I sent a dove like that away, with greetings for Him, in order to send our little René back to us healthy and well as soon as possible.'

Karel laughed and I get to hear:

'You are incorrigible. Come on, I will stop for a moment. No, we will go straight home, the women are waiting.'

Then he suddenly says, just like that and completely unexpected, at least to me:

'Frederik, would Anna not be a good wife for you? Is she not a little gem for your life, soul and bliss?'

'Good grief, what a fright you give me.'

'Does that give you a fright? I think that you two are the nicest couple in this world. What do you think? You can still get married. You can make her completely happy. I wanted to tell you before how terribly nice Anna is. I am taken, but I tell you, if I should be left alone, I would take Anna. What a woman she is, Frederik. What a soul really, if you follow her like that in everything, one in a million. Well then?'

'I told you already that you give me a fright.'

'Do you not have any blood any more in your ribs, Frederik?'

'I do not believe – and you should know that for sure – that blood flows through our ribs. However, I understand you. However, then you will have lost her, Karel.'

'No, never that, we shall buy a big house, you live upstairs and we downstairs. Everything will continue ... I would only like to see you married to Anna. I would like that for you, Frederik, and for Anna as well. Then I am certain that we can never lose you again. I will take care of everything. If you like, I shall serve at the table, I want to do everything for you. Erica as well! I know. She also once mentioned it namely when we had all been through the mill by René. She said: 'Karel?' and was immediately silent again, so that I asked: 'What is it?'

We were sitting alone in the room, Frederik, and I looked just as dumb-founded as you just did. Then she said:

'Karel, what would you say to my idea. Anna and Frederik married.' She adds: 'For heaven's sake, do not think that I distrust those faithful souls, you could already sully them by only one thought. God preserve me! No, I mean it. I love Anna and Frederik so very much, that I wish them all the best and

all the luck in this world.'

'Well, Frederik?'

'You have scared me, Karel. I cannot even think about it, do you believe me?'

'Why not? It is the most simple matter in the world, isn't it? You are an angel to Anna. She does not hide that under a bushel, we have known that for so long. Why do you not want that for her? I bet that she will be beside herself with joy. Give yourself that happiness, Frederik. Do it ... you will make us and René happy with it. What do you think?'

'I find your suggestion supernatural, Karel.'

'How old are you actually Frederik?'

'Thirty-two.'

'You would like that. But, joking aside?'

'Thirty-seven, Karel.'

'Good grief, you are behaving just like Erica. Come on, Frederik, what age are you?'

'Forty-one, Karel.'

'Stop. Now I need a drink, it is your fault.'

We just have one and carry on. Karel is silent for a while and comes back to the subject.

'I bet you are fifty ... Am I off the mark?'

'You are far off the mark, Karel. I already told you, thirty-seven.'

Karel gives up. He knows of something else and something even nicer for us.

'If you do that, Frederik, I firmly believe that we will all meet again. I hope so for Anna. Do you believe us?'

'I believe you.'

'But say something.'

'I already did, Karel. Do you not know that you must not touch upon such things with me? You make me as shy as a child.'

'I believe you, Frederik. That I didn't think of that. It is true, you are unspoiled in these matters. Have you really not received anything from life, not experienced anything, never tasted this pudding, Frederik?'

'You are busy imitating René. He said that word at least ten times a day. However, I am now over it, Karel, and I will answer you. I am the type of Anna's reincarnation. We still have to be born. That's it. I am certainly no saint. I have seen the world. I have been in all the big cities of this good earth and looked precisely at what was forbidden and enjoyed it. I ate from the forbidden fruit, Karel, yet when I tasted how sour that thing was, I went on the run.'

Karel laughs and asks: continue.

'Yet you try a nice little apple like that again. I saw that the worms had gnawed at it, on the outside incredibly beautiful, on the inside you bite into a fat worm. When I got a taste of it, yuck ... what a stench it had.'

'But you are not trying to say that there is a worm like that in Anna?'

'I know that little apple, Karel, it is a peach. Even nicer, more loving, believe me, but if the fear is in your knees? If you think that you mean no longer anything for another life? If you ... well whatever ... if you know, if you are upstairs and downstairs, you feel homely and yet sit in the woods and actually live in everything, if everything starts to speak to you, everything kisses you, caresses you, tells you about life and death, if you walk in sandals, snow-white, silvery, you only then come to and you eat and drink with a love, which is supernatural? Try sharing that with another life, Karel. Give a little of all those beautiful things to a tree, a flower, to a fish in the water, a dog or a cat. Give a little to the Sun, Moon and Stars, because it is they which kiss you, love you, want to marry you? Then, Karel, you are faced with a love which you burst, suffocate from, cannot get enough of, which can only be experienced by yourself.'

If only I knew, if only I could, if only I was capable of it, Karel ... Oh, believe me, Anna is capable, but I cannot. I have to split myself and I can no longer do that. I really feel twenty-four. How old do I look?'

'Forty-two.'

'No kidding, Karel.'

'I mean it, you do not look older and you are not even that.'

'Well then, that is because I am so happy. If I share that, I will be completely out of it.'

"What do you live off, Frederik?"

'A little secret, Karel.'

'Oh. You can't fool me. What do you think? Anna? Will we have the honour of being able to crown you?'

'Perhaps in about thirty years' time.'

'Do you mean that?'

'Really, I am not cheating you. I am thirty-two, Karel.'

'I think I understand you, Frederik. I do not understand all of it, but I can sense you. A real woman is closer to you, after all, Frederik. Can that not be divided? However, you are rather poetic. You have a childish soul and we have to take that into account. Don't we?'

'If you wish to see it like that, Karel, we will go a long way. I love Anna. But whether I can be divided? Is my life worth sharing? I would like to put Anna under a bell jar, yes I would like to do anything in order to see her happy. She really deserves it, Karel, but is it really so simple? I know what you would want, I myself often thought about giving her a kiss from my life, but

then you are faced with the rest. As a man of my word, I am then immediately obliged to offer myself, which she is worth, but which I cannot do just like that. I actually walk in a completely different world, Karel, I am here and I am not here! This is why I can understand René, also Anna, actually take care of all of you. I want it, but I cannot do it!

We think, Karel is frowning. How well they mean for us. He says again:

‘But you can overcome it, Frederik. How many people of your kind have already proved it. It is worthwhile. I want it for Anna and I want it for you ... especially now. You are more of a father and mother than we are. Give us that happiness. Think about it, try to sort it out with yourself. It does not matter how long it takes you, you will never leave us. As long as you know that. Without you we can no longer live. We would fall and be faced with murder and manslaughter! Don’t you know that?’

‘Thank you, Karel.’

‘I am sometimes difficult, but you know me. We do not need to talk about that. We understand each other. I am telling you again, Frederik: think about it. If you cannot do it, which I don’t understand, then that is that. However, look at Anna, and tears will roll down your cheeks. I already thought about looking for something good for her. I really do not know why. It suddenly occurred to me and then I saw you pottering about in the house. How can it be, I thought, that is the right man for Anna! Do you think it is silly?’

‘No, not at all, but I shall think about it.’

We continue. Karel has awakened something which had gone to sleep again for me. I do not know what it is, but I can feel it. Anna is a gem! Anna possesses everything! What not even a thousand women possess, you see in Anna. Anna is spring! She is amazing! But ... I am a split person! I am married to everything and everyone. Do you know that, Frederik?

We continue and are almost home.

‘How did it go? How is René, Karel? How is René, Frederik? How is ...’ ‘Just have a cry first’, Karel utters, ‘then we shall tell you everything. First coffee.’

We sit together, Karel tells. Once they know all about it, a silence falls. We sit like that for an hour, it is quiet. Karel opens a bottle of wine. Anna also drinks more than she ever did before. We have another bottle, another one, we are dying of thirst, our hearts are rattling, all the systems of the human being require some, a sip, we are so boiling hot inside. You hear nothing else but ssssss’t inside, like drops on a red-hot plate. Again silence, thinking, thinking, until approximately three o’clock in the night. Then the first word came. From Anna, who says:

‘They have taken away my child and that is also the chills of Erica. When will we get our child back?’

I jump up and call:

‘Do you now want to destroy what we all want to live and die for? For shame, Anna, do you long for a beating? Do you need a beating? In this way you divide your great love for René. Anyone who does that, Anna, suffers poverty, he waits every second and never gets anything nice. He waits always, even if you get hearts for nothing ... what is that love like? You succumb as a result of it. How do you wish to love, if you cannot support it? What is this love worth? Go into nature, follow the life of a flower. When I was in the country with Sientje, the animal gave me everything! Everything ... Can you feel that love? Can you feel that bearing? I think differently about it and say: cheers, little René, to your health. I am going to send him my thoughts, my love, and that will help him. Oh, I know how you feel for your child. I also love him, but differently. Nevertheless, I wish you happiness. Chin up, especially now, we ourselves have nothing to say about our happiness. Can you not feel your heart beating? Does all of this mean nothing to you? Strength and happiness ... cheers again!’

Anna already bows her head, but Karel now knows that it is not so easy for me to divide my life. Yet, did you see that darling? Oh, that Anna ... Oh, what a beautiful soul. Simply a miracle. But?

It becomes four o’clock in the morning, we are still sitting together. We have discussed the pro’s and con’s and now know that the four of us will support this life. One person after another staggered all those months through this house, we now have to make sure we make something of it, but with our heads held high. Knees buckled, one person after another was destroyed, started to see life better as a result of suffering and sorrow and now feels that we have to make each other happy.

I now only hear inner whispering. Yet I understand those words ... one by one we say: little René has gone, but he will come back to us. We all know that there is a telepathic bond, which unites us, cements us together, when Erica says:

‘Little René will get better ... Little René is a genius ... Isn’t he, Frederik?’

I thought about it, Erica interprets my words, my thoughts, soon we no longer need to say anything, but then we walk in sandals and we wear beautiful garments. Isn’t it amazing? Then we went upstairs and slept until twelve o’clock in the morning ... half the day gone. Karel, who had got three days off from his employer, made the most of it. When we awoke a shroud fell over our eyes. We were missing something, but all called out at the same time: thank God, he is still alive! He is still alive, and were as happy as children. I admit it ... tears flowed freely ... and I was not ashamed of it. Then I wrote in the logbook:

I have to be honest and not keep secrets about myself. I love children. That

seems very simple ... but I continue. Imagine that I had left behind my own flesh and blood there! I would like to have a child of my own. I start to feel what it means to be able to carry your world materially interpreted in your arms, to be able to kiss, to be able to see it as a part of yourself. Am I worth it? Imagine, Frederik, to have to miss that completely. A story suddenly occurs to me ... also from a human friend. However, I do not awaken it and do not give away the secret ... it is so precious. It comes down to the fact that he had to leave his child behind. How could he do that as a father? However, people could not have bought that life from him for all the millions in the world. What is money? Only life is important. I stood next to him when he, as a strong personality, took off. My God, how he was beaten ... Now I am starting to feel what your own flesh and blood means. I start to long for a child of my own. Did Karel awaken that in me?

How awe-inspiring that love is! I cannot bear thinking about it, yet it attaches itself to my life.

René has gone! But he has not gone! I hope to see him again between heaven and earth. My life is asked the question what I want! I already know ... I am and will remain in this fix! God, my God, I will not leave him alone! Never! Love will triumph, a friend later told me, but at that moment he left it behind him and in other hands!

It is like this! Anna will just have to wait. They would not understand me even if I was to explain it to them in exact detail. This is incomprehensible, but it lives in me and in him, little René! I have to help him. I will help him. That does not tolerate any division, any other movement of feeling or whatever it is. First I am starting my work.

However, haven't I been proved right? Did I not already see this years ago? Did it not come to us as a familiar ghost? This is why it does not break me, does not touch me. However, I shall have to work for it, all of us. I now have the reins in my hands. Chin up, I wish you strength. Lets us see?

As a result of an infallible certainty, I could already say how he is. We will have to be without him for approximately three years. That is too long. There will be times when he weakens a bit, but which is less painful, very normal, and then we will see him at home for a quick visit. Just like that, for a visit. Erica will then want to have him at home, so will Anna and Karel, but then I have to talk. And I will talk!

About three years ... about three years, I think, I feel, it will take, but we will not have made it yet. No, when he is between about seventeen and eighteen, by trial and error, to the awakening for soul and spirit and material. I still see him as a spiritual child prodigy!

The dove has come back. In its nice little beak a letter for Frederik. It is going well ... you will hear it soon. Truly, a moment later the bell rings and Ka-

rel races downstairs. He storms upstairs. René is doing well, Frederik, he had a good sleep. It will be fine. I believe it in my heart. That little dove. Do you know, how such a little creature acts for Noah? Of course, you are thinking I am talking nonsense. How can you think that, making fun of such a serious matter? No! They are your own feelers. Because you get qualities which are more conscious than all those thousands of others, you start to sense things more deeply. You now experience them! You now build up a little creature like that for yourself and let it fly. You give it authority, the desires of yourself! Exactly that which you want to know and feel, to which you are open, would like to get to know. Can you feel the school, this development? That all happens of its own accord. You send such a child into space for an answer. I am telling you honestly: I have already sent hundreds of thousands of them into the world and this space, this is the first one which came back to me. Oh, how wonderful it is! Just when all of us need a push, how happy I am!

You see from the little creature whether you are any good yourself and send out wrong thoughts. You know exactly whether the little creature reacts, you get to know the capacity, the personality of it and you really grow to love it. You start to see the garment, everything, and you think that you will get the whole universe in your pocket sooner or later. I saw one coming back which walked. I had given it stilts which were already capable of coming back to me. But how? The little creature took approximately twenty years to do it, it was a long way. This creature had completely worn out the stilts and yet it came back to me. All unreal?

Do you not believe that people like us will possess wings one day? I looked behind the ruins in ancient Egypt. I saw birds flying there, I still do! A modern Egyptologist is looking for that, after all. Or do those people not exist? I know, he goes to pieces, it is so simple.

My God, how can it be? I got one animal to fly! It is amazing! I shall decorate her, because it is a she! Males do not come back to you so quickly. They see too much on the way. They have their own will and you have to conquer it. The mother creatures clings to your heart, your circulation, your love. These little wings will become even more beautiful, I am starting to see that. Only then will she be able to fly in the universe, to experience it, to bring me the cosmic answer, as far as I believe, a message from Our Lord! Now I tune into the health of René, and she tells me all about it. She is receiving! However, for me, it is me who works out what it is.

Now I have already lost the feeling of possessing my own child. That powerful longing has gone to sleep again. I see again how amazing everything is. Karel was here a moment ago and gave me the message about René. He looks at me and sees that I am sitting at my logbook. He asks me for the first time:

‘What are you actually doing, Frederik? What are you actually writing?’

Are you busy with a book?’

That is Karel. I said:

‘Look, what a fright you gave me again. What makes you suddenly think that? You see, that is the way people like us are. You saw me all that time from behind your mask. You stood next to me, we live in one house, you look, but you see nothing. It is true that you say you cannot do without me, Karel, but you do not even know that I am here. Is it not pitiful? Are conscious people like us not deaf and dumb? Not backward? Are you trying to say that you know, see everything about your own life? And everything about me? Are you trying to kid me, Karel, that you will soon miss René? That you will die from this misery? Don’t you feel that we cheat each other in everything? However, what do you want to know?’

I am keeping the logbook, Karel. We are making a world trip. At the moment we are just outside the jungle, but we went through the wilds. We are sitting here having a rest. Over there a wide river flows, you can see a beautiful landscape, it is amazing, it completely knocks out your human personality, you feel like a nonentity in this whole. We went through the wilds, we saw bears and snakes, scorpions as well, we heard the jackal! It rained, stormed, oh, what a journey it is. The snakes behaved as if they had human qualities and squeezed your throat. You are bitten from front and behind, they were bloody wounds, but did you not see the first-aid box? Did the doctors not bandage you expertly? Just ask Erica, she knows! No later than a fortnight after the birth of René we set off. I mapped out that journey for her, but have not heard a word about it. Yet she travels together with us, just like Anna, all of us together. I have been appointed to act as captain. You stoke. You are the stoker of this ship. Because we left home with a beautiful boat. Did you see all those colours, Karel?’

‘May I read it, Frederik?’

‘No, I think not until we are home. However, that will be a very long time, Karel, do not forget that we are going round the world.’

Karel races to Erica and I hear him ask – I have to hear it:

‘Do you know, Erica, that we are making a world trip and that Frederik is keeping a logbook?’

I hear kissing ... and that pleases me. Oh, that does me good. Anna also gets her kisses from Erica. They devour each other! They may do it, I will watch out for all the danger. Karel calls to me:

‘Say, Frederik, is there something wrong with my stoking? Just say so. Have we had many complaints? Are we doing our best, Frederik? If there are wild animals, will you warn me? I beg you, don’t stop, continue, that will be a beautiful description. However, remember that you are taking the heart out of a human being’s ribs.’

We sail on. The times which are behind us now, were the worst. Even those we managed. A great deal of jackals were felled. How those animals stink. I prefer to deal with brown bears and a snake is okay as well, you have to get to know those animals. When you know them, consider them to be your friends. You simply sit at the table with them, you share everything together. It should be like that, but people do not yet understand that.

The rebelliousness of René was no different ... I now know ... than the development for the physical. The soul now suffocated, it had been affected in a bad way. He as the personality lost himself as a result. Therefore rocking towards another time. Thank you, my dove! That talk about sexual matters ... comes to him ... because he absorbs that filth. If we older people had not been so bad, the child would have had nothing to nibble on. We are to blame for all that misery; we, the millions of people who live on earth, and the child copies it. Of course, the soul had to be susceptible to it, but we are now looking for that. You are either in harmony socially or you are not. Those are all those conscious and unconscious crazy people. René has already had his share. We are not nearly there; peace now reigns in the house here!

Now it is the turn for that emptiness. When he went, put his feet over the threshold of this house, I felt an emptiness entering me. It was as if something great flowed from my life and disappeared with René. I thought about it. Now I know that this is our contact, our life, they are our souls. He has gone, but he cannot be gone, he still has to be here. That is now prevented by my dove. The little creature nestles in René's heart. That is me. René has already had his doves on the run and flying since he was a baby, so that I can count on us not losing each other. Before I called this 'telepathy', now it has become to me a 'universal unity' with a human being. And if that develops, becomes stronger, I will be there, he will be here, he will not be alone in and in front of his struggle, but if we go one way, if we experience one life, we will do exactly what the apostles of Christ got, received: it is loving! Everything! It is suffering, serving. You get one revelation after the other, if we succeed. However, we have already succeeded, otherwise I would not have felt this effect.

I now fill up this emptiness. It is obvious that the space which separates us ... has to be experienced by him and me. I feel that. I have known for so long how we should do that. That's right, little René, we are going to sleep again! Oh, good heavens, what a lot I am learning today. I have not lost you, on the contrary, I now get you back more beautiful, more intimate even, with everything which you have to give me.

Everything is material growth!

The rest is spiritual awakening. For soul, spirit and life!

Life, soul, spirit, material ... well, well, is all of this to be seen in one world?

For this I want to live and die, if it is allowed, I do not want to make any mistakes. Life gave René effect ... The soul feels ... The spirit has another task, the material as the body closes off this Divine product. Every part has its own door, which can be opened by people like us, but for which He has the key. It is quite enough for today.

Hans and Hansi ... it says. We have not seen them again recently. The evening that they were here, there was no contact, that had nothing to do with friendship. Hansi was consciously occupied with removing Hans from us. She is managing it! Hans falls for it! Hans does not understand, at least he no longer understands, what friendship is. He is under her influence and does what she tells him. Hansi is already busy destroying Hans. If you approve of that as a human being, allow that another personality forces you to sully the love of your own possession, of your friends, then you are weak. Now your mask falls and we see that, when it comes to it, you cannot count on Hans. We have known that for such a long time already. We can all make excuses. You see again ... Hansi, it is his love, it breaks the good. That is digging a grave for yourself, because I believe that the good will triumph anyway!

Hans is now a mop, a doormat, on which she wipes her feet. Yet he is such an academic. He calls himself a psychologist. He does not even see what is going on. Hansi sat here like a sphinx, but a transparent one, one which you can find in the gutters. I called that market consciousness. It costs you nothing. It is scandalously cheap. It is for sale, but people do not look at it. Hans bought a ship for it, he headed for home packed and loaded up. Everything will soon go overboard. This sphinx is a born slut. She has animal airs and graces, which you can see on her garment, on her lips, in her eyes: you can see it in her posture. Creepy ... Oh, I love animals.

I am waiting for that. Hans killed? He will soon forget her. I bet all I have, that this will only last a few months. What I heard in passing about it already points in that direction. Karel had heard something. Erica as well, people come and tell you at home. Peter is a fraud, little René? What a strange crazy person you are ... Absorb more of all these things, dear ... Millions of people will give you their flowers for it.

She wants to go out. She wants to have fun ... but the good core of Hans will not swallow that for long. She wants to go to Paris, London, New York, but Hans has an institution, which was created from the good core and for which he received his life. That will save him! That will also be the end of his flight ... his love affair ... but I see him as a vagabond, he looks so scruffy. Did you see that beggar?

Great things throw their shadows in the future. Unreal things still mess around close to the ground. Hans is a gentleman ... for seventy-five percent, the rest is busy getting to know himself. That pudding does not taste good to

him. However, I shall wait and see, because it will come. He will not act the slave for long, he will not accept any deception, not him!

I go for a walk. Nature helps me. I am going to prepare my dove to fly. I have to talk to her life.

See you soon ...

Frederik, Hansi has to go

WE have a severe winter behind us, a dreadful time for soul, spirit and body. I would not wish upon my worst enemy what we had to experience in those days, we trembled so much from the effort, we were dead tired when René had to leave us. I now wonder how we got through it, now that I am sitting on my bench again and can enjoy all the beautiful things created by Mother Nature. The spring absorbs my life, or is it just the other way round and those powers come from me. However, it occurs to me, can a human being be satisfied? Is a human being ever satisfied, can he say to himself, now I have everything? I am provided for in everything? I now have heaven and earth in my pocket? In my inner being self peace, satisfaction reign, I am in harmony with everything!

Now that René has gone, we are faced with each other with empty hands. We have lost something, something beautiful, of which you only experienced misery a few weeks ago, which gives, now that it is gone, emptiness, poverty, misery, it took our happiness with it. We search for each other, we look each other in the eye, we ask: have you nothing for me? Did you think of giving me something? Did you want to ask me something? Yet there is nothing. What you thought appeared to be nothing, because upstairs the little room is empty, and the life, the soul, the spirit, the material now lives somewhere else. And we?

It is now as if the life in the human being has something to give to the personality. It is a voice which you can listen to, if you are open to it. It is as if you have to start a new life, but you do not yet know how. I now worry about that.

If you are released from yourself, surrender to the powers in nature, you are sometimes so happy, that this life speaks to you and transfers some of the unknown to your soul and bliss. I have already seen that before, by keeping the logbook, for example, I was sent all kinds of things, which I later found back in nature. You do not know where all those sentences come from; we wondered at that time whether it could be inspiration, so that I just say, that nature is also open to it. Everything has something to tell our lives, if you undergo things with inspiration.

The birds chirp, they talk and are happy. People go for walks in this beautiful spring, but have their problems, as a result of which they do not see this beauty, cannot experience it, because the daily things dominate and destroy this power. Then you are a stranger again to God's gifts, no one can help you, you have to deal with everything alone. Is happiness imaginable?

I am concerned with the following. I have lost René and René is happiness to me. I am busy following Socrates, because that man started our university work by thinking. In my life there are no scruples, there is nothing which can upset me that much that I succumb in tears. What are possessions and riches to another person, the good things of this world, became for me the clinical picture of a child, which now stays with me wherever I go. I am attached to this life and I approve of that, because it makes me happy. I have nothing else, I would give all my possessions, if I had René back with me. However, that is not possible! For that purpose I have to think, I now have to stand on my own two feet, I want to achieve that my life radiates, is open to all the other things, or I will become gravity, pressing, which other people don't like.

However, a change has already come. Since I am thinking about myself, René comes a bit closer to me. If I am open to nature, I follow the life roundabout, then, you will not believe it, René is walking just in front of me. It is his shadow ...! I know, it is possible to draw from memories, but I am careful about that, I know that phenomenon. No, this is different and new to me.

René walks here and I see how his young shoulders are bent, he is carrying a heavy load. I am empty at this moment, I give myself completely, because I want to help him.

You see, I am busy giving my own circumstances some colour and sense. I have to fill up this gap with something good. I am not the type to stare blindly at one point, René, his little room, his comings and goings, all that misery, which Anna and Erica talk about ... I do not want that, because I am standing still right now!

René is actually walking in circles. He is looking for me. He is waiting for something, which is not coming at all. He wants to go further, but he cannot. I am starting to feel what it is, because I want my happiness back, possess my contact again with a precious life, for which I live and die. Now I think of my dove.

I am now starting to understand how she works for me. Since I open myself completely to René, his being and his life, my dove flies above both of us, which has been given shape through my thoughts and feelings, the will to serve and to help, which is nothing more to me than emotional power as a result of my deepest longings. There she flies, built up by a human will, inspired with some pure personality and a beating heart, which beats for two souls. It is rarity, the floating reality of a bond, of lives, who would do anything for each other!

René is finding his way about and I no less than him. When Erica was pregnant she was sent those same urges, which, however, were destroyed by Van Stein. I can now see the spirit of sacrifice more lively than ever represent-

ing its own world, one which I am involved in.

I empty myself, but my soul gets wings. That has to become the contact with René's life. That at a distance as well! I heard in the East that you can heal or murder people at a distance. The facts speak for themselves and they have already achieved their own independence for all those countries. This can no longer be disputed. If you hear all those possibilities, you do not believe it. However, sober Westerners like us still know too little about it. Yet ... what does an Egyptologist search for? What does that man want with all that eastern knowledge? Why have they made a faculty of this? In order to give all those little dolls worldly knowledge! It lives deeper under the earth than we think. They fetched those treasures consciously and unconsciously before thousands of eyes to the surface of our daily lives and gave it soul, spirit, life and personality. Look, that now flew round above their heads and spoke as a sage never could! Nonsense?

I want to follow that path and, even if I say so myself, I have come a long way!

I can now perceive that René is busy getting to know his surroundings; meanwhile he visits me. He is already in my vicinity, searches for me, but follows still a wrong path. Now the big difference ... what used to happen in sleep, is now day work, become day-consciousness, because day and night there is unity for soul and spirit. This makes me happy!

Our characteristics now bring us together. It is the emotional life which has that sensitivity, or it would not be possible. Erica and Anna do not yet need to start, nor does Karel. They think wrongly, they are too earthly, they think too materially. This is for the soul!

Since we are children, it will perhaps be possible. René is old and young, and I am no different. Yet many people have this. You keep hearing about it, but we do not yet understand it. Mothers experience a great deal of this unity; the deeper and truer they love, the sharper they feel how their love is. Those people also possess a little dove like that, by which I mean that it is not so inhuman after all. In the East the priest ego calls it: 'universal unity'!

I want to learn that in order to support little René, I may not leave him alone there. I believe this will be his salvation. You see, that is why I don't marry Anna. If I do that, my ego will divide itself and René will be alone there. I believe I am now starting to understand why initiates do not want to marry. I do not know whether Buddha was married, I think so, at least before he started his mission work, but there are others who would not entertain the idea, because they would then see their lives divided. I now feel what a woman means to such a spiritual person, they lose themselves in and through the material to which they are attached.

However I also feel that, if you can do that, you will then enter a very

different world, in which you receive a love, which exceeds everything and which people like us still have no knowledge of. Do not forget ... God is also Father and Mother! I therefore think that all those saints chose the most careful path, because they did not dare to accept any risks for themselves, if they wanted to finish their task and bring 'nirvana' to earth. They closed themselves off to material thinking and feeling, remained themselves and kept the doors of their castles closed to everything, which was in any way female or maternal! However, did they achieve the sought-after goal? Did I not say that this is universal parasitism? What are men and women trying to achieve, if they accept reincarnation for themselves and for other people, but do not create any lives and therefore do not give a chance to come back here? However, I am not talking about that just now. However, you see that we will soon come into conflict with frightening laws, which, I believe, represent the degrees of the universe and as a result of which people like us and all life were created. I do not think that you can deceive these things!

In short, if I open myself to Anna, I will be attached to her life. Of course, I do not know how I would feel, would act, if I had just reached thirty. Now that is an entirely different story and it just weighs heavily in my scales of life, as a result of which my soul refuses. However, for God anything is possible.

I continue with this for a moment, because I have not yet worked it out. In addition, it is worthwhile; you get space for yourself as a result of it.

If I transfer to Anna, then she will follow me in everything. Then I will not be able to help René. Then René will not attach himself to me, but Anna, and I will be divided, I will then live at half strength and we will never get René back. What weighs heavier? Or am I imagining things? However, I do not believe that, because little René is walking there! He asks for me, he searches for me, he needs help. Where is Anna? Nowhere! She is at home and is searching, is looking at everything, would love to experience all the misery again, if only she had René with her. Erica is no different. Karel resigns himself to it, but he does not just surrender spiritually, also materially, he is waiting, but everyone can do that.

Yet there is something else. Imagine that Anna was busy looking for René as I am. If she thinks as I do, it is possible that she is supporting the boy from her world. Blast, that I did not think of this before. If she feels my heart beat in her, she can also feel and experience René's. Then we are busy together, because I assume that you will not become a saint as a result of this, do not need to dress up in a white sheet, you have to do it as naturally as possible, but give all love which you have to give consciously, only then do you penetrate that other life and do you get unity of souls!

We shall wait and see. I shall continue with this later, but it is new to me, it has special aspects in itself; if we want to give blood for it, this possibility

also gets shape and personality.

I am and will remain on my guard, because I do not want to be a follower, I want to give everything from myself, but I also want to have everything back for it! If that was only possible!

When I think about this, I see Hans and Hansi. They have also elevated themselves for this life to one world, but darkness lives there. Hans asked me this morning to come and visit him. I am going there this evening, because there is something the matter. He was trembling, I think, Anna said, when he passed on the message by telephone. I am curious.

Yet I continued to think about it all day, how I can build up something good for myself and René, as a result of which this loss is stabilised in the very first place, but especially this standing still, this emptiness, this lack of misery and trouble will be destroyed. I conclude from this that people like us are never satisfied. We do not know, we lengthen the struggle, we do not want peace, we are and remain unaware in this great, universal whole. If we possess happiness, we destroy it again ourselves, because we as people do not yet know our ego.

Hans, with all his possessions, is unhappy. I have known that for such a long time. Yet a good core lives in him, but it is lost, as long as he does not begin a fight against good and evil in his life and personality.

When I was sitting upstairs writing again, Anna brought me tea. I thanked her inwardly and she immediately said:

‘Merci, Frederik ... How can it be, thank you very much.’

Now the remarkable part of it. I said ‘merci’, but Anna never uses this word. She was now in connection with my living heart, which was completely open, so that she got a part of it. So, despite everything? I think that I do not need a white sheet. It would be worth everything to me to follow this path together. If you come across daisies, the lilies-of-the-valley speak to you, you can make a wreath of them as a life-size personality and place them on her head, as a result of which you experience universal unity. You are now lying on a meadow, with the kingdom of heavens above you and you see Him, who smiles at you and says:

‘Let the children come to Me, because theirs is the kingdom of heaven!’

Now you cannot see any masks ... it is the state of purity! Yet ... I shall just wait and see!

I entered Hans’ castle in this state of mind. I already asked at the door:

‘Where is Peter? Do you have to open the door yourself?’

‘I am just going to tell you about it.’

‘Where is Hansi?’

‘First sit down, Frederik, everything in its own good time.’

I look at him and I think I see everything. I thought: good grief, how old

you have become. Where did all those youthful characteristics go? Did it get to you in such a way, that travelling through the world with a beautiful, young woman? I hear:

‘I kicked Peter out. Hansi is now in Leipzig, and I will put an end to everything, Frederik. Hansi has to go.’

He looks at me. Does he want any comment or what does he want? I only let slip:

‘What?’

‘Did you not know?’

‘You know better than that.’

‘I have been deceived, Frederik. For a long time ... I could not believe it, before I had proof. Yet I cannot do anything. However, she has to go, I do not intend to make a hell of it. It cost me a cool forty thousand and more, but that cannot be helped. Honestly, Frederik, I have remorse. The patients follow me. They beg for help and I do not reach out a hand to them. I will go to pot like this. That must not happen. I have been beaten and kicked, but yet I believe that my better ego will win from the bad one. I have to put an end to it, or I will commit a murder. My life recoils from that. That snake has to go!’

We are thinking. I now feel that every human being can build up a dove, for one person the creature flies, for another it walks on stilts, until there are no more footholds, but the experienced and transmitted thoughts come back anyway and attach themselves to your life. Now they ask: what do you want! Hans knows, thank God, he knows. I have never doubted. I have known it for such a long time. I am proved right again!

‘How are things there, Frederik’, he says after a moment.

‘Fine!’

‘René has gone?’

‘Yes, Hans.’

‘That is good, better than at home. Nothing can be changed about it anyway. However, what do you make of my situation, Frederik?’

‘You already know that.’

‘I have to get rid of her. It was a ball here every evening. She could not get enough of it. I am in this world for a purpose, Frederik, do you still believe me? I shamefully forgot about you. However, I do not want to be destroyed. I am sorry about everything, I am contrite. Do you pity me?’

‘No!’

‘Thank you.’

‘Can nothing be done about it?’

‘Nothing ... I am living in a hell here. Whatever way I think, it is not working. For that matter, I have already taken care of my business. It hurts, but it is my own fault; I should have known. Why did you not warn me?’

‘So you could murder me, of course.’

‘You are right, I would have murdered you, I was so far away from you. What is a human being, Frederik, if you cannot see behind the masks? Everything is so empty, so hypocritical, you forget the very best in your life, you no longer think about it, and all that for such a snake. It is poison. I will quickly put an end to it, Frederik, then we can talk again. If I need you, will you come?’

We are thinking for a moment, then he repeats:

‘I am probably still good for something in this world.’

Now that I am thinking and Hans decides for himself how to get rid of Hansi in the best possible way, amazing thoughts come to my life. I do not dare to interpret them, yet I have to smile and Hans sees it. He immediately asks:

‘Why are you smiling, Frederik? If I did not know you, I would knock you to the ground. But I do not understand you. What is the matter with you? May I know? Good grief, how you have changed. I no longer know you, I believe that nature is already following you. Are you still researching? Are you continuing?’

‘That is why I smiled, Hans. Preserve me, should I laugh about these miserable things? How could you think that for a second. No, it is something entirely different. I believe that I will say it as well. You have to help me.’

‘Tell me.’

‘Listen. When we were silent a moment ago, you were reflecting how to get rid of that snake and I just thought about your work and your task for this world. Then, suddenly, I saw myself in your institution.’

‘Mad?’

‘No, conscious, I wanted to have a course of treatment from you. I saw myself amongst all those men. I want to do it, Hans. When you are ready and you live again day in, day out, for your patients, I’ll come. I’ll lock myself up amongst your patients for a few months.’

‘Have you gone completely mad?’

‘Not me, Hans. I now know why I am doing that. I want to know all about those men. I want to know how they feel and what all their circumstances are like. I want to eat and drink with them, talk, sleep, get up and experience the days of the week, in short, everything. Will you help me?’

‘I have not yet experienced that, Frederik. If you want, it is fine with me. You will get your way.’

‘But as a patient. I want to experience everything.’

‘That is possible! I will warn you.’

Then I went home. Hans is freeing himself. We have him back. Thank God, we have Hans back! My diary says:

Hans has come back. He went on a journey, but he forgot that we were still there. When he was cheated during the journey, he fled back to our lives. Was I proved right? The red of her lips had the coldness of death and Hans could not cope with that. She did not possess any soul except for misery, a spirit for trouble, which can never give joy. Poor Hans, an expensive lesson! However, he can take it. Money is of no significance now. Seriousness is, and knowledge of people. The innermost part of your soul now gets dressed up in a white sheet. Hans feels that. The patients follow him and that is the highest possession of his life, the core, the good, which has to conquer the evil one day and tear off the masks.

Hansi, that Hansi ... Could it not have been different? You have no love. You do not feel any love ... It was madness to imagine that. I saw it, I knew it, but I did not know that it would happen so quickly! I believe that such messages can also grow for us, everything is in the gardens of Our Dear Lord, but you must not be called Hansi.

I shall get changed. I will put on a lunatic's outfit for a short time, but they may not know anything about it here. I feel that this is better. Because they would just disturb me and then it would be no fun. Anna, for example, would say: 'Now he is also going mad. But never that, over my dead body!'

That Anna! Erica may not know about it either. I will go abroad for three or four months. Meanwhile I work with my dove. I am already longing to be there. Wherever I got those thoughts from, I thank the source from the bottom of my heart. I will get changed, I will lock myself up between the masks, because I want to know everything about them. Oh, Frederik, you are starting a new life phase. Can life be worthwhile experiencing? I think so, but you have to give everything for it.

I reflect upon everything until deep in the night. I have discovered huge longings within myself and they will be of use to René. I believe so!

In my sleep I dreamt that I was a crazy person. I lived amongst many crazy people. There was one, who called himself Doctor Francisca and who wrote out prescriptions for everyone. Then it was called: go, my son, and do not kiss the feet of your illnesses any longer. Refuse it!

I became like those people, until I had lost myself. When the door opened for me, because I was better, I did not even want to leave, I was so well-off there. However, I had to leave, make way for healthy people, who would become mad and people did not want to know anything about it. I had to leave whether I wanted to or not. Oh, what a pain it was, precisely because of the loss of all my friends there. I saw that they picked me up by the scruff of my neck and booted me out of the door. They shouted after me:

'Crazy people do not belong with the people who have their senses, see that you leave, we do not need any more crazy people.'

Hans is standing on a large pedestal laughing at me. His mouth also opened and I heard him say:

‘Frederik, oh, Frederik! Did you see all those masks? Do you know what I now see? You and I, Karel and Erica, Anna and René, all of us are here in order to wear one mask, but as result of it you have gone mad. So, just see that you leave.’

Then it became dark around me, but when I looked up for a moment, the sun was shining. When I was sitting in the tram a while later and looked at a clock, it was exactly one o’clock. Oh, I thought, that is strange. Night and darkness are synonymous ... but it is now midday and it should be light!

I wakened. Anna brought tea and said:

‘How you can shout in your sleep, Frederik. I have never heard that from you before. You should go out. You are doing too much. That writing costs too much strength. If you were to go out, Frederik?’

‘Now that you mention it, Anna, I think that you are right. I also think that I am a bit stressed out. Truly, a trip of a few months would do me good. Yes, I’ll think about it.’

I got a fright. Had I perhaps already given away my plans? No, I still felt that certainty within me. However, what is that one hour to me. One hour ... an hour ... a life, one life ... Is it Anna? Light as a result of darkness, because she has followed me ... She is therefore walking behind me. Oh, my God, if only I could be certain about this.

One hour, and that during the day ... in the middle of the day ... is consciousness, is colour, is a shape, you must see them as man and woman. Come on Frederik, to work. The logbook says:

Anna is already following me! It appears from everything, because she is just one hour behind me. I saw that in the street. What the rest of it means will come! I believe that I already know, but I do not understand Hans.

Hans was standing on a pedestal and was shouting at me in a somewhat bloodthirsty way that all of us experience one mask. Just one??? I put a few question marks behind this, so that I can look at it again later. I will not go into it now!

This is everything for today. I will have a nice lie in the garden in order to recover. They have to know that I need a rest.

I thought, little René, that there were no flowers, but yet, just before the next act, we were sent daisies. Thank God, they were for you! I hope that the people do not forget you. Even if you are away from the stage for a while, people here can sense you, they can see you, they wish you were back again. I believe that we will also see that happen in the last act. I also believe that you will be here now and again, just for a few minutes, in order to say something and go back again. The actual role lies there. I am watching out, little René!

I will come back soon ... I am going to get changed!

Frederik, are you sure what you want?

MY cases are packed, ready to start an enjoyable journey with me, with the ultimate aim of being home for Christmas, in order to celebrate the feast of Christ together. I do not yet know how I managed that. It was an urge, which greedily dominated my thinking life as it were, and which I could not resist. In this way I just decided to come back home for Christmas, unless any earlier necessity forces me to change my decision. I surrender completely to the future, with the calm knowledge that I live for something, have an aim, which only very few people can say for themselves.

Anna, Erica and Karel take me to the train. They are prepared, we have had enough time to say goodbye to each other. René is fine, he feels at ease there, he is already learning something and he has not kept any of his former wildness, even if, as his doctor says, we expect him to demonstrate his talents at any moment. In any case, we may not complain. Another personality reveals itself amongst the boys: they boy elevate him to their lives, he discovers the work, the day, the hour, he searches, he talks little, but that is understandable. Really, Karel got to hear: we are satisfied. There were no new phenomena. He eats well ... truly a surprise. He also listens. You would think that a change of climate opens new aspects for soul, spirit and material. Just do not worry and give madam the sacred assurance that I am doing everything in my power to help her son. However, one thing, stay away from here for the time being. If it is at all possible, no visitors. You will hear from me when you can come. Now you would just upset him.

That was a few weeks ago. Yesterday evening Karel phoned. All of us were quiet with longing. How is our child? Karel heard:

‘Still exactly the same. A quietness has come into him, something more apathetic, but not of a permanent nature, we have not yet experienced hours of wildness, but we will make sure of that. Straightjackets are therefore not necessary. He is more silent, but the nurse has no trouble with him, I think that he finds a friend in Van ‘t Zand. We keep hearing the name ‘Frederik’ ... also in his sleep. I have recorded all those things. The nurse heard him say in his sleep: ‘Where are you, Uncle Frederik, can you not see me?’ Perhaps you understand that better than we do here. Is that not the name of the friend who was with you? I also advise him not to come. He has to be separated from his old friendship, if we want to build up a new life for him, which is the intention, after all, colleague ... No other news, you will hear from me again.’

‘René is asking for you, Frederik.’

'I hear that. Just let him ask, if the longing becomes stronger, in my opinion, it will force the other one to go to sleep. I once let myself believe that by a simple little mother who was to visit her son in prison. It is another matter whether she is right, but there is something in it. In any case, I can go on my trip with an easy feeling. We also had to accept the opposite, we may be satisfied.

We are sitting together and are talking about René and about my trip. They do not know any better than that I will first visit Switzerland. A friend of Hans lives there, who will send my letters, which I will first send to him, to Holland. I want to hear everything, to know everything about René and the family at home. Hans approves and I think that he is getting used to the idea. Hansi has gone. Hans has tuned into his patients completely. He has had to accept another drain on his resources; but however things go, if you have been born for material welfare, is nicely demonstrated by the fact that he got the whole amount back, thanks to the inheritance from an aunt.

Hans said: 'I must still have a long life, or I still have one and another to do here; I am a blessed man as a result of this mud.' Hansi cursed a bit, let rip like a wild cat, but Hans forced her to go, if she wanted to stay alive. In order to put an end to everything, Hans showed her the deception and she flew into other arms, in order to start her destruction again. Hans said:

'She will end up in a rich brothel, but I'm out of the picture.'

From that moment onwards Hans was another person. As a result of inner violence, he flings himself into his studies, I think that this beating sends him to the highest and he can order his gown in the meantime.

Today it is 7th October. It is now nine o'clock in the evening and we are talking about our child and my trip, about Hans and Hansi, thousands of other things. One thing we all feel: there is emptiness. Anna and Erica will miss me. Karel will get over it, although he honestly admits that he will also miss me. A change for the best for him. The Karel of before is long gone, he has died. We go over what we have been through with each other over the years. They were incredible hours. Painful, miserable, blood-thirsty, commonplace hours, but also supernatural events to me and to them, friendly and loving hours, for which a person actually lives, the most beautiful thing a person can experience. One thing again: we miss René. But it is fine!

We talked, a conversation as we had never had before. Anna looked at me as if her husband was going away. Erica was like a mother to me. Karel a real friend. Meanwhile we delved even deeper into little René's meaningful existence and personality, to get out of it what was in it. Anna got the inner redness of the soul on her cheeks again, Erica talked about her dreadful washings, of which she does not understand anything now: we see ourselves again in the neighbours' chicken run, we horse ride again with the Ten

Hove's, whom we are rid of, thank God, and which no one wants anywhere, for that matter, because these worms should have been in the ground long ago to begin their task for this life, they cannot do anything anyway except pull people's eyes out with their wealth. If you just have look at those masks, you are disgusted by the dryness, the insignificance of those conceited faces. We are also rid of the other doctors, at least it looks like it. Karel claims that he let them sense too much that dog instincts are not wanted by people in the long run. They push you out of your own home, they bring their heaviness and emptiness upon you, as if we did not have enough misery.

We follow René in everything. We are faced with his birth, we sit again at Erica's grand piano, we experience Franz again, we go through the jungle, stroke snakes and talk to brown bears, see jackals in the air and close to the ground, we live amidst whoring and immediately amongst sacred, be it mystical matters and finally you feel that you are busy bordering heaven and earth. We sail through ancient Egypt, visit the Pyramid of Giza ... where Erica wants to go if little René gets better, because she thinks that stone mass is so high and nice and she wants to play the camel for once in her life. However, René has to ride next to her; I have to follow with Anna, Karel in front in order to show us the way, because he understands these things so well. We give each other hours of pleasure, because there is only one will: we live for René!

When we draw up the final account, we reach the conclusion that we would not miss each other for all the money in the world. Then Erica suddenly said to me and Anna:

'Why do you not get married? Why do you not wish us that happiness? Why do you really have to leave on your own, Frederik? Could we not have gone together? No ... that is impossible! But why do you not get married?'

Anna is already running upstairs. Karel growls something between his teeth and Erica senses that she has interfered in things too soon, which have nothing whatsoever to do with her. What stupid things a person can do! She looks for Anna. They come downstairs for a moment, but half an hour later we are all tucked into bed. I go to sleep and think of nothing more. And now?

There is the chauffeur. Erica and Anna go with Karel, Hans comes as well. We get in. The train moves off, but I get out at the next station. They make a cheerful decision, Frederik needs a rest, they will not think now that I myself took the unconditional decision to stop. I get off, but that is my business. I am waiting. Hans asks:

'Frederik, do you know what you want?'

'Of course, I know, Hans. We will go to your castle first. There you will lock me up for a few days until I have a beard and have learned to behave

strangely. Then I will surrender to you. Neglected, I will enter your sanctuary. Did you expect something different? The nurses may not recognise me, because it will be no fun any more to me; I do not want to be disturbed in anything. 'What can you do for me?'

'Just leave that to me.'

I used the days which passed as a preparation. Hans let me be. I felt myself sinking away, the earth started to tremble under my feet, but I felt little René coming closer to me. I started to understand where our child lived. I talked to him. Hans, who is following me, really thinks that I see fifty of them flying. I am talking about my little dove ... If I look up, he follows my gaze with a frown on his forehead. I want to take it that far that he thinks that I am mad, because he sees that my life is changing. I am no longer myself, I am becoming another person. But a better Hans, one who flies!

I can see through him ... I can follow him, I can listen to his thoughts. He is already letting me go. Yet I tell him the following:

'Think about it, Hans. Whatever happens, not a word to Karel about it. It is absolutely none of your business how I experience these months. I will behave madly, but that is my business. Only when I am no longer able to speak one word may you warn them. So whatever I do, it is my business!'

'You can count on me, Frederik.'

When the door closed behind me, Hans thought: Frederik is busy going mad. I let him down that much ... I was so far from his life. Hans disappears, I thought about my little dove. I am grateful to Noah's child. I see René and he will soon see me. I can see him more clearly than before. That gives me inspiration, strength and love.

I am called 'Van Zeulen'. A quarter of an hour later it is already 'Zeul' and after another five minutes 'Zeutjes'. Now I go in the bath. The nurse forces me to have a bath. The man thinks that I am mad and treats me as such. From the normal viewpoint I look at the mad carry-on of the servant of mad people. What a world I am experiencing. Am I mad or is he? I think it is nonsense being washed by normal people. A brush is rubbed over my back, I think of Anna, who otherwise did this job if she got the chance. Oh, mother, did you expect this of your child? I am grateful to that man, I am lying in the water and he covers me with soap suds. It is a wonderful feeling. When he asks me something my mad nature emerges and I say 'hah', as if I want to bite him. He asks me whether I am an academic. I grin ... I laugh and I cry at the same time and I manage it as if I have been doing it for years. I start to feel that I am beginning to lose my mind. When the man orders me to get out of the bath and I hear his words: 'Come, out, sir!', I just lie there to comfort myself a bit. He taps me on my shoulder and says:

'Come on, inventor, out ... out ... come on, hurry up, no nonsense.'

I growl, I cry, I hiss. This feeling suddenly comes to me, as a result of which I will create an alibi for myself. That I hadn't thought of that. Come on, growling out. He already understands me, and he says:

'Does sir want to go to the animals? Is sir on the hunt? Was Mr Zeultjes a hunter? Did the animals frighten you? Come on, man, no fuss. Get on with it.'

I do nothing. He throws a white sheet around me, a pair of trousers follow, then an old suit of mine on top and Zeultjes is ready. Now I get something to drink. When the door opens and we want to leave, Hans is standing in front of him. He says:

'Remain calm and collected. Do not make a fuss, everything frightens him. Follow every reaction and pass it on to the head nurse.' To me:

'So, Van Zeul, how are you?'

I growl at him. The nurse wants to help Hans, and says:

'Is sir a world traveller? He imitates animals.'

Hans looks me in the eye. He does not know whether to laugh or cry. 'Hah ... hah ...' I utter, and a loud screeching follows. I am just like a wild animal. Hans does not know any more what to think of it and disappears through the door. I go with the nurse to the ward. It is ten o'clock in the morning, I am brought coffee. The men are occupied with themselves, my day task is beginning. However, where should I start. I look at all these mad people, I follow them. Their ages vary from thirty to seventy, I see. There are men with bald heads, but I also see heads with curly hair, blonde, grey, dark, children of one God, one Father. They stand and sit, they do something and they do nothing, but all of them do something, they are occupied with themselves. All those eyes are empty, even if they look wild. I do not know what my eyes are like. I look at a big man ... He talks a lot and talks about his patients. I know from Hans why they are here. He is the doctor ... he still writes his prescriptions and curses the life into darkness. Faith and learning broke his neck. That man has already been here for three years. About eight men are mentally deranged. There is a poet, a grocer, a theologian, who has lost his God as a result of misery and troubles, who came to grief himself as a result of the sorrow and suffering of this humanity. We have a religious person, a man of forty, strong as a lion, who 'kissed Jehovah', who went under in love and happiness. We have Frans there, the person of private means, the gentleman. He came to grief as a result of his money. He is under legal restraint ... Now he has nothing more but his mad ego, his boastful personality. There is a young man of approximately thirty-four. I hear that they call him little thumb, a young academic. He knows at least twenty languages and is so learned that they had to lock him up. He quotes ancient Greeks, speaks his French, German and English fluently, an actor, who would be suited to the

stage, if he did not behave so madly. Not even three hours have passed and I can already write a book, I know them one for one. I will hear what I do not know yet.

I am sitting in a corner thinking and looking, but they do not leave me alone. When I try to send old Piet away and try to sound him out by letting a great growl be heard, he races away from me as if a bear had got him. 'Did you see that tiger? I saw him. I saw that lion. I saw that cat, look, there he is.' He points in my direction. I understand him completely and use the opportunity to install myself. I shout for a moment. I roar and I miaow like a wild cat, I imitate a bear, I hiss, I crawl across the floor, make movements like an accomplished Indonesian dancer, but already feel dead tired and sit down. A hawking noise also follows, and completely of its own accord, I do not know what animal it is, I have never seen such a monster before. When old Piet shows signs of coming back to me, I bark. I hold my fingers together like a claw and bite at him. It is as if I have hurt Piet, he grabs for his arm frenetically and screams. He screams in such a way as if he has been bitten. When the nurse comes rushing, he knows at one glance what is going on. Piet's arm shows that he has been bitten and was clawed. The nurse sees scratches, which, red as blood, betray the fight between him and me. He comes over to me. I get a terrible fright. I felt so awful that the man must sympathise with me. He looks at me, remains a few metres away from me, but drills through me with his look. It is as if he wants to know who I am and what I really possess. He continues to look at me. I follow him, I feel what he wants and I surrender to his will. I utter: thank you! I will not do it again. But Piet wanted to capture me and I do not let myself be captured, I want to stay in the wilderness.

It only lasts a short time, but long enough to give me the feeling whether the nurse was busy murdering me. He stares at me, as if to say: Leave it! Stop it! You are not in the jungle, you are a human being! He rushes off, because I growl, bark, miaow, put my head in my neck, scream, sneeze; behave as madly as I was ever able to in my life. I pull up my lips and make faces like a monkey. It is as if the whole jungle is manifested through my life.

Old Piet, who loved women a lot, strokes my arm and now weeps like a little child. The others have become restless as a result of it. They know that I am an animal, am more than one animal. I am like a snake, a tiger, a wolf, a lion. They are afraid of me. Without realising it, I have suddenly got respect. However, the nurse has gone and I already know where the man has gone. Within ten minutes Hans is standing before me and his first assistant along with him. He comes to look at me. I sit in my corner and behave as if I do not see him. He says my name, I hear:

'Frederik ... eh ... Van Zeulen ... Van Zeulen!'

I understand that he made a terrible mistake. Thank God the others did not hear my name ... he calls really loudly and is strict towards me:

‘Van Zeulen ...!!! Can’t you hear me? Can’t you see me? Can’t you hear me?’

Hans looks at old Piet. He is still crying, because he was bitten. Hans looks at the slashes and scratches on his arm. He looks for a long time and carefully. Then he asks the nurse:

‘Is that the truth?’

‘But you can see that?’

Now the poet joins us and shouts:

‘Oh, illustrious ... how I will fear you ... where is she, who comforts my anxious trembling? Will I see her? Will I happy consider her ... happy consider. No ‘god here and there’, that’s not it ... it is consider happy, good ...? That’s not it ... I will be quiet! My good!’

He races to another corner of the ward and behaves like a school boy, waiting for a beating. All of us look at the poet ... Hans looks at old Piet’s right arm again. He looks at the scratches so carefully, as if he is seeing a great miracle. His helper also looks – from the scratches to me and I read from his face: completely mad! This is no longer a comedy, no scientific research, this is deadly serious.

Hans looks at me. He drills deep into my being. Hans weeps and I see that real tears have come into his eyes. I have to do something, but I think of myself in the first place. I am like lightning and I do not rip apart anyway in order to let it thunder. Yet I have to. I bark, I just miaow and then I suddenly say:

‘If my friends come to me leave them alone, academic. I do not want to see anyone and I do not want them to hear from me. If I should write to them, lay off my letters. I will knock you down ... woof ... woof ... paf ... paf ... shoo, shoo ... hoeáááá ... grgrgrgrgrgrgr ... rrrrrr ... sjoendamagie ... poof!’

Hans now knows. I am really mad ... He is not released from me, he wants to see that other one in me, which he knows, but which is no longer there. He stands there like a school boy. If the poet and old Piet had not called him back to reality, I think that Hans would have remained standing on this spot for hours, he was so surprised by my behaviour and all of my being. The poet is busy:

‘Good Samaritan, I love you more than myself. I will enfold your head and bring colourful stones for your tombstone. I do not spy on you. I only ask whether I love! Oh, my heart laugh ... my carrousel ... damn it!’

I know that the man is out of it again. That head is full to the brim or completely empty. I am enjoying myself. I am experiencing a fair here and I have never felt so happy before, but Hans may not see that, he may not know.

I feel that this is my path. Only I do not understand why old Piet makes such a fuss. I will research that case myself, as soon as Hans and his assistant have gone.

Then the doctor begins:

‘Go away, specific poison, pest carriers ... tb carry-on. Did you think that I was such a mangy dog to let you stew in your own juice? Here, my prescription. And do not kiss the diseases again. Hahah ... come to Franciscanus ... I have a remedy for you.’

The farmer’s son stands up straight and dictates:

‘In the morning three dessert spoonfuls without sugar. This afternoon five crumbs of minced meat with onions and let that melt on the tongue, so that you can taste the red and green of it. Do not be shy, lay it on your tongue and afterwards go for a walk or rest. You can lie down there, in my little garden, or on my veranda, I can visit you from time to time. You ... no ... You will get another job. You, Sofie, take care of my patients. Do not leave Franciscanus alone in everything. Oh, my patients. How tired I am.’

About eight of the others are standing round looking and behave as if they understand everything and think it is urgently necessary. Hans is in the middle of his madhouse. I had not thought that the psychiatry was such a terrible job. He does not know where to start. He follows the poet, the doctor, old Piet and me. The poet is calm. Old Piet comes to me. The life asks:

‘Just be quiet, I will not do anything to you. Will you bite me again?’

‘Not me’, I say, ‘let’s have a look.’

Hans looks at us. He sees that I turn my eyes upwards and stroke old Piet’s arm. Piet says:

‘How nice that is. Do it again.’

I do what Piet asks me to do and stroke his arm. I see the scratches. They are deep red in colour. Then an idea went through my head, which almost turned me upside down:

You are a hypnotiser, Frederik.

What? I wonder. What am I? But meanwhile old Piet holds out his arm, I stroke him and see that the red stripes disappear. Hans stands watching this drama, pop-eyed. He definitely thinks that I am mad. I have completely dissolved in these people and I also take part, I am just like the real thing! Piet leaves me. He shows his arm to the others, all that jungle nonsense has been dissolved. However, they know that I possess the airs and graces of a tiger, can materialise dog biting. I am like a snake, like a hyena, I can be dangerous. There is Hans, he and his help do not know. He comes back to me again. He looks as far as my heart again, he wants to know what is the matter with me. Then he reaches a decision. He says:

‘Come on, Van Zeulen, just come with me.’

He wants to take hold of my hand, I refuse. I pull my arms back as quick as lightning. Hans looks at me dumbfounded. He does not know anymore, I can see that from everything. I start to understand what he wants. Then the nurse comes. I stick up for myself. I want to go alone and do so. Hans follows me and we go outside. I walk in front of him, he increases his pace to catch up with me. Now I hear:

‘Frederik ... But, Frederik!’

I continue, I know exactly where I have to be. Now that he says my name, I stand still. Hans looks at me and says again:

‘But Frederik, Frederik! What is the matter?’

We do not come any further. I do not give him an answer, I only utter:

‘Dope, dope, dope that you are!’

‘Frederik? Frederik, do you mean it?’

I look him in the eye. I follow his swollen face, look at his mask. I follow his lips, chin, go back to his eyes and see that tears come. Again I utter:

‘Dope, what a little child you are.’

Hans hears from the sound of my voice that I am back again. He says: ‘Do you know, Frederik, what happened there? No, can’t you hear me? Do you know that you can hypnotise? And in what a way, Frederik, I admire you.’

However, I feel that it is going too far. I am in here and want to stay in it. I bark a bit, scream a bit, just miauw and hiss, which makes Hans see red and green. Now he utters:

‘So! My God, what have I started. Frederik, oh, Frederik, what have I started! I will never forgive myself for this!’

That is wrong, I think, I have to act and try and save myself. I say bluntly without joking:

‘Do you know who René is? Do you know who Anna is? Do you know ... do you know who Karel is, who Erica is? Where is little René? Get lost and do not disturb me again, whatever happens, do not disturb me, Hans!!!’

‘Frederik, Frederik. Stop it ... Come on, come with me and stop it, you are becoming mad.’

‘You would like that, wouldn’t you? Go, Hans, and do not disturb me again. I will finish my task ... I will, I will. Dirty dog, get lost! I will see you and feel you like Abraham did, when he brought his wife flowers on the grave. Oh, how that man suffered. What a misery. I can still see him standing. I did everything to save him, but thought, sir, how could this happen? I cursed him, because he had put on my shoes. Look, I am starting to follow him, I will follow him. Oh, how that man suffered. What did sir think that he said to me? I had to go home and sort things out. However, it is not for me.’

I now dance in a circle around Hans. I jump like an accomplished dancer

around him. I make Indonesian figures which I already studied years ago, because I liked the hand gestures and the significance of that act so much. I love Indonesian dancing, they put a world into it, they tell you about murders and about love, about justice and passionate 'nirvanas'. I play it safely and can let it go over my head, because I consciously know what I am doing. Hans looks and has also received bulging consciousness. With my pinky on my trousers, one finger pressed to my forehead, my legs swaying on my body, I behave as if I am walking on hot coals. I go around the flower beds and put a flower in my mouth, I make a mess of Carmen with an Indonesian princess, add some melodramatic figures, flavour this mixture with some 'Wiener Schrammel' music, jump like a mad dog around his firm shape and look into his eyes at the same time in order to drive him mad. His assistant blushes from it, the corners of Hans' mouth cause inner pain, but I do not pay attention to anything, I continue, until I feel that it is enough.

When I concentrate on myself, I see myself as it were doing that dance. I now add some dog barking, give that a mix together and then the screaming of the jackal follows like a stiff porridge, and the hissing of a snake like the curry, which I was still missing, but then it all goes into the oven and Hans will have the complete thing on the table in a few minutes. He follows me and does not know how to act. It is your purest acting, in Paris, London, Vienna, wherever he was with Hansi, he was never shown such comedy. I read that on his gentle face, that is now covered in wrinkles. I continue to dance, I skate and my legs fly as they did thirty years ago over the Dutch waters, I scratch my name in the ice, the clouds of smoke fly from it. Hans almost succumbs. I continue, because I have not finished yet.

When I nearly run him down at great speed, he thought he could grab me, but I am as quick as a snake, he misses. When the nurse tries to overcome me, Hans holds him back. I look him in the eye, I have already half eaten the flower, I will have another one. I hop, I jump, fall back into the slower speed of the East, I have become a Temple servant. I am almost lying on the ground, I bend so deeply before the Gods. Now I feel at my best for the first time. Unknown words fly from my mouth, I speak Malaysian, Sundanese, Javanese ... I cockatoo a bit and curtsy. I am lying spread out on the ground, with my nose in the dust, and look like a dirty pig. Hans is already weeping! Hans stands there like a prehistoric giant, who knows nothing about scientific carry-on and mad people.

When I feel that they are trying to get hold of me, I am already somewhere else and continue to hop. I glide along the waters again, suddenly stand still in order to give my Indonesian greeting to the Gods, laugh, grin and kneel down. I throw my arms around my chest, sing something, it passes my lips as mumbling. I wink at the heaven, laugh again, cross my arms as far as the

ground, press them on Mother Earth, weep, feel heat, feel happiness. I kiss the ground on which I am lying and have the bliss from above and below in me. I am almost bursting with happiness.

Now I twist myself in the direction of Carmen again, but fall back into the Indonesian profession, I am standing before a Temple. There is the institution, I belong there, I was there a moment ago and I would still be there if Hans had not got me out. I see that the patients follow me. I run like a savage to the windows, I bark, I scream, I hiss. Old Piet is already shouting. He reaches for his arm again and roars. Now I feel that I no longer possess any strength. However, I am calm, I do not hurt anyone. Hans comes over to me and lays his hand on my shoulder. I let him do it, my comedy is finished. He knows, I do not see fifty of them, but I see ninety-nine of them flying. Hans takes me back to the ward. When we get there I go to my corner and sit down as if nothing special has happened. He still looks, he says something, but I do not hear him. Then Hans turns round and goes away. I call after him:

‘If people break their promises, the snakes of life will beset you!’

He continues to stand there, as if he was nailed to the ground. I also say:

"When people do not keep their word, the bears and also the hyacinths come and bite them to death. Hyacinths ... precisely, the hyacinths come in order to bite off their heads... to make them bow their heads and bite them off. I will get them ... I never had the chance before, now I will get them. Oh, how beautiful those apples are. I have never seen them like that before. I know them, yes, precisely, I know them. I know who he is. I know where he was? Did you see that, Hansi?"

Hans gets a fright. The name Hansi is like a rag to a bull. He comes back and I continue to play. He has to see me mad.

‘Then we go out. We then go to London ... hah, hah, hah, to Vienna, to Franzl Kersten. Pay the Stinkenbrunner, which I never paid before. Go to Paris, to Madame De Sousi, Rue de la Blanche ... tell her that I will come soon and give her an evening of honour. Make sure that I have my garments. Do not forget them, as you see, all kinds are coming. I have the opportunity of making an advertisement for myself. I will cherish her and her whole harem. I know that she is crazy about me, but I may not neglect my art.

Go to London for me, to the Thames way, second floor, and ask for Sir William Scor ... include a Dutch ten guilder note and you will see him immediately, he collects old money. Ask him whether he will come to dine with me this evening, but do not do anything stupid, you cannot ask him suddenly. He is easily frightened and he has to get adjusted first. But if you ask him that, he will pour you a glass of wine and you may see all his naked statues, because he is mad about sculptures and only has naked ones. He has all the women of the world, even queens. Go to him and just say that Tomas

van Kempen sent you. Tell him that we lay together under the Pyramid of Rijswijk and that we dug our way out. He will want to know that, because this man is extremely interested in ancient art. He himself was in Egypt for years, had treasures to spare in order to make his trips. I know it like it was yesterday ... I was his carer and secretary then. Even if I came from a rich old family, I behaved like his help. The nights we had there! I still remember that he asked me to go and sleep for a night in the Pyramid of Rijswijk. He was mad about ghosts, old ghosts, and wanted me to have a statue made of it. He says that I had the right to experience that as his servant; he himself would go and sit on the veranda in the evening in order to send me his thoughts through the moonlight, so that I would know all about it ... so that I would know all about it ... he repeated himself three times, because I had to know all about it. Otherwise it would be pointless and I would not be capable enough of doing my work for him. I went, but I fell into a ditch, scrambled my way out and remained lying down. When I awoke, he had meanwhile had his cases packed and had made off. I would find him. Our contact could not be disturbed, but I went a completely different way and did not see him again during those years.

So go to him and tell him that I am at home. Here is my card. You will see ... I will add my recommendation.'

I search in my pocket and find a piece of paper. I write down a few scribbles in pencil on the piece of paper and give it to Hans, who appears to be like a blind man. I notice that he does not even see me anymore ... He has gone, he is somewhere and nowhere. I say:

'If you are there and do not find him at home, come back to me as quickly as possible, because I have another message for you. And make sure you have a couple of revolvers, in case you come too close to the jungle. Watch out for those blacks, especially those camel drivers. Did you see that little princess? I could tell you a story about her! She is called 'Santasia', hoeha ... she is the child of Fleuris and Roosje, you know, the count of Tenhovika ... His wife suffers from blind frost ... Franciscanus knows that. I saw her for the first time when I started my honeymoon and had to accept that my wife was bitten by a scorpion. What a sensation that was! Santasia had mixed colouring with her. She wanted to help me to save my wife, but she said:

'Only if I get a kiss from you.'

'I will most certainly do that', I said ... Then my kiss followed. We kissed in such a way that my wife died in the meantime. We buried her together and laid her under the hackles ... Do you not know those vaults? I will go there soon as well. That will cost you a bomb, but, at the end of the day, you are better to lie under the hackles than in an ordinary grave, where everyone enters and which gives you nothing cheerful for your heart, kidneys and soul.

Astanisia has known for such a long time that it is good there. I believe it, because I find her honest, she has never cheated anyone before.

But no nonsense now. If you go to Franzl, you know, in the neighbourhood of Schönbrunn, you take a open carriage – you know a bit of Viennese anyway – have yourself embarked and order a Wiener Goulash at my expense, one for the thirst. I always called it ... ‘zum schmekker!’ ... Adolf also knows that and keeps making it for me, because Emperor Leopold also liked it. On my part, I always approved ... you see, Herman has known me for so long.

But now no more nonsense ... I would have everything to spare for it, if I knew whether Asta was still alive. Now just get on with it. If there is anything else, I will hear. In any case ask Madam Surié whether I can come this evening in order to bring the cake. Tell her that I have discovered a new method to make Napoleon tarts rise, which are very tasty. It costs next to nothing. Just get lost and make sure that you never meet Hansi. Where did I see that mite before. Oh, there was a Peter there ... Petrus ... and the cock crowed. Not three times, but twenty times. Then he was probably put on the rope? No, he did not go away hung, he went to prison for two years. But that is his business. Tell Hansi that I never want to see her again. I have suffered so much, that my bent back hurt. Oh, that poor Sam. Sam, little Sam, Tjésam, Sahcha. Can you hear it? Where is that voice coming from? Háááááls ... and shortened that is called ... Has ... Hasyhaleng ... I have worked it out! I really thought that I did not understand him. But I still remember that we drunk good wines, talked about Gooise cake and finished off salads. Many academics gathered there, mostly explorers, like me. Hans was also there ... a pity, he was bitten by a wild cat and we had to leave him behind in Indonesia. Or was it Africa? He lives there every second year, he had a nice castle. On a hunt we had, we had ... to bury him. He did not believe it himself, but when he saw that he was well and truly dead, he had to accept his death. We had a good laugh about it, and yet, if Hansi had not been there, we could have buried him. Now it was just a ghost and that does not decay.

Just go now, I am going to sleep. Bye, bye ... I'll see you again. Remember the letters.'

Hans knows: I am completely mad. I know what he is feeling, but he is not able to warn Erica, Karel and Anna. I am curious what he will do. He leaves ... remains standing at the door again, has a look and shakes his head. He is destroyed by it. His assistant as well. I sit here thinking about everything. How can it be, how madly I behaved, and it happens of its own accord. You just talk a bit and you mess up the words, and the normal, learned human being of this world believes it. But that costs many people huge sums of money. There is a couple who are here for their money. It should not be allowed, but I know that from Hans himself, they came to grief as a result of

their money. Hans examines his patients, he does not want any patients who are finished off by the family for money. And yet? Just look at that gentleman! He is as healthy as anything. I hear that his family has put him under a restraining order. Good, you will never get out of here again, because you behave a bit madly. He is already jumping ... behaves as I just did, but for him it is an illness. That illness went to his head, he was just like Hans and Hansi in Paris. My God, what nonsense I vomited out. Hans thinks that I have lost my mind as a result of his research. He warned me! Now I am mad. What will he do?

He does nothing. He does not dare to mention it. He will wait a bit. He will wait and see which way the cat jumps – I am the cat!

We sit at the table. The female nurses are also there, some are sweet children. They are devoured by the gentlemen. A few grab for the carillon and long for the church to perish. I thought so, just as with René; the adults are like the little ones. Sexual carry-on, also those old ones. However, the nurses put greens in the food. They can get on with the men, I see. I am a bit calm again and old Piet is already sitting next to me. He says at least a hundred times: don't bite me again, will you? I say: no, Piet! And Piet can already sense that I mean it. We slurp up our food, have an argument with each other, because one got more than the other, but we get our fingers rapped by the male nurse. We are little boys from the nursery school and are having fun. But watch out if that mad man comes up again.

After the meal it is time to rest. We wander round. I follow them one by one. The poet has started writing. I go to him and ask:

'Could you give me some paper, a little bit, your honour, how are the flowers?'

I just let myself go, but I notice to my astonishment that I am continually on the mark and can feel their world of thoughts. And a poem promptly follows.

'They surge over the waters of my heart. Loving like two wings. They were so at ease ... when I was not there either. Oh, Greetje, Gretchen ... weisst du dass ich komme (do you know that I am coming)? Hast du nicht gesehen wie ich bin (did you not see how I am)? Just look. The man must know.'

The man flings off his clothes, he is standing stark naked before me within a few seconds. The female nurses call for the male nurse. They think that it will be trouble. Again, ten minutes later, Hans is standing in front of me.

Hans looks ... sorrowful. Hans looks for a long time and does not know. I disturb the peace here. I am making them mad. I am a bothersome, an awakening ... a good one to sit alone. I have to prevent that. Hans looks and I ask him:

Do you think, doctor, that we are mad? And that we cannot get on with

each other? I know, yes, I know why you are a doctor, I can see that from your white coat. I was also a doctor, but I wore black coats. You do not see so much on black. I will have a nice seat there, doctor, I want to think. I want to see my colleagues. This man thought he should have a bath, doctor. He thought that it was summer. Yet I said: don't do it, it is winter! When he felt that cutting wind, he was standing naked before me. But that is not possible, is it, doctor? That is impossible. He does not know me, but I know him. It is Johann Strauss. Can you hear him? How that man can play. Can you hear it? Did you see that mask? I used to think that everything was inspiration, but this is it! How that man can play. Can you hear it, doctor? Can you hear it, little doctor? It's nice! It's nice, isn't it? It's nice, isn't it? But you do not believe it. I am going to rest! Good bye, doctor.'

Hans does not know anymore, there is just one percent sense in my whole being. He follows me. He stands in front of me again. He looks at me again and he thinks about me. I look him straight in the eye, but go through those eyes. I look behind him and see into the distance. I can see little René there. Hans follows me. He has to accept that I am no longer myself, because I am no longer there. At the moment I am like my dove. I am flying. I go to little René as fast as lightning. I can see him. He also walks amongst the mad people of his class, but Hans does not see that. I have a talk to René and tell him that I will come back again later. I can still hear little René saying:

'How close you are to me, Uncle Frederik.'

I say:

'Let it be like that ...' I am aware that I do not say his name, Hans must not hear the name of René. Goodbye, my child, goodbye, dear! I continue to look and he continues to look, I see a lot, he does not see and hear anything. Hans is just deaf and dumb. His assistant asks whether he is coming. Hans is startled. He cannot go again, but he is pulled along. They have to watch out for me. I may not let myself go anymore or I will be moved to another ward. I have won the argument for myself, I will certainly be careful. Goodbye, Hans!

The ward is quiet. The nurses have tidied everything up, the children are playing. Old Piet has a story. He wants us all to take part. We have to give each other a hand and play in a circle. Walking round and singing songs, but I am dead tired. About eight people from the ward take part. I look at them. No one dares to take a seat on my chair here in the corner, they are so afraid that I will bite them. I have suddenly become afraid and they have sacred respect for me. Doctor Franciscanus, the man from my dream, asks me whether I would not like a powder to get to sleep. I say: please. He rummages in his pocket, playfully puts an invisible material in his hand, puts a piece of paper on it, turns his left hand round and catches the powder with his right

hand. He folds it very firmly and says:

‘First four drops of water, then have a sniff and a snort, just like horses do, and then immediately under the blankets. Tomorrow I will come back, if you promise that you will not bite me.’

I say: ‘No, doctor, I will not do it.’

He reaches out his big hand towards me. We are friends. The poet wants to know why we are behaving so confidentially. He will make a poem about it. He starts to lament, but the doctor cannot understand him. Now the poet whistles in his ear. The doctor grins, he laughs, he splits his sides laughing. The long thin poet – his nose is terribly long – is also laughing. I think that he has not been able to do that for months. What a good laugh that man can have. You should see these adult children. Are these what you call mad people? They sit on each others’ knees. First the doctor on the poet’s knee and then he has to get off to let the poet sit down. Old Piet stands still for a moment and looks. The circle, which he formed is standing still and is also watching. When I put up my hand, put my fingers together and make a small claw from them, old Piet runs round like a possessed man and does not dare to watch any longer. I shout: sit, and they all sit. I shout: walk! – They walk. I say: lie down! – They lie on the ground, but at that moment the nurse comes in and sees what is the matter. I say: stand up ... greet ... There is your general. They salute decisively and consciously. At ease! They let their arms hang and go through their knees. Dismissed! They go ... withdraw, rest, rest, rest. Think about everything. Everything which is good. Think about your child, about your youth, about your life, soul and bliss. Think about tasty things, which you do not like anyway. The nurse has gone again. However, I quickly go and sit in my corner. The learned man has taken my seat, but when he sees me coming, he rushes off. He greets me politely and says:

‘What do you think of my suit? Am I not beautiful? I am Napoleon Bonaparte. Professor Van Scherm. I have let the world dance. I am an academic. May I introduce myself? What is your name, colleague?’

When I intend to yelp, in order to keep this customer from my body, Hans is standing in front of me for the umpteenth time today. The academic shuffles off. I sit there and do not look. I put my left leg over the right one, put my right hand under my chin and think. Hans is not there. Hans stands and looks and goes away again. I hear:

‘Watch out for everything and continue to warn me for the moment.’

I will not make it too difficult for Hans. Just before nine o’clock he comes back again. I am still sitting in my corner, I think of everything and am busy sorting out my science. I already know the names, I know why they are here. I also know why they succumbed. They are weak personalities. There is some longing, I just call it physical sorrow, but the remainder have weak

bodies, weak brains, weak nervous systems. We have a theologian, I think he is the weakest of all. The man just sits thinking, but sometimes he talks at the ears of the men and says, that at any moment God can come and judge them. He has overtaken Jehovah and got stuck on the way. He is a pathetic wretch. I would say he was forty; religion has got into his ears, eyes, mouth and nose, because he pulls faces that an orangutan could not compete with. Sometimes he utters raw sounds, they sound biblical. He is talking about the Scriptures, about Golgotha and thousands of other things; I remember that now, because Hans told me, long ago, that he had got a patient, that was this theologian, who had succumbed from sacredness. Hans still thought that he would soon leave again, but I cannot see it.

Franciscanus is sitting there and is counting smallpox notes which he typed and wrote today. You can see it, the skulls become tired, the heads drop, but a twinkle has come into those human eyes. The nurses are gaped at. I would not send my daughters here for all the money in the world. Those women are weighed up at least a thousand times a day, considered too light and too heavy, dressed and undressed, fitting the saucepan lid again and rattling the saucepan and then looking to see if anything has changed. How naked those children are, all of them are courted. I think a man is a huge wretch. You would be better to be a woman. However, if you see how such a palace is admired, you will feel sorry for these lives, where blood flows through and childish simplicity with the harem manners of a South-African beauty do the amiable and let it rain together. Sister De Zwager knows what to do about it. She has already spoken to me. I have to watch out or I will get crazy thoughts. She asked me:

‘Zeultjes, are you okay? Are you not tired?’

‘Me, little sister? No, not me, I am as fit as a fiddle.’

‘Good grief, how you can dance.’

‘Yes, I can, can’t I, sister?’

She looks at me and thinks, that is a good answer, but it is the answer of a child. She asks and continues:

‘Will you not come and sit at the table? We are going to bed soon.’

‘Okay, sister, okay, but I want to stay here and sleep.’

She thinks exactly what I feel. We are not apart for a second, she brushed past me and I met her bang in the middle of her mind, or because I am here. She only smiles and I approve. However, she wants to talk. I am beginning to understand that Hans is behind this. I wait and she asks:

‘Where did you live, Zeultjes? You are called Gerhard, I believe? Aren’t you?’

‘I am called Lammetje, sister. My late mother called me little Lamb and father Gerritje Flapper, because I was always flapping about in the universe.’

I caused them a great deal of sorrow, sister.'

'Probably. But where did you live?'

'Lets see. We are now the such-and-such of the such-and-such of the year 1900 and such-and-such. Oh, we are playing. The stage is this room, this ward. The men are on stage. They behave madly, they are playing tag. Old Piet is tired, he cannot carry on anymore, and the doctor is sitting there to write his smallpox notes, tomorrow we will all be vaccinated. Flowers came just a moment ago, but they were not for me. Doctor Hans was also there, he kept coming in and thought that there were mad people.'

She looks at me in amazement and says:

'Do you know, Gerhard ... that you are playing?'

'I am not called Gerhard, but Gerrit, little sister. I am called Gerritje. And I have another name, little sister, but I can no longer say it. Did you see that, sister? Can you hear how the people in the hall clap? I knew, this play is well set-up. Just ask me. I will answer you and then the tension will remain. Did you see those masks? Did you see how all those people are enjoying themselves? They have never seen such an intense play before. They had not thought either that I would ever end up in a madhouse. Well, the things people do.'

'I saw it, Frederik ...!'

'Didn't I know, sister. I believe that that Frederik is also mad. I once met him. But he has nothing to do with this play. He was a swindler. That man was always fortunate if he saw another person suffering. He knows me, sister, but I do not want to see him again. I always had arguments with him. Then I just went hunting, you see. I can hunt as the best. Well, even if I say so myself, I am a good hunter, little sister. But where did I buy wool? I do not know. Where did I live? I do not know. I lived everywhere, sister. Where people happened to live, I was there. I was really the closest to home. I was never away so to speak.'

'And do you know where you lived?'

'Where I lived, sister? Yes, I remember, but that was so long ago.'

'Do you want to go for a walk with me, Gerrit?'

'Would you do that for me, sister?'

'Of course, come on, we will go outside. It is nice weather. But be careful, the others may not hear it. I am whispering, can you hear?'

I am like a child. I hang on her arm and go with the nurse outside. I felt it right, Hans is behind it. She talks, she holds me firmly. We walk under the moon. I tell her:

'Did you see that, sister? Did you see that sweet moon? Now people say that people like us were born there. I do not believe it. Do you believe it? May I give you a kiss? Like that, on your half-moon? That comes from the moon,

sister. I will just take my beard off. May I?’

She holds her cheek towards me. I say:

‘You would like that, wouldn’t you, sister. I am not here to kiss. I am here to find out whether God has put His wisdom in madhouses. I am here, because the snakes and bears speak to my life. Can you hear them, sister? Will we sit in the little summerhouse? Will you? Will you go with me? Do you know, sister, that I am really rich? That I am loaded with money? That I have a palace and my own horses? But I am not married. You look nice. But why are you actually here, sister?’

‘I have to help the people. I have to take care of you. Can’t you see that?’

‘I can see it, sister. Yet I would like to give you a kiss. But now one on your lips. With my eyes closed. Like this, for example.’

I kiss her. I have given her a kiss. I am under the influence of all those mad people there, who long to be able to give the sisters a kiss. I am ahead of them. I kiss her again and again and she also likes it. When I look at the moon, she is lying stretched out in my arms. She almost succumbs I think that I can hypnotise. My God, where did I learn those skills? She is lying dead in my arms and her eyes are tightly closed. Sister? Sister, wake up. Wake up! She continues to sleep. I lay her on the ground. I sit next to her and look into her eyes. With the moon shining on her face she looks like a queen. What a beautiful face she has. I kiss her lips again and those same lips react, but this body cannot stir a muscle. I think it is really crazy and I do not like these things. What should I do? I get it into my head to blow into her nose. But I do not do it. I like it sitting talking to my own adventure and looking at the moon, it was her idea. But that can be dangerous, they will look for me. I therefore blow. *Pieesssst ...* it sounds. She opens her eyes immediately and looks at me. She jumps up and runs away. I let her go. I will go back to the ward in my own time. She walked in the direction of Hans. She will give her report to him. I am expecting Hans.

I sit and think again. I am not aware of any guilt, but what comes out of me is not so nice. I put people to sleep. It happens of its own accord. If only she had not talked about the moon. How can it be, did you expect that, Frederik? I think that I can now help René, gifts are awakening in me.

There is Hans again. He looks at me. I look at him. I am as always, I am certainly not mad. However, he cannot see it. He wants to penetrate me again, but he stumbles. He falls and I remain upright. I sit and he lies on the ground. I help him to stand up. However, I do that while still sitting down. Then he whispers in my ear:

‘Are you there, Frederik?’

I cannot hear him. I say:

‘Exactly, captain, it was there. Then there were victims.’

Hans tries again:

‘Are you there, Frederik?’

‘Exactly, superior, then the roof fell in.’

Hans looks again and goes away. We are commanded to go to sleep. We go to the sleeping quarters. I am under the blankets within a few minutes. I am dead tired. I am already sleeping when they come to me. There is also the nurse. I think she is looking at me. However, I am sleeping. I will not waken again, I will sleep until the morning. Yet I can see the nurse, I see her coming to me a few times and looking at me. She does not pay much attention to the others. Yet there are some who ask for a goodnight kiss. They call for their mother, they want to be tucked in. However, others do that, female hands have better things to do. I sleep until the morning.

When I wake up there is a lot of noise in the ward. I have a stretch, I first have to know where I am. I thought that Anna was standing next to my bed and had brought me tea. Then I realised that I had been admitted to a mad-house and that I had done four and a half years. Where did the time go. A year is an eternity. I am now wide awake. It is sacred seriousness, I am mad.

We get washed, we eat and drink, we sit and walk around. We do nothing else. I ask whether I can go outside. They say yes. The nurse goes with me, but I see that it is a different one. I ask for a paper and pen. The nurse gives me her pen and I get an envelope and paper. It is nice paper, I can write something on it. We sit on a bench. I start and write:

‘Well, what does a person think of, who left home and went into a strange world? I am here alone and there are masses of people around me. The nurse of the hotel where I am – I found a rest home – is sitting next to me and is thinking. She just asked me whether I was a writer. I said: yes. She is a pleasant girl. The journey was quite arduous, because there were many mad people on the train, who were going with their doctor to Switzerland to get better. That couple came into my carriage in Belgium ... What do you think of that? Not so nice, was it? However, because I am quite interested in mad people, I learned to understand many masks. There were also beautiful masks. I am now sitting in nature enjoying myself. In front of me is ‘Neu Karelshof’. That is a great big hotel where many foreigners pass the time recovering. There are sick people on board. People exhaust themselves in this society. Where you go, you see misery everywhere. I cannot cope with all that suffering. I will not go into it either. I intend to recuperate here. That is possible, because these people do everything for you. Yet I think that I will carry on, I want to go to Italy in a few days. You will not hear anything from me for the time being, I will walk for a long way. It must be a beautiful walk, over the mountains, a guide is going with me. I tell you honestly, that I want to have a rest first. I am really tired. But you will hear from me again.

How are you all? I miss my tea! Anna, Erica and Karel, I miss you. I hear that René is still the same, but there is good hope that a change will come. Hans called me. I was so happy that you would not believe it. I told him that I will do everything to come back strong and healthy.

Well, my loved ones. I will see you soon again, Frederik ...'

I close the letter. I felt that it was difficult to write a letter. I had not thought that I was so far from home. But I am finished. I ask her to post this letter. It has a Swiss address on it ... Dr Schuman, Lugano. I am in Obersfehl ... come to the health resort, where I am well-off. The nurse looks at me. She knows what I want and I know what she is thinking. This letter will go to Hans. Hans will read this letter and I am not bothered either. When he comes now I am mad again. But I am tired. Within a second I am lying stretched out on the bench sleeping. A nurse, I heard, takes my letter. Within three minutes Hans is already standing in front of me. I am sleeping, but he wakes me. I open my eyes and I say:

"Can you not watch with me for ten minutes? Just let me sleep!"

I want to go to sleep but they want me to stay awake. Hans drags me to a piece of veranda and puts me on a sort of a wheelbarrow. At least I think it is one, but it appears to be a reclining chair. I am already sleeping. I am dead tired. I do not think that I will stay for long in this sanatorium. It is too busy for me here. How long have I been here? Three years at least. I have to see that I go somewhere else, or go home. I cannot continue to travel about for ever. I am so tired, so tired.

When it is almost dark, I awake with a fright. I remember that I went out this morning to write a letter. I am dead tired. However, when I think about it, my strength returns and I feel as fresh as a boy of twenty years. I jump up. The nurse is there. She asks me:

'Did you have a nice rest? Are you no longer tired?'

I do not know what to reply, so that another tiredness enters me. However, that also goes away again. Yet I do not yet know for certain whether I should act the fool or give her a sound answer. I decide to go back to and say nothing. When I come to the ward the men are at the table and having their evening meal. I have little appetite, but I eat something. When I look at my corner, my chair is still in the same place. I have been away from here for a long time. So much has happened to me. I know everything, but it is so heavy in my head that I can not see things lighter. However, that is also changing. It does not take long more when I am myself again. I eat and drink for four. I get bread and cake, coffee and tea and a glass of milk to follow. I can get what I want. How good they are for me!

I am sitting in my corner again and thinking. I think about everything, I start to make comparisons again and follow the patients.

I know their diagnoses, their troubles. I know that I can take myself back to society, they cannot do that. They do not have the strength for it. I now feel that I was in that situation a moment ago. They got me this morning. It oppresses you, it knocks you down, you are dead tired and they are as fit as a fiddle. I was covered, but now I have come away from it. I will stick it here for a while longer. They are in another world, not ours, but in which life, sense, thinking, feelings, personality, everything of soul and spirit are not yet awakened and have lost themselves as a result of the material life. There is no more to it! Now we enter fatherhood and motherhood. Love. Some feeling for the urge to procreate, it is to undergo the task of procreation which makes them long for the mother. They call them sexual maniacs, but are they not children? Is that so terrible? Are conscious people like us different? Is that not the essential thing for which we live and as a result of which we awake? Can we experience life outside the thought of procreation? They are not ready to accept a normal life. For this reason there is marriage. However, what do you do if you are not ready yourself? I understand them. I will follow them, these children, I will learn through them, experience a lot, I am in the sacred truth, I am in the middle of it. Hans can tell me another one.

The day passes with thinking and a bit of talking to the mad people. Hans comes to look, but is tuned into me in a different way. He gives up and waits and sees. I sit here and stay here in my corner.

The minister came to grief as a result of his studies and religion. The man dissolved in his studies. The inclination to act the apostle, played tricks on him. The ounces of feeling which he possessed for it, had decayed and the man was faced with an emptiness. At that moment he had to prove what he could do. However, the life was too deep for him. He disappeared into that depth, dissolved. Too weak a head for this violence? No feeling to keep going? I know for certain that brains have no significance. It is life, it is feeling. This situation is no different for the poet, for the doctor no less. Intellect has no significance. Old Piet is no different. All of them lack the feeling to deal with social life. There are millions of these people walking the earth, all the nations possess this mentality.

Now the human characteristics speak. Anyone who is short-tempered, has a difficult existence as a result of this short temper. This people can be attacked, if demons live between life and earth, spirits. However, I do not yet know that. I was shocked by old Piet. I follow him and I am starting to understand why he felt pain. Old Piet possesses feeling, otherwise nothing would have happened. One person is open to it, another life is closed to it and cannot be reached. I did not know that I possessed these powers. Yet I calm a human being by a gentle conversation and with my hands. I let myself believe that I possessed magnetic powers. You would think that it is the

case, but what old Piet did, was his own fault. To me this was nothing less than a suggestion. Since old Piet is half conscious, really thinks that I am an animal, this brought fear to his life and there were physical phenomena. Those scratches disappeared of their own accord. Hans did not know what it was, but he will find out. I followed those matters in The Dutch East Indies, they just play with them there. Fakirs and magicians hold themselves up as a result of them, they live alone and abandoned and appear now and again to behave madly. It costs you a few cents there and they also dance for you if you want, just as madly as I did. They call that inspiration. The more soberly you see all these things, the sharper you see that they suffer from a weakness of personality and have no knowledge of everything which God created.

The young man here with all his languages. He succumbed because he wanted too much of a good thing. If that man had taken it easy, nothing would have happened. He should have worked on the land. Now that soul and that whole physical system is mixed up. If some imagination is also added – today he feels like Napoleon, tomorrow a great professor – this soul goes so off the boil that he no longer knows what he is saying and becomes all these personalities as completely as possible. An actor can do that also, they have just lost a bit more feeling. Also this one dissolved, disappeared behind another mask, and became it, because he forgot himself. Poor souls? Poor dogs, more appropriately.

I have achieved what I wanted to achieve, after all, Hans thinks that I have lost my mind. I must have let rip yesterday and in all honesty, I am still tired from it. However, that does not matter, I will make it. He has me guarded separately, I am really no longer alone. Now it is the male nurse and then the female nurse again, who wants nothing more to do with mad kisses, because she has tasted that it happened outside her will. She is friendly, but at the end of the day, I am just a madman. I only wanted to experience that someone would become completely mad and absolutely wild, I would like to experience that. Actually, I already know that study, because they rebel against themselves and behave wildly. They are then put in straightjackets; a lovely cold bath works miracles, after which they come back of their own accord to their people. Hans has explained all those degrees of madness to me. There are no wild people here, so to speak. Or it should be me. I do not believe that the nurse thinks that I am particularly wild. I rather believe that she thinks: that old fool is not so bad after all! What a pity that a human being can forget himself like that! Well, he could have got up to all kinds of things, you could have lost your life yesterday. I believe that she got quite a row from Hans. I will hear about it later. In any case I will watch out that I am not treated too firmly, I want to be here and remain here, until I know all about it. I do not know yet what I will do then.

The poet makes up poetry, the theologian talks about Christ and the bible, old Piet talks about his cousin, who loved him so much and whom he wanted to marry so much; at the moment it is the case that all of them come up from under the water to get some new breath of life. However, then they sink away again and they are unrecognisable to social life. Money and possessions, everything has to do with it. Languages and learnedness, love and happiness, clothes and poverty, the list is endless, as a result of this lives came to grief. I had not thought that it was so simple. Hans, I know, cannot help these patients. He is not capable of it, because all these illnesses came about as a result of the inner life. They have not yet created any herbs for this. What they do is messing about. Hans can make sure that the physical systems recover, he can try all kinds of things, but the material does not force the life to start to think more keenly, because the material cannot do that. What Hans tries are simple makeshift measures. He is not fifty percent powerless, but a full hundred percent. Completely new paths have to be laid. I do not know why they are making him a professor. I do not understand why they have the title of doctor and yet are nothing at all. It is not clear to me what those people make such a fuss about. I do understand that this faculty has yet to be born. There is nothing which possesses any consciousness as a medicine. These people here, all these mad people, have more consciousness than their nurses. Hans does not see through it. They search, but they are faced with a deep pit and Hans does not descend into it, because he knows that he will not come out again. How does he wish to put his thread through the needle there in that darkness in order to put a piece of material on that hole? He cannot do that.

It is after dinner when he is suddenly standing before me. I am, I believe, busy thinking aloud and then they warned him again. I continue and do not let anything disturb me, but I see that Hans is sitting next to me, because he thinks he can do something for me.

I talk to him, to the doctors, but I do it through the universe. He will probably not understand any of it, but I am talking to him and his academic kind.

‘You have to turn these souls around’, he hears. ‘Also me, but I am involved myself. When I continue, I see that they live more in the souls, more in the spirit, than all of them who think that they are on top of it. They are geniuses! For that matter, they have been geniuses for a long time. It started when the very first people were released from the material, physical laws. I was also there, but they do not believe me. Now it is just like a circus. That one there, the man with all his languages, he should have been a bit more careful. If this boy had not got those mad airs and graces, then he would not have been here. He should have gone to the women, he should have learned all about it, then

there would not have been the opportunity for him to say such strange things in the street. Then they picked him up and they brought him to Gibraltar. Now he is shooting. He shoots with his languages and never hits his target. However, old Piet could have helped him!

I would like to see the women. Good heavens, how will they pay their bills? Och, if I should ever see them, may spend some time there one day, I believe for certain that I will have worked it out quickly, worked out this supernatural nonsense. Would the doctor want it? If I was to write a request? Then I can start my own lectures. Where is the doctor? If only the doctor was here, then I would certainly ask him. Let me prepare myself, I will put on another suit, because doctors look at your clothes. If you begin to neglect them, you are thrown to the sharks. Where is the doctor, the man was supposed to be here at seven o'clock. Piet? Piet? Where is the doctor?

Old Piet calls to me that he does not know. However, Hans falls for it. I just continue, because I have suddenly got the longing to be able to spend time amongst the women, I will probably learn even more there than here with all these dopey men. However, Hans does not fall for it, he does not take the bait. Yet I continue.

'Oh, if I was able to stay in that state of purity? I remember that I went fishing with my friend Doctor Van Hoogtensteintenhovebroekman, before we were to give a lecture. Every fish which we fetched out of the palace of the king, talked about the conceited and unconceited madness. I said later that professor Wolffhans saw better what the consequences were for a skull fracture than we did, who understood about it. When later, years later, we both entered the high chair, he saw from me that I had done it wrong and I saw from him that he did it wrong! Then we just had some fun. However, amongst the women we really settled down again. And now? I think that I will build the tower as a result of this. However, permission is needed for this.

Where is the doctor anyway.'

'Do you not know where the doctor is, doctor?'

Hans looks as if he has been struck by lightning. He looks attentively, but he does not see through me. He thinks that I am far away, but I am not even a metre away from him. What strange things a human being can imagine. Old Piet comes and tells me that the doctor has gone riding. 'Good grief, if only the man had taken me along, I want to go to my cousin. Could he not have warned me now, bear, snake, tiger, lion?' Old Piet greets me now. 'May we go out today, bear?' I tell him that he may go out. I will give him the confirmation for it. He first has to have a medical from Franciscanus. He hears it and is ready to offer his help. We are a real pair of comedians, but Hans does not know that. I just continue, because I want to go to the women.

When I would be there, I believe that they would evoke memories in me of a rich and pure conscious past. Oh, how good I can talk. Do it again. I believe ... I believe ... wait a moment ... Woepje ... Woepje ... wait a moment. This is my third name. Aunt Tresia called me that. Von Trudeheim ... you know, that teacher with the freckles, always laughed about it, when she called me Woepje. However, I continue.

I want to go to the women in order to talk to the women of Uncle Hans. That Uncle Hans was a forefather of mine. He left that gold and silver behind for me, as a result of which I let rip so much, so that I lived in thousands of cities at the same time. I do not like those women. I only want to see the women who have forgotten their forefathers precisely through intellect. I want to get to know the nobility! Precisely that nobility! I want to share out sweets and nice things, I want to have tea. Old Piet will take care of the Chinese biscuits. Doctor Franciscanus will take of the good result and the recipes for the flea blowing ... which meanwhile grows and blossoms, but which the doctor knows nothing about.

‘Will I get out? Piet, will I get out?’ Piet waves to me, as sure as can be that he is allowed to come along.

Hans looks and continues to look. I believe that I have won it, he thinks in my direction. All the mad people here can do that. We think towards the people? Not at all, we think precisely away from them, but since we think away from them, we come closer to their lives. Then you hear that voice telling you: just give that child that longing, he will be better for it, won’t he? I hope so that I will be better for it, but I know!

Hans is not yet biting, I have to put another piece of bait on my fishing rod. I continue.

‘Will I see Erica there? Was she not the child of my mother? She will help me there. However, if there is betrayal. I know her. I know her all too well. Oh, I know her so. I have known her, let’s see, at least four weeks. That is a long time. Well, then she left me alone and I remained behind alone, with everything, with eight poor little children. Erica? Who else was there? Oh, I remember that name ... Hansa? No, it was different.’ I keep sticking to sounds. ‘Hanna ... precisely ... It was Hanna. Now I hear Enré ... the name of my God. Enré, do something for a poor little man. Will you do it? Send me to the harem of doctor Van Hansesteintenhovebroekman! I want it. Otherwise I will put you under my power, because I am a power giver. I am a power giver. I want to go to the women. I want to go to Erica and Hanna and to my Enré ... Neré ... No, it wasn’t that! René sounds better. But that was a different sound. Enré is better. I see that Enré before me. I was there before. You can be buried there and you can come back to life again, all for the same money. However, Hanstenhovebroekman knows nothing about it,

he was sent off none the wiser. He was not fobbed off but fell in and old Piet got him out again. Did you think that Piet got a reward? Not at all.' 'Piet, did you get a reward?' 'Not at all, they cheated me, those devils. I should have got four guilders and forty cents. I thought', Piet says, and he immediately made a big story of it, 'that I would get that money for later, for my old age, but they spent it on drink. My money. I think they are rotters, if you wish to know. However, I will get my own back on them. If Aftalia comes first. Oh, she is so beautiful, isn't she? What a woman!'

'I have to see and speak to Erica, she is there amongst the women of Doctor Van Broekmantenhovevansteinwolff. That is how it is. If I see her, I will ask her whether she has seen my God. Precisely ... Enré ... the God of life and wind. The God of me and you, the God who sheared voluptuous fragments as if he thought that it was a newly-born lamb. No, I am wrong, you do not even shear newly-born lambs. The sheep, which I mean was already twenty-four years old and marriageable. And I? I gave her the name of Erica ...! How how how pleased that girl was! I start to stutter, only because I want to see the women. If only the doctor was here.'

I look Hans right in the face and ask him:

'Do you know, spawn, where the doctor is? Can you take me to his court, so that I can see the nobility of his followers . Come on, young man, go in front of me. Take me to his harem. Come on, go in front of me! Get up, young man!'

I pull Hans out of his chair. Old Piet has to come, he also wants to see the court. All of them are imploring to be able to go along. They have linked hands and stand in a row, like old Piet was playing with the childish men yesterday. They want to follow me. They do not know the doctor, but they know the doctor, he is a nurse who gives injections and hands out commands. We are ready, but I have to go away alone. The doctor has to go with me. Hans is starting to show his colours. I have already known for five minutes that I will go to the women. I want to rummage around there like a madman. I want to see, want to watch what they get up to all day. I want to see his harem and experience his harem. Hans separates me from the others and we go outside.

When we are outside, he walks with his head towards the ground directed towards the ward where the women are sitting, living. Spass machen (Having fun). I go with him. He suddenly asks me:

'Do you intend to play the fool for any longer, Frederik? Do you wish to let me believe any longer that you are crazy! I will give you this opportunity, but if you do not stop, you will get such a scandalous beating from me, as you have never had before in your life. I will teach you, Frederik, how it should be. Do you hear me? Can you see me? Do you know now?'

I understand everything. I know, but I do not say anything, I shuffle along

next to him. I do not go into anything. He can see, for that matter, that I am not here. Hans tried it, but I do not fall for it. No, Hans, too cheap, I can behave madly and be mad if I want and then you do not know me. However, I still have the strength to get out of it again, which the others here cannot do. Just do what you want, I want to experience alone and under my own strength what it is like here with you. Just shout at me, just put me on the funeral pyre, I will undergo everything, I am so sure of myself! Did you not know that, Hans? The nerves! 'I am no longer acting like a ghost, as long as you know' ... I utter, as an answer to his threat.

He stands before me and looks me in the eye. He pulls me towards him, he wrenches himself into my soul, but he does not find me. That lasts a moment. Then his head drops and he says in intelligible Dutch: 'Completely mad, and it is my fault. Then we will just go to the women!'

Today I am amongst Hans' women. I count fourteen of them, but there are more, I know, who live yonder. These are enough for me.

Just look at those ladies. There are some who could tear me. What hatred these souls must carry. Just look at those eyes. If this will end well. I get a chair and sit in a corner again. When one comes up to me and stares at me, approaches my life too closely, I bark, as I did amongst the men, with which I dazed them. I now see a pair of bulging eyes before me, the frightening mask of a woman of approximately forty years old. She is a beautiful woman, I see. She looks again ... I meanwhile miaow. She throws herself at me and wants to scratch me. I roll off my chair, crawl along the floor and pretend to be a brown bear. I roll along the floor, but in the direction of my chair. Then I climb onto it again, to wait and see how she reacts. She stands there, hands on her hips ... staring at me. It lasts a moment ... but these are moments of making it or going under, I feel. I do not know how I must hide myself. Suddenly I know. I will not achieve anything here with animal-like carry-on. I know how I must conquer them.

I start to cry. I am bothered by childishness. I have lost my mother. I went to school and got lost. She looks at me and I see that relaxation enters the mask. She says:

You are not it, are you? You are not it, are you?

'No, I am not it ... not me ... I am not it.'

What does she do? She strokes my cheeks. 'No, you are not it. I could have killed you ... Just be happy that you are not it. Do you know yellow Trui?'

'I do, mother? I do. I am happy with yellow Trui.'

She looks at me again. She looks me in the eye and says:

'Did I kiss you this morning, Wimpje?'

'No, yellow Trui ... I have to go to school soon, but I am lost. Oh, if grandmother sees me.'

‘Do not be afraid, I am still here. Come on.’

She takes me in her arms. A nurse comes in. The nurse sees what is happening. Yellow Trui says:

‘This is the child of my grandmother, Wimpje, he is lost. But I am here. Come on, mother, look at Wimpje.’

She crushes me to a pulp. The nurse says:

‘I will take him to school.’ But the male nurse who comes in says that I have to wait here. Orders from Hans. But there is Hans. Hans looks at me. What is going on inside Hans? I am Frederik, Hans. I am your friend. Did you think that I am Frederik! The woman is snatched away. I now sit and watch as free as a bird. The nurse remains, the others leave. The nurse remains in the ward. I look around and can deal with everything. I go from one mother to the next. However, they are just like men! Those who are full of hatred have lost their possessions, their love. What I see is as with the men, only these bodies are different. What I felt there has been replaced here by the longing to give something, to receive something, which always takes me back again to the human castle. I see the religious maniac, the bible tourist ... she climbs up that big building and cannot get down again, because she has forgotten the stairs. It is a ladder which is not there now! She shouts for help and no one can help her. I know all of them from before, when I was here for a while for my pleasure. There is a girl of nearly sixty years old, who has lost her husband, because he went off with another. That one there, that grey child of fifty, has sixty bats in the belfry, because she connected goodness to passion and finally came to grief herself as a result of it. What riches can do! She wants to do good ... she wants to love everything on earth. She has a basket hanging on her arm, where all her good things are hidden. She shares out those good things day and night. They have put her under legal restraint, she will never leave here. I bet, if I got the time, that I could bring the souls here and yonder back to society, because I live and want to live under and in their hearts, because I want to let them live.

It all concerns loss. One person has lost money, another love. Child or mother, partner or whatever it is, the love for people is like the black plague in the East. They cannot deal with that love, they go under. Only because they are too weak for this material life. I see some who are homosexual and flapper about the potential partners like turtle doves. They get precisely the pure colour out of it. They are so sure that two times two is four. They are well-matched. Those who want to possess love, just like old Piet and the others want that, look at me like wild cats from the jungle. I do not dare to defy those eyes. I know beforehand that it will go wrong. Just look behind those masks and you will know. Thick or thin is no longer of significance here. However, I believe that I set fire to this life. Fire comes from those masks. I

see a great longing in those eyes. Seven masks stare at me, but I am afraid of those claws. As long as it turns out okay. I keep an eye on the door, in case I want to escape ... I already agreed that to myself. Just look at that one there, she is sitting about seven metres from me. Approximately fifty, a nice figure, round, her face a bit swollen, still beautiful teeth, a nose like Homerus. However, her movement are anxious. I hear that she is a captain's wife. The women treat each other differently to the men. I do not think that they play here, boys do that more than girls. I follow them, I go from one to the other, but I only meet longing and the powerlessness to think normally.

A few hours have passed. I have not yet seen Hans and the nurse has not left the ward for a second. Then the male nurse comes back. The female nurse and the male nurse disappear. Hans' orders? Is he giving me this chance? I do not know. I do not dare to move a step. I am afraid that they will throw themselves upon me unexpectedly in order to tickle me, which I never could stand. I have to watch out for myself more here than amongst those terrible crazy men. I feel that they are really crazy and dangerous. Women are more serious than men ... the jungle blood cannot be denied. They are tigers! This is why I will not achieve anything here with business or black magic. They do not see it, they ignore me completely. They only look a bit too wildly at my castle, nothing else.

There is also a Sonja. Sonja can dance. And she dances! Sonja came to Hans as a result of her dancing, now she is part of his harem. I do not care a jot about this lot. They are worries. They are misery! That Hans! I never want to have his harem. I do not want to be a psychiatrist, they are a big pain in the neck.

Sonja skates as I did yesterday. She has the knack of it. She comes too often and too close to where I am. I am starting to think that she is courting me. I already know. Sonja is thirty-five, I estimate from the wrinkles around her eyes. I think that you can establish the age of these souls as with horses, better than looking at them and absorbing the whole castle. I see horsy faces amongst them, because this crumbling castle is decayed.

Sonja continues, around the tables; she has funny antics. She sways and she pulls up her skirts skilfully. I could not have improved upon her. Meanwhile I establish what the needs and worries of all these women are. I have already have a note of my diagnoses and will later give them a place in my album. The logbook will be wonderful, we are now not in the jungle, but we are right amongst the savages. I am, at least, because the others no longer dared to go into the woods. As long as I am not baked by those masks, I do not like that.

When Sonja has shown her skills playfully for a few hours and she is tired, dead tired from her tripping and trapping, swaying her hips, she comes over

to me and asks:

‘Eh, baron, how was it? Will I get my kiss?’

I thought so. It always comes down to that. I have to play. I say:

‘Well, dear child, that was wonderful. Can do you do anything else? I am watching.’

Sonja races at me like a furious duck and flaps with her little wings right in my face. I push her off me and ask if she wants to dance. I manage it. She plays dominoes again, she lays down all the stones, she crawls over them. Skirts down and skirts up, tripping as she has learnt, legs up and back out, she just makes something of it. However, that goes wrong. I can see it in her eyes. She is becoming wilder. She incenses the others. The women gain strength, it is inspiration. Where must that ship strand? Sonja dances, she wants to imitate Carmen, she spits and screams, the others go along with it. Three do not get involved in anything, they withdraw and think it is shameful. They are in search of God. They cannot participate, they hang on their high wall and cannot leave. However, the others – it does not matter whether they are old or grey – reach ecstasy and are just thirty years old. Where do those old people get life from? I am enjoying it! I cannot really understand it. I understand them and I do not understand them! I already know, people like us never use all our powers. Those women here have enough of them. They lift them up from their subconscious. People do not know where they come from; I see that it is possible. They open themselves to it ... they tune into it ... and that happens of its own accord.

Sonja screams, she looks forbidding and she plays a game with me and herself. She is stressed out, makes a dash for the women and pulls them along with her. Now it is the same here as in our ward. Sonja in front, the others behind her. I get a pain in my chest. My heart thumps as far as my throat. That is not going well. I suspect that I have been here a few hours, I know nothing about time. Then the climax comes. She gives a scream, throws herself along with the others in my direction, wants to crush me with her kisses. I take a leap and am almost out of danger. I hear myself screaming. When I race towards the door they are just ahead of me. The women overcome me. I lie underneath and she is on top of me, one woman is kicking the other. I feel that they want to tear me apart, there is nothing to hold onto. They fling their love at me ... they are stones. When I feel that they realise, understand, that they cannot undress me with each other and on top of each other, because they want that, one releases herself from the other. Four at the same time ... Supporting Sonja’s embrace ... I have nothing more to say, they are in charge of me. I think that nothing would have be left of me if salvation had not come. I am released by the male nurse and a female nurse. The women are chased away. Sonja does not accept that, she has become wild. Other

female nurses come and also Hans. I do not look at him, the male nurse takes me away. We go straight back to old Piet. The man does not ask me anything, the man does what he was ordered to do and I have nothing to say. However, I did not see Erica, or Anna, my study there was pitiful.

I am back again with old Piet, who is asking me questions. He wants to know whether I saw his cousin. I say that she was not there, but that she will come soon. That is okay. Piet subconsciously understands the art of keeping a person talking. When Hans is standing before us, Piet is having a nice chat. We pretend the doctor is not there. I say to Piet:

‘Well, I could not tell her anyway that you had lost all your money? Could I tell her, Piet, say so yourself, that you were robbed?’

‘No, not that, that is not possible. But what did she say?’

‘That she would come. I did everything to tell it. What nice dogs she has. What nice dogs she has, Piet.’

‘Yes, but I do not trust them, they bite. I became wild because of them.’

‘She says, Piet, that you should never have done that. Did you see those bones on the table? What a good cook she is, isn’t she?’

‘Certainly, she is a good woman. Oh, she is so good! I will get her, I bet on it. I will go to the tailor on Sunday. She will do well with me. Now, let’s see, we are getting married in four weeks’ time ... and you will be page.’

‘Yes please, Piet, please, I will take care of it ... you will have no trouble with me ... no, certainly not, Piet. I do not stamp on bows. I will take care of it.’

Hans hears and sees us, but cannot understand it. That a person flies from one misery to another and is still himself in all that misery, that is impossible. Frederik is definitely mad! I take over his thought that he cannot play such comedy. Only mad people can do that. Hans has gone! Hans has gone and stays away the whole day. As long as that turns out okay. I think that he will not keep his word and good heavens, what must I do then?

I sit quietly in my corner in order to think. I ask the female nurse whether I may speak to the doctor. I do it as consciously as possible, because she will think that I am well. However, she does not react. I say:

‘But can you not see that there is nothing the matter with me?’

‘They all say that here, Zeul.’

‘So no one here is mad?’

‘No, no one here is mad, neither are you.’

‘Oh, but then I will go home today.’

‘You would like that, but that is impossible, Zeultje. You do not have all your marbles.’

‘What?’

‘Do you not know that, Zeultje?’

‘What did you say, sister? Am I mad after all?’

‘Zeul is not mad, but Zeul has bats in the belfry. The doctor is not here.’

I can say what I like, but it does not help me. I am in a bad way, I am a lost man. They now think that I am mad. Where is Hans? The doctor is not there. I think that Hans has gone to Karel and Erica. My God, now what? As long as I get out of here again! I sit and think, but I no longer know what to do. We eat, we drink, I am here and I am not here. Hans does not come again. I ask the male nurse, but he pretends to be mad. I do not get an answer anymore to my questions and am treated completely as a madman. I am beginning to regret my research.

I sit in my corner thinking. I did not see René. Then we go to sleep. Hans is still gone. I lie and think and I am completely quiet. The female nurse does not come, but the male nurse does. However, that one leaves me ice-cold ... I only know I have to accept that Hans has either forgotten me or he has gone to Karel and Erica to tell the sad news. Frederik has not gone on a trip, but Frederik is mad. I can see them before me. My God, what must I do. And yet? I am calm. I start to see it differently, I get dressed again.

I dream that I am walking outside. The feeling lives in me that I am at least thousands of years older. I am in nature, I am sitting on my bench. I have René with me and the child is playing. I sit there and he is not there. I ask him about particular things, but he does not answer me. However, he says unexpectedly:

‘I heard you, Uncle Frederik.’

‘So, did you hear me, René? Why did you not answer me?’

‘I have been here for so long, but you are not. Why did you stay away from me for so long?’

‘Was I away for so long, René? That is true, my boy. But did you not get my letters?’

‘You just wrote once, Uncle Frederik, and in French as well, I cannot read that.’

‘Did I only write once?’

‘Yes, you were on a trip, after all, Uncle Frederik?’

‘Just once. Then I came to see you.’

‘Now we are walking again in our neighbourhood, Uncle Frederik. Will you come back to me soon? Will you not stay away too long? Will you come soon? Or we will go home. Mother is waiting. Come on ... we will go back home, that is better for me.’

René takes my hand. We wander homewards. We go up and down, but do not see anyone. Then we hear them talking in the back garden. I hear Karel saying to Erica:

‘Isn’t it terrible?’

What is terrible? I thought. René also looks and listens.

‘Oh, it is awful. My God, what have we done?’

Karel and Erica go inside, I do not see Anna. Erica is weeping. She falls to the ground. Karel takes her upstairs. She is lying there. Now I can also see Anna. Anna is also lying in bed. I see through a thick mist. Anna is lying behind that mist.

René says:

‘Since you are away from home for so long. Just come soon, then everything will be okay again.’

We go outside again. René says goodbye to me and says that he can find the way on his own, I have to take care of myself. I go back to myself. I know how to find myself in Hans’ institution. I waken! From the light coming up I think it is five o’clock. I start to think, I have to think, Hans has betrayed everything, he thinks that I am mad. I have played with fire. I will be home for Christmas. I will be home sooner than all of them expected. I have been conquered. Conquered? By what? I am myself, I have experienced amazing problems. What more do you want? However, I have to try and think calmly. I have plenty of time. I think that Karel and Hans will come to me. I did not dream it, but I was there! I lived there. But it is René who saved me! He supported me. He sent me home. I will make a decision.

Erica and Anna are really upset. So is Karel. Hans gets a row. Oh, Hans, how could you have approved of it? I have to go back home. I have been on a trip for long enough, I have been travelling for months. The places I was.

Didn’t I know it? I get cake with the coffee. Two ginger nuts, dressed as doctors. Hans and Karel. Good day, Karel?

Karel looks me in the eye, he wants to see how I am. It lasts a moment, I undergo his searching and gauging, I know what he wants. Meanwhile I have decided for myself how to act. I have to leave here or I will never get out again. I did not mock all these people, I behaved as I had to. Or was there another way? I do not yet know, but I have to leave. Karel says:

‘Do you recognise me, Frederik?’

Now I look at him. Our eyes meet, I just move one muscle, Karel at least seventy and waits tensely. I could have talked nonsense immediately, but there is a limit. I have to leave this environment, I have to leave here! I say to Karel:

‘Have you come to get me?’

He asks again: ‘Do you recognise me then, Frederik?’

‘Why would I not recognise you? You are Karel Wolff. How are things at home? How is René, Erica, Anna?’

Karel races over to me, kisses me. Hans grabs me, I am simply being pulled away from my loved environment. Piet wants to help me. The doctor calls:

‘Let my patient go, bastards, you have made enough victims already. Go away ... pests!! Go!’

The minister talks about ‘Christ, who knows His children’, the academic translates it into Italian, French, German and English and is just a bit late to add Spanish and Russian, because I race out the door. There they are, my friends. They stand by the door and want to help me. There is a rebellion ... A loved one is leaving, they feel that one of their own is being threatened. Hans and Karel take me with them. I walk between the doctors to Hans’ sanctuary. They do not talk, they cannot say a word, they do not know what to do. A moment later I am sitting in Hans’ office. Karel looks at me. He asks:

‘Do you know who I am, Frederik?’

‘Of course, Karel.’

‘Do you also know what happened?’

‘I know everything, Karel.’

‘Then come home with me.’

‘I would like that, Karel.’

Now I look at Hans ... I can smile. Hans does not yet believe me, but he says:

‘See that you leave, Karel. I will come this evening.’

I just go back home with Karel. When we reach the door, Erica and Anna throw their arms around my neck.

‘Oh, Frederik, what is the matter with you? Oh, Frederik, come in.’

Now I walk between the women. I only have to take a few steps, but their heat makes me sway. They put me in an armchair. Anna comes with coffee. I sit there and do not know what to do. Karel comes in. Karel looks. Karel examines me, he takes my pulse. ‘Everything is great’, he lets fall. ‘Our Frederik. How you can scare people silly. Are you sure where you are?’

Erica looks at me as if she sees a miracle or a ghost. She does not know either. Anna looks at me as if she perceives Our Lord, she worships me. They do not know, but I have worked it out. They long for me to say something. They have not yet heard my voice. I could fool about again, because I learned it. Yet I do not: I may not do that. I have to say something. I will also say something and then wait and see.

‘How is our child, Erica? Anna? Karel?’

All three race over to me. They lie at my feet, they kneel at my feet and weep like little children. How these people love me! My God, what have I done. It is terrible. They weep for a long time, they tremble. I cannot bear that. You should see Karel. Just like a little child. I have never seen him like that before. What a nice boy he is now. It is as if Anna is broken. What a reception I get. I stroke their heads one by one. I bring their heads together and kiss them. I feel the bodies trembling, the hearts beating, the eyes weeping.

What beautiful people they are. I had not thought that we were so far for each other. I elevate them, I look them in the eye one by one and ask them whether they could stop behaving so strangely.

Karel looks at me and asks again: 'Are you okay again, Frederik?'

'I am okay again, Karel ... I have been for such a long time. You are also okay again. René was always okay. We may thank God.'

When we are back in our seats, one person after another has drunk in the miracle that I am okay again, Erica says:

'Do you know, Frederik, where you are? Is it really you? Do you know what you were like? Where you were? Do you still know Hans?'

'I know everything, Erica. Everything, and I am as fit as a fiddle. Just give me a drink and a good cigar, Karel, then I will be completely back to normal.'

They rush already. I smoke and have a stiff drink. That will do me good after all those tricks I got up to. However, I am not yet separated from my friends. Those good old boys. However, I will work it out. Just wait, thoughts come to me, which send me back to Hans: I can probably be of service to him. Karel says: good health. I also clink glassed with him, the women also have a drink. Then Karel asks:

'Do you really know what happened, Frederik?'

'I know everything, Karel, everything. We will talk about it when we are ready.'

I have not yet finished talking when Hans is standing before me. I say:

'Good day, doctor.'

'Frederik, Frederik, are you really back to normal?'

'I am back to normal, Hans, and thank you very much for your good care. How well-off I was.'

'Do you mean that, Frederik?'

'Of course, I mean it, because I am back to normal myself!'

Hans races over to me. Hans is weeping! How can it be, that harsh Hans is also crying. He also falls to his knees, he also lays his sturdy head in my lap; I also kiss his head, he experiences it, he is in seventh heaven. Hans looks, cannot yet believe it.

He asks: 'Frederik, are you completely back to normal?'

'Am I the academic or is it you, Hans?'

Everyone is weeping, no one can hold back their tears. They let themselves go completely. It is too much for me. Then I think the time has come to say something. I do not yet know what I have started. However, I say:

'Children. I have to believe that I have come back from a long journey. Yet, Erica, I did not meet any bears, snakes, any scorpions. Oh, how well-off I was. How well-off I was on my journey. I certainly did not see any jungle. I sailed over white seas, took in some Indonesian culture, visited harems,

Hans, I associated with academics and people with titles, I worked on the land with farmers, danced my joyous dances for princes and princesses, knelt before Temples and I wrenched myself into all those sacred things, about which I learned a prayer. I was overwhelmingly busy, I spoke all the languages of the world, I embroidered beautiful cloths and drunk a liquid which was created by Him, I kissed Sun and Moon, received love during my journey, which frightened me, to knowingly enter the 'nirvana' at the end of my trip, where I now am. Did you really think that I was mad, Hans? That I had lost myself for even a second! I wanted to get to know myself and those by whom I belonged. I descended into all those beings and gathered treasures there. I was the same as they were! Believe me, we will talk about it. You will find so much to talk about, Hans, but I tell you, many people can be helped. You will never make it, not like this. I have discovered, Karel, that you can achieve a lot with hypnotism. Of course, Hans, I take this gift home. I took in that gift somewhere on the journey. It did not cost me anything, I got the gift for nothing, God gave it to me. I have awakened!

I have made it! I made it a long time ago. I was never away. The reason I played the fool was because I could not think outside their sphere. However, you see, they are not far from us. They are in their own world and are more sure, more sensitive, more aware than normal people like us think. However, I know, I have lost a lot in your eyes. Soon, when the logbook is finished, only then will you know that, you will know that I was able to experience heavens, received heavens, so did little René!

René is coming back! He saved me? He sent me home! Little René can do that!

The rest then? I will have to think about that first. The day after tomorrow I will go back to your boys. The girls cannot be helped, or I would have to lock myself up for a few months. I have to talk to the girls, I have to elevate them to my life, but you do not believe that yet either. I know how they attacked me, I know everything. What did you think of my dance, Hans? What was I like as Carmen? What did you think of my skating skills? What was Mr Van Tenhovebroekmans like? Mr Van Steinwolff? Mr Hansavanhooften? Did you go to London to Sir William Scor? Were you at the Rijswijk Pyramid, Hans? In Vienna, Paris and Naples? I was there as well. I was there, I rushed through my whole life for you, but you did not understand. I experienced miracles, great matters, even if I was lying in the dirt for you, even if I behaved like a mad person, I was as normal as anything. However, I wanted to behave madly on purpose, not be disturbed in anything, in anything at all. Now that gift came out, when I hit Piet with my fire. Now I can and will bring René back, where this soul should be. Now I could make a circus out of your hospital, if I did not know what it would involve. I am

not yet that far, but I will do something about it. I will probably never make it ... because it is not my task. For I feel that I only got that for a moment, although that also awakened in me.

Did the nurse tell you that I hypnotised her while walking? I will reward her well. I kissed her, Hans. And what a kiss, good heavens, I enjoyed a kiss for the first time in my life. What love I discovered on my long journey! I experienced so much, Hans, Karel, Erica, Anna, that it appears as if I was away from home for years. How good all those children were for me and what can I do for them now? I will think about it.

Pour another drink, Karel, it is doing me good. I am coming back to myself completely.'

Hans asks me nineteen to the dozen. Karel, Erica and Anna likewise. I give an answer.

'What made you think of it, Frederik?' Erica asks.

'It is simple enough, my child, I wanted to get to know all those patients.'

She shakes her head and says:

'You could have died, Frederik.'

'That's what you think. I know, it will take some time before you know and can believe that there is nothing the matter with me. I tell you, I am as fit as a fiddle. However, Hans can quite easily spoil his people a bit more. Hans, it is a terrible scandal that there are still people there who have been put under legal restraint. Or did you think that it is not the case? You have made immense mistakes, Hans. You believe the people. You look too much at the patients and too little at the society to which they belong. For example, they broke down Sonja. That child is stuck there and she is as healthy as can be. The family is keeping her prisoner. She does not behave like a baroness, she is possessed by suffering, if you wish to know. I saw others. There are women there, Hans, who are locked up by their husbands. Because they were cheated on by those devils, collapsed from suffering, they started to snivel. Mrs Van Soest, for example. Mrs Van Lakenstein is no different. The gentlemen spend all the money ... the women are behind bars. Because of you ... You are the guilty one! You thought I was mad? You are mad! I heard the word Christ! Hans ... you are a lost man if you do not begin a new investigation into this. The men are guilty themselves or they came to you because their weak personalities did not want it any other way. I will bring charges against our society! If you wish to know, as soon as possible. I want to free those women and I will free them! I saw enough in those brief moments; what would take you years was placed in my hands, eyes and heart just like that, it gave me a fright, it is so awful. Did you not see that? Did you never see through that game with life and death? You are afraid for me, you want to help me, but what do you do for those darlings? Do you believe those dirty

bastards? Since the baron of Sonja declared her mad, she was broken! Hans, did you not see what love she will give if she gets the chance? I will talk to that child. I will take her back to this rotten society and I will get the two others out. You are guilty, Hans; I came back to help you, to save you, if you wish to know!’

Hans is really upset by it, but it is the sacred truth. He talks to Karel and I go upstairs to have a rest. Erica and Anna follow me. However, we will talk, this situation must change. I saw the mask for our justice. What a cursed mask it is. ‘People write letters, human letters, which break your heart’, I say to Erica and Anna, who sit with me, ‘but those letters never get conscious human judgement. I will research those cases. I will help those children. There are some who have been put under legal restraint for fifteen years, in one institution, out another institution. Now they are there with our Hans. Hans does not see that. Hans believes everything. There are some whose family pay the expenses. There are some who have their wife or husband locked up, in order to be able to experience a life themselves, rotten through and through. There are some ... However, I am too tired for it ... I will rest, people ... I will come downstairs again soon.

How thankful I am to you. How happy I am, Erica and Anna, that I was able to get to know you in this life. We are not there yet. We complain, we have a child to take care of, but try going to that misery? Then to have to see that sound-minded people are locked up there, because they are enslaved by devils? My God, is that still possible in this century? That is why I acted the fool, children, and Hans fell for it. I let nothing slip out, not a word, but I had discovered that within a few seconds. When I visited Hans’ patients with him a while ago, I did not see it. You have to descend for that, descend as far as their hearts, you have to be part of their lives, their sorrows, their suffering, otherwise you do not feel or see anything. I will get them. All of us must want to give ourselves for that purpose. Especially Karel and Hans! I am going to sleep!’

I had a lovely sleep until ten o’clock the next day, when I opened my eyes. Erica and Anna came and brought me tea. I dash into the bath first in order to shave off my beard, to freshen myself up, only then do I come back to the people. There is talking again. We cannot stop talking. When I feel that they know enough, I start on the logbook. It says:

What I now experienced is awe-inspiring. I played the fool for a few days. It was me and it was not me. I discovered a lot, for which I do not yet have foundations, because the depth of overcame me. However, I will make it. It has to be said that dreams do not always mean deception, because Franciscanus is there and he is a doctor. He sees bats in the belfry, because he is a weak personality, just like the others, who do not know what to do with

themselves for this life. I now believe that I was promoted to hypnotist as a result of the strong powers of Franciscanus, because these powers emanated towards me from his life. I think that I became that through him! However, I do not yet have certainty about that either. Of course, there is also a part of myself in it as well.

Piet is someone who can be cured immediately. He is a born actor, for that matter, they all are, even if there are some who possess true phenomena of madness, inner destruction. It occurs to me that we can do more for these people. I must not let myself be seen too quickly there or I will disgrace Hans. There will be talk and that must not happen; he would only destroy himself as a result of me. I must prevent that happening.

Franciscanus, I feel, has let me dream. That influence was already with me before I met that life. I call it spiritual telepathy, and it is no more than that! I now know that the soul as a human being is extremely deep.

Piet will get out! I am so sure of that, as I believe in myself, as the show I put on there. There is not much to be done about the others, because those brains are full to the brim, crammed with sawdust like a study or language, as a result of which the personality lost itself.

Deep suffering lives within me. I saw misery which is not necessary. Oh, those poor mothers there. That Hans did not see anything, even if he is right on top of it. Psychologists are also cheated. They look in the wrong direction. Everything is devilish!

I am so far advanced for myself that I can say: I would not have missed it for all the money in the world. And I feel that I have grown years older. And now those poor people there?

I am broken from suffering. I can almost no longer carry on, I will have to weapon myself and watch out more for René, although I know that this matter will also last for years. However, we will see.

But what brutes live in our society. You should now look behind those masks. And that says good-day to you in the street? Oh, how dreadful!

As far as I can see Hans is a nurse, there is no more than that for him to do. He helped the people in order to be able to butcher a fellow human being. That was in good faith, without him knowing it. The sickly phenomena which are present, have come about through the human suffering. I have escaped a scaffold, as it were. It is incredible, yet I was already on the familiar vehicle, but on the way my dove came to free me from those claws. I believe for certain that Hans had kept me according to the laws of his teachings. I got out again, others remain there for life. And that because of their money. Isn't it terrible?

I will have a serious think about it. Piet can get out! Piet has some money; the poor boy is as good as a saint, but people do not understand that. I will

help that life.

The nonsense I came out with was nothing more than getting back to my own life. With some crazy carry-on and some sympathy from another, I got to see that other world. I knew all those people. I also knew well the man in London with all his naked statues. Also Madame Surié, whom I would rather not be involved with! I no longer want to think about that being, although she was very sweet to me. We were really in Egypt, we sat at the foot of both the Pyramid and the Sphinx ...! They sent me to climb the Pyramid, but I took off and left that crazy lot behind. They thought that I was thoughtless, but I knew better. I strung everything together and enjoyed myself when Hans lost his learnedness as a result. I knew what I was doing and especially how far I could go, without exposing my brains to decline or destruction. The pressure which I felt in my head, was my limit, at that moment I felt how far a soul can go before the material fibres succumb.

Now I am back in my room in order to think. I have to honestly say: my head is a bit tired, but that will change.

All in all, I may not complain. However, I will do what I can for the patients. Hans and Karel will help me, those rotten parts have to be cut out. However, when I think how many institutions we have in our small country, where people live who are kept behind lock and key by their loved ones, because they are in love with the money, I fall off my chair from shock, these circumstances are so outrageous. Now doctors and people act like devils. They are not the servants of Christ, but of Satan! Whether those people shout, claim that they are sound of mind, they will not get out again. I want to know what all of that means. They are pitiful pages of our logbook, but very worthwhile reading, in my opinion. You now look behind the masks, which I did not yet know. They will be the worst, I think, which we will meet.

I cannot say much about the mystic of our sisters and brothers; I will first have to get to know the laws for them. Most of them are weak in spirit and personality. I do not yet know whether this is the same thing. One thing I do know: I have come closer to little René and that is our gain! My God, how can I thank! I now do not believe that I should have stayed there any longer. Despite the uncertainty in which I lived, I have to say that all those people represent an own and conscious world, which is more and more keenly conscious than ours, about which we think that it is the highest. I could have put it differently, but I understand what I mean. We created this misery, people like us are to blame for our unhappiness! Our society has to change. Such evil is the worst thing there is. The weak are faced with devils, they have the right to help. If you can believe in a Father of love, then fight for these lives, dear Hans, only then will you have the right to call yourself a human being.'

I go for a walk. It is enough for today; I cannot think clearly yet. However, I have to try to save old Piet from his funeral pyre. Everything is fine here at home, I am soon myself and little René is being taken care of. What we heard about him must make all of us happy, he is making progress!

Now I take care of the flowers myself. The female nurse gets her compensation as a token of sympathy. How should I otherwise express that? The male nurse gets a box of cigars for brushing my back and the sick men ten boxes, really good ones, so that they feel happy. The women get cake and lots of cream cakes, because I love all these people, I feel their misery, their being living dead, under my heart. It is terrible!

The female nurse gets something else from me. When she gets married soon, I have a nice little house for her, completely ready, she can move in just like that. I have to do that, because I kissed her, the stolen happiness requires me to make up for what I did wrong. I would not be able to sleep peacefully for another hour. I think that this child would pursue me, because I know how sensitive I am.

For the rest there is nothing more. I only have to make sure that I come in harmony again with my small dove. I will now inspire her life, as I have never been able to before. Is it not amazing, I wonder, that a hypnotic power awakens just like that in you? I think that Franciscanus possesses the same soul as I mastered, or has God split both our lives without them knowing? You would say that it is possible, because where did I get that life from? Did we have contact with each other in our subconsciousness? Or are we flowers of one colour, one life, have I an ounce more feeling than he has in order to keep this life going? It is all so remarkable. I thought it was a miracle!

Anna comes to see me regularly. Love and happiness radiate from her eyes, because I am back with her. We believe it, we look for nothing, we have known each other for so long. I only do not have any courage to tell her. We will first finish the task given to us. However, I am grateful that I may admire her appearance. Erica is not any different.

Just a moment ago she flung her arms around my neck and she says:

‘It is incredible, Frederik, good heavens, how afraid we were. How we suffered in those few hours. It is hard to understand: I thought that I would bleed to death. Precisely, this is how it was. How wonderful friendship can be. How can people, who possess spiritual contact, break off such a bond? I do not want to miss you for a million.

Then she flung herself at Anna, almost choked her with kisses, with a love which shone upon the day conscious life straight from her heart. Because I am back again.

However, now I am going ... children, see you later, I will be back soon. Oh, do not be afraid, I will not come to grief again and I will not do those

crazy things again. You do not need to give me a guide, definitely not, I will now take care of myself. I will give you that certainty.

Isn't it amazing? They are afraid, because of me, because of that foolishness of before. I have received a father, a mother, a sister. I am no longer alone, I now possess everything, everything which God can give His child. I will prepare myself for old Piet's sake and both women. I will do it, my God, because I am so happy!

I will make a few masks harmless! Believe me! I am myself, I will give my blood, everything I possess, in order to see everyone happy! I will be serious and not lose another second! The flowers are already on the way, my first deed for all that love. Oh, little nurse, if it was not for Anna, I would not yet know! I just mean ... our hearts are one! Is that not amazing as well?

I continue, thinking, see you later, Frederik!

They are the devils of God, Frederik

We have aged again, the summer is over, we are heading for Christmas, which we hope to celebrate all together. Also René! An awful lot happened during the months after my mental examination. However, we got good reports from René's doctor. It sounds gratifying to the ears and gives support to the human heart. You can breathe again and open yourself to other things. A temporary improvement is noticeable. The character is being formed of its accord. We just have to wait and see. Erica, Anna and Karel are doing really well. They want to visit René, but his doctor did not wish to hear of it. I agree completely with him. The man considers everything in a very natural way. He says: too many visitors disturb the inner life of the child. Parents must be able to control themselves. A reunion for a mother, it is wonderful, of course, who does not long for their own blood in such a situation? It is heartrending for the soul, painful, it works destructively for the day consciousness. The doctor says: this life has to be released from everything which it experienced during the phenomena, every contact has to be broken, if we wish to be able to build up a new life. René is awakening, he is opening up to everything and, according to the reports which Karel received, he is hypersensitive. However, we know all about it, it is nothing new to us.

A few days after my homecoming we drew up a few plans. Hans and Karel were very enthusiastic and gave me their full co-operation. I started a week of preparation, but when I knew what to do, I went back to Hans. I started with old Piet. I treated all of them to something nice, made hearts happy and got new friends. Then I was back in their midst, different, very different. I looked sympathetic in my white coat. The men recognised me, but it did not get through to them what I had really got up to during those few days. Doctor Franciscanus immediately came up to me and asked whether I wanted to assist him, he was too busy with all those plague victims ... What he built up today they destroyed again tomorrow. He needed a herbalist. They all had something good for me, some more than others. The language expert wanted to give me lessons in Latin, French, German, English, Spanish etcetera, but asked for a hundred two-and-a-half guilder pieces in advance. I could immediately register, but at the appointed time because it was busy. I thought: how busy they are, these louts. Only old Piet remained in the background, he observed me from his life and thought a bit more consciously than the others. I called to him and when he was standing before me, I said:

'Are you coming along, Piet?'

'I am going to my cousin, sir ... what is your name again?'

‘Van Zeul, Piet. I am Zeultjes. Come on.’

We are outside. I walk around with Piet and talk a bit. He answers me, but his thoughts are confused. He talks about the cousin who deceived him. I do not believe that Piet sees a difference between thousands of cousins. That one did not beat a hole in this consciousness. That will have to mean his salvation. When I talked to Hans about it, Hans wanted to know what he actually wanted. I explained Piet’s consciousness to him. As a result of induced hypnosis, which we used to talk about sometimes, I wanted to give Piet the chance to begin a new life. Hans wanted to help me in everything. Now that I am outside with Piet, I ask him about various natural things which we come across in the environment.

‘Can you see those flowers, Piet?’

‘Yes, of course, they are the children of Our Lord, I love flowers. I really love flowers, if you wish to know. Of course!’

‘What would you think, Piet, if we were to go for a lovely walk? Amongst people and tomorrow or the day after tomorrow to the pictures?’

‘Is that allowed?’

‘That is allowed now, Piet. However, we will go home first, we will have some tea, we will have cake.’

‘Okay, and then we will go to my cousin. Won’t we?’

‘Exactly, Piet.’

Piet looks around him. He does not feel yet that he is free, but that will come soon. Hans is at home, Karel is also coming. We walk to his castle. I have a wonderful plan. Money does not play a role; as a result of money we cure people, with money you can make devils dance, but with money you can also work miracles. When we arrive, we are greeted by Hans and Karel. First of all, Piet gets a cup of tea and cake and enjoys that. You would say that he is already a normal person. In the beginning he made very effort in Hans’ institution, but they did not believe him there. We will soon talk about it, we must first try to put Piet under hypnosis, give his will the strength which it lacks and as a result of which he behaves so uncertainly. I will be the one or I will not, I will try it. I think that it is possible.

Piet has eaten and has had a drink. We lay him on the couch. Piet does everything, he does not feel any fear. I sit down on the edge of the couch, Karel and Hans look and follow everything. I say to Piet:

‘Piet ...’ My voice gets through to his soul and I put emphasis in my voice, my willpower has to influence and dominate this life ... ‘Piet, you will now have a peaceful sleep. You will sleep very peacefully, Piet, and then you will awaken and be happy. When you fall asleep, I will be with you. We will then go to the cinema and have something nice to eat and drink. However, first of all, we will go to sleep, we will peacefully close our eyes, peacefully,

very calmly go to sleep, but you will surrender yourself completely, oh, how wonderful it is to sleep!

I looked Piet in the eye, I penetrated the pupil and looked through him in this way, I descended with him to the depth of his soul, and see ... his eyes are closing. The life reaches a peaceful sleep, Piet is under hypnosis. Really and truly, I have become a hypnotist within a few days. I possess what I had never thought possible. My God, what good things you can do with this, I start to feel.

Piet is sleeping, but now what? Hans and Karel are extremely interested. Hans wants to know what I will do now.

‘Well, Hans, we will first see what is present in that life. What is it that occupies this soul, makes it talk and think and disturbs the day consciousness? We do not know. What do you hope to achieve with your medicines? Nothing. In this way we will never get contact with the inner life and being. I will start to understand what I have to do. I already know, Hans, this wisdom is given to me. I do not think that it is Franciscus. I thought about it for a long time, but this has become my own possession. That gift lay dormant in me, and now I have allowed the dominant feelings to awaken. As a result of my search for the reality, wanting to know what lives behind all those masks, my own mask has fallen off. I am going back to something which I probably made dormant myself. Just a moment, I will begin.’

‘Can you see ... dear man, what lives yonder for you?’

Piet’s lips want to say something ... the lips murmur. I ask:

‘Can you hear me, dear man? Can you hear me?’

‘Yes ...’ he says, ‘I can hear you.’

‘Good. Then listen, listen to me, only to me, to the voice which speaks to you. This voice will not harm you, dear man, not at all, this voice is love, it does nothing but good, gives you strength, makes you right-minded. Do you know what that is and what it means? What is right-minded, dear man?’

He says: ‘Right-minded? Right-minded? Is right-mindedness not the same as doing good? Oh, I have got it. Right-mindedness is doing good, right-mindedness is ...’

‘Be quiet, dear man ... if this voice asks you something, then you only have to give the answer which you are asked to give. You do not start to think for yourself. Only give the answer to what the voice asks you. Do you hear me?’

‘I hear you.’

‘Do you know what I mean?’

‘I know and I will think about it.’

Piet thinks for himself and that is not allowed. He thinks more politely, it is now ‘thou’ and ‘thy’. I behave a bit awkwardly, but I will get used to it. I am not a qualified hypnotist, but that is not necessary either. I am doing it

with my own skills, it has nothing to do with learning. When Hans wishes to say something, I place my fingers on my mouth; it is a case of being silent ... waiting and seeing how Piet reacts. I know that we have contact with the inner life of Piet. The life is sleeping, it will react to my will. I ask:

‘Can you hear me?’

He says: ‘I can hear you!’

‘Can you see that woman there, dear man?’

‘Where?’

‘There she comes.’

‘I can see her ... I can see her ... Yes, I can see her.’

‘Be calm and quiet. That is your cousin ... Peter ... Piet, or what is your name?’

‘I do not know ...’

‘Then we will call you Piet.’

‘Right ... right ... right.’

‘Can you see that lady over there?’

‘I can see her, what does she want?’

‘That is your cousin ... It is she, whom you thought was so beautiful, so true, so honest. You do not know her, you did not see her as she was. You have to see that life differently. You have to look at it, but you must not fall because of it. Do not fall!!! You will see her as something sweet, which is not for you. It is not for you, you will see something completely different. Something else entirely. I will let you see her ... Here she comes ... Look, there is she. I will call her. But you may only watch. You do nothing ... You can see her. Can you see her?’

Piet says: ‘Yes, I can see her. I can see her, I can see her.’

‘That is enough, you can see her, you can continue to see her, but you must wait until she comes back to you. Do not forget, you wait, you are calm, you will continue to wait until she comes and then you will see her differently. Probably even more beautiful, more peaceful, won’t you?’

‘Correct, that is the way it is ... I can see her, I can already see her.’

‘I will let her go away ... Now watch carefully, now she dissolves before your eyes. There she goes, but she will come back later, much later, and then all will be well. She will come back, but you will wait. ‘So what will you do?’

‘I will wait, I will wait until she comes back.’

‘Now you are calm ... you will remain calm, you will not let anything bother you. Not anything, you will be calm every hour. You will be calm all the hours of the day. We know that you are calm. Nothing can happen to you, nothing, you live, you are in society, the cousin will come later, but you live. You think well and in a normal way, you do not let yourself be disturbed by anything, by anything at all, you know what you want, you know so well,

oh, you know so well. You will not forget that. You will never forget it! Ever! You are like that, you will stay like that, you will live, think, feel like that, there is no disquiet in anything, you know what you want. You think and talk to people, but as a result of your calm. You want to be calm and you will remain calm. Do you hear?’

‘I know, I will remain calm, I am peace, I am peace, I am peace.’

I look at Hans and Karel. I leave Piet ninety-five percent free in his thoughts and feelings. Five percent from my will remains behind in him. What Piet lacked, had lost, since he was tuned solely to one thing and as a result of which, at the end of his tether, he behaved wildly, smashed windows, he had it in for windows, now has to be compensated for by my will. This emotional power, which remains behind in him, I call induced hypnosis, Hans and Karel. You will see, the soul masters the other as a result of this induced peace. I see his degree of life, he lives for fifteen percent under the day conscious self, which can get better. I give my life for it.

What I want, is the following. The female nurse who experienced my influence, will soon help Piet. He will gradually win back his former self with her help. I have a thousand guilders and more to spare for one soul. Can you feel it? Then we will continue.

Hans and Karel know what I want. Even if the way of speaking and laying down of will is not yet finished, I know that the soul ‘Piet’ will react as I want. The fact that Piet started to talk more politely already proves that he is normal as long as he is not dominated by the chaos. Karel says: well, and Hans also has to accept it. Piet is sleeping peacefully. I can now let him eat and drink. We will give him tea and cake and he will have the feeling that he has been to the pictures. I go even further.

‘Can you hear me? Can you hear me?’

‘I can hear you.’

‘Look, can you see what I have in my hand? A nice cup of tea and in my left hand some delicious cake, which I promised you. When we have eaten and drunk this, we will go to the pictures. Now drink the tea. Can you feel the cup?’

‘I can feel it.’

‘Is it good?’

Piet smacks his lips, the tea is tasty. Now the cake. ‘Now eat the cake. I will put it in your mouth. Is it good? Is it not good?’

Piet smacks his lips, he cannot say a word, his mouth is full. I held my hand to his mouth for a moment. Piet takes a bite and eats. See this child, feel the soul, what is a human being?

Piet says:

‘See this child, feel the soul, what is a human being?’

I continue and answer:

'A human being is a miracle. You are also a human being. Now we as people will look at the people. You now have to see what they are like. Do you see those windows ... those windows there? You are afraid of them, aren't you? Oh, you are so afraid of them. Do you know why? Do you know why you are afraid of them, Piet? Did you see that? Did you see that? Did you see that there is a fire? Did you see that fire there? Then you wanted to leave. Then you smashed the windows. Oh, just do not be afraid; I am with you. Nothing will happen anymore now. I am with you and you are not alone. You could have taken the stairs, then nothing would have happened. Now you smashed all those windows. Did you see it? Don't be afraid, I am telling you, I will stay with you. I will stay with you, but you must never smash windows again, never ever, never ever, because that is not allowed. That is not allowed! That is not allowed! Do you hear?'

'I hear, I could have taken the stairs, I will not smash any windows, I will never be alone again, never ever, I am no longer afraid, I will not smash any more windows. Stop ... stop ... stop ...'

He utters the word 'stop' as a result of my will. Piet is therefore telepathically one with my life and being, my will. Hans and Karel establish that. I will prove it to them. I ask Karel:

'What do you want Piet to do? Do you want to know the time?'

Karel looks at me as if he has seen a ghost. However, one thing starts another rolling. What I saw in the East and saw with my own eyes, has now been revealed to my life. I can also do that, but through the life of Piet. I ask Piet:

'Can you see what the time is? Could you look at this clock and tell me what the time is? Look, I have a watch in my hand. Can you see it? Can you see it clearly? What time is it now?'

He says: 'Quarter past two ...'

It is quarter past two ... Hans and Karel observe the miracle of this. Has Piet become clairvoyant? Piet takes over thoughts, Piet tells what I know and can see. Nothing else. This is possible as a result of imposed hypnosis, the will of another person. Piet follows that up and passes it on.

As a result of this it is possible to protect this life from a further relapse. That is everything for today. We will quickly go to the cinema. Piet has to be amongst people. Piet has to look at people from a state of sleep and he has to master that as a small child masters walking. I feel this soul and I am now capable of looking into his subconscious. I had already done it and I felt that Piet had experienced an anxiety somewhere which had beaten a hole in his life. If Piet was to rebel, lose himself, he would smash the windows. Out of malice? Out of fear! He could have lost his life in it. Piet would smash

the windows; if he rebelled again, if the anxiety overcomes him again, Piet would smash the windows and he would have to accept the institution for good. Piet will never get out, if people do not help him. Piet is like a small child which has to learn to walk, but in Piet's case there are no legs, I have to give them to him. Only then will he get out of his spiritual maze. I feel where Piet lives, but he himself has to say it, and that is possible too. I tell Hans and Karel about it and they find it a natural diagnosis. We now go outside.

'Can you see me? Can you see how I am? Do you know me? Can you hear me speaking again? Do you recognise my voice?'

'I can hear you, I can see you. I can hear everything.'

'Then it is okay. Look, we are now going outside. You are no longer afraid of windows. Windows cannot hurt you. Those windows are there to keep out the wind and the rain. Rain and wind make you cold. Can you feel that? Can you feel how cold it is?'

Piet trembles and Piet shakes. He feels the cold. I am continuing.

'Do you see all those windows? Can you now see that people like us may not destroy those windows? We will never smash them again. Soon we will see what we were so afraid of. Fear, it is fear, isn't it? Oh, what a fear it is. Can you see this window? Can you see this window in my hands?'

'I can see the window!!'

'Do you see that I am not afraid of that window? I am not afraid of a window, because I know that this ... window ... say it again ... serves ... say it again ... serves ... to keep out ...?'

'The wind and the rain.'

'Wonderful. And wind and rain make you ... make you ... make you ...?'

'Cold and wet ...'

'Good, that is the way it is. And because we know that, we will, we will ...'

'Not smash windows again.'

'Very good, wonderful, very good ... wonderful ... wonderful, we know that now. We know that. Windows are to ...'

'Protect you ...'

'Well done, then there will be no more fear. And all these people here are our friends. Those people who are walking there are like us, they live and do their shopping. And there is the cinema. They act for us there and you can see the people on the screen. Can you see them? Can you see them?'

'I can see them.'

'And can you see what they are doing? They are playing football together. You know ... They chase a ball and kick that thing away again. You know that.'

'I know that football, I know that.'

'Then we will carry on. Now we are tired, we will go to sleep. Just for an

hour. When the hour has passed, we will waken and we will be rested. Wonderfully rested, completely awake and we now think about everything. Oh, what a lot we have seen. We awaken and we are no longer afraid of the windows. Now we awaken. We have slept well, it was wonderful. Wonderful.'

Piet opens his eyes and is awake. Hans pours him tea. Piet gets cake and a small cigar and is really well. Hans talks to him and says:

'Would you like to work for me, Piet?'

'Yes, please, sir.'

'Do you know who I am, Piet?'

'Aren't you the doctor?'

'That's right. They are also doctors.'

'I know that.'

'Then we will talk about that Piet.'

'We will talk about it ... sir.'

Piet wanted to imitate the doctor, but then his own thoughts came and he recovered himself. Piet has already peace for a few percent and has got back some of his own personality. We may be satisfied. I agree with Hans and Karel that we will continue in a few days. Piet has to go back to the patients, we will see how he now behaves there. The power to think lies within him. In one direction, in one line, and namely towards society.

Piet does really well. We go to the men, he does not see one of them. He is thinking. Piet is nearly fifty, he can still make something of his life. Meanwhile he will start a new life amongst the men. Hans will follow him. I will visit that cousin. I find out that Piet has received a small inheritance. A cousin will have to become his wife, a whole family is after Piet's money. A doctor is called, Piet behaves wildly and smashes windows. He has to be locked up. Piet does not feel anything for that cousin, but they talk until Piet dissolves completely. His childish nature is now dominated. Piet's family get a cousin under legal restraint; the solicitor and doctor do not know any better. The doctor treats Piet like a patient, but knows nothing about Piet's past, his outbursts of tears, his fears. This big child becomes a plaything for the evil in the human being. Piet falls into the hands of a doctor who wants to live for himself and his institution, wants to advance, who chooses the devil above God, because he is helping to serve the dirty plan. The thousands have fallen into the hands of demons, it is Piet who comes to grief and only sees the cousin. However, the cousin is married and has four children. The family is waiting for Piet's life like hyenas. What if Piet disappears? What if Piet succumbs? What if Piet never comes back? The devils of God are playing with sacred fire.

The doctor is guilty of everything. Piet is paid for, but Piet has nothing more to say about himself. Piet is like the living dead. His tremendously

beautiful childish emotional life has succumbed. If Piet starts to experience his sorrow, this life will enter another world. If the sorrow becomes conscious, Piet will sink back as his own personality into that other world, the world and the space of the soul, and will talk nonsense. However, that nonsense is childishly simple. Piet will come back, I know!

The doctor should have looked behind this mask. The doctor, who gives colour and shape to his institution, remains alive as a result of the lunatics. If these lunatics are paid for, he and his institution will be taken care of. However, Piet and the other people good of spirit will never get out again, they will remain prisoners. The devils of God will rule over people, because this blood money is accepted. I will handle that, if only Piet is better, Piet is normal; we have Hans and Karel and others behind us!

Four days later I go and fetch Piet. He is already working and helps where he can. He is quiet on the ward, he talks less, he thinks. He has already asked for me. The nurse who was put under hypnosis, takes care of Piet. He says to her:

‘I have seen my cousin. Now I know what she is like. But it is not for me, not at all, I see her differently. Oh, how differently I see her.’

Furthermore the nurse makes sure he is occupied. He walks through the gardens with her, looks after the grounds, he is busy. Piet already works, Piet already thinks, Piet is getting better. When I stand in front of him, he enters my life and is so happy.

‘Are we going back to the town, sir?’

‘I am called Frederik, Piet, Frederik, you may only call me Frederik.’

‘Are we going to the town, Frederik?’

‘Come on, we will go to the town. We will drink tea again, eat cake. Do you remember that?’

‘Of course, Frederik, of course, that was so tasty!’

I go to Hans, Karel is not there. When we enter, Hans walks over to Piet and gives him a friendly handshake. ‘Good day, doctor’, Piet utters. Piet lies down. I go to him, look him in the eye and say:

‘We are going to sleep, Piet, sleep peacefully, just as we did a few days, we are not afraid of anything, I am with you. Did you hear, Piet? Did you hear me? Can you hear that I have the same voice?’

Piet is already falling asleep. I ask him:

‘Are you there, Piet? Can you hear me?’

‘I can hear you.’

‘Now we will go back, we will look at your youth, there where there was a fire. How old are you now, Piet?’

He says immediately ... ‘Fifty-one.’ ‘Wonderful, we will count downwards, we will go back to your childhood. We are counting, Piet. Fifty, forty-nine,

forty-eight, no fire, no fire, no fear has entered your life, we are going back ten years. Where are you now? What can you see?’

‘I am with Waalsberg ... He is my friend. I am playing dice, I am playing dominoes, I am playing cards with him.’

‘Then we will go back further, Piet, we will see what it is, where you saw the fire. We will go to twenty-five, twenty-four, we are now twenty-three, twenty-two, twenty-one, twenty, nineteen, eighteen, seventeen years and no troubles have come. We will go back, Piet, further back ... To sixteen, fifteen ...’ Piet is getting afraid, he shakes, he trembles. I say: ‘We go to fourteen years, Piet, fourteen years. Now we can see the months, the days and hours. Can you feel how long an hour lasts? Can you feel an hour? We will go further ... Piet.’

However, Piet refuses to follow me. I say to him and his life:

‘We can see the months, Piet, we are counting off the months, the days and the hours. Watch out, you are fourteen years old. Now it has been your birthday. Do you know when your birthday is? Do you know that?’

‘The eighteenth of June’, he utters.

‘Well done, Piet, we will count ... January, February, March, April’ and there are still no troubles, no fear. ‘May, June, July, August, you are trembling and shaking, Piet, but you remain calm. August ... the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh ...!’

Piet lets out a scream. I say:

‘Be calm, Piet, what did I tell you? You do not need to be afraid. I am with you. It is morning, you waken up. You eat and drink, your mother is not there. Where is mother?’

‘Mother is dead, father is not there either, father is working out of town. That is father, there is father.’

‘I can see your father, Piet. We will go to work, we will work. We are working, Piet, we think of nothing. I see what you are doing, do you know as well?’

‘I am working on furniture. I am making a nice table. A very nice table. There it comes ... there you have it ... fire, fire, fire ...’

‘Be calm, Piet, we will not smash any windows now, we will go through the factory to the ladder and then we will be outside. Can you see the ladder? Can you see that you do not need to smash any windows to get outside? Can you see that, Piet? Have you now seen that you do not need to be afraid? You would have got outside. When you smash all those windows you are no longer yourself. You should have remained yourself, can you see that?’

‘I can see it!’

‘Then we can carry on. We will go back to your present age. You become the old Piet again. We count! Twenty, thirty years, forty years. Do you know,

Piet, that we are counting in tens? Missing out years?’

‘I know.’

‘Now you continue yourself. You count on, Piet.’

Piet starts ... ‘Forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, he goes to fifty, reaches fifty and says fifty-one ... and January, February, March, April, May, June ... now it is my birthday. We are celebrating. It is my birthday.’

‘But we will continue, Piet, other months passed. July, August, September, October, November have passed, and now which month comes ...?’

‘December ... the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth ... eleventh ... eleventh ... eleventh ...’

‘What are you waiting for, Piet?’

‘I cannot continue to tell. I cannot continue to tell. I am at a standstill.’

It is the eleventh of December 1900 and such and such. We are in the castle of my friend Hans, who will soon become a professor. I am treating a mentally ill person, a child of fifty, whom people had wished to murder. Piet is already nearly better. Piet is reaching awakening. When he opens his eyes, he sighs deeply. I ask him:

‘What is the matter, Piet?’

‘I have been ill, Mr Frederik. Where am I? Where do I live? Who has my money?’

‘You will get your money back, Piet, and you have got better. We will give you a few fortifications and then you will get back to work.’

Piet gets food and drink. He smokes his cigar. Karel comes to have a look. We are just finished. Hans finds it amazing. Piet does not go to his institution again, he goes home with us. We still have a room free. Anna will take care of him now. The sister can take him over later, until she can also say that it is enough.

Piet lives amongst us and is calm. He talks nine to the dozen with Anna. He goes along to do shopping, he loves shopping and behaves like a little boy. When he goes to sleep the next day, Erica calls me.

‘Piet is going to sleep, but he now flies back to his fire. He is already doing it of his own accord.’ I can weaken my will. Piet will get better, he says that you may not destroy any windows, you have to look first whether there are stairs. You have to control yourself in everything. His conscious is changing. Piet is climbing back to the normal. The days are passing. Meanwhile I visit Mrs Van Soest. She does good and wants to do good, she has succumbed as a result of her good nature. She and the others want to bear the poverty of this world. Mrs Van Soest knows that, but people no longer believe her, until she has succumbed. I talk to her. We take her to Hans’ room just for an examination. I try first by using gentle words, then by hypnosis. She lies down and falls asleep immediately, but she does not say a word. Her soul has closed

itself off completely. I know what it is, she was forced in all kinds of ways to say something. This personality is watching over itself. We do not need her either. She sleeps and she remains asleep for a few hours, she will awaken out of herself and through herself, but through a will which is instilled at a distance. Hans has her taken to a separate room. It is eleven o'clock in the morning, she has to awaken at four o'clock. Meanwhile I place in her life what I left with Piet through words. We wait. At four o'clock Hans enters her room. It is a few seconds before. He counts the seconds ... and look, the patient opens her eyes. She asks:

'Where am I? But where am I? What did they do to me?'

'Do you not recognise me?' Hans asks.

'But of course, I recognise you, you are the doctor.'

We take her back to the ward. The sister only has to observe her there. She thinks, she wants to think, and after half an hour she asks:

'Sister, where am I here? Who brought me here?'

'You are sick, we are looking after you.'

'But where am I? Where am I, who brought me here?'

Hans comes. Hans takes her to his room. I am there. When she comes in and has sat down, I ask:

'Do you recognise me?'

'No, I do not know who you are. But where am I?'

'You are in my institution, Mrs Van Soest. I am your doctor. We are busy curing you.. You will remain here, you will go back to the ward. Keep calm, we will do everything to help you.'

The woman collapses. She falls to the ground unconsciously. When Hans brings her back to consciousness, the sister comes to fetch her. She will be taken care of properly. Hans asks:

'How is her condition, Frederik?'

'What I know about it, Hans, lives in your hands and is within your reach. This life is not mad. Has never been mad. It is money, money, money! God's devils have locked her up and you did not see that. She is mentally exhausted, fatally affected in her maternal heart, her charity became fateful for her. There must be thousands like her locked up, to whom the doctors give themselves completely, while the gentlemen or ladies live it up. Did you not know that, Hans?'

'I swear to you, Frederik.'

'How did she come to you?'

'As a wreck ... you saw her, didn't you? I admit, she has changed the past weeks.'

'This soul, Hans, came to grief as a result of her charity. Her suffering, her misery put her in this state. However, this sleep took the soul back to day

consciousness. A few hours sleep, by an imposed will, gave her this return to the normal, the day conscious self. If this soul had been so sensitive as various other women, then she would be faced with possession, I believe an astral effect, influence; I do not yet know what these laws are like. Now the life is attacked and the soul moves to its world, but feels closed off to our society. What one person experiences through passions, is religion for another. It is a bit more difficult for us with Sonja, but she can also be cured.

Mrs Van Soest must first be herself, you and Karel and the others must examine her. We need proof. Tomorrow she will sleep again and you will see what hypnosis can do. If you feel these laws, Hans, you will understand that she and Piet live through me, will keep going until they can stand on their own two feet. I have divided myself. What they are lacking, they will get from me, people like us are capable of helping each other. Did you not know that? You see, I called her back to awakening to the second. The human soul listens, because this is possible through sleep, a will. She does not want to speak, but that will also come, my dear Hans.'

The following day Mrs Van Soest was put under an induced sleep again. We let her sleep for eight hours and now too she woke up at the time fixed by us. She woke up weeping, it was as if she was broken from sorrow, it was fear of having to go back to society. The harshness of people had broken her. We reassured her and give her the belief that she was now being helped and had got new friends who would support her.

After the fourth treatment she revealed her life to us. She is a mother of two children. Husband and children buried her alive. Husband and children, a daughter and a son, thought that mother should be put under legal restraint and denied her a quality of life. When she resisted it, her mental exhaustion broke her day consciousness, she was locked up. 'Of course', she says, 'I was no longer myself, however, I knew what I was doing. Then I sunk into a very different world from suffering and did not find myself again.'

Hans is furious, Karel no less so. They will drive out the devils of God along with Van Hoogten and Stein. The trust in material and spiritual help, in the doctors, comes back to her.

After the seventh day she is in our midst. We talk about all these dreadful problems and now know what these miserable creatures are like. Her husband lives it up, the children go their own way and thought that it was okay like that. Mother was a spendthrift, she threw her money away and that was not allowed. She visited the sick and unfortunate people, overdid her charity.

'How could my children have believed him?' escapes from her lips as a raw cry. They may keep everything, she does not want anything more to do with all that money, she wants to end her last days in peace and quiet. What did she do to deserve that? How could God approve of this? But why? They are

questions which we asked, and will be asked by millions of other people. But it is we ourselves!

On the twelfth day Mrs Van Soest moves to friends, who offer their hospitality until she has her own house. Old Piet also gets his money back and we have a small business for him, so that he has something to do. First Hans wanted to give him a position, but after having considered everything, I had a very different idea. I found a cousin for Piet, a widow who lost her husband as a result of an accident. A former home help of mine. These souls will start a new life. The nurse will stay in the house for a while in order to keep an eye on things, however, we know that Piet has returned to the normal and will remain himself. Every day you see that this life is changing. He knows what he wants, his spirit has become young. This soul has not yet received anything from life. Piet didn't not assume anything, he saw his cousin before him, he has her, even if it is a different one. Then Piet wept from happiness. I thought: what an influence such a little bit of will has, you can cure people with it. What devils achieve can also be reached by the good.

And now the others. We had more difficulty with Mrs Van Lakenstein, but she is returning to normal thinking and feeling. She also came to grief as a result of that damned money. Her family wrecked her life. Broken in body and soul, she gave up the unequal battle. I determined that all these people can be helped, provided they do not possess the terrible sensitivity of deep madness. When passion speaks, you are faced with deeper problems, the laws of which I do not yet know. Yet I believe that many of these patients can be helped, because we as people possess a strong will, even if the majority of the millions of people in this world does not yet believe much of it. I am also trying to collect proof of it and have the feeling that it will be given to me. Her life requires a bit more patience. Yet she no longer belongs with those other women. After the fourth treatment peace already came, normal thinking, her talking is serious, is thought-out and you no longer hear any abnormal sayings. However, her nervous system has suffered enormously. Hans takes care of that, she now gets a wonderful treatment, also the other doctors are now completely open to these patients. They want to clear their names, they are contaminated by devils. How can it be? Just have a look, the doctor forgets himself because he wants to keep his institution, or he will lose his independence. How many of these people are imprisoned? My God, and that in the twentieth century?

Now I was faced with Sonja. I went to talk to her first. We walked outside and I got to see her life bit by bit. Sonja was asleep immediately. While she was asleep we got to know why she likes to dance so much. Amazing problems are revealed, which themselves represent a world of their own. Sonja sends us to a world which we know nothing about yet. The baron – who is

not a baron, but to whom she gave her capital – wanted rid of her. When Sonja went mad from suffering, a neurologist came and he wrote notes. Sonja moved to an institution in order to give her nerves a rest. Seven years passed and Sonja is still in an institution, she went from one institution to another and ends up with Hans, who has already observed her for a year, but cannot get her so far that she can begin on the material life.

When we force her to go back to her childhood, force her to look for herself where her longing to do art started, it appears that she already possessed these longings before she was born. That took me to thousands of problems. We got to see that this soul, like both the other women, was simply dismissed, because the male gender was interested in something different, younger, more beautiful, with a bit more happiness and independence. However, Sonja was destroyed like the others, the thousands whom I do not yet know, but they exist and have to accept an imprisonment.

Hans and Karel, along with the other doctors, have to admit that induced hypnosis can work miracles. I explained to them that these personalities remain under my will and that they possess more powers as a result of this in order to experience life in society. They are a bit lacking in this feeling, will power, they are not so far that they can experience their sorrows under their own power, they lost themselves as a result of suffering and sorrow, misery. Those who lack a bit more consciousness, belong to the serious degrees. Now we are faced with the depths of the soul with all her characteristics, which need their own development one by one. However, we get Sonja back to normal. The logbook says:

I have experienced amazing things as a result of my mad behaviour. I have become a hypnotist. I believe for certain that I can now help René. I was able to determine very natural and unnatural emotional worlds and I saw the universes crystal-clear in front of me, so that I could fill in the holes in such a personality, close them, which happened as a result of my serious will. Because I leave a bit of myself behind in those people. Since they go to sleep, those powers continue to work, I feed these souls from a distance. I am starting to understand what people experienced in ancient Egypt. I am now beginning to understand what fakirs and magicians can do, although I do not appreciate their lives. I am starting to feel what a healthy yogi can do there! Is it incredible? We have proof! Sonja returned to her previous life, although I do not yet have proof of it. However, I believe for certain that we will hear more about it and only then will we be faced with a new university, a new century, it is a miracle!

We were able to save the other women because they lack a sensitivity, as a result of which all these terrible illnesses occur. I know for certain that they cannot be helped then, because these souls do not yet possess the feeling as

a human being for this material existence. There are women amongst them – and I was able to observe something similar with the men – who came to grief as a result of physical love. I found that the most terrible thing there is. As a result of this, I am starting to see for myself the degrees for human consciousness. I am starting to see that animal and human degrees of consciousness exist. As far as dreadful homosexuality is concerned, I am starting to understand that those feelings are material or spiritual, but that the physical laws for it take us straight to fatherhood and motherhood. I mean that I do not believe that the soul can only experience one body as a human being through God. By this I mean that the soul has to experience both bodies as a human being. I have to write down that once I ... was also a mother. That sounds really crazy, but if it is true we as human beings get more and more of a hold with God, because God is also Father and Mother. Then why not us? How God became Father and Mother, well ... I do not know that. However, we as humans will have to experience both bodies or, I should say, we experience an injustice here. Yet I would like to experience that maternal body, because giving birth to and carrying children also means something to men like us. When I imagine all of this, it becomes pleasant in my soul, I start to feel heat, it is a delicious sensitivity, because I am now one with everything in this universe.

When I think about that, believe me, then I see thousands of problems before me, on which I am standing and to which I suddenly get an answer, but then bits and pieces fly off our university concept, but my life receives significance for this so awkward humanity, our Western existence, that of reincarnation and soul affinity, a life after death as a conscious human being and numerous other possibilities, which are worlds for the soul to which it belongs and which it has to do with. I am beginning to consciously accept that this homosexuality is nothing more but releasing the previous life, being a man or woman ... and that the soul as the personality has lost its natural attunement during the experiencing of one or more bodies. I am saying it wrong ... because now there is no question of losing, the soul has had to temporarily discard that life, as a material body. Since the laws of nature force it, it now comes into an unnatural independence, but it is now faced with the abnormal. If feelings are added now which it has not yet conquered according to our concepts, then this soul will succumb. And if it is now also attacked by an invisible being, which the soul is as a spiritual personality after the material death, then I am faced with a battle of life and death, and they are faced with a miserable existence, because the spiritual world now lives it up completely through the material world! However, I am not yet that far, these are still suppositions, I do not yet possess the foundations for my hypothesis. I believe very certainly that I will also receive them, because

I saw the direction determined. But then? Oh, I cannot bear thinking about it, then we will be faced with matters which will bring about a revolution for modern psychology. Oh, Grim Reaper ... now you are no longer death! And your terrible scythe has changed into daisies, violets, forget-me-nots, now people know your mask! Will we become good friends?

I honestly admit that I am not yet that far. The women and men who have forgotten themselves, possess just too little in order to keep going in this life. I believe that Hans will be able to do much for this faculty, at the moment he stands on this ground with other legs. He goes through his masks, he now sees what kind of amazing laws he is faced with. What he considered nonsense some time ago, is now wonderful, because he was able to observe the devils, who decorate their institutions for money and possessions, which cannot be the intention of God and mankind!

The man with all his knowledge of languages can be cured, by taking him back to nothingness. However, that will take some time. If you can take the soul back to where it still had to start, then that heavy head will dissolve completely, all that ballast has to go overboard. I believe that people can make circus tents out of these institutions, space for something else. We will be left with the heavy, the animal-like degrees and we will find something else for these people. I am not a fanatic, but the proof exists! If you gradually give the soul new foundations on which it can place its little feet, we must be able to achieve that through our thoughts. We call it 'hypnotic sleep', but it is the human will which works these miracles. And in that state we tie up all those cares, all that learned nonsense, we force the soul to let that go, because this same soul is capable of it, because it has experienced thousands of lives and has also taken care of all of that for itself. We know that numerous psychologists have already started, but do they continue their research? Hans and Karel know these laws, they are now more open to them and will achieve a great deal. I think so, I know, I am just a layman, but what could you do for all these patients? We cured four people in a short time as a result of my mad behaviour. Is it not shameful that our society is capable of such destruction? Must the doctors give themselves for this? I said to Hans, because you have looked at illness too much, you neglected the background and those are the devils, which make such a creature perish for this life. I flinch when I think about all those mothers and fathers, they are children, who are infected completely by a plague, but that can be done by those who are merciless!

All in all it was a wonderful time for me. I have seen and learned great things. What my research achieved is priceless, it is a university. I am grateful to Erica for her phenomena; as a result of her, our suffering and misery, I started my research. And we are not finished yet! Who knows what we will experience. I will continue for the time being. Old Piet has returned to soci-

ety, lives were opened to nice things and matters, love entered human hearts and especially the belief that God has nothing to do with all this misery. I will follow my theories thoroughly and I can already provide them with firm foundations. I will now consciously start on little René, I will support him. I know: he is getting there, he shall get there, because his sentimental life is open to me. I insist: René is a spiritual child prodigy, even if we hear not yet about miracles.

The reports are a little less hopeful the past few days, he ran like the wind through the camp, sunk back again and he has become acquainted with the straightjacket again. However, that does not matter. I will visit him now. I just want to see him. I have a reason for this and the doctor did not mind. Although he does not understand what I want, my feeling is still completely responsible. I will help him through my willpower; I feel the need for this more than ever. I do not believe now that we will have him home for Christmas. Erica and Anna want to come too, but that is not allowed yet. They have been without him for such a long time, their hearts speak, it is taking too long, but they have to continue to control themselves for a bit longer. However terrible it is, it is not any other way, we cannot do the impossible, they have to wait!

Many things are given thought in this life ... people want riches and possessions, they want to possess everything, which makes life pleasant ... but what they forget is the construction of a better and healthier personality. I believe that our development as a human being takes shape by thinking, by seeing things as they are, and only then are we faced with a state of purity! Now the masks fall away, but you have to want it yourself, or you will never make it! What lives behind it is awe-inspiring with happiness, love, justice, it is a heaven!

And I want to master that!

There were many flowers this evening, but I bought them for myself and the others. How strange a person can behave! I saved people as a result of it ... because He sent me there ... I think, and now everything is fine! We will continue!

If you ask me, Erica, everything is going as wished

I have been to René, his condition is susceptible to change. The boy has become stronger, it has done him good physically. I saw him again amongst the other boys and what I had not expected was given to me, I was allowed to talk to him. His dreadful wildness has suddenly dissolved again, the strait-jackets could be put away again and he knew nothing more about all that misery. When he saw me, his life flew into my arms. At that moment I was sorry that Erica, Anna and Karel were not there. However, at the end of my visit I saw that differently again and had to agree with the director, it was better like this. He sunk back, not another word passed his lips and I could go home in order to inform the others. But, put plainly ... there is a change in this life, his doctor also gives him his chance of full recovery. But that will take a while. If these phenomena had not been present, we would have had him home for the holidays. Now nothing more will come of that, of course. Terrible for Erica and Anna, but nothing more can be done about it, nothing, however sad it is.

When I asked him:

‘And René, what is it like here?’ he gave me a natural answer. He said:

‘I prefer to be with Mother, Anna, Father and you. Why may I not go home? Why must I stay here, I belong with you, don’t I? Why must I be ill? I want to go home, Uncle Frederik. May I go with you?’

And that after a few days. ‘You should have seen him’, his carer says, ‘he let rip like a big man. Now he is like a little lamb again. And yet, it was going so well, wasn’t it, but, you can never depend upon it.’ I believed him, we also knew him like that. We have already known this life, this soul, for so long, but there is progress.

I walked round a bit with him. We walked on hand in hand. I ask him something, he gives me an answer. He keeps on saying: I want to go home, Uncle Frederik, I want to go to Mother, Anna, Father. And that is heart-wrenching. But what can you do? I am busy bring him under my powers while walking. I want to try and see whether that is possible. I send him all my healing loving. I know how he absorbs these life forces and then sucks himself full from them. I want to achieve that he will be stronger, that he will deal with those attacks as it should be. Even if it strikes him, he must be able to cope with it, I know that straitjacket, I know him in that state, that is a torture for him. And I can feel it, René becomes calm. He no longer asks for father and mother, he does not talk, he just looks ahead of him, he seems

to have forgotten everything and everyone. I want to press him to my heart, but I may not do that. It is not my child, but I love this life so much, as if it has become a part of my blood, a piece of my heart. Oh, if only I was allowed to take care of him. What a mercy this would be. I get the proof already, that I am doing well. I think of his drawings and paintings. A moment later I already hear:

‘Uncle Frederik, when may I draw and paint again? Go on, will you ask for me?’

Look, I think, how natural that is. He realises that he must ask the doctor that. But I believe that he will soon be allowed to draw, although people are not that far here. I say:

‘I will ask about it, my boy. Of course, if you are yourself, you feel strong enough, then it will be possible. Why not? But you must not be ill, then they have their hands full with you and then you must go on that horrible bed again. Isn’t it the case, René?’

‘Yes, Uncle Frederik.’

‘What is it like with me?’

‘I will tell you soon, Uncle.’

‘Good, and do not forget!’

We walk a bit, I start to feel that he is getting sleepy. He cleans out his eyes in the middle of the day. The powers are already working. It will help little René. He will become stronger as a result of this. It is spiritual peace. The child can also accept what can be achieved with the older human being. I now see the grades here for psychopathy ... I see the different heights and depths for these illnesses. There are boys amongst them who definitely have to accept their material misery, but I now think of the ... inner deformation, the smothering of all these systems by the soul. I now start to see them more clearly. René is apparently in perfect health, physically he is far above many other boys. More light can be seen in his eyes. His figure is not as distorted as that of many boys, which I do give a damn about, because I feel that we now see the unconscious for the soul and the personality more sharply before us. René is an ordinary child; he is ill, but I now see that I will be right about everything and was also right. This life deforms itself of its own accord. We must have time, we may not disturb him now, we must continue to watch over him.

I myself now lie down in his life. I let my will do everything. Meanwhile, I feel, a life force radiates towards him, which he sucks in like blood. This comes forth from my soul. In the East people call this the life fluid of the human being. I believe in it. I have received my proof. By consciously surrendering your happiness, your thinking, your knowledge to these patients – it does not matter what the illness is – you help the soul to accept the material

existence. This is my support, which we have now already passed onto each other consciously and as a result of which he becomes so calm. I now believe that I would be able to carry out useful work in such institutions, but it is strange: I do not feel called to it. There is another power in my life, which says: no, you must not do that! You must just have patience, but not that! You can help people who are sent on your path in passing, but not that. Not this, then you are locked up and you can no longer do anything for the other life, for that life, which needs new foundations. I feel that so certainly, that I am calm because of it, or I would really lock myself up here. Is René and are all those children served by it! I now see that only a few can be reached. The rest will remain apathetic, those boys cannot be helped! They are exactly like the old, the mad human being, even if they represent a very different grade here for these illnesses. I have worked it out, I believe, but I still do not have any certainty.

If I follow René, I come to Erica and her pregnancy. If we receive those foundations, it now tells me that all these boys started this so terrible deformation inside the mother. I know, I have already filled many a page about it, but now I see the systems for it more clearly, because I was able to admire all those mad people, because I opened myself for their misery. I now see that I have become richer.

Little René will soon come to us for a few days. Even if this will be painful for him, it is no different for us, yet he must experience that other atmosphere for a moment again, if we do not wish to become estranged from his life. If I follow his little soul, I do not believe that he will forget us. And look, what does the soul child say?

‘I will never forget you, Uncle Frederik. But where have you been all that time? Were Mother and Father on a trip?’

‘No, my dear, I was away for a few days, but Father and Mother are not going on a trip. When they go, René, then all of us will go. And it is only then that we will have fun.’

‘Yes, we will, then we will have fun. I know!’

He sinks back. Where did he get this from! We now see that if people like us are sensitive, nothing more can actually be hidden. He feels that one or more of us had gone on a journey. We were actually all away. Erica and Anna and also Karel have their feelings, which were intended for René, used for something else. What were worries for them about me, René feels as if they were on a trip. You see, I thought, the child missed us, the contact was ripped apart. We are probably to blame for his misery the past few weeks. Is it not very natural? But I must think about it. Yet it hits me. I am serious as a result of it. I now know that I must not lock myself up, everything is good as it comes to us. René here and we yonder, together we do one work,

it is our hearts which heal each other and will love. But he feels it, he is sent that broken contact, he picks up our emotional life infallibly and bears the suffering and sorrow of it for himself, he absorbs it! How can it be, but I am faced with these facts!

We were on a trip, at least I was, but my friends followed me from the moment when Hans told them that I had gone mad. And that goes straight to this life. My God, we are infinitely deep, but we do not know it!

I was allowed to walk with him for an hour. When the male nurse came to us, little René said to me:

‘And now you want to know, Uncle Frederik, what it is like for me with you?’

‘Well, René?’

‘If you take me to Mother, I will tell you.’

‘You must have patience, boy, we will soon be that far.’

I tear myself away from the child. When the male nurse disappears with him it is as if I am bleeding to death. My God, what is it, that ties me like this to this life? I have trouble not to succumb. I must devote all my powers into controlling myself, it hurts so much. Little René is sleepy. He may rest for a while. When the male nurse comes back to me he says:

‘He has become tired ... The child is sleeping and that will do him good.’

The director says:

‘We are making progress. You can tell the Wolff family that they may be satisfied, we also keep seeing him changing. This development takes him to natural thinking. It is as if you say: he thinks more sharply, the thoughts are ‘thought’ before they come out.

Really, we may not be dissatisfied.

After a time you will get him back for a few days. Then there will not be so much risk attached to it. I will do what I can.’

When I come home everyone must know how it is. Karel already knows his child, he thinks that he sees an analysis for himself, but is still unclear at the end and just surrenders it. When Erica asks how her darling is, I can say:

‘If you ask me, Erica, everything is going as wished. Soon we will get him home for a few days. I have discussed that with the doctor and he thinks the same as we do. He wants to see how he bears up. If he falls back, then it will no longer be a loss. On my part I think that the longing to return home will make him stronger. Now the will grows. Now other powers reach consciousness and he needs them. This longing must take him back to us. In this way we will keep on seeing him for a short time. Meanwhile it will strengthen his conscious. You will see that it is like this, will happen like this.’

The women can understand it. But now that I am sitting in front of the logbook, open the pages and read that I already predicted this years ago, then

fear no longer comes over me, but a happy feeling, that will now warm me and the others. It is happening as I was always able to feel and imagine as a result of his phenomena. We will now get our child back, we must only have a bit of patience. I told them nothing about my goings-on, they do not yet understand this. However, in the logbook it says:

I have seen little René again and I may say that I am extremely satisfied. There was nothing to that new attack of wildness, it means nothing. There are months between them, holes are filled here, his soul life gets to see a very different mentality. No, we do not need to worry, we are progressing slowly but surely!

I was able to experience wonders again. René saw and felt my mad behaviour as a trip, he felt alone and abandoned. This now tells me that we can help him. We must continue to think about him. We may not weaken our thinking for his life. This helps him! This takes care of him, this carries him through difficult times. Little René is more conscious. If he is a bit calmer, he can leave the institution for a while. And now you can talk to this life.

It is remarkable, the doctor also feels it as I do. The man wanted to wait for a while, but then he receives tools in order to draw. It is only then, when his character possesses that certainty, he is not thrown so much to the left and to the right, that people can let him do something else, or it will take him back to the last situation, which comes down to straitjackets, and that is not the intention! He is in good hands there, as a result of certainty and some calmness the soul awakes; people think naturally there and this is little René's recovery. I play my part in it, as the others do, all of us live for one purpose. Can it be any different?

I also noted:

My hypnotic powers went into René like a piece of cake. By giving him my hand, I felt, a power flowed to him. It will become enlightening. What you give the human being or the soul while going to sleep, happens consciously here. I believe that you can experience wonders in this way and that you can then see through soul and spirit as a result of all the laws of God. I would like to know how little René would act if I put him under (hypnotic) anaesthetic. How will his soul react? What kind of wonders will I then experience? I will decide for myself. I think that Anna is also suitable for it, but I do not want to disturb those lives. I will see wonders, experience wonders as a result of an imposed sleep. Oh, if René was ever to sleep as a result of me, what would his soul have to tell me? Us? Probably supernatural matters. My God, what kind of possibilities do I see!

Two weeks have passed. Christmas was an emptiness for us. However, this morning there was a telephone call; there were notes again. We had already forgotten those things. Now we are suddenly faced with problems again.

What is the matter? I got a fright. Did my power not help! He wrote:

‘Hans’ chick ... father’s peter, mother’s poop, Anna’s buttocks and Uncle Frederik’s pipe. I am laughing myself silly!’

And the other note reads:

‘I am the pan and the pot, for which we do not have a lid.’

The doctor says: strange, but not frightening. We know that. It is a pity that those cursed notes still come back. The doctor also says: a moment later he is himself again. You notice nothing when those things come. His intellectual capacity is now upset. I thought: have I given him too much? Did I work on this life too firmly? I think so. Or, this effect, which is now a disturbance, is soon healing. We just wait and see, but no more notes came. I start to think that I am right. Four days later another note.

‘Daddy ... look at your mummy, she has run wild!’

He is busy with us. There also follows:

‘Uncle Frederik, little Anna ... are you looking through the key-hole? Oh, what ... what ... what ... do I see?’

He is learning something, comes to me, the things people give him to learn, attach themselves to his brain. I can tell the others that we are making progress. Just let it go, those notes mean nothing now, I think that we are seeing all the phenomena experienced again, but now weakened, because he is experiencing his return to the normal. But the others are afraid again, are shocked, no longer know what to do. And it came so unexpectedly! Had I started cheering too soon? I do not think so, but try helping them. I cannot do anything about it. I will see what I can do for our René.

In my sleep I experience the hour again that I was walking with him. Now that I am free from the daily things, lie down and dream, I see everything differently. When I ask him whether he knows everything, he immediately says:

‘You gave it to me yourself, Uncle Frederik. I feel as fit as a fiddle now. I am not ill, I will soon be home. Oh, how happy I am.’

I hear him say it. I see it on that narrow little face, I now know, the boy is recovering, he will soon be able to learn better, even if we get to see other phenomena. At that moment I am awake. I go over everything and reach deep thought. I have fallen asleep again and come in to contact with the boy again. I am sitting in my garden again, the house between life and death, there where we once already had met each other before. That house drew me from the daily life and that environment begins to talk to me and wants me to listen. All that neighbourhood wants me to come. I sit down there again and wait. In the distance I see a dot, but in all of this environment there are no people to be seen. What does that dot yonder want? I see that the thing is moving. It comes to me, it walks, it runs, it is a human child. It is little René!

A moment later he is standing in front of the gate. He asks:

‘May I come to you, Uncle Frederik?’

‘Come, my dear, I have already been waiting for you.’

He flies into my arms. I ask him:

‘How can you run so fast, René?’

‘That comes from the institution, Uncle Frederik. I am starting to think. That is good for me, do you know that? Were you afraid of the notes, Uncle Frederik?’

‘Not me, but Father and Mother were so shocked.’

‘Oh, I thought so, but you do not need to be afraid, do you? I already know exactly what I am doing.’

‘What are you doing then?’

‘Picking flowers for Father and Mother. When I come home soon you will see them, Uncle Frederik. But you are making the wind blow, aren’t you? You are doing that! I can see it, even if you think that I cannot see it. I can see everything, but then I am asleep, just like now.’

When I think about everything, he says:

‘How nice and young you are now, Uncle Frederik, aren’t you?’

‘Yes, my boy, I can also feel that, I am much younger here.’ And he says:

‘If only the people knew that, Uncle Frederik. Since they do not look, they do not make it. I am very old and you are much younger. Did I not tell you that I would outrun you again?’

‘Have you not forgotten that then?’

‘Here’ - he points to his stomach - ,you do not forget anything. I have said it for such a long time, but the boys do not believe me.’

‘Where do you get all of this from, René’

‘Can you not hear it then? Do you not hear that you can listen to it? Where are you now? What are you doing? What do you want? What is the matter with you? I will save you. Uncle Frederik, if you want to save me. And this is why I have come to your little house. Did you see those doves there? Did you see how they fly? I also have doves. I have white ones and black ones. The black ones are not nice, they want to write notes and I do not want that. I will get them. Now we are having a nice sleep, aren’t we, Uncle Frederik? And yet we are awake, aren’t we, Uncle Frederik?’

‘That is the way it is, my dear, and God knows that it is good.’

‘Can you now see how old I am, Uncle?’

‘I can see it.’

‘Now, how old am I then?’

‘At least ninety years old. Now then, is that the case?’

‘I was that old yesterday. You are not going on a trip again, are you?’

‘No ... I will stay at home now.’

‘Good, and then I will come back soon. I long so much for Father and Mother and Anna.’

‘Do you still know them?’

‘How can you ask that, Uncle Frederik. I will not forget them. After all, I am almost twenty years old, amn’t I? Did you see Marja already?’

‘Marja? Who is Marja?’

‘Do you not know that then? I have known her for so long already. I will see her again. Yes, Marja, Uncle Frederik. Later, because I will go to sleep now. Goodbye, Uncle Frederik. I will come soon. I will bring flowers, look, these ones.’

He shows me a bunch of flowers. A yellow daisy protrudes from it. They are arranged artfully. He also calls to me:

‘Will you come and collect me, Uncle Frederik? With Father? As you took me away? Greetings to Mother and Anna.’

I hold onto that life, but it tears itself away and flies through this universe. It is gone! I walk on. I go back home, I take a path which I already used to take before. I walk from the sun to the shadow, from daylight to night. When I reach home I go into the little garden, open the door without a key, I walk upstairs and crawl under the blankets. And at that moment, because the woollen blanket is so itchy, made my nose itchy, and I got a fright as a result of the itch, I wakened up. I jump out of bed, put on the light and sit down at my logbook. It says:

Tonight, just a moment ago, experienced wonderful things again. I was with little René. He took a walk towards me, I went to him. I met him in our little house. He told me about the notes and about my wind, which he felt and had received. I understand it, it is the hypnotic wind which wants to make him better. The child itself comes to tell me that. Is it not wonderful?

The child René as soul is also a human being. However, I may not yet accept these dreams as the full truth. I mean, if I was able to experience all of this, then I would already be faced with all of my university and I would be able to say that the soul as a human being has to represent its own world separate from the material body and it is there, as people like us are: a human being! It has a body, it can think and talk as we do in the material body, it has eyes and a warm heart, it has everything there which we have to accept in this life as material senses. It is a great wonder, but I may not miss out pieces, however much I would like to.

I am younger there and little René is older. I put the fact that I am younger down to my childish nature, or it came to me because I experience these dreams. The most wonderful thing is that you are so happy there. The sun shines there, the surroundings are extremely beautiful, but there are no people to be seen. Therefore this world belongs to us, or it came about because

you as a human being long for it. Could this therefore be a dream of longing, a world which you build up as a result of asking questions and the own longing for a better world? It is this which holds me back, wants to bring me to a standstill, without that I would sing out with joy and bliss. However, it is still a wonder, because I see how lucky and normal René is there. I received proof – and other proof will come – but I have not yet worked it out. I may therefore not yet go into it, even if I feel certainty. I may never forget that people like us experience telepathic unity. And that means that you can pick up thoughts which are sent to you from afar. I therefore pick up René's longing and he picks up mine. I know better, but I write down all these thoughts, because they belong to my conscious, I will therefore not go a step further! I want to go further, but I want to have certainty. I am therefore busy elevating a 'spiritual science', of which I myself can experience the laws. And this will become the great wonder, that I want to place in all the human hearts and hands of this world, it is only then that a new life will begin. And now we get to see happiness, so beautiful, that we do not yet know! Little René already knows that happiness, I myself have seen and felt it. But I repeat ... I will not go a step too far. I must first see foundations and it is only after that I will lay them next to or on the last one!

There is no more, I will therefore go to sleep again. I just hope that I no longer know anything tomorrow about everything which I now experienced. I can then say to myself ... I was writing like a soul. I thought as a soul, I talked as a soul, I love as a soul, as I never loved as a human being. However, that belongs to the supernatural longings in the human being. I say now and even more emphatically than before: everything is possible for God! You cannot know it, everything lies under your human heart. I am almost sleeping already.

When Anna comes I have already been awake for an hour. I have slept well. I feel rested. I have a vague memory inside me of René. How is the boy? It is a power which sends me to the logbook. When I am holding the book in my hands, I almost have a heart attack from fright. I read ...!

Has my soul written? Do I think, as I do now, as soul? Can the soul go out of its body and experience all kinds of things? It made me go cold all over. I cannot understand it, because I know nothing about all of this. But I am beginning to understand it. I am a sleepwalker and write things up in my sleep. Or it is the greatest wonder which I have discovered. If the first part is correct, people like us are wonders. Then the influence of Karel is a great and wonderful event. That is actually everything! Then are people like us supernatural beings as souls? Nothing of the sort, at least not yet, however, we are also separate from every material, every material tissue, a human being. That is the soul or the spirit! Oh, I almost collapse from happiness. I put the

book away; if they were to come now I would have to explain my attitude and I do not want to say a word about it. It is too wonderful, too incredible. I will think about it.

This, which is life, can think. That, which is soul, is there, in that world, a human being and a personality. And that human being loves, is supernaturally gifted, because as a personality you possess everything which you want to have. You can move, you can speak, you can pick flowers there, you can do everything, everything, which you also think you can do as a material being, if you love life! I felt: harshness, lies and deception, you no longer feel the meanness of our social life. I do not yet know what would happen if harshness or deception radiated from my life, however, I think that I would remove myself from that land, an invisible hand would take me by the scruff of my neck and fling my dismal personality out. It is incredible what I experienced and was able to feel and I will think a great deal about it for the time being, so that that sacred atmosphere will also reach awakening within me.

When I think that I have already been there several times, it makes me sad, because I did not understand it. But I will be careful now, I will continue in peace. I also believe that I was not yet open to it then and then people like us are faced with sacred matters and do not feel it. We want to be right about everything and yet we know that demonic reacts in us for a hundred percent in order to destroy the good and the very best of others! I will not be available for it. God preserve me ... it does not bear thinking about!

However, if the soul truly possesses a next life, then we will also be able to return to Sonja. And likewise the many other people, whom we were able to get to know. The other people, who had to let go of the daily consciousness as a result of their illnesses and had to accept the miserable, everything together is the possession of the soul, the spatial field of vision for its life and the next one, to which it belongs and is apparently attuned to. I will then come back to René and Erica, all those mothers, all those mad people, who felt in advance what would happen, as a result of which they experienced their cause and effect. I now believe that these are the laws for the soul, for our inner life. And that is my study, as a result of which I am building my own university!

And if what I am looking for is not real, then it would be sleepwalking with 'consciously knowing, consciously acting and thinking'! It is a strange thing, but the mad people find themselves there, live there. One is sick as a result of it, another does art as a result of it. I see amazing aspects. They play an awe-inspiring role for our life, as a result of which the human soul awakens. I am now starting to feel that fatherhood and motherhood are one of the very highest aspects for our life and existence in this universe, for which purpose the God of all life created His children. And if I was able to see behind it, I would be faced with the Universe of His Being, Soul, Spirit. Personality,

Fatherhood and Motherhood, Life, Light, Love! Isn't that something?

People like us float every second of our life in that universe, the material then, this universe. I am now starting to feel that people like us possess universal conscious, but that we must master His gigantic conscious. People like us are one with Sun, Moon and Stars and we received our life as a result of it. Now we must accept that we are infinite in everything! I am busy solving those mysteries and I see, I am already a long way.

I will continue, but I must be oh so careful. I know what awaits me. If I succumb I will be like Antoon, the linguist, like Herman Donkers, the minister, who did not find his God and went mad, because Jehovah forgot to give his address, he is now searching day and night, but does not reach the square where Jehovah lives. I saw, believe me, the flag hanging at half-mast, by which I mean, that hundreds of thousands had to pay a high price for their searching and were locked up consciously or unconsciously for this life. However, Herman did not see that, he did not see that he was walking in a dead end, and broke his precious neck, his life breath flew away, his uninspired spirit died an extraordinary death. And there he sits; nothing can be done about it! Is that not frightening! I will not come there, I will now stay away from it, because it makes me so sad. Those people hang on a high wall, I already said ... they forgot their ladder and not one has been made which guarantees them the return to this good earth. They flew so high. Jehovah looks from behind his own mask at all these cheated souls of Our Lord. Is that really a sport? However, we have to do with God, we want to go upwards with God, not as a result of such a demonic chaser to the material and spiritual misery, to complete destruction!

Little René will point the one tree out to all of us. I believe that! I know that! Powers flow from me to this inner life and they are picked up yonder. His sensitive soul absorbs this truth. I do not need to worry about anything, the laws speak, they will place all of us before the 'sacred awakening'!

We are starting a new life! We are already beginning to count the days when the boy will be back in our midst. How it is possible that I am so sure ... I do not know, although we possess proof, that every separate phenomenon wants to be and mean a foundation. I know, it is Faith, Hope and Love, as a result of which people like us will move mountains, but, if you are not behind it yourself to inspire hope, faith and love, that will not help you one jot either! We are given nothing; if you do not wish to go near it, good ... one day you will be open to it anyway, in whatever way, I now know that for certain, the heads will droop! No more is necessary if you wish to reach the 'sacred awakening' for your soul and spirit, you are already in it!

And the rest of all those universes, those are laws! And I believe that little René will explain those to us! Is that not amazing? I am starting to under-

stand how it will happen. And then we sober Westerns will have moved to an Oriental camp, where we see oranges growing on our Dutch trees, inside of which the seed lives, which possesses, expands, access to all worlds of God! I learned so much again today, it is awe-inspiring. I do not believe either, that I will think differently about it tomorrow.

I would wish to say: 'In His name people like us will be rich.' However, who believes it? I do in any case! And the others, who are not yet so far, will still make it. It is strange, one person senses everything and another soul suffocates in it and does not believe it. That is one becoming conscious for all of us, we must look for the opening for our spiritual heart, because that must be able to believe everything, because it is inspired directly by the God of our life! Now you do not see any blood flowing, what you now see and can feel, is 'sacred love'!

When my soul may dream again, I will say it! My God, what a wonder it is. I wrote outside of myself. I as the personality, which had gone to sleep, wrote outside the day conscious thinking and feeling. Now we can make fun of it, yet this is something to think about. Let a dream like that be childish, or whatever, it still happens. I already had a premonition of it ... otherwise these words would not have passed my lips either. I am starting to think that we are sent consciously towards one goal and that there the coffee and cake of Our Lord are ready for our life, so that we may still our hunger and thirst. With that goal before our eyes we will continue! This is for the logbook!

I sent the nurse flowers, even more beautiful than the first ones. She does everything for Piet and his niece, in order make life as pleasant as possible for these two. And I told her what I was able to keep for her and her love. There is also a letter from above, one with ribbons, they are pink colours! I think that they will be happy. I also consider Piet as my own child. It is an overwhelmingly beautiful feeling to be able to love adult children. Hans also takes care of Ansje ... because the nurse has done so much for his patients. So we see again, anyone who does good is noticed one day and then it is receiving, the gifts come walking into your little house. By destroying something, you will never make it! I have everything to spare for it, there is enough money and with money you can serve children of God. And He above our head wants to see that done; it is only now that we will be open and exposed to His laws and you will give 'Hope, Faith and Love' a push in the right direction, now they are foundations for your later better self!

The good fruits grow on that tree. So I am busy picking them ... 'Just lash out at my life', I call, I send upwards, 'I know no more fear for funeral pyres and lions' dens.' And that as a result of a mad child?

Everything is evolution.

But for us another mask! Frederik!

Uncle Frederik, will you show me those beautiful paintings?

RENÉ has come home and namely with the flowers which I was able to see months ago in that other world. I did not believe it myself, it was a wonder again for my life. A yellow daisy protruded from the bunch, as if it wanted to say:

‘Do you still remember it? Must you also destroy this again as a result of your disbelief, your searching in the universe? Did you think that everything was fantasy? I am a foundation, Uncle Frederik, I belong to that which already received a place in your university. Did you not know that?’

Karel and I went to collect him. The doctor was very satisfied and he had to get out for a while; the bond with the family must not be broken. When we had him in our midst, he came with his flowers, which he kept anxiously hidden under his jacket, because one of the boys would probably reach for it. He told us that he had picked them a day beforehand for Mother and Father, Anna and me and there were enough. The child had changed startlingly. He told us nice things and that he was allowed to draw and paint again. He asked me whether I still knew about those nice coloured pencils, he had almost used them up. Karel was over the moon. He said to me:

‘Do you understand that, Frederik? I cannot understand it anymore. To-day like an irresponsible, like a lunatic ... tomorrow completely good and healthy. I do not know anymore!’

‘I know’, I said, ‘we may not complain.’ And I said to René:

‘You will get nice coloured pencils. We will buy them together.’ To which he says:

‘Uncle Frederik, will you show me those beautiful paintings?’

I look at Karel. What now? I ask him:

‘Which beautiful paintings do you wish to see, my boy?’

‘Which were hung up ... which we may see ... which we can see ... because the male nurse told about them.’

‘That is possible, René, we will go and see. Of course, we will not forget that.’

Do you understand this, Karel? No, you don’t, neither do I, but they are good signs. He is starting to think, I say to Karel, and let him know that he feels a great deal, about which we still think that he has no knowledge of. But we are making progress!

The child looks around it. It sees everything and thinks. He has got a nice face, the eyes are sharper. The lips point to willpower, the forehead also to

inspiration, intuition, or what is it? He appears to be narrower, and is much bigger, he is growing towards the universe. Karel almost devours him. I see tears of happiness in his eyes. This is now his mad child! Karel ... just devour him, I know your feeling as a father, I know what you feel, what you possess in love; but this life? This life is precious to all of us, because it is so beaten, was so beaten and is not yet sure that that misery has taken flight. However, all of us together can take on that monster. If we may elevate him to us, even if we know that he will soon have to return here, we will be making progress; this life is for all of us, the faith, hope and love!

Karel rides in such away that sparks fly. He wants to be home with René so soon, it is fear ... if this life was to sink back again on the way. He wants to make Erica and Anna happy. And it is going well, he rides fast and carefully. I think about everything, little René is also thinking, asking questions is over again. The child knows that it goes to Mother. He has already become nine years old ...! What did he say to me again? It was his birthday yesterday? That yesterday belongs to his soul universe, not to this where we are now. I just surrender that, the answer will come one day.

When the car stops Erica and Anna run towards us. René lies at his mother's heart. However, after her kisses Erica presses him into Anna's arms; these women have one child, possess one life, for which they will die if necessary, which causes an itchy feeling in me and Karel. We have already had our share, suppressed that feeling, which appear to be impossible for the women. These waterworks have received colour and shape, they come from the maternal life and being, I believe, these are the flowers of the human heart which the Messiah looks at, whom He will accept, because they are cultivated as a result of misery.

Everything is ready, we eat and drink together, René also joins in. We are extremely interested how he will now be at the dinner table. When I still think of the terrible hours, when he got up to pranks at the dinner table, made us miserable since he threw everything and the splashes flew around our ears, Karel forgot himself and almost beat him to death, this is now a bliss to the eye and a happy feeling for the heart, because it concerns your own flesh and blood, which has come back to the human normal. He talks a great deal, is deathly quiet a moment later and is probably thinking about the things of the day and everything which he was able to experience there. He has asked me ten times already whether I will show him the paintings. Erica and Anna are already prepared, they know what is feeling and longing for now. I thought so, that drawing and painting does not leave him alone, it is a part of his life and must come back to him one day. Karel will now know that this child will never become a doctor, the soul is now already revealing itself as a result of art, the feeling of creating and bearing. And we now find

everything fine ... he may do what he wants, the sooner we are rid of that trouble the better. We know one thing, we have him in our midst once again and no one will take that away from us today, it is so certain!

After dinner silence comes. He withdraws; in what, we do not know. Karel takes him with him, he wants to see how René will react to everything. They have already been gone for half an hour, then he comes back and we are curious again as to how he has absorbed the 'self'. Karel says:

'You would say that he has not been away for one second. He knows the places where he used to be, he calls to a friend: "Oh, that Piet!" And that Piet calls: 'Little René, are you home again?' Which means happiness to him, the smile on his face proves that. I do not know, I could be wrong, if only this is not too good to be true. You are not sure of this life for one second.'

The child is extremely busy. We do not have enough hands to be able to take care of him. He runs through the house, sits for a while in his room, races downstairs to do something, which he cannot find after all. When I ask what he wants, he says:

'I am looking for my drawings, Uncle Frederik. I must have them, do you see?'

'So, do you need them, and what do you want with them?'

'That's something. I want to see them.'

I now outplay him. I want to know whether he remembers something from his past. I say:

'Do you not know then that you tore up all those drawings yourself?'

He looks at me disconcerted and says:

'I? I tore up my drawings? I? I do not believe that. Where are they, Uncle Frederik? They are not in pieces, are they?'

We hear that the child really doesn't remember none of the dreadful past. I do not think that he knows anything about all that commonplace carry-on and I do not want to know about it either.

'Come on, René, there are still a few left.'

We are in my room. I get the things out of a cupboard and give them to him. The boy races over to his art and kisses the pieces of paper, kisses everything which is on it and calls out:

'How happy I am, Uncle Frederik, that you kept this for me.' He goes to his little room. Just for a moment, then he runs downstairs and shows them to Anna and Erica.

'Look, Mother? Isn't that beautiful? Are these just as beautiful? How happy I am, how good of Uncle Frederik to keep this for me.' And immediately afterwards: 'I do not need to go away again, do I, Mother? Hey, Anna, I do not need to go away again, do I? Well, just tell me? Just tell me? I do not need to go away again, do I, mother? Do I, Uncle Frederik? I will ask Father about

it. Fine, I do not need to go away again.'

He says it himself and goes upstairs. I follow him. I see that he is starting to look at those things seriously. I have kept the drawing in pastel with the gate and boeha. René looks serious, it lasts some five minutes, then he looks at me and says:

'Did you think, Uncle Frederik, that I had forgotten boeha? Had you forgotten him? Now he does not come anymore, does he, Uncle Frederik? No, he does not come any more, does he? I am so afraid of him. Oh, it is so cold there.'

He comes to me and places his delicate hands in mine. I could weep from happiness. He takes the drawing and rips the thing. 'So', he says, 'that will not come back again.' It is as if the child is putting the past behind him. And then he asks:

'Are we going to buy nice coloured pencils now, Uncle Frederik?'

'That is a good idea, René, we will go and do that now. Come on, go to mother or Anna to get you dressed.'

He has already gone. When I come downstairs, he is already waiting for me. Erica thinks it is wonderful of course. When we are outside and meet his former friends, when he hears the 'Oh, hello, René!' he starts to think and he must wonder after all, who are they? The boys know him, have not forgotten him, he opens his memory door and asks:

'Do they also draw, Uncle Frederik?' And then again: 'And when are we going to look at the paintings?'

'We will do that first now. We will go and look at the paintings and then we will buy nice coloured pencils.'

I go to the town museum. He will see beautiful paintings there; it is a passion which has received life and conscious early. It is a good sign, as long as there is nothing behind it, of which I am afraid. Such conscious feelings always upset him. That goes too fast then, it is too inspiring for his character, he loses himself as a result of it. We can now prevent that, but he continues to ask, asks just as long until you decide, fine ... just go on; even if you lose yourself as a result of it, go on, we cannot prevent it anyway, neither can you. Just break the lot, just throw, then we will start another life again.

We enter the museum. I now get to see him as an art expert. We are standing in front of an old master, one from the middle class, for which the world now pays little money, the class which represents for me the third or fourth grade for this art and of which the very greatest has reached the fifth, sixth or seventh grade, a selection which I cannot explain further. I happen to see it like this. When we are therefore standing there looking, René suddenly says like an adult:

'Isn't that wonderful, Uncle Frederik? Isn't that beautiful? Oh, if I could

do that one day! And look at that! Just look, Uncle Frederik, look at those trees, that light! Isn't it beautiful?

The boy sits down, he must sit down for it. He is no bother to me, I have a great friend with me who feels for art and also has an understanding of it. I believe that he is years older. Or could he be imitating the male nurse. I ask him:

'Did you see art in that place, René?'

'The pictures, Uncle Frederik. Now I see the real one.'

Well now ... these are the real ones, he knows that. I also know, but thousands of children of his age do not yet know that. He is behind the children and at the same time he towers above his own age. I see his genius, it can do nothing but grow and blossom. I am mad with happiness, even if he soon breaks the lot to pieces, even if he plucks the feathers from the chickens this evening or tomorrow, even if he 'boehas', that our hearing and seeing perish ... This feeling which he now possesses tells me that René is growing, is getting better! Art awakens in this life. What Mozart experienced, experienced as a child, is psychology to him! What was converted into music by Mozart as a child is boeha to him ... is strange behaviour for René, his supernatural world, everything which adults like us still know nothing about, because we have completely destroyed our self; our eyes are blind, they no longer see that light!

I am starting to understand him. Every note, interpreted by Mozart, is now an inner phenomenon for René. God knows that this mankind will have pleasure from what we will still experience with him. What Mozart brought for hearing and feeling, this 'spiritual child prodigy' brings for the soul to our life. This life is awakening! How happy I am. He says:

'Look at this sea, Uncle Frederik, I think it is so beautiful.'

You should hear that word 'beautiful'. He says it as if it received a separate form deep in his heart. It has become fluid of life. That word sings sweetly to you. It has a loving sound, now it gets space, radiation, art, as he says that. I devour him. I press the boy to my heart. He now appears nineteen years old and has feeling for old masters. He looks at them in order to eat them, his heart is full of them. Is this child still mad? I know all too well what this means, we may not cheer too soon or there will be a damper again on this happiness. Soon he will throw things and break them again, the life will rage like a storm and the straitjacket will appear again. However, am I proved right again? Oh, I am so happy, because now we behold the normal. I do not trust his boeha a jot.

He is standing in front of the painted Christ. I feel silence in his life. He looks so attentively at the crucified Messiah, as if he feels that suffering and that inhuman sorrow and wants to experience some of it. It is just as if he is

asking:

‘Why did the people do that? Why are you so beaten and tortured? Why and just why ...!’ The child is moved. He asks me:

‘Is that not Our Lord, Uncle Frederik? Did they beat Him so much?’

‘Who told you about His life?’ I ask.

‘But the male nurse and teacher.’

‘Which teacher?’

‘Now ... you know, the teacher from before, where I was beaten so much.’

He still knows his past and has apparently forgotten none of it. It still lives under his little heart. And yet, how much conscious was then in this child, while we thought that it was completely mad? How much feeling was in him, when he got a bloody nose and he was rolling over the street with the boys? When we thought that he was not there, the child looked to us and asked for help, but we did not hear his calling, we were deaf to it. It tells me that he still possessed day conscious for so many percent, otherwise he would have no longer felt that teacher. He still knows about it as if it happened yesterday, proof for me, that he can still experience some of his self in everything. The silence in him can be felt here. He cannot get enough of the Christ. The eyes of a child pierced a dreadful past. A childish soul descends into inhuman suffering and sorrow and wants to know something about it, which is not of this world. I believe that he is praying, his lips tremble, he would like to embrace that figure. Just look at his little face. I hear inward groaning; I must free him, release him from this picture, this world, it beats his being.

‘Look here, René. Can you see those beautiful plates and glasses and those apples and pears? Can you see that loaf and the herring and that egg? This is a still life. People call it that, because material things represent life. These things mean something to a painter. Beautiful, isn’t it?’

‘Yes, Uncle Frederik, I wish I could do that.’

‘If you do your best, you will make it that far.’

Isn’t it amazing, it is just like an adult. The child completely absorbs all this beauty.

‘Just look here, René.’

‘Oh, I understand it, Uncle Frederik, this is a landscape. A windmill and a large field, with cows. It is beautiful, don’t you think so?’

‘Very nice, René.’

‘Oh, I think it is so nice, Uncle Frederik, I really love paintings.’

Is it not enough to cry until your tears run dry, I think, when you hear this child? And he immediately asks:

‘I do not need to become a doctor, do I?’

‘Who told you that, René?’

‘Father is a doctor, after all. And does Father not want me to become a

doctor?’

‘We will ask him.’

‘But I want to draw and paint, Uncle Frederik. Oh, it is so beautiful.’

It is the cry from his soul, nothing can be done about this, it is a great happiness, that the life is now already revealing itself. His whole self, his personality is art and no one sees it. What does such a beautiful flower hope to achieve? He cannot get enough of it, his little life is open to revelations, which border fantastic worlds and which adults like us call a mad carry-on. I used to see this foolishness with myself. Everything is hopeful and pities do not exist! I imprint this in my memory and do not want to lose it again.

I push him towards the door, it has been enough, but when we are outside he asks whether he may have a look at Our Lord again. I say: ‘No, later!’

He releases himself, and a moment later he already asks:

‘And now we are going to buy coloured pencils, Uncle Frederik?’

‘We will now experience that, René. Come on, you will have them and paper for which you are buying those coloured pencils.’

We have arrived at an art shop and can buy coloured pencils at the same time. He is looking at the art again. I hear him say aloud:

‘What rubbish this is.’

The owner hears him and he says:

‘So, is this rubbish? Do you wish to destroy my wares, brat?’

René goes pale. He looks at me, he asks me whether I will defend him. I say:

‘He is right ... because just a moment ago we were at the old masters.’

‘What did you say?’ the man asks. ‘At the old masters? And can that little man already see the difference in art? Now see ...!’

I give him a wink. Do not go too far, leave it at that, just enough for a child. We pick out some coloured pencils. A box of chalk, paper to play about with. He knows what he wants, he sees differences in art. What cannot be determined by overgrown children is written in black and white for him and he is not mistaken. Another expression of feeling to be kissed ... I no longer know him, this is a conscious being, who is far ahead of his time, it cannot be any different!

When we are home he races upstairs. Erica and Anna – Karel is not there – must know how he got on. Now that they hear everything from me, they do not believe it, it is too good to be true. And yet, it is the truth! We just let him mess about. Meanwhile I record in the logbook:

Experienced wonders again today. Our René is healthy! Yes, we know, that will not remain, but it is still there. I am being proved right in everything. Slowly but surely we are going to a better place, there where the oranges grow on the trees and it cannot be a warm climate, which is also a wonder in itself.

I just mean, that we have solid ground on earth, ground under our feet. Is that not amazing?’

The boy has really exceeded my expectations. I believe he penetrated the Christ; as long as that does not mean that it is too much for him. I have the fullest confidence; we are moving towards strange possibilities of feeling? I must first see it. We will probably know soon, because I believe that he has dissolved into his drawing. Of course we are on the lookout, we watch out, we are all on the watch: none of us will go to sleep as long as he is here and we are enjoying his life. This little soul is experiencing a wonderful eloquence. He can talk like an adult, he immediately saw that that other art had no meaning. I can still hear him say that is rubbish, and yes, those pieces cost seven guilders and fifty cents! Art is awakening in René, material and spiritual art. I was proved right today and yesterday! People did not believe me before. Not now either; if you were ask them outright, I do not believe that you get to hear a straightforward yes. But what do they want? Today it is a feast in my heart, also in the hearts of both mothers and in that of our big boy, Karel! Happiness, oh, my God, I will tell René everything about Your Son! Everything, so that he will also help to carry Him!

Evening falls, we may not yet see his drawings and we will also give him that honour. Within five minutes he is sleeping. When we are downstairs, Karel smokes his cigar and I have lit it, while Anna and Erica are busy with their ties and socks for the child, the tongues loosen and it is René this and little René that. ‘What do you think of him, Karel?’ ‘What do you think of it, Frederik?’ ‘Do you not think it is any wonder, Anna?’ ‘Is it not enough to make you feel happy? My God, what a time we are having, after all, how happy we are, we possess everything in this world. Isn’t it the case, dear husband? Little Karel, my Karel?’

‘Stop it’, says Karel. ‘Quite enough, Frederik would say, do not exaggerate.’

I say to Karel:

‘He is afraid that you will let him become a doctor.’

‘Even now? And he asked you that?’

‘In the museum, Karel. He is full of his paintings. For that matter, those thoughts were never away from him. He still knows everything about the teacher, also about that severe beating, everything. But he is afraid of being a doctor.’

‘You do not know; if he will continue in this way?’

‘You will forget it, Karel. Art lives in him. You cannot do anything about it, it is for him just as it was for Mozart, the soul lives it up.’

‘You surely do not want to compare him to that genius?’

‘In no way ... but I am talking about the feeling of the child, the revelation of it, nothing more, but also nothing less.’

The women agree with me. You see, then you stand completely still again with Karel. He cannot think any differently. It is such a bang again in his ditch. We are used to that, but you strand completely, the conversation is suddenly dead, smothered. You do not know now what you must begin with. Karel himself feels it and now says:

‘We will see, Frederik. Wait and see, we have not made it yet, although I admit that he is amazingly conscious today. I am satisfied and would be able to feel happy, if we did not know that gent.’

Erica also has something to say and she flings at his head:

‘You are like this now. Yesterday you could not get enough. Today there is already a damper on it – in such a way you will suppress everything. You cannot ever just catch your breath. I tell you, as far as I am concerned, he will fall back in five minutes. What I now see gives me every hope. I believe that Frederik will be proved right in everything. He has always said it. I do not know whether he saw things in the future, but his analyses, Karel, highly exceed yours. When we had let our heads droop, had hit our heads against the ground, it was Frederik who gave us ground under our feet again. I will not let this happiness be taken away from me, you are still in the minor key, but that makes me sick; I am suffocating in it.’

‘Wait a minute, quite enough, dear, I do not mean it like that. I am allowed to give my honest opinion, amn’t I? Or I must dance for joy.’

Anna also says something and she is suddenly also on the mark, because we hear:

You are ungrateful dogs. Instead of happiness you are making a squabbling match out of it. You should be ashamed of yourselves, ashamed!’

‘Look at that Anna’, says Karel ... ‘You are right, children. May I treat you this evening? Will we drink to René’s health, Erica?’

‘Yes, do that. And yet? Why must people always drink if they do not want to lose the health of their friends and own blood? But I don’t mind, just go ahead, what about you, Anna? You like a drink too. Just get that French wine, Karel. ‘Le Chateau le Critique’, isn’t it, Frederik?’

‘That’s the one!! Just pour it in, people approve of that on high. As long as you do not forget the poor.’

Karel comes back and pours. Hans phoned a while later and says that he will come tomorrow evening. He wants to see René. Next week he will be out of town again ... He is busy with his professorship. ‘He will get it’, Karel says, ‘you will not recognise him any more. How that man has changed.’

Anna asks:

‘In the right direction? Or must he go looking again for a Hansi? Those grapes are too sour for me. Ugh ... the things people like. Cheers!’

‘What is he smudging at now?’ Karel wants to know, to which Erica re-

plies:

'We may not see it yet.'

'And are you allowing that?'

'Why would we cross him, Karel. I think that a child has the same rights as we adults. As far as I am concerned, I wish him that fun.'

'And what do you think about it, Frederik?' Karel asks me.

'I see it like this, Karel, if this is nothing else, I must see it as inner awakening. What does an artist do who is busy?'

'You are exaggerating again, Frederik.' I do not need to give him an answer, Erica is already there, she says:

'Do you call that exaggerating? Do you call this exaggerating? Frederik is right. I would act in exactly the same way. It is respect for art', to which Karel roars with laughter and lets slip:

'That is good ... That on top of everything, tomorrow it will be the old masters. Won't it, Frederik?'

I save the situation, because I feel that Karel has something and is irritated as a result of it. When I ask: 'Have you serious ill patients, Karel?', I smack him to the ground and he bows his big farmer's head again, because he feels that I see through him.

'Yes, Frederik ... this evening, I think, one will be leaving me again. It is a diabetic. I think that they will soon call me.'

He looks with his head to the ground ... stares into space. And not even four minutes later the bell already rings. Whether the doctor can come. He asks me:

'If you wish to know, Frederik, whether people like us possess a soul, you can now enjoy yourself, this is the end of a searching soul, who has never found it in her life. Forgive me my irritations, everyone has his traps, his ups and downs, don't they? What do you want, Frederik? Do you wish to go with me?'

'Is that possible? The people know me here and will know, after all, that I come out of curiosity? Is that possible? Can you justify that, Karel?'

'You are right again, Frederik. I can and may not do that! They would think that I am mad. But that opportunity will come again and then I will not forget you. I also have something for you, that must also mean a great wonder for you and I now already know that I will give you a happy hour with it. What do you say to a birth, Frederik? Does that seem a good thing to you? You, who between life and death set up a tent in order to work out how many pilgrims pass by every day to go to God, must find this the highest thing of all for your life, your study, your task for soul, spirit and material. What do you feel? Are you already trembling?'

"It made me go cold all over, Karel. Good heavens, do you know exactly

what a person carries round with him all his life? If it is possible, it is not inhuman again. You know me: I do not want to hurt parents. Or do you think that it is pleasant, to let a stranger look at what is the most sacred thing for you? What would you say, if I was to come and look at your wife, because her doctor thought it was so nice to allow a friend to see her birth?’

‘I already feel ashamed, Frederik. My vision on life must change. I agree completely with you! I think that I will never learn it. But tell me honestly ... is that not the most wonderful thing for you that there is?’

‘Karel, if that happiness could be given to me, I would not wish to experience anything more. As far as dying is concerned ... that is something different, I have already seen so many dying. In my arms they went to the same tent and I closed those eyes ... you do not yet know me, after all. You do not yet know, after all, where I have been all my life? Do you know what you have taken in by giving me a place in your midst? I do not care about small feathers now, I have enough in my cap, I also wish you some. But ... a birth? To be able to follow that calmly and courteously! I have certainly seen hundred of little black babies being born. I received that life, Karel, but if you think that there is a difference between black and white for these sacred matters, I will go with you and you will give me the happiest hour on earth.’

‘Get lost as far as I am concerned ... You never know where you are with you. It is as if you are a thousand years old. Is there nothing which you do not know, Frederik?’

‘You started it yourself, Karel. Can I help it that I ended up in the middle of the jungle and they made me a doctor for all those black people?’

‘What did you say?’

‘They made me a doctor, for better or for worse, Karel. This is how I saw little black babies being born. And how nice ... you should see those little black heads. How they scream!’

Karel races out the door. ‘I think’, Erica says, ‘that you have now murdered him.’ And she asks me: ‘Did you mean that, Frederik?’

‘Of course, Erica, did you ever hear me telling things which I sucked from my thumb?’

‘No, not that. But what in heaven’s name have you not been? Where have you not already been, Frederik? What do we actually know about your life? Nothing. Tell us something, Frederik. Well ... do it. You have never told us anything about yourself and we are continually faced with the facts. You come out with the most incredible stories at the most unexpected times, you keep on confronting us with a new miracle from your life. You step from one life to the next just like that, you understand everything and you behave awkwardly and naively. I admit, you used to be like that, you have changed a great deal, but you tell just like that, as if it has no meaning, that you helped

hundreds of little black babies into the world, while Karel just wanted to surprise you. I believe, Frederik, that you have now killed him. But now tell us about yourself?’

Anna also looks, but she says nothing. She does not ask and waits. I say:

‘Well, children, Hans and Karel have heard something about it. If I tell you, that in the middle of the night, with the moon crystal-clear and full in the sky ... the Sphinx at my feet, I wanted to climb the Pyramid with a ladder and the Sphinx said to me: ‘Kid, where do you get that impertinence from, how dare you to venture behind my back to climb the most sacred of the very sacred for my and your life as if it is old rust? You would tremble and shake if you knew why I am lying here watching; you would be ashamed, weep until your tears ran dry and you were stone-dead from sorrow, poverty and misery, if you knew how much sorrow you bring me. Kid ... go back home or I will have to punish you.’

And then I took to my heels ...! I have told it differently, but you do not tell all the most sacred things of your life just like that to other people, who make fun of it at the end of the day. What else should I tell you, children? I have seen something of this really beautiful earth. I had money to spare for it, I had everything, and what do you do then? Really, I was in the jungle, I saw black babies being born, but you do not make a show of such things, do you? Honestly, I have never seen a white person, everything is black in and around us.’

Erica does not give up. She asks:

‘Just continue, Frederik. Give us that fun then, we never ask you for anything.’

‘What do you wish to know, madam?’

‘Do not start with madam, or you will go. I want to know something about yourself. When René was not yet there, I kept hearing you say: I am just a layman. Looking back on it, you are ahead of all of them. They know nothing, Frederik. Why did you feign ignorance?’

‘I am still ignorant, dear!’

‘You are not, is he, Anna?’

‘I am as I am, Erica and Anna, you either are there or you are not! Do you know, Erica, what you called heart to heart talks, what heart to heart talking was for you and for which you could not find any words, I am now experiencing that. I am starting to understand what it is. Little René taught me it. Really, it is a wonder.’

‘How did you suddenly discover that you could hypnotise?’

‘I did not discover that, Erica. ‘Hypnotism’ came over me, brought me to action and thinking. I still do not know it. But I believe that it comes to me precisely when I want nothing to do with it. And that tells me that you get

all these things for nothing so to speak, for free. It is something special. Well, the things we were able to experience. Believe me, I had forgotten that again. However, we do not know what it is good for, for what we will use those powers again one day. I will just wait and see, you cannot bypass yourself, everything reaches revelation at its own fixed time for your life.

I was able to see and experience a great deal. Good grief, I have to admit, sometimes I laid it on thick and then it was apparently unapproachable for other people. Really, I was almost a doctor, almost a magician, almost a yogi, and now I hope to become an 'Initiated' under my own power, as my dear Ra once said and came to me through the Sphinx. You should have heard when that 'but my kid' flowed over those lips. Just as René can do that, if you hear his 'beautiful' you could devour him, Erica. You stare into a world which you have never seen before: my God, children, how happy we are. I heard him say 'beautiful', believe me, I have not heard it before, it was suave, no longer improbable, but supernatural and conscious, as people like us do not yet know. You are simply in flames as a result of one word and you would be capable of entering a funeral pyre! Yes, you find me excessive, I tell you, it was just like a space, he said the word in such a hollow, such a round, such an artful way and it rolled over his lips. For my part I am happy with everything which he gives me. Now you can see that something else also lives in him.'

'Who is that Ra, Frederik?'

'Are you not ashamed, Erica? You must know that.'

'I have forgotten.'

'He is an Egyptian Deity.'

'Oh, but how far from home you are searching. Does René also have something to do with it, Frederik?'

'What makes you suddenly think that?'

'I thought, it is just like he has those Egyptian phenomena. I have already read about it. I mean those things with those priests. I will tell you honestly, I do not like that to-do.'

'If I hear you talking like that, I think of the Sphinx. You would think that you know something about it, yet that is not the case, I am also just a layman.'

'You see, you are always like that, Frederik. Isn't he, Anna? I think that you have an inferiority complex. You are the opposite of Karel. Karel wants to outstrip everything, you go into your shell as a result of one word and then pretend as if you do not have a clue about it, but later you kill a person with those same things. I do not like that, Frederik, you must not humble yourself too much, just come out with your things. You know how we mean it.'

'I am who I am, Erica, I cannot do any differently.'

'That is not true, Frederik. You have a talent for thousands of things. Karel

is right, you should have become a doctor. Science lost a genius with you, I believe.'

'For shame, for shame, what a right-thinking person you are. You would think that you are right. Me a doctor. I can already see myself, I would go to pieces any second.'

'You are just kidding yourself about that. You take a delight in keeping quiet for years, what you can say at the same moment and which is of use to people like us. But you do not do it. Is that good, Frederik? I do not believe that you will go to pieces, you can think. What would we have done if you had not been there? We would have experienced murder and manslaughter. Karel was impossible.'

'Should I have told you everything about our misery in advance? Did we not see the brown bears, the jackals, the snakes? Should I have filled you up with all this misery? Should I have ...?'

'Just stop it, Frederik, you are right. But you can open yourself more, you can tell us more about your life, can't you? You have been everywhere, we have not. I must honestly admit that we were at our wit's end. I had succumbed. But, Frederik, where are we now? How far are we actually on our journey?'

'I believe that we just have the jungle behind us, my children. We are now faced with a journey through the desert on camels. And that is not so easy too. It can be infernally hot there, but in the evening we lie looking at the moon, we dream, we experience wonderful things and we are one with night, life, immensities, of which we will be a part. We then hear fairytales and listen like little children. I see Anna sitting there under the one tree and you back to back with Karel, but high above us we hear the chirping of a bird, the little animal calls to us and says:

'Drink a lot tonight, tomorrow you have a heavy journey in front of you.'

We take a walk through the desert, we look at our own shadows and feel now for the first time how wonderful life is. I pick daisies and violets, forget-me-nots there, but you will not believe me anyway, make two wreathes for you and place them on your head. Now I blow a bit, I make a pleasant wind, I actually kiss everyone in my sleep and thank Him above for everything in my life. I believe that I will not sleep then, there is so much to think about. The tree has oranges for us, the fruit, as result of which you can quench your thirst and to which your inner life is opened. If you now feel your heart beating, you will know that the human kiss walks in sandals and can explain proverbs.'

I wait a moment. Erica says:

'Could you not do something to a guy like that, Anna?'

I continue, I want to elevate these two souls into the childish part of my

being, so that they see forget-me-nots before them.

‘The guide, Erica, is with us, I hired him from the king of Egypt. The man once received the golden medal for coming home too late, but you will not believe that either. He was missing for a fortnight, but this man reappeared again and asked what was actually the matter. Why had they worried so much, was he not a child of Ammon-Ra? He also possessed great magic powers. It was he who gave an invisible dove material life. That dove, which received life from his hands just like that, then flew back to the inhabited world in order to bring his message, because people there thought that terrible storms had arisen, which obstructed his progress. And there were storms and so severe, that the whole desert became a foaming sea. You will feel, that is even worse than on the water. You no longer have anything to hold onto, the only stream that is for you to drink from, is now transformed before your eyes into a puddle of mud and then there you are. No fluid, you are dying of thirst and you cannot quench your thirst. If you have to experience those desperate hours, believe me, then you will start to think differently. What were forget-me-nots a moment ago, have now changed into the whining of a desert rat. And they can whine, that your hearing and seeing perish. You cling to each other and you no longer know now that you are alive. You will certainly feel it, the roaring of a storm like that makes you mad, you lose your life, death stands before you and says:

‘What do you want now, screamers? You see, if I just let myself be heard, be seen, then those big mouth close of their own accord and you are as afraid as anything. I really have to laugh at your human talks. But I will add a little extra, I want to put an end to your talk for good, your boasting, I will shatter your arrogant self. Can you hear my scream? That was my laughter at you, screamers.’

The people, the men and women, are now almost mad. However, the guide came and said:

‘What does that noisy eater want? What does that man want? What does that depraved being hope to achieve? Look, children, with one blow I will bring joy and happiness into your hearts.’

And it happened. He puts out his hand, and look, silence, peace, the people lie under the trees and are better off than ever. They all dream, they are nice to each other and want to devour each other from happiness. What a guide, is he a human being? And yet, did you see his mask? Did you see his will, his face? However, at that moment his little dove came back. He calls the little animal and reads the message which people also gave for him. I can still hear him saying it.’

‘What did you hear, Frederik?’

‘He said: ‘Faith, Hope and Love have everything in them which He creat-

ed. However, try kicking out against it?’

‘Is that all?’ asks Erica.

‘All? Should there be even more? We understood it immediately. If you kick out against all those sacred matters, children, then you kick yourself and everything from Him to pieces as a result of which you received life. I will just tell you what we thought we heard, which he kept precisely to himself. Because now we had betrayed his secret, because one person had already almost murdered the other person in order to drink the last little bit which was still there. Then I felt: now kick out against Faith, Hope and Love and you will succumb yourself. He wanted to let us feel that you have no trust, no faith, no hope; we look at a mask, which is death, but with which he plays cards and always wins as well. And that was his little dove.’

‘What kind of person was he, Frederik? And are you trying to kid us that you experienced a journey through the desert in such a storm?’

‘You see, you do not believe me anyway.’

‘Yes, just listen, Frederik, if we had to believe all those things, then you would certainly be a thousand years old, it is so much.’

‘You see, your lives are behind. I was with that group, which experienced one of the most severe storms then, which was experienced there in the history. I had already known him for so long. We had got to know each other at the Egyptian court. I was on the way to buy vegetables for His Majesty not in a tin. A vegetable which protected against pest, against cholera and more things. I had to make that journey for that purpose. Have you never heard of messengers of the Lord?’

‘Are you kidding us, Frederik?’

‘That is always the same thing. You cannot listen. I am telling you the sacred truth and you do not believe me. You ask me to tell something about my life and when I do it ... no use!’

‘Continue, Frederik, I do not mean it like that.’

"But you take me away from my dream, Erica."

‘So fantasy after all?’

‘Fantasy? Is a journey like that not a dream? Do you call it fantasy, when wild tribes wander around you in order to murder you?’

‘Is it true, Frederik?’

‘As true as I am sitting here.’

"And what is a messenger of the Lord?"

‘A courier ... Erica, have you never heard of that?’

‘So you were a courier? A courier? My God, how interesting. Tell us about it. But you talk about Majesty, do you mean that you were a courier for William III?’

‘Now I really have to laugh at you. But it tells me that you take me for an

idiot. What do you think about it, Anna?’

‘I do, Frederik, I believe everything from you.’

‘Thank you, Anna. I was a courier and I would buy vegetables for His Majesty. I said king, but that does not mean anything. You must not know everything either. I sometimes distort things that much, because you will go onto other matters anyway and let us be honest, the poetic also wants a new robe.’

‘You are a born writer, Frederik. Are all those matters in our logbook?’

‘You see, Erica, you cannot listen. If I tell you something, your soul thinks itself and that must not happen. You must stick with the story, with the events. What difference does it make to you if this is a king or a queen? I was out to get tinned vegetables and I was to order them somewhere, for which I had to go through the desert. The whole story now seems like kale with bacon ... if you wish to know. I have floundered!’

‘That is a pity, Frederik, try it again. I will keep my mouth, my trap shut. Go on, continue.’

‘I was the messenger of the Lord. The dove which came back had the message that I must change my plans and must leave immediately for the Canaries. From there I had to go to China and Japan. I had to make use of the first station, or opportunity to separate myself from the troop, and immediately travel on. In addition, there was a letter enclosed from my boss, who sent me out as a spy as it were. And I flatly refused to do that. To be brief, I did not go to China, or to Japan, well, I went there, but for fun, for myself. I thought, just convulsions, you people there on firm ground, just drink your wine, I will go for myself. I travelled on with our guide and learned a great deal from him, since I rode next to him day and night on our camels. And then he told me about his invisible dove. I said then:

‘I can hide behind that. Because this is not a real message, is it?’

‘So, he says, did you think that? Do you know who I am? Do you know what I can do and why people give me control?’

I said: ‘Well ... may I know why?’

‘Did you understand that man then, Frederik?’

‘We spoke English ... he spoke it as his own Arabic. And then he said to me:

‘Dear Frederik, have you never heard of Ra, Ré and Isis? Have you never heard of the Sphinx? The Pyramid of Giza?’

‘Of course’, I said, ‘I have read so much about it.’

‘Well, I am that!’

‘You are that? You are Giza, the Sphinx, Isis, Ra, Ré and all the Goddesses there during that time?’

‘I am that ...’, he said proudly and pertly, and then I also believed that he

had taken me for a ride. And at that moment he said:

‘So, did you think so. Do you think that I am telling you stories. Did you think that? Look here, Frederik.’

He holds out his hands in front of him. My God, I thought, how wonderful that man is. The Egyptian Lotus lay in his hand.

‘Can you see that, Frederik? That is my Goddess. I am thousands of years old. Do you want to see my love? Do you want to see my happiness? Do you want to know who I am?’

‘Yes, please!’ I said.

‘Well, just look ...!’

And I now saw the whole of ancient Egypt around him. I saw temples and buildings, we went in and out. At that moment I experienced a meeting of the priests, who lay quite simply kneeled at the feet of the Goddess and received Lotuses. I saw that Queen before me. And he ... this human being, sat next to her on a beautiful throne. Around the throne were wild animals, who listened to him and the Goddess like lapdogs. Then I heard singing, and when that was over, they received their food and drink. I tasted delicious, fragrant wine. "Anyone who wants to follow me", says the Goddess, "eat and drink of this matter." I never discovered whether this has to do with what the bible says. Then we went outside. The moon was high in the sky and I had never seen it so full. Blood-red. The Goddess said:

‘Oh, my happiness, where were we born? I will come and sit at your feet. I will undress, because I want to be as you are. Mother ... mother ... can you inspire me? May I precede the others on your path? The progress for my life will get your blessed view.’

She kneels down and falls into a deep sleep. The others follow. And what I see ... I see them again as small as butterflies. They have beautiful colours, as René can say that, they fly around and visit the Pyramid, the Sphinx. They go upwards, they climb that Pyramid, they want to enter the tower room, there where life begins and ends, although there is no end or beginning. They know that, they know that they will soon be released from the material. I see those little butterflies becoming bigger and bigger, they are just like people. And now I can also see it. Then our guide said:

‘Can you still see me, Frederik? Look there, I am becoming myself!’

And I saw him. Beautiful, wonderful, in a shroud like I had never seen before, sparkling, wonderful.

He says: ‘Do you know now?’

‘I know, but what were you actually there?’

‘King, Frederik.’

‘And do you wish to show me in this way that you are eternal?’

‘People like us are eternal, Frederik, but you must not want to possess it.’

‘I do not understand that’, I said.

‘It is very natural, Frederik. What I was there, I am still now. But when I go into that, what I am actually no longer anyway, people lock me up and I am an abnormal being.’

‘Where did you get that wisdom from?’

‘You possess that as well, Frederik. That lives in every being, you must awaken it.’

‘How, if you wish to help me?’

‘Remain a child, Frederik! Look into everything that was created. I got myself to fly. Believe me, the little dove, I am that! I went to have a look to see whether there were more messages for me. I can do that, but you can do it as well, a desert raven is capable of it, if you have the Faith, Hope and Love to be it! But enough about that, or you will never be free of it and that will break your neck, Frederik. I have lost thousands of those treasures. And yet I am still here.’

And then he closed himself off completely to me. No matter what I did, not a word passed his lips again. When we had completed our journey and we were to part, my journey was to take me elsewhere and he had to go back with a new caravan, he also said:

“Go back to your country, Frederik, and educate the good in spirit, so that you too will experience the opening up. My heart and soul greet you. You can count on me in hours of danger. Do not share it out, do not go into it or you will never make it! And never forget: it is the Lotus! It can give you all of this, but lay yourself at its feet. If the word comes to you, Frederik, then you can climb the Pyramid. If you hear the word coming to you, then you must listen carefully. Know then, it is the Sphinx! Nothing else! Goodbye, my friend, goodbye, we will never be alone again!”

He wanted to disappear, but I also ask:

‘Show me it, let me know it.’

He immediately took over what I thought about. He took hold of my hand, held it clasped in his in a special way, walked around a bit with me and said:

‘If the ‘light’ is life, Frederik, and you can feel that everything in our existence is Love, it will come to your heart and you will feel it. Now there is no more need to doubt ... you can feel it! And go now or you will fall asleep.’

What an idiot I am ... What a zebra, what an ass I am. My God, I could give myself a beating ... what a brute I am.’

‘What is the matter, Frederik?’

‘Nothing, I could give myself a beating now.’

‘Why, all the things you said there are so wonderful.’

‘It is not that, children. Something occurs to me just now. What a dope I

am. What poverty, what a canine instinct. How can it be. No wonder that God says: 'You? When you are right on top of it you still do not know it?' I am a bundle of misery, if you wish to know.'

'But what is the matter with you, Frederik?'

'Nothing, children, nothing, but I will think about it. I am a dope! My God, what an oaf I am.'

We do not hear that Karel has come in and was listening all that time. He says:

'Who was that, Frederik? Are you describing all of this?'

'I also already asked him that, Karel. It is wonderful. You could give him what for. And now he wants to give himself a beating. Can you understand that?'

'Who was that, Frederik?'

'My guardian angel, I believe, Karel, but I never saw that life again.'

Karel laughs, Erica is furious, because she thinks that I want to destroy everything again and crawl back into my shell. She asks:

'Frederik, was that man capable of bringing about a storm?'

Karel looks again, he thinks: he's laying it on thick again! He sits down and listens. When I tune into his life, I smell a death. It is a black aura, which I find dirty and which seems slimy. 'What a death', I utter. Karel already understands it. Erica also understands it now and asks him:

"Has the time come, Karel?"

Karel nods ... Erica asks me again:

'And tell us, Frederik!'

'Truly, Erica, he put his hand out and it was no longer stormy. But different to what we think, you see. The stilling of the storm happened from inside out. And it no longer stormed, it had not even stormed, he gave you power and strength, faith, hope and love for yourself. Then there was silence and we thought about something completely different.'

"Do you know, Karel, that Frederik has made a journey through the desert and that he has been a messenger of the Lord?"

'What kind of nonsense have you told this time, Frederik.'

'Nonsense!' Erica explodes: 'Do you call that nonsense? You should have heard the story. Frederik was a courier for His Majesty.'

Karel bursts out laughing.

'But Karel ... you do not believe anything at all. Tell him, Frederik! We would like to hear it ten times, wouldn't we, Anna? How that man can tell stories. Karel, you should have heard that. Frederik is just like an oriental prince. Oh, the things we will still experience.'

'When I tell you, Karel ...', I go into it, 'that I spent four days and four nights – now listen carefully to what I say, and this is much more interesting

than your diabetic who passed away – that I spent four days and four nights with a real Sultan, and that that man showed me his whole doings, as far as the ladies of his harem, you will not believe it, then you will laugh, then you will shrug your shoulders. I swear it to you. A human being will never forget a time like that!’

Karel is now lying at my feet. I have killed him I believe. He can no longer cope with me, he does not know anymore, but says:

‘If you tell me, Frederik, that you are the sultan of Morocco ... I will believe you immediately. Man, stop it, or I will give you an injection.’

Erica and Anna come to my aid, Karel cannot take anything again, I believe that the diabetic is out of it. And precisely out of his hands, which he can never cope with. Erica says:

‘Oh, Karel, you are putting salt on wounds again, why do you do that, we were having such a wonderful journey. Always ruin – you ruin things. Just leave it.’

‘Do not fuss, child, Frederik and the ladies of the harem? Don’t make me laugh, it is just like a fairground attraction. You let yourself be deceived in everything. Frederik and a journey through the desert, do you still not know him? Certainly to Rijswijk ... just like that night of his to the Pyramid.’

Karel is dejected. This is the real Karel! He is bursting inside from sorrow. It is not actually that either, he is more in rebellion. He is in conflict with his patients, his task as a doctor. He hears them calling: your makeshift measures do not help anyway! Just work it out for yourself, I am going! You are botchers! We can read it from his mask. You should see him, just like a wrecked being. But this is the best self, he stands naked before death, but it is also poverty. I tell him:

‘You see, Karel, people like us can, when it comes to it, only hand in empty letters. You are just like Hans; a fuss about nothing, telling stories, you can do that. Adding notes to corpses to which you never receive a sufficient answer. You are powerless and you do not want powerlessness. You want to have life and death in your hands. I can see you already, good heavens, how you would let rip. It is good that it did not come that far or poor wretches like us would no longer have a life as a result of the academic, you did exactly what you wanted yourself. But it is not yet that far.

Did you think that you could fight against a death? You must wish a human being it, to die. You must start to see that this is necessary. You must be able to overview an illness beforehand. You must know what you can do for a patient and what is not possible, Karel, you will then always remain yourself. You keep no reserves for your existence, you want all or nothing, but you must be able to compromise in this. You will sense what I mean. What you want is boasting. You cannot accept that a human being disappears under

your hands. Give me that little hammer of yours in my hands and I will tell you how much life your patients still possess. What you hear is the material sound, but just listen to that which you can feel and listen to inside? Now you feel differently about it.

It is as a result of this that you can no longer believe in stories. Your laughter is now diabetic. You no longer have common sense, but you have talk about me and other people. Childish joy means nothing to you. But we know, Karel, your pure love throws you out of balance. Keep your chin up, Karel, see things differently, see them as they are. I know, many of you keep waging a battle of life and death – but that just happens to be necessary. You are too good a doctor.'

Karel thinks, but a moment later he says:

'You are right, Frederik. I do not want to lose life, a patient must get better, but then you are faced with that mask. That did not use to bother me, it did not affect me. Now I am destroyed by it, I already go through death months beforehand, the patients follow you and that drains you. But all that work, all that toiling is for nothing. You never have certainty ... never; anyone who has that is an excessive dreamer. I honestly admit, that you hang with everything in the universe. I wish I had never started it. I'm sick and tired of that eternal pill pushing.'

'You are lying, Karel. You do not mean what you say. You are it or you are not, you are it for a hundred percent. You are capable of giving your life for a patient. You are now capable of doing what did not use to be possible for you. Or do you not believe that? We see, how your life has changed, don't we? Before ... well, before, then you were a brute, a vet. Now you are a doctor, now you and the patient are faced with problems. You talk with your children, you tell them about your own life, you give them support. The patients used to walk away from you, Karel, they did not need your natural harshness, they did not want that emptiness. And now? Now they see you as a human being. Now you are a doctor as it should be, before you were a conceited guy. Before you beat hearts to pieces, you broke symptoms of illness, but you forgot that they were experienced by people. Before you were busy kicking people into your ditches, you had the greatest fun when you saw how they crawled out again covered in mud. But usually you were long gone. Now you no longer do that, you see, you know that you can love people and that a human being is not a cow! Do you want to make comparisons? Good, we may also do that. And all of this is in your favour, thank God, you changed for the better. Just break your neck, Karel, just die for your patients, just give life and soul to your patients, also bring them flowers if necessary, even if they laugh about it, heaven knows how you mean it! We would rather see you like this a thousand times over, than that your patients leave you, for another, because

Doctor Wolff is a vet. Have you forgotten all of that? Are you not capable of being childishly naïve? Did you think that you would lose your personality as a result of this? I bet you – I bet ten thousand to one guilder – if we were to ask your patients, what do you think of doctor Wolff now, what was that other one like years ago? And which one do you wish to come to you? I assure you, Karel, flowers from love and gratitude, frankness, human joy, happiness, which you get from your patients, are worth more than a little castle, than hundred of thousands, if you ask me. Serve now, Karel ... I would have liked to have been a doctor ... if only to support those sick hearts, to pump them full of my own emotional aura, love, a kind word. Now I am pleased that I am not a doctor, because I like you cannot accept that going to pieces for one hundred percent. And yet it is necessary ... you are it now and you will have to make of it what can be made of it, you can no longer do anything else. But I assure you, later, in years to come you will think differently about it. You are capable of great things, Karel. Doctors are made of this stuff!

He butts in on me and says:

‘Big talk ... Frederik ... you give me too much, I am not like that.’

‘You see, Karel, this is the false part of your own mask. Sometimes you push everyone into your corners, then it is precisely you who wishes to crush them to pieces and outstrip them, a moment later you wish to fool us that you do not like that arrogance. You know perfectly well what I mean and what you are like. I do not believe that you are searching for futilities, that you are accepting praise, but you must not think that we believe that you do not like it that your personality is losing all that farmer-like mentality. You are busy working on yourself, you know it and you want to kid us that it is not the case, but you suck it from our ribs. You do not wait for it, but your molasses can be felt. I actually mean it differently. You want to outstrip people; not I, I would prefer to go ten steps backwards, but I have the gift of forgetting nothing and I also have that in me, to wait a long time, to then shoot my arrows, which are aimed purely each and every time. For that matter, I have given you that proof thousands of times and you keep falling for it. However, I mean it well, I am honest, it is my childish nature which keeps taking me back to both human and natural harmony or we would not have stuck it for one day here together. But you also have that, Karel. However, you cannot bear it, that you see that childishness. You keep kicking that away from you, but then we see a wrong mask! You do not come from behind it, you fire from there at us and the people and you have the greatest fun when they do not know who you are and what you actually want. But we know you now so well!

But I tell you, you used to be like that, now a new course has been set, you have started to think differently. The contents of your life are becoming

orderly. In your character we see naturalness, rural instinct, love. It is you yourself who demands this evolving for your personality. You do not kick so much anymore! You roar now and again, but then your head sinks. I do not intend to read you the lesson, but this is how it is! Continue, Karel, do not go to pieces over a death, he will be proved right anyway! You must try to get to know that mask. When you feel that and carry it in you, you will be as strong as you like. Now there will no longer be any poverty, you say to your patients: farewell, greet the other people who went before you, just say that I will also come soon to hand in my empty notes, the flowers for the universal altar, where you yourself will read Mass!

Erica races over to me and kisses me. Karel smiles derisively ... he has been conquered again.

Erica has not yet forgotten my story. She now asks:

‘Come on, Frederik, we will now continue. Tell us about that harem. It is meant seriously, isn’t it? Continue, Frederik.’

‘I want nothing to do with that carry-on, Erica. It would just cost me my night’s rest.’

‘But you were there, weren’t you?’

‘Of course, I was there and I was right in the middle of it. Oh, if you had seen those angels. Good heavens, when I still think of all those pillows of the ladies.’

I look in Karel’s direction. Doubt and mockery are reflected in his face. It is a different mask than a moment ago, but now I see: gossip ... dreamer, what do you want? But just carry on, I also like fun like that, you can tell the biggest nonsense, we are listening. What I feel is not pleasant, but we know who he is. I think: just wait, I will get you soon and then I will hit you to the ground. Erica is convulsed with laughter. Karel could not get out of it either, when I told about those pillows. I rather believe that he is only laughing because I always come out with those expressions of my own. My comparisons, opinions, take on essence and meaning, which used to be a handicap for me, because I then usually started to stutter. Fortunately, that is now over and a story like that flies out of my mouth just like that. I say it myself, I can connect things with each other. I can let the things tell themselves, you see yourself there as well. You experience it, they have colour and shape, you inspire a word like that and place it where exactly where they do not expect it, but at that moment you shake society to shreds ... This does not quite make sense. Usually I manage it completely and then it goes without a hitch. I am therefore not a born storyteller, but a born follower ... I follow things and then they have something to say. Anyhow, they already know me a bit.

Erica waits impatiently and will not let go of that harem, as a woman she wants to know all about it. I now know for sure that Karel thinks that I am

just talking nonsense. He feels cheated again ... My story hangs between truth and bluffing. To him I am a Von Münchhausen, a daddy longlegs, a Don Fiasco ...! But I will get him.

Erica asks again: 'Now, Frederik? Will you continue? Are they wearing beautiful dresses, those ladies?'

"Oh, yes, they did, what a beauty!"

'And were they beautiful women?'

'Oh, yes!'

'And young of course?'

'Yes, that is of course a requirement. They were extremely young. Not all of them, you see, a sovereign like that wants a bit of everything. I also saw women of an older age. And of course, fat and thin, narrow and long, small and big, but I saw the finest of the finest gathered there.'

'Were there black, brown and white, Frederik?'

'I saw all the colours, Erica ... beautiful colours, apricot-red, the incredible soft green in the eyes, also the outrageous, I saw there our large dictionary represented by women, souls, amazing products of nature, to which you would kneel and would wish to commit thousands of sins, they were so dreadfully beautiful!'

'Tell us about it, Frederik. All the nationalities together, of course.'

Karel gets to like it as well now. Anna gleams from her corner and thinks I am an Adonis. That Anna. I can and may fantasise for her as much as I want, she believes everything of me, for which I am grateful to her, even if I tell the biggest nonsense; as long as she continues to accept me, we will grow nicely towards each other and we will soon be flowers of one colour! But Karel does not know that, Erica does not understand it either, she is very different. I now reply:

'I saw Arabic beauties there, Italian, French, Egyptian, and they were so to speak, the flowers of the Nile, which he had paid a great deal for. I saw one Dutch child, you will not believe it, but it is the truth. He told me that he took care of this beautiful life, gave her a separate education, because he had got her out of the gutter.'

'And how was that girl, Frederik? Did she not long to return to Holland?'

'I do not think so. She was far too well off there for that. Well, I did not look into her heart. I just saw her for a moment, there was so much to see. I did not want to ask out of politeness where he dredged her up. He let it drop that this child would soon get her freedom, but that she had to tell from which source she received her beauty, in other words ... he wanted to make a spatial flight of it and show her his oriental mentality, the secret of which the snakes and scorpions know. Thistles, the real Dutch ones, I mean, also sting, when it suits them, although we have no pleasure in it, because it reminds

you of death. Ugh, the things a person has pleasure in. You encountered all the nationalities, Erica, as I already said, they were beauties.'

'How can it be. And of course all shrouded in precious silk.'

'You must see it for yourself, Erica, you will not believe it.'

Karel is convulsed with laughter. He thinks this game is amazing, but he thinks that I am talking rubbish. However, he has forgotten his dead patient. And we continue playfully, the conversation revolves around Erica and me, the others listen and think it is comedy. 'It is a film', Anna lets fall. Erica says to Anna:

'I would love to be in a harem like that for a few weeks, only just to ask all those women what they actually get up to there. And you, Anna?'

'I would, to peel potatoes for them', she claims.

'I would like to know ...' Erica continues, 'what a man like that wants with all those women and what he has to say to them. What a world. Do you like the idea, Karel, of a little harem like that? I can already see you with twenty different national beauties around you. How would you feel, Karel?'

Karel does not answer, he finds it too idiotic. Erica asks me:

'And did you see any children, Frederik?'

'I heard them. They are in another hall and get their education there. It was actually a town in itself, of which he was king. I heard that shouting coming to me from afar. He said: these are my children. However, I believe that the children used to be killed. So you see, harems also evolve in their time. Order and regulation comes into that harem carry-on. The maharajas and sultans receive consciousness. I tell you honestly, this was a man of good character. To me he was the sweetest of all.'

Karel laughs again. He cannot cope with it, but I feel that he would like to act the sultan. We continue, when Erica asks:

'What did you have to do there, Frederik?'

'Quite simple, I had to bring him a message from our government.'

'Do you mean that?'

'Of course ...'

'Secrets of course?'

'Something like that.'

Karel almost bursts with laughter. Erica says:

'Just stop it, Karel. You are spoiling everything. Just leave us alone, you can never really take part.' And she asks again: 'You would wonder, what does our government want with a sultan like that.'

'So, you wonder about that, Erica. Let me tell you then, that that man is continually in contact with our royal house and the government. Has contact ... is better. I believe that our government did wonderful business with him. And how rich that guy is! He showed me the ladies' diamonds. In total

they had, I think, a cool fifty million hanging on their dresses. They wore them in their hair, on their chest, they were all queens. And then those silk garments. Good heavens, what colours ... René would say. I really got a notion to take a discarded dress like that home, but that did not work. I would have liked to have come home with such a confession of guilt. To put it honestly, he received me and took care of me in a regal way.'

'How, Frederik?' Karel now wants to know.

'Yes, you cannot say it like that.'

'Old glutton ... you are lying through your teeth!'

'Karel, leave him ... what business is it of yours. Continue, Frederik! To me: 'What did he show you, Frederik? And why do you not describe all these journeys, you good get a lot of money for it. You could dish it up tastily enough.'

'I am not a writer.'

'And you tell it as if you already have the book finished. What tasty things did you get, Frederik? What kind of regal things did you experience?'

'I do not dare to just say it like that. I would just make Karel unhappy and that is not the intention.'

'Oh, old skunk ... I already know. You are becoming shy again, are you? Did he perhaps offer you his harem, Frederik?' Karel calls out. He is convulsed with laughter. He walks to the jenever jar and pours us a drink. 'Here', he says, 'dreamer, to the health of your shyness, and that you may become a big boy and not lie so much. To the health of your failed personal pleasure. Cheers, Frederik!'

We clink the glasses and I take a swig, when Erica says:

'You do not believe anything, never a thing, which lies above your capacities. But it tickles from inside.'

And I add to it: 'You see, Karel, Erica is right. You never believe anything, which you cannot achieve yourself and which you consider as supernatural for a sobersides like I am. But I will now give you the proof, farmer's son?'

I take out my wallet and rummage about in it. I take a nice picture and give it to Karel:

Here, dreamer ... see for yourself!

He looks and shouts: 'Just look at that! Look at this! Look, what do you say to this?'

Erica and Anna take the photograph out of his hands. I am in it with my sultan. It is the moment when we admire his possessions. I am just standing there under his beautiful trees, with his servant behind us, who gives us a wonderful shade and makes a western wind. They see me in an immaculate white suit, behind me a wonderful panorama ... They feel the titillating under my heart. Water now runs over Karel's lips. You had not thought that,

had you! None of it, you always tell nonsense. But this does not lie, Karel, none of it. It is I myself. Karel is beaten. He lies on the ground, his big talk has now been smothered.

Erica says:

‘Karel? You had not thought that, had you? That is good! I consider it a fairytale, it is a film, an incredible wonder, if you ask me, Frederik.’

‘And it was that, Erica. Can you see all that happiness? Can you see that wonderful natural beauty?’

‘What a celebrity we actually have in the house, Karel! And he is like a child. That Frederik. My God, what a happy person you are.’ And she also says to Karel: ‘That is spot-on, isn’t it, little Karel? Will you now bow your head to Frederik? You did not expect this, did you? This is now our Frederik. Continue, Frederik. Where were we again. Oh, yes, what did he give you? What did you experience? Did he himself go into the harem with you? What did he say to you, when you were with all those ladies? Tell us, Frederik, what does it matter to you, do not be so awkward, you know us, don’t you?’

‘I have nothing more to tell, Erica. I was very well off there.’

‘How long were you there, Frederik?’

‘I already said, about four days.’

‘And you do not know that for certain? Can you forget such a thing? What are those people like in social contacts, Frederik? Bothersome? Busy? Of course. They stand high above your head and you may look at them. Is that not the case?’

‘It is precisely not the case, Erica. He received respect from me. You do not notice that you are involved with a sultan, if you yourself do not let him feel it. I felt quite normal. And he was interested in that. Most people do precisely the wrong thing. They are overturned by all that wealth and they no longer know what to do with themselves. And he cannot stand that. Of course, everything which you see beats you to the ground as a sober and poor person. But because he felt that that did not matter a jot to me, I stayed there longer than I had thought and considered possible. He himself arranged it for me. When he offered me the most tasty thing and I refused to accept it, I even made him look foolish. He did not go into it. Usually you are immediately out with such people. However, he accepted it and also understood me. How I feasted with him from all that tasty food. I can’t bear thinking about it, Karel. You should have tasted his wines. If I had not been able to experience anything else in this life, then my life would already have been supernatural, I enjoyed myself so much during those few days. I do not know where he got his wines from, however, it is as if you drink from a supernatural life source, that fluid is so pithy, so divine. Your heart gets a butterfly-like feeling, you would want to fly just like that. And then to know that you live close to a

universal harem? It was precisely different for me.

The man has understanding of everything. He is a born occultist. When he noticed that I had travelled, had a bit of understanding of those things, we could not stop talking. We lay down in his hall. I on a beautiful sofa and he next to me on his throne. The bottle within my reach. He did not want to have servants present then and the women had to see that they left. We talked about the building of the Pyramid, we descended into the Sphinx, and when he heard that I had met Mohammed Soehn, whom he knew and with whom he had spoken a great deal about the construction of the Egyptian teachings and the Temples of Ra, Ré and Isis, we lived in a heaven. My God, I cannot bear thinking about it, how happy I felt at that moment. You should have heard him about the Egyptian Lotus! There was one woman whom he saw as the Nile-Sphinx and whom he loved. I was allowed to admire her for hours. I do not believe that I was still alive at that moment. I do not wish to be hateful, but what do the women in Europe hope to achieve? I do not wish to make any distinction, because that is not laid aside for us anyway, but if you look into the eyes of such a Sphinx of flesh and blood! And hang her with the most precious stones, dressed in a heavenly blue garment and not forgetting ... the sandals which she wore. Erica, get lost ... go away, because you do not possess any beauty, you are as ugly as can be.

Let us just laugh about it, our children are better ... I tell you. Such an inspired snake bites you from the front and behind and you cannot do anything about it, you are now, as we call it, a dishcloth! A doormat! You will be destroyed by it!

Oh, well! I lie there and see into those eyes, into the eyes of the first one! His wife ... his queen! I knew it, as a result of all those frills, a soul like that enters the darkness. I therefore did not like such an angelic being. I could have descended into the most tasty pudding, but I did not want to eat from it. I could choose between brown and ivory black, between yellow and reddish, between Arabic and Egyptian, German, French, Italian ... I could have learned Norwegian in the East and the scandalous Jerusalem language as well, but that was too much for me. I was too awkward for it. And when he knew that, he received that certainty, the first one had to come and we started to feel the mysticism of the East. We discussed Socrates, Plato ... went to Vienna, Budapest, Paris, London and all the large cities of the world, where we had both been and which we had an understanding of, because my wandering nature knew what he had sought there! I had wanted to die that night. We continued to talk until the morning. When the sun rose he took me outside. We drank our strong coffee and had a bath in nature. Then I lay down. Yes, my God, can you forgive me? I submitted to that overindulgence.'

'What was it, Frederik? What did you experience then?' Erica sighs, who

really feels the tension. 'Continue!'

'Well, Erica, I was given an Egyptian massage. It was a brown person, with incredibly long fingers, who put me in the bath. I do not know what lived in that bath, but my body started to itch. I was gasping for breath. And a moment later I felt as if I was floating. Then I was given that massage. The man drew tiredness and sleepiness from my ribs. I felt as if I was born again and namely fifty years younger. I lay down and fell asleep. When I awoke, I thought that I was seeing a fairytale. An immense pile of fruit next to my bed. A small glass with a monkey, which I had to drink first. Then food; which all lay displayed there. A note with it, that the sovereign expected me in an hour's time. I had to put on the garment which lay ready for me. You will not believe it either, of course, Karel. But I can also show you that proof.'

We went outside. He received me in a gallery, surrounded from the East, in colour, green, nature. We first went to the women. He asked them whether they had slept well and whether there were any requests. I walked along with him like a prince, the trains behind me. You laugh, Karel, but watch out, or I will hit you. What seems incredible to you, now lives under my heart and is perfectly ordinary. When there is a masked ball here, I will put on my outfit.'

'Are you trying to claim, Frederik, that you still have that garment?'

'Precisely, Erica, I still have it, I received it as a present from His Highness. He has remained a friend of mine.'

'Continue, Frederik, what did he say to the ladies?'

'I already said, he asked whether there were any requests. And then I saw the beauties differently. Now an aurora shone everywhere on those living things, a light, so incredible that we want to pull out our hair; you will succumb, if you can see that. Our personality is not able to cope with such a thing either. You could write a thick book about it, but I tell you, all that is really no longer news for this world. It is all very everyday. At least as I see and feel it and which is usually the case for them there. Those people no longer see that and we fall as a result of it, succumb under it, our eyes are not used to that. Then we went to see his snakes. To him amazing animals, to me children of Satan which I want nothing to do with, but which are as tame as flies to him. He played with his favourite animals, I trembled and shook from fear. I did not let it show, but he knew it ...! These people do a great deal as a result of concentration. They were sacred animals to him. After having seen that wild, I got to see another hobby and I stood before the old masters. Then we talked about Rembrandt and Van Dyck, of which he had about ten paintings. Your purest exhibition.'

That day we were in the nature a great deal and especially on horseback. What a lot of cattle a prince like that has. I saw horses there, Karel. I rode horses there. He let me ride an Arabic stallion. Many people tumbled off, I

remained on it. He wished me to have a hard bath, but I did not take it, I was soon one with the animal. Then I had won his heart. In the evening I was dead tired and went to sleep early. I now actually saw my oriental bed for the first time. Really, what a bed. I sunk into the silk. A night like that, surroundings like that, so many flowers around you, also perfumes, and then to sleep. I will not tell you what I did. You would wish to die. Even if you do not have a gram of inspiration in your body, these people get it into you.'

'And then there was probably a knock on your door, wasn't there, Frederik?'

'No, Erica, I had sent that away a long time before.'

'Pull the other one, Frederik.'

'So, is Mr Karel also so unbelieving now? Would you like to have known what I did? You would like to have possessed his harem of course. I can already see you. But I did not succumb, I did not feel like wild cats, like anything which connected me in any way with the jungle. I had already known that world for so long. I did not go to ancient Egypt for that. I wanted to get to know the Pyramid! I wanted to sleep and rest, but especially dream. I knew that they were also dreams, but count me out.'

'So you let a princess of the Nile like that wait at your door, Frederik?'

'That Karel ... man, with the palm and fig trees there. I would rather go to Switzerland. Rather take a tumble in the cold snow, than to die in that boiling hot nocturnal darkness. Now you can think, what a dope you are, but you would have forgotten yourself and lost yourself in five minutes there. Then you would have been sent out the door. With a soft line, with a regal gesture you would have been sent off, but you would be put out! Not me, I could have stayed there all my life. Woe betide me, if I had violated myself! Now I played with him. Even if he was incomprehensible, I had the upper hand over him in this and the man got respect for that, which I had thus mastered. You will always lose it against those people, I won it! I got him as a result of it and I already said, we became friends.'

No, Karel, I stripped completely naked ... That was all I did, but I tell you, I have never slept like that. You can also try it here, but now it is as if you lie on nettles, you get lumps on your body as a result of it. There it was a divine experience. I did not tell him, but he wanted to know how I had slept. Now you think that that man wants to know whether you have really slept, don't you? Yes, it is the case, but that does not matter a jot to him. If I had said: yes, great, sir, highness, or whatever I had said it, to show my gratitude, I would not have achieved anything by it. And that is not even what concerns him. If I had given such an answer, then he would have thought: you see, now you give a person like that a nice bed, you know what a person deserves and what a person longs for, but it is pearls before swine.'

‘What should you have said, Frederik? It seems so simple to me.’

‘So, Erica, simple again, is it? I tell you, you are then faced with a big problem: either leave, and as quickly as possible, or a deep and amazing conversation, which usually ends with life and death, Isis, Ra, Ré, Ammon-Ra, all of ancient Egypt is involved. You go through Temples, you experience carrying, being carried in an old prehistoric sedan chair, lions walk behind you, tigers lick your hands as if it is the most normal thing in the world, women stand looking, stark naked, beside you, and you will soon visit the pharaoh. Do you want a bed like that? Karel thinks again: gossip, nonsense, dreaming. But what did you think, Karel, that I said? I will give you my capital if you give the answer. I knew how I had to act and he felt happy. The man was as happy as a small child, I had affected him so much. I could have received everything from him, he knew that it was felt and experienced, he had not received any corpse as a visitor in his house.

You do not know, do you? You are not yet suitable for it either, if you wish to know, Karel, you must experience worlds for that purpose, be a courier for His Majesty. Then you will come across these trifles and are you ready for them. Then people will start to love you. But in particular, then the West and the East reach unity.’

‘Describe all of this, Frederik, this book is a best-seller.’

‘You would like that, I would worsen many a person as a result of it. I would create pneumonia and I do not want that. Did you think that you would not try that? I know my people, Erica. No, I told him ... But do you not want to earn my possessions, Karel, I can have a bit more patience ... I told him ... that I had experienced the 'Turret room' of the Pyramid of Giza.’

And that was everything! He said:

‘I knew it. Remember me, when you multiply it as a result of wisdom. Carry on like that, and you will regain your Lotus. Descend into the spheres of Juda, make western comparisons and walk forwards backwards, if you can, and you will be it! I gave you your own birth, my nobility and yours are one! Thank you, I am open completely to your life. I am very happy, my friend. Oh, I am so happy! Is it possible that I can continue?’

And there you are again, Karel. What did the man want? Where to with me? I could have received everything now. I now said:

‘Can you feel, highness, does your life understand mine, can you take me back in just a few hours to where I was once? Has the eye of the Goddess given you joy of life, is mine ready for it? How gladly my life accepts your dignity, your happiness, I am ready to follow you. I will drink ... I will also resist all the laws. I have gone to sleep, highness!’

‘Thank you ... thank you, stay here if you want, stay here and we will continue to build.’

He would liked to have kept me there, in order to make me into a follower, a priest, because I was suitable for it and my living heart felt what it would be like. However, I did not dare to chance it. I understood what he wanted and that was enough. He wanted to see whether I possessed the conscious of a swine. He laid my body down on roses and worshipped it, he gave me an Egyptian present, I was crowned by His Highness, carried, and did not walk next to him, I let myself be carried. I did not hang out of the small open window like a madman looking at people. I lay down as an oriental prince does! I experienced a royal night! And you have to be willing to be stark naked for that, it is only then that you are one with sun and moon, stars and planets, the Goddess smiles at you, she tucks you in, she laughs after you, because your path goes through millions of lives, the garments of which she wears and owns. I was not naked, I wore wonderful garments, but I would have lost all of that as a result of a tigress cat like that. I would only now understand it and he had given me that wilderness.'

'My God, how beautiful', Erica utters and Karel and Anna lie at my feet. 'Frederik, but you are no slouch. Continue, please.'

'Did Frederik not succumb after all?'

'Keep quiet, Karel', Erica defends me. 'You would have succumbed. I would bet my life and my whole being on it. You would, but not Frederik.'

'I saw his birds, hundreds of species, which would just about drive you mad, it is so wonderful, I was allowed to see his possessions, everything! And then you are mad, as poor as anything and yet so immensely happy. He himself took me back. I will never forget these days. I could talk about them for years.'

'Do not stop, Frederik ... continue, even if it is early morning. Go on ... continue.'

'I was able to experience something else similar, Karel, even if it was not so amazing, yet worthwhile. It was in China. People thought I was someone else. I experienced a temple service such as I never will or can experience again. You do not get in just like that. I experienced temple dances, sat next to dignitaries, next to priests and priestesses, was treated like a sovereign and when it came down to it, I was precisely not what they had expected. Gosh, how furious those people were, even if they did not show it. But I had just let myself be spoilt and ate up all those niceties from under the nose of our messenger. All those tasty things, I had the greatest fun ... Do you believe me?'

'Tell us, Frederik!' Erica urges.

'Yes, I will do that, but I will go upstairs. It is bedtime ... tomorrow is another day. I will have a nice sleep and namely in silk. But now I need a jumper. And I am not afraid of tigresses here. Karel, what louts we still are. If I come back here and we live more than once, I will be a sultan! Even if I

am a small one, I want to be one. And Anna will be my princess then. I really do not need many women, but I will decide it with herself. She will get some names then. What do you say? I have the honour to greet all of you. Majesty, get out of my sight.' And that was to Karel. Karel says:

'Good night, colleague ... do not let your little black people shout any longer, I can hear them. And do not take the heart out of the ribs of a person.'

That is Anna! Precisely, I think, but Anna sees it very differently. I also say to her:

Did you see all those masks, Anna?

'I did, Frederik. I also go backwards forwards. I will learn it!'

'Thank you ... there is no more need to doubt this faith. I repeat, God bless you!'

René is sleeping like a baby, I see. Yet I do not know. I just work it out for myself. How will this life suddenly deal with all that beauty? Well, we will see. I kiss him in my thoughts and lie down. The logbook also says:

Although everything was experienced by me, I still notice that you can deceive adults in everything. It is priceless! Karel would have succumbed in that. And Erica – I must honestly say, because I will not try to get round it, because I do not want to hide anything from myself – she would have given herself completely! If the Sultan had had to receive her, she would give in and she would have been treated as a street girl. All that benevolence would have numbed her, she would have been under anaesthetic. I will give my life for this. Anna could not have experienced this succumbing, but she would not have experienced any less, people would have ignored her completely, and yet, you must know her life. People would have looked at her from the left and from the right, in order to accept her life and personality anyway. You know those hawkers. We say: flags on boats, but without the mud, because Anna is a princess! In short, I am too tired to still depict her shape, a reborn dream like that makes you dead tired. Karel would have sucked up the harem immediately. He would have sought out the most beautiful child that there was. However, Karel does not know that this Sultan has one more department and then you are faced with the sixth-class climate, where it rains and is misty. First that and then higher up; usually you are long gone and people no longer need you there. Yet remarkable, you feel the people kissing, the lips are made wet from it and the hearts overrun with benevolence. But why? Erica is deep within herself a public woman. Nonsense! She gives in as a result of her longing for sensation, it is that other thing, and precisely this other thing which destroys you. Without thinking, they stand naked before you and now you can pick as many apples as you like. I bet she dreams tonight that Karel is a Sultan. I have nothing to do with their own destruction, as long as they wish to understand this. It is wonderful, we have truly experi-

enced a film. I will go to sleep! I will see you later, pleasant dreams! Oh, my Lord ... Can You forgive me for this?

In the morning Erica crawls towards me, she approaches me across the floor and asks:

‘And now, Frederik, I want to see that garment. I am just like a snake, do you believe it? It has gone to my head. Man, how you can tell stories. Will this also come in the logbook, Frederik? What do you write about us? Do you destroy us, Frederik? Do you lie to save us? You may write everything about me that you want. I tell you honestly, I would also have succumbed. Karel laughs, but I bet my life on it that he would also have bolted from the brown bears. I know sir so well. I do not mince words. Not Anna ... they would have put her with a hothouse to care for the white lilies. Well, how crazy, isn’t it, Frederik, what idiots people like us are. You lose yourself just like that, just through a story. But how strong you must be. Or have you not told us everything about it? It was interesting. Where is the garment now? May we see it?’

‘In that case, Erica, that one there ... you will find it there.’

‘May I open it?’

‘Go ahead. But how is our child?’

‘Fine, Frederik, only we may not see what he has splurged together.’

‘So, he does not want that.’

Erica rummages in my case and finds what she is looking for. She is flabbergasted with surprise.

‘Good grief!’ she calls out. ‘My God, how can it be. And a guy like that keeps such a thing for himself alone! You should have a beating, Frederik. I only now understand who you really are. I believe that we do not know a gram of your inner life. May I show it to Karel?’

‘Go ahead, dear.’

I hear her calling: ‘Karel!!!! Come quickly out of the bath. I have a wonder for you.’

Anna must also come. I think of little René. This is not a good sign again. It is abnormal, I know that carry-on. It comes from inside. From inside there is someone who does not want us to look at those things. And that is that boeha again, you will see. He wants to keep the child for himself and that is both subnatural and supernatural at the same time. Anyone who does not know this, will not see and feel it. I am on my guard, I must watch out, otherwise accidents will happen. Oh, what a pity, what a pity it is, but, I knew it. It would be too good to be true. There is Karel already, and Erica and Anna follow him. Karel has put on my silk and it looks good on him, only he must have a different face, he looks just like a red cabbage. I do not say it, but Erica utters:

"What do you think of my St. Nicholas, Frederik?"

Karel is gone, the fun is already over for him, but he believes more of me than he used to. I am now far ahead of him. It has taken a long time, but I have made it, ditches no longer have any meaning now. Yet he comes back and now says:

"Frederik, it is not one-nil, but fourteen-nil!"

I say: 'Thank you, Karel, but this has no meaning, I bought the thing in Antwerp.'

'What ...??' says Erica. 'What are you trying to say, Frederik? Do you want to destroy us? Do you want to take away these illusions from us? Do you want to go back into your shell? Do you believe him, Karel? You see, that is the way Frederik is. First you enjoy, you believe everything, he makes you happy, but then he himself lets everything collapse again. They are just like castles in the air and *fata morganas*! I do not believe it. I can see that from the pearls and diamonds. Are those things real, Frederik?'

'Yes, I believe that you can fetch some twenty thousand for this same garment, dollars then, not guilders, and then you are still being cheated.'

'Are you are trying to tell me that you bought this just like that in Antwerp?'

'I must give an answer anyway. Just clear out of here, I am going out.'

That René, I am haunted by the thought, that poor boy. Here they are as if there is nothing the matter. Only Anna watches out. Anna already knows it, it will be crazy again today or tomorrow. When I see her later in the garden, I say:

'Anna, we must keep watch just now.'

'I know, Frederik!'

'Do you have to show tears again now? But why, Anna, I am also here, after all?'

'I know, Frederik!'

She looks me in the eye, just for a moment, and I say:

'Will you continue to wait for me, Anna?'

'I know, Frederik!'

'And will you make a journey through the desert with me?'

'Yes, Frederik?'

'And are you not afraid of storm and rain?'

'No, Frederik, you pick daisies, violets, after all!'

'Thank you, Anna, I will come; I will expect you in the middle of the desert, I will wait for you. It will take a while, but I will come, Anna. Just let it sink in, dear. I am busy cultivating such a dove for you also. When it is finished, then you will get the answer. And now go quickly or they will have seen our flirting and that must not happen for the time being. Goodbye, my

dear? I will see you again later! When you are alone, just write me a note. If it takes too long, you may knock on my door, no one, no other soul! Only you, Anna, Lotus?’

Anna is gone. The lady no longer totters, the princess of my life walks stately like a queen, from the West then! Egyptian nobility lives in her blood, but no one may know it. Perhaps later! Anna does not yet know it either ... but I have also kept silent about my dreams of her life and mine. I will give them a place in the logbook, when I have told everything about the others and myself and there is nothing else. It is only then that little René will hear about it! Everything is for him! I will then eat up the love from it ... Yes, my children, it is up to you to solve the mystery!

René is not eating again, but is still very cheerful, high-spirited. He races downstairs, stands looking at Karel’s paintings for half an hour, runs back upstairs to lock himself up and then surely to copy this whole. He does not dare to ask Father whether he may copy the painting. Karel will not care, but it is not this. The supernatural or the underground phenomena have got him again. I say to myself: this is not going well again. Karel and Erica do not yet see it and I cannot do anything about it. I got the urge a moment ago to put him under hypnosis. I know for sure that he will go to sleep, I have already experienced that several times. I do not need to do much for it and he will already be sleeping. But I am afraid of it. What can a child like that hope to achieve? What do I want to know about such a young life! No, I thought, still too soon. I may not do it.

He has painted and drawn the whole day. After dinner he asked to be alone for a bit. Karel did not mind, because he does not know of anything else. I know, nothing can be done about it anyway. If they take him away from this drawing, I swear to them, then he will break everything to pieces again. If you take this carry-on away from him, then you will immediately be faced with a provoked lion and that animal will jump on you. I will let him go, we will not oppose, we will just wait and see.

When Hans comes, he wants to know how René is. The child is sleeping and Erica does not want to waken him for all the money in the world. The conversation is about the child. We do not know of anything else to say, at least if there are strangers, it is always a bit different amongst ourselves. Hans is no stranger to us, we have him back completely, but, happiness from the heart is not for sale just like that. You do not sell bonds for hearts. Happiness from the heart does not lie in the street, you do not find that in the street gutters of the town, you must build this up yourself and give everything for it. We feel that, Hans is still just outside of it! You cannot do anything about it, you either have it or you do not and then those doors remain closed.

Hans is talking about his years of puberty. Karel does not mind, I do not

say a word. I know, he started about it long ago and they are almost behind him. Yet Hans gets to see René. There are drawings everywhere, we take a few with us, we want to know all the things he has splurged. Hans thinks that he is okay and thinks that it is now over. He admits that I have now already won the bet. I say something. I must now throw salt in old wounds, because tomorrow or the day after I will be faced with the misery anyway!

‘What do you think, Frederik?’ Hans asks.

‘I see it differently, Hans. People know here, I do not take part in pessimism, put salt in old wounds, that is not in my character. But it can take a while, but then it will come and we will be faced with new misery.’

‘I do not believe that’, says Karel, and Erica feels the same way as he does.

‘Then I must disappoint you, people. I see the case differently.’

‘But there are no more phenomena, Frederik. He is great, he works well, yes. It is not going too well with food, but that does not mean anything, it is perfectly normal.’

‘I tell you, that I am not clutching at straws, at least not now, I can see and feel it differently. But let’s forget it, I do not want to take away your happiness.’

‘Are there phenomena, Frederik?’

‘There are and there are not, Hans. I do not believe that you, Karel or Erica can see them, even if you are right on top of them.’

‘What kind of drawings are they, let us have a look’, Hans asks.

We take the things to hand. There is a bit of everything. A load of scribbling, the familiar little notes, field, trees, meadows, flowers and strange symbols you would say and think, if they were not so awkward. But there is something to it. Hans sees them as childish nonsense. Karel and Erica also, I see nothing else but misery. The familiar gate, the piece of ground, the fence can be seen clearly, a mass of sticks, which are his friends, and over the gate: boeha! Everything points to inner chaos. Hans asks:

‘What do these things represent, Frederik? Do you have an answer and an explanation for them?’

‘Yes ... what will I tell you, Hans. It is all so deep ... so inhuman. I do not believe that I have an answer for it. I can tell you that all these things take me to trouble.’

‘But why do we think that drawing is good? Why do you buy that rubbish then, Frederik?’ I get saddled with from Karel.

‘I will give you an answer to that, Karel. If you take this away from him, you will already have an argument in half an hour and you will see a different child. I assure you, if he now knew that you had his drawings, the child would go for your neck.’

‘Imagination ... Frederik.’

'It is the way to follow this, and I know it. The life would break you. I know him. You are now dabbling in something, the laws of which you do not know. René would tear you apart.'

'You are exaggerating, Frederik', I hear from Karel.

'I repeat, I do not hope so; I cannot feel it differently.'

'And these are inner phenomena according to you, Frederik?'

'They are your own mad people, Hans. These are Sonjas and Mrs Van Soest and old Piets, if you wish to know, but which is no use to you anyway. You can never be reached. You keep falling back again into your rotten world.'

'Since when?'

'I can see that now!'

'Thank you, Frederik.'

'You do not need to thank me for it, Hans, it is the sacred truth.'

'Must I then accept, this these are inner Rembrandts?'

'Now you are starting to exaggerate. That means nothing. I do not intend either to argue with you about this life. I tell you what it is about, I give you my honest feeling and thinking. But you will see it. These are inner conflicts, Hans. That colour here and there, are alarming airs and graces, it is frightening moaning. It beats him, it destroys him, it strangles the life. These are inner conflicts the life of which you cannot see. These are worlds for René. You see these stripes and all this daubing from the normal, not from the abnormal.'

"Frederik, it is as if you are asking for trouble, what is the matter?"

'I am not asking for trouble, Karel, but I do not put up an umbrella if it is not raining. I am warning.'

'How, Frederik? Tell us, by what?' Karel wants to know.

'I already told you, can you not see anything? I would need a book for it, I would have to go back years to explain it to you. And then I will not yet have made it. As a result of that stupid post, this here. You see it, this is a gate, and on that gate a little figure, that figure is hanging on top of it, doesn't it?'

'If you explain it like that, yes, but they are actually just scribbles.'

'Good, even if they are scribbles, I tell you, those same scribbles will already take him back there in a few days. I will just tell you now, then you will be prepared for it. This happiness was only temporary. We may not forget the aim of this life. René would come back to us for a moment, but then the boy must leave again. Of course, if it remains like this, he will not need to go, of course. But this will not remain like this. These drawings have brought that truth forward. That same stripe is a world for René, I tell you again and you cannot understand, your psychology is not yet so deep, Hans, even if you are the smartest man in the world. Yours has does not mean a thing for this life.'

Let him do as he pleases. If you take this stuff away from him, the house will be in an uproar. He must have something as a result of which he lives it up or there will be an inner rebellion.'

'How do these things have to do with the Sonjas, Frederik?'

"Because here, Hans ... now listen carefully ... the narcosis or the hypnosis is transformed into art. What Sonja and old Piet experienced as a result of hypnosis and we got from those lives, René throws on paper. Do you understand where am I heading?'

'Remarkable ... Frederik.'

'You say that now, but you do not mean it. I tell you, it is worthwhile thinking about.'

'Can you not put him to sleep?'

'That is also possible.'

'Do it then!'

'What would you do, Hans?'

'I would start immediately, at least if he shows wildness.'

'So. And you, Karel?'

'I would do as Hans feels. Let him sleep and bring order into the subconscious.'

'You see, you are just like academics. What do you hope to achieve, if you start stirring in ground, in which you have just laid the seed? Did you think that you would see fruits next year? If you place an egg under a chicken and you take that egg out from under the animal every day and you put it somewhere, where there is no heat, what will come into the world? Decay, but no new life.'

'What are you trying to say by this, Frederik?' Hans asks.

'That you can never give day conscious to something which still has to experience the growing and blossoming process and therefore is not mature, because this life, that thinking and feeling must still awaken. If you administer sleep to René, you will murder the child. You will smother the life, you intervene in something, which still has to live, still has to grow. The mature conscious takes you to the mature personality. Don't you feel then, Hans, that you cannot achieve anything with hypnosis on children in such a state? That, which still lies deep in the life and still has to awaken, I see as in the winter for nature in the tree, but not outside it. Do you wish to get that life outside as a psychologist and give it a place in this cold nature? Hans, this exceeds your feeling, just come out with it honestly or you will think that I am gibbering in space. But that is the case! There is nothing to be hypnotised here, there is nothing to be done, because you are now disturbing the life! That is good for adults, not for children! However, I tell you, what we can achieve for old Piet, Sonja and for many other people, that same thing man-

ifests itself through scribbling. I know that René is a very different matter, however, the material reaction is a phenomenon, are these colours, are also these trivial drawings.'

'What should we do then, Frederik?' Erica asks.

'Nothing, my child, we will just wait and see. After all, Hans thought he was great. I do not, I thought he was already wretched today!'

'You have a depressing picture of it, Frederik.'

'Just listen to that Karel. I already told you, I never look on the black side. You can do better. But look here. Flowers ... they look like flowers, but they are not. What are they then? Do you feel what it is?'

'What is it, Frederik?'

'They are grades of conscious, Hans.'

'What did you say?'

'That in the East or precisely in the middle of the world there is a pyramid. Do you not know that thing, Hans?'

Karel, Erica, Anna, all three look at me. Hans asks:

'Are you irritated, Frederik?'

'Yes, and precisely by you. You can never accept anything. I could give you what for, if you did not know that you will achieve nothing anyway. You see, I no longer let it bother me. I never used to go into that, because I thought that you were amazing people. But I now know that you are so unpleasant, so abnormal, that I feel like playing with your ears for hours on end. You forget your own stupid things. You forget, for example, that you declare people insane, who are as healthy as anything. You forget all of that. You disregard it and just trundle on. That irritates a normal person. I have forgotten it already, I no longer fall for it. However, I tell you: you do not know the slightest about this psychology. Now I find it a wonderful word, because you do not go to pieces up against the same stone once, but a thousand times.

These are grades of conscious. And René Wolff draws these grades of conscious, which are just like flowers for you, a strange child, but you do not see that. You are now standing with your professor legs on top of the corpse and you do not feel it. This, Hans, is one of the phenomena. Did I not tell you that they are present and they are not present? Erica felt like that as well, today she was there and tomorrow she was precisely not there. She was standing in front of you and she was walking in the street. She experienced intimate conversations, from which Van Stein received an inner stroke and brought her before the university council, so that this family was a subject of gossip. You are like that, I will not take it any longer, your learning makes me sick! But that does not mean, Hans, that I will bump against those same stones. I therefore mean well. I am concerned with your doubting Thomas face. Today I have you and tomorrow I have lost you again. Karel has

changed. Now he is back next to you. Yesterday I declared wonders to him, he has also forgotten again. Today a friend, tomorrow a stranger to you, only because sir is a doctor! And you are always like that!

I tell you, therefore according to my feelings, Hans, these sharp red colours and this harsh green, are grades of conscious for him, they are worlds, with which his life has to do. The child lives it up as a result of this. The life lets off steam and that is already healing. Here he lets off steam, a medicine for him and for his soul. What destroyed Sonja, devastated old Piet, just completely lets off steam here calmly, according to natural laws! What we received with them as a result of hypnosis, happens here of its own accord! These sharp colours, Hans, Karel, full of red and harsh yellow, they are enflamed, will soon be trouble! They are characteristics. These blue colours are part of his peculiar sleep. His dream world, his eternity. In this I see the years of transition if you ask me, and not anything else!

‘Do you want my honest answer, Frederik?’

‘Please, Hans.’

"You are only making a guess. With the best intentions I cannot make of it what you see. Honestly, Frederik, I have sacred respect for your knowledge of matters, this is going too far!"

‘But do you not feel then, that this life has been deeply black? And that we are now already getting colours for light and heat? Do you not know that we were involved with hell and the devil? Should we not be grateful that it is going well?’

‘Who is throwing a spanner in the works, Frederik, you are, aren't you?’

‘That is what you thought, I do not intend, I already told you, to make life sour for Erica, Karel or Anna. I have never done that before! Now I am fighting against your faculty. Our conversations will soon receive a deep meaning. It is the fight of a layman against all your learning. I have not yet forgotten my bet, Hans. I have not yet won it, but that will come. If we keep the life and all of us may experience this, you will also see it! I now lay conscious foundations. I will not let myself be taken in again by you, I will go against it! That is everything!’

Can this child make more of it that lives in his conscious? No! But soon, Hans, soon, when this life awakens, then what?’

‘I must first see it.’

‘Me too, but I can already see it now! Then he will beat you with wonders.’

‘So, despite everything still a child prodigy, Frederik?’

‘Despite everything, yes! Yes, you will experience it!’

Karel and Hans go upstairs, to the child, we remain downstairs. Erica does not like it. Karel does what he thinks he must do. What the academics want is a mystery to me. Yet I follow the gentlemen in thoughts. They are

gone at least a quarter of an hour. What does the professor expect. I think Hans has changed, now that he has reached the highest for his life. Still very young and then already on that universal staircase; but a height which means nothing, if it concerns supernatural phenomena. There they are. I can see from the eyes and the masks that the gentlemen were involved in a scientific conversation. They sit for a moment, it is heated, you can cut the scientific art. It is already like cigar smoke, it stinks so much. I must watch out, I am starting to feel, now it is a fight to the finish, one university against another, which has no meaning for them. Great science against flowerbed wisdom ... a comparison which you must feel, or you will not understand any of it, but it is proverbial. To me it has almost become a concept. I get it from the street gutters, they get it served up artfully. And they still do not know it. Erica is also feeling what is brewing. Anna is not out of the room for a second. What is it? Must the academic not first have a cough? Do you need a glass of water, professor? Are your papers in order? Is your tie straight? Do you not break your neck over the threshold? Did the doorman say good morning to you? Or are you faced with an inner operation this evening? What is it? And there you have it.

‘Is it not possible, Frederik, that René has come under your influence?’

Flaming fire from Erica and Anna, pseudo-friendliness radiates from Karel to us, the academics are completely in agreement.

‘What?!’ asks Erica. ‘What do you want now? René under the influence of Frederik? Do you wish to have an argument? Do you wish to attack Frederik? Do you wish to ...’ She does not get any further, Karel slows her down.

‘Just be quiet ... We just want to talk. There is nothing the matter. Patience.’

Hans asks:

‘What do you think, Frederik? Is that possible?’

‘Just work it out for yourself. I have no words for you.’

‘It is just a question, Frederik’, Karel assures him.

"So, it is searching."

‘We can accept that influence is possible. The life, you say yourself, absorbs feelings. And you are searching for all these things. It is obvious, that a sensitive child also absorbs your feelings. It is possible. We are just setting up a study, aren’t we?’

‘And you think the boy is okay like that, Hans. You have already admitted defeat in advance. What you actually hope to achieve with this study?’

The conversation peters out on its own. Karel and Hans talk outside. We talk about very different things. Hans is more learned than ever. ‘But it is up to him’, Erica says, ‘he will stay away from my child.’

I think about everything. When Karel comes back I am already in bed.

There is something brewing here, Hans wants something. I am growing above his head? Nonsense. But that he can still influence Karel is a mystery to me.

I also write down:

You can never rely on academics. They can never be trusted. You can never start a friendship. If you think that you have them, you have lost them precisely! I know: a layman remains a layman. They accept nothing! They may not do it, but we have proof. Hans had to establish that a great deal can be achieved by hypnosis. He has seen me work, he himself did not get round to it, his life will work all wrong. But the academic does not believe that either. And now trying again to finish me off. Come what may ... I am now going to sleep!

Little René is wild the following morning. Anna races into my room and says: 'Frederik, now we're in for it again. My God, what misery again.'

I race to his room. The boy is standing on his bed, upright, and is letting rip like a wild man. He is shouting, he wants to talk, but he is suffocating as a result of his seething disposition. He is foaming at the mouth. And yes, a cup flies past my head.

Karel arrives in a rush, Erica behind him. Karel races back to his sanctuary and wants to give him an injection. Erica is like a wild cat and knocks the thing out of his hand. Meanwhile I have tuned in my will, but I cannot start anything, René's life is not reacting. I will get him, the boy is as strong as a big man. A few minutes later he is in a straightjacket. He spits at us, his eyes are wild, this is no longer a child. A pity?

Karel gathers all these things together and tears up the rubbish. He lets me know:

'If anything else must be bought, Frederik, then I will be there as well.'

'Thank you, Karel, I will certainly not forget it. Thank you very much.'

'Thank you? The trouble comes from that cursed drawing, Frederik! Can you not see that then?'

'Do you mean that, Karel?'

'Whether I mean that?! Do you think that I want to have my child totally mad?'

Karel cannot be reached. Erica says:

'Are you starting again? Do you let yourself be influenced by that professor? I will tell you something, Karel. Do not lift a hand to my child, or I will strangle you. That foreman will go out the door. If you bring along that pig again, I will chase him out the door.'

And to me she says:

'Come, Frederik, no worries, we are behind you.'

Karel is furious. He takes off. The wonderful happiness of a few days ago

has dissolved. Other masks came in their place. And that as a result of a professor! I go to my room and write in the logbook:

What still meant happiness yesterday, is arguments today! And that as a result of one person! And precisely a person of whom you hoped that the soul would feel understanding for 'seelische' revelation. You cannot say it like that in your own language, because you are immediately faced with the word 'spiritual', which we do not know. 'Seelisch' ... it sounds better and it says more, but that has no depth for Hans. Hans rips up apart and Karel falls for it again. I am curious where this ship will strand. However, I was proved right, I saw it from the drawing, I knew it beforehand. I let him go his way, that letting off steam means nothing to Hans and Karel. And yet, as a result of it, we will later have to admit that again, the life is developing. I do not understand that Hans cannot accept this. It is as clear as possible. There is nothing else. It is so clear because nature is speaking here and searching for its own way. The worse thing of all is that the boy must go back again. We will lose this life again. I must stop, Erica and Anna need me. I can hear her footstep.

'What do you think, Frederik?'

'Do not worry, Erica. One thing: I do not like it that Hans and his kind are now making a mess. Hans and Karel will get professor Volt involved. You will see. Hans saw his study completed there, but he is falling in a ditch. I do not understand Karel. Do not worry, child. Of course, we will lose him again for a while, but we had not yet made it. We are now in those desert storms. We are thirsty! However, we have a guide, Erica, who know the way. So no worries. Everything will be okay again. You also, Anna. No fear ... no worries, I swear that to you, I will be proved right. I know those drawings, all too well. Later you will read all about them. I will describe the foundations. They are not sickly. But no scientific messing with little René! If they need any guinea pigs, they will just have to search elsewhere. I do not wish to persuade you in any way, Erica, but I ask you, use your common sense. Hans is now too learned for us and he wants to have revenge. He does not want to go through life under my mask. I have grown above his head and he does not tolerate that. I must be destroyed! He wants to be right, and if he is, Hans will have his respect. But that will be at René's expense. Everything is possible now. I have influenced René. We now see what I have been writing for years in the logbook coming true. I am therefore prepared! You are too. We have lost Karel for the moment, but that will be okay as well. I give you my sacred assurance, Erica, if it is necessary, I will leave!'

'Never that, Frederik. As long as you know, we will go with you.'

'That is wonderful, but you have to finish your own task.'

'It does not matter ... I will go with you and Anna too. Even if I have to

walk with shoelaces, I will go with you. Karel can get lost as far as I am concerned. You know who I am and what I am like! I will not let you be trod on. Your friendship is worth more to me than anything. I will leave Karel on his own for that. Does it not mean anything to you?’

‘I am grateful to you, Erica. But is that necessary? Must we, who have worked on each other for years, tear apart a bond? I will go, and if I go, you will have peace and quiet. I know for sure, Karel will not manage a single day without us. I know him. It is Hans! I will soon give him and Hans the proof. Just wait, Erica, we will experience another life, other times. I have complete faith. This will be okay.’

‘No Hans on little René’s body, Frederik. Come on, we will see how our child is.’

‘Good day, dear ... good day, little René ... good day, little human child. How are you? Are you still angry at Uncle Frederik? Little René, little René ... Look me in the eye?’

The child asks for help. But there is something, which I cannot get under control. And I know that. I know that. ‘It is the winter, little René ... No one can change this, you went to sleep for it. I cannot achieve that, I cannot elevate that into my life, that must grow and awaken. It lives in the human sperm and soon, when the life is big, it will reach growth and blossom. Precisely, little René, but then it is called cancer, or tuberculosis; they are illnesses. You cannot yet be helped like that. Hypnosis is destruction for a young life, it is smothering the life, it is beating the head to a pulp. It is destroying the seed, which we planted in the ground yesterday.’

Erica and Anna hear what I say aloud to René. The child has become calmer. Erica says:

‘I believe you, Frederik. I accept that immediately. And you, Anna?’

‘I too, it must awaken.’

‘Precisely, it must awaken, it must grow, awaken, evolve also, it is only then that you can put a soul to sleep. If you do it anyway, because you see it is possible, then you lay this life still. Then the child no longer expresses itself, then it is completely dead. You smother it! You now cause disharmony. You do not give it the opportunity to bud. Did you see those colours, little René? Did you not see boeha? Did you not see him? And did you think, little René, that we are not here?’

‘But dear!’ I hear Erica say, and that is for me and René.

‘Can you see Uncle Frederik, little René?’

No answer, the child cannot see me. The day conscious eyes have been disengaged. The windows are sealed. What belongs to the day conscious has now gone to sleep. You could just torture him. Nothing can be done about it, we must surrender to this process. ‘The child cannot see you, Erica, this

life now lies under the normal, it lives there, it rests there, because relaxation has come again.'

René closes his eyes, we go downstairs. Now there is talking again. Now we are up to our necks in misery again. We did not think about it, but it is the case. The life goes on, it awakens, grows up. This is significant, but adults like us do not yet know the laws for it. It is true word for word, you stand before it and you stand behind it and next to it. What I saw there with Hans, I can now see again with René. There was a woman there who preened herself the whole day ... stroking like a cat, licking herself. Did she have a beauty illusion? In my opinion she did ... Hans thinks differently about it, contaminated! And I now saw that astrally. I did not want to think about it yet, because I did not have proof. But people had to lock up the woman, because she was busy cleaning, washing herself ten hours a day. She messed about with water, the whole day, day in day out the same story, but people did not understand it. Until she became rather wild and she had to move house. What is it? Where does a beauty course of treatment like that come from? You should have heard Hans about it. I still have no proof of it, but I am starting to think of 'spiritual contamination'! There is a demon in that life aura. And the soul feels that. The soul as a human being now starts to wash itself and continues to do that, but there is no end. In this way thousands wash themselves into the madhouse. That unnatural beauty destroys the soul. The people of that female being did not understand it, the doctor just guessed. I say to myself: this is 'astral pest, astral influence', the soul as a woman wants rid of that dirty carry-on. I tell you honestly: I could not see behind that mask. I have no proof of it, but I will get that proof. I already said before that I would not go one step too far! But I will not let myself be ridiculed by any Hans, by any professor Volt, by any Karel, I will now start a fight, which will give us all pleasure. For little René it is no different.

What you see with those women as attempts to wash themselves clean, I see here as his ... boeha! It is that skunk who pulls the life downwards. I have seen it. Those dolls are not worth a jot to the academics, but they are my proof, it is the life of René! But I will not tell them yet! They will just make a scramble of it. They will make a St. Nicholas out of it, a layman acts the academic. Good, I assume, but there is also ancient Egypt. There is also Mohammed! More of my friends, who gave themselves. I call them to me! They have to assist from there? I do not need them yet. If I need them, I will get their full co-operation. Now the East is tuned into the sober West. I greet you, my Sultan, I am already busy. Good, that a human being can keep something for himself, or they make a mess of everything, the most sacred matters. They spoil and ruin everything. I stand sharp, I have had my irons jacked up, they may come! Just come, I have become 'clairvoyant'. I go one

way which takes me and anyone who wants to follow me straight through the Pyramid of Giza. You may just remain seated on the back of your camel, you do not need to walk for it, I place it in your hands! You will get it dished up as you have never seen it before! But, heads down! Masks off! Masks off! What do you want?

That boeha is a man? I believe it and I do not believe it! I saw him as a man, as a little devil, but that is the material apparition, the soul expresses itself through those phenomena and we see that little chap. But I think it is different and much more natural. I will think about it later, when we have taken little René away again, however horrible it is. A pity! A pity! What a pity, Erica, Anna, but we must have patience! Later you will say: how did everything fit together. The phenomena were laid next to each other like building bricks and then we see that landscape with all those waterfalls for our life. Now you can see yourself in it. Now human gossip has no more meaning. Now everything is supernatural, because every thought carries and represents a universe! Can you see that mask?

I go upstairs and record all these thoughts. People like us cannot change anything about it. We can hand in empty notes, but behind that lives the reality, or there would never have been a Saint Peter and that crowing of the cock which people make such a fuss about would have been nonsense! They would be fabrications then. But are you trying to deceive me that Christ did not live on earth? Must we, as is accepted by many wretched academics, accept that as a legend from Jerusalem? They would like that! But that is not possible! He was there, and we will fight for that! I at least on my own and they as a result of their depraved pedestals! Oh, Mohammed, I am starting to understand why it was so difficult for you, for everyone for that matter, who were able to do something for this progress. An academic is a sheep with human feelers! Did you see this mask as well?

Karel has not yet changed. He is infernal! It is Hans now and professor Volt. They set up a investigation. The gentlemen are already coming this afternoon. We are curious. Erica says: they may do what they like, but so far and not further. She is strong together with Anna! They know what they want! They readily admit it. I go my own way. I cannot do anything. Karel has to decide about his flesh and blood.

They have been! Little René did not get any injections because Erica let rip like a wild thing. She showed the academics the door. Karel almost attacked her, but Anna stood before the brute. Then over my dead body. That is as old as the Kralingen road, but Karel got a fright. The academics did not know what to do. They behaved with contempt. Volt wanted to talk to me, Erica advised me to not say a word to that riffraff. I did not mind and sir asked:

‘Are you sure of yourself ... is it out of the question that your will was trans-

ferred to the child?' He put it differently, but I understood him. I said this:

'Are you the academic or is it me?'

'I am asking you something, you can answer me, can't you?'

'I will only talk to Mr Wolff. If Wolff says that I must talk, I am prepared.'

Volt goes away and returns with Karel. They want to know something from me. Volt restrains himself a bit, Karel is like a big rogue. They will come back this evening, then Hans will also be there. I do not mind. But Erica says:

'What shameless dogs they are, Frederik! You will not say a word to those dogs. I will get Karel for this.'

But Karel cannot be caught yet, we have also lost little Karel. Just for a while, I believe, because I cannot believe in that destruction. But people remain people, remain herd animals, remain strange being! You have them today, and tomorrow?

And little René has become calmer, but under the straightjacket. If we free this wild life, it will bite you. And that may not happen. We do not talk, we think. This evening a fight for life and death? I do not believe it. I rather think that this will blow over. For that matter, I do not know what I will say. I do not know where to start. The academics want to crush me and Karel will help with it? I believe it now. Will I go on a journey after all? I am getting feelings! I am getting ideas. I am open to it. If that has to happen as well, Karel? Fine, I am capable of anything! But then you will have to come to me on your bare knees, you will have to lay your heart on a plate or I will no longer believe you. For me, Karel, something is dying. You can go so far, because then I myself cannot do anything more about it. I will never leave here of my own accord. I will never lose friends! Never! They do not stick it with me, that's it, because my life is always too heavy, too difficult for them, because they are too lazy to start a life for later! Get lost, as far as I am concerned ... to hell with you ...! I have never been so coarse before, but then you should not have placed these words in our perfect piece of writing. I think it is perfectly simple, I do not wish you dead, you cannot go to hell anyway ... I actually say something which does not need justification. I might as well brandish violets, but they have not yet earned that 'sacred assurance'!

René remains calm. He has eaten something. Karel will not let me go to him. He wants a pure examination. That is a good one. But when he is gone for a moment, the women take me to our child.

'Good day, dear.'

What we do not expect – it is always like that with our child – now happens.

'Do I have to leave again, Uncle Frederik? I was just so nicely occupied.'

Conscious again! If that also comes from me, came as a result of me, I do

not need to go on the funeral pyre after all. It is to us, as if he wants to help us. This morning a wild man, totally mad, now completely calm and also healthy. Just let the gentlemen come. I say:

‘You see, René, you must know, there it is ever so good. You must go back to your little friends for a while. And, René, are we not with you? Are we not waiting for you? Do we not think of you? If you come back later, little René, then we will buy large canvasses. And then I will help you.’

‘Yes, will we, Uncle Frederik? And will we look at all the beautiful paintings? And will you not forget that, Uncle Frederik? And will I also get beautiful things in my room?’

Erica says: ‘My dear. You will get your own museum from us!’

‘Really, mother? Really ... are you behaving just like boeha, will you throw me out again? Father is a rotter! Father is a rotter, Uncle Frederik. Ugh, Father makes me sick. I will get him. I will cover him in pooh.’

He spits at his father.

‘For shame’, says Erica, ‘Father is sweet.’

‘You are lying, Mother, Father is a pink dahlia!’

‘You see’, says Erica, ‘they now talk of influence. Sir should have heard this. When they can learn, they are not there. Good heavens, but what a mercy. And to René she says:

‘You are going away for a while, aren’t you, son? We will keep everything here for you. Anna, Frederik and I will buy beautiful paintings for you. But you may not say anything of father, Father means well with you. And when you come back, then everything will be fine. Won’t it, little René?’

‘Yes, Mother. Yes, mongrel ... yes, bitch! Just get lost ...!! You can go to hell.’

He turns round and wants nothing more to do with us. I pull the hair from my head. I start to think of influence, I must leave here for some time, the child sucks you completely empty, the academics are right. But not a second later I think differently about it again. That is part of it, also that other thing! Everything together it is a supernatural stew! And we eat from it, but it does not taste good. Karel has become sick because of it. What will this day bring us?

Hans, Volt, Karel – Erica and Anna did not want to be there – they are sitting on hot coals, the conversation has started. We have started the last act, masks go off? Masks have just been cleaned up and put on! Hans now has a prehistoric mask, Karel not so pitiful and crumpled, but it is not up to much. That Volt is just like a living corpse! That man comes from Groningen. An instinct runs across that face, which leaves me cold. If you were to hang a bag on his shoulders with some junk in it, wearing an old worn suit and then kicked out on the street, he would be the man who does business in the street

and on the door. And that has become a professor and does psychology with Hans. They are just imitating the last ones! There is no more to it, and now to the court. Just come, Your Honours ... Prevent misery ... The gates of heaven are now open!

Volt says: 'We have reached agreement ... Your presence is the irrevocable destruction of this life.'

'What do the gentlemen want? What do the academics want? Karel, do you approve of that? Out of my house, riffraff ... Out of my house.'

Karel saves the situation. I look at Erica. She understands me; just wait and see, I give her. Erica races off for a moment. I know where she is going. Anna will tell her what to do. Soon she can forget herself as much as she wants, now patience is needed. She is sitting there and waiting. 'Sorry ...' she says, 'but I am mother.' Volt can agree with that. I ask nothing, but Hans asks something:

'What do you think of it, Frederik?'

'What do I think about this, gentlemen? Rather clear. I completely give into what the gentlemen think and can imagine about it. I believe very certainly in influence, because a child learns everything from adults. Very correct!'

'But now what?' Hans wants to know.

'Now what? How can I prevent that influence, I mean: how can I bring change in this, now that it is so far? I will go, of course, I will leave here, I will be already gone by tomorrow. Certainly a good decision. Of course, I must offer you my apologies. It is pity, why did Karel not let me know this much sooner? It is a pity, professor, but I am to blame, I do not need to do anything about this, the gentlemen will very probably agree with me. But, how does the child calm down again?'

'Those are my affairs!'

Karel says this. It is cuttingly cold. North pole carry-on, you need fur coats for it, but the academics agree. Hans starts to talk about learned systems, and I do not understand them?? I will just go ... because what can I do about this? Erica is still waiting, she is tigerish. I must have peace, peace!

Hans knows, if he wants to talk to me about all these things, then he must not start with learned terms. I close myself off completely to them and I also have no understanding of them?? I have built up an own terminology for these matters. And it is not bad, you say the same things for them and they are much clearer to understand. I cannot make any sense of what they make of it. Hans also starts and provokes me, when he asks:

'You must understand it properly, Frederik, Karel is concerned with René. We have found a new way, as a result of which a cure is possible.'

'I will tell you one thing, Hans. Must I start to see your personality differ-

ently? Fine ... Yesterday sir thought differently about it. Then I had won my bet. Now we are far from home, strangers, now layman's talk is compared to the university laws. I do not mind. What do you wish to know from me?

'The core lies with you, Frederik. We assume that you have had the child under your influence all these years. We do not say that this happened consciously, you know better. Murdering destruction was diagnosed here, which has murdered the day conscious for years. And the young life absorbs those powers, Frederik. Is that not clear enough? Is this so wrong?'

Karel does not say a word. But Erica is sitting next to me, who could rip him apart. She is still waiting! Of course, I withdraw into my shell. You cannot compete with so much horrible talk anyway. This is just the way I am. I no longer act then, I deal with it from inside. I am sad about it, it hurts me! I will not cast any more pearls before swine! But how can it be. That Karel, that poor Hans. That Volt is a pig! You should see those bulging eyes. That nose. That mouth! It is like a hay cart. Look at the elbow steam. I would bet my head on it, that this man is merciless. This man has reached his height by being merciless. I throw my contempt. Look, he wants to hide behind his glasses. Can you see that slimness? Did you see that mask? I can hear what he is thinking ... I hear:

'Dirty bastard ... I will kick you out of my house if you come near me.' And that dirty wagtail, that perfectly ordinary insect, is sitting there and could kill me. Just give me the Ten Hoves! Just love those children! Give them everything ...! They will kill you anyway! I will go, learned sir ... but you also will come to me on your bare knees one day and ask for forgiveness. I will already tell you now: you can send your dirty nonsense to Him, who was born and died for all of us. There I will be proved right! He knows what I am like! He knows what I wanted and what I did! He knows everything about me! I am not concerned with what you think of it. Just banter my name about the street ... Just say at your university that a layman has made a child mad. Just put me behind bars ... I will come back anyway and I will be proved right after all!! About everything!

Bastards! Dirty carry-on! Wretches! Bunglers! Big fuss! Grass blades! Animal instinct! Filth! False carry-on! Deception! Liars! Do you want to step over my dead body? God preserve me! God knows who I am! I will go both over and on the funeral pyre for Him! Just make me out to be an evil genius! I did not say any of this aloud. Ugh!

They sit there and say nothing. When Karel does not know what to do with himself, he awkwardly reaches for a box of cigars.

'Thank you, poet ... doctor, job stealer!!' I utter, and I feel that little René is helping me, 'I never smoke! No, I never smoke! You would like that. Wouldn't you?' I now carry on, I will strengthen their diagnosis. Hans already feels

what is coming and they will enjoy it as well!

'Not I, I never smoke! You thought that. Never heard of those frills, professor? The wind flies softly over the hills and makes the learnedness of this world soaking wet. I say to Van Buitenstein: hold onto your hat. But what does the man do, he throws me smack to the ground. I will get him. Of course you thought that I was going to kill him, didn't you? Not at all. I said: come on, we will go home together, we will have a nice meal.

What bad weather, isn't it? Are you also coming to pray? Help is needed. Now let your mass be read and behave consciously like a cow, you will then get inspiration. Knock that bitch down. Do not throw snowballs at this life. Put stones in it and you will know what you throw on target.'

They sit there and think: totally mad. Karel gets a meaningful nod from Volt! Hans also understands it. Totally mad. And we have had that wretched life in the house for years? When Volt also wants to say something, Erica flies at the man, takes hold of the monster by his black suit, rips that piece completely open as far as his neck and pushes him out the door. Karel wants to prevent this, but he gets a sensitive tick on his nose. Anna is standing in front of Karel. You can go over her dead body, Karel. And when Volt is almost lying on the street and it is Hans' turn, the God of all life stands in our midst, but as a result of the 'majesty' of a mad child. And that child has a stick in his hands? It is an iron poker. The child stands before his own father. The child calls for mother. Erica has thrown Volt out on the street, she is back again to let Hans become acquainted with holes, streetgutters ... René takes Hans into his protection and says:

'It is that rotter! It is him! It is that brute! It is that dirty boecha carry-on! There, there, there!'

Hans thought he would get protection. But René suddenly hits him on his jaw. Hans moans. Karel now wants to attack his son. Anna and Erica plunge on this living instinct and throw him where he should be. Karel collapses into a chair. Hans dashes after Volt. Erica says:

'You can come back, Hans, but then with a clear head, otherwise we no longer need you. Out! Out, I tell you. Out, Hans, out!'

Hans has gone. Hans is out!! Now what? Karel is like a wild lion. It is me, he is after me. But Erica and Anna are standing in front of him. Erica talks:

'And now you want to kill Frederik, do you? Good, just go ahead. I will teach you how to do it, Karel. Point at Frederik. Piece of shamelessness, you are a scandal. Do you want to lose Frederik, hypocrite? Do you want to lose him, because you are in a mess with dead bodies? Because you cannot bear the truth? Try doing it. I already told you once, if Frederik goes, then we also go. If he has to go, we will go. But you will stay away from my child!'

Now we all look at René. Where is the angel! He is sitting quietly on a

chair and is looking at Karel's art. He looks for along time, we leave the child alone. Karel also looks ... Karel looks different ... Karel is still like a bull, but the anger is decreasing. Anna wants to know how the child got free. And she lifts him up, presses the life to her heart and goes upstairs. In less than five minutes she is downstairs again. Karel says nothing more, he is sitting there with his hands in front of his head thinking ...!

I go to my room. I believe that the parents still have something to discuss with each other. Upstairs I hear Erica's screaming voice. Karel is getting it. She is right ... She tells him that she is capable of taking care of her child. Science has no meaning. Does husband dear not know that? Has he forgotten everything which we experienced in these years? And does Hans want to know it? That beast? That wretch? That rich castle? Does he wish to take care of people? That drastic ivy? Where does she get those words from. It is as if good helps itself, inspires itself. René calls to me. I go to the child.

'Is Father angry at me, Uncle Frederik?'

'I do not think so, dear boy, I do not think so!'

'Then it is okay, I am going straight to sleep.'

And look, as before, he lies down and sleeps again! Phenomena which we know, it is progress, awakening!

It says in the logbook:

It has now reached an outburst! I had really not expected this. I would not have been able to believe it. Yet, as you see yourself, people like us are strange beings. I do not know all the masks yet. How deep is a mask like that, a human scaffold like that? I do not know. I myself could not have done anything else. When I shouted from within, all kinds of ugly things at them, I meant it with my heart. I do not believe that I will take back one word of it. That Volt is a scandalous braggart. I really thought that I had to do with a burglar. It is a morphine addict, if you ask me. A stealer of buildings, a thief of buildings, a lowlife character, with whom Hans walks away and whom he saddles us with. It is not Karel, it is Hans. I hear Erica saying from my place:

'And you surrender to that piece of scandal? Do you not know that past then? Do you not remember, Karel, that you told me a few years ago about that demonic character? And our Frederik has to leave for that? For a morphine addict like that? For such a miserable sod? Are you not ashamed of yourself?'

I do not wish to listen anymore and continue. I record:

It is still remarkable, Erica also feels what a scoundrel that man is. I have met hundreds of thousands of people, but not yet such animal instinct as a human being and academic. It is particularly dirty! It will surprise me how Karel takes this. I already know, but we will have to have patience. Oh, how shocked I was after all. What a lowlife being, how can it be, Hans. But you

will come back, you cannot live without good friends. I still love you. Erica as well, but you must not get up to that nonsense with us again. You will stay away from little René!

Erica gives Karel all she has got. The grumbling bear just has to swallow it. He fell back into an old fault of his. However, I think that he will now overcome this. In this way characteristics go to the ground. A human being must not fight against it once, but a thousand times. That is as old as humanity. But the human being does not yet believe and know it. To see friends and to accept friends, that is art. To keep them is a supernatural law! Anyone who can do this, is busy breeding a dove.

What a situation. Suddenly you are in trouble. When I think of yesterday evening, I could weep now. But then Karel had already lost. Little René is going away again, away from us, because it has to happen. I do not believe that I have made mistakes. I believe that I will go away for a while. Karel must be rid of me for a while or he will have to beg me to stay. I hope to be able to experience the latter, although I love him like all of them, but he does not yet understand that!

What would you think, Frederik, of a trip to ancient Egypt? I want to 'reach for the moon' there! I want to talk to the Sphinx! In my previous youth I overlooked all those sanctities. I am still capable of helping René, from whatever place. Meanwhile peace comes. I will go! I will let Karel know, that I do not want any charity from him. I put on another garment again. I will go into diplomacy again I will start another intimate conversation It is a pity, but it just cannot be helped. I was so wonderfully myself. I gave myself as I am. I spoke like an awkward child, I came out with things as they came to me, even if I myself was horrified by all those words. I must put on my mask again for a while. Sultan... highness ... see you soon! I had not thought that we would see each other already. Meanwhile we have aged. We will have more to give each other. I now want to know whether you kept your word. Have you helped all your women to find a good husband? Have you given them the choice, what they wanted and longed for themselves? I now want to hear that from your mouth. There is nothing more for now. See you soon!

When Karel and Erica knock on my door, I call:

'I am already seen for, darlings. I have just started to pack my cases.'

I hear:

'Do not do that, Frederik!'

'There are things, Karel ...' I throw at his head through the closed door 'which a poor soul like me must decide for myself. I will go, but I will first take little René away, if you do not mind?'

'You are not going, Frederik!'

'I am going, Karel, my Sultan is calling to me. Sleep well, sleep good, I will

remember you in my sleep. ‘Adios, with pleasant dreams too!’”

There were no flowers this evening! It was a great deal of commotion! But everything will be okay again! We go to the next and final act. Little René is leaving! I will continue to watch out! Did you also see these masks?

Goodbye, Uncle Frederik ... I will wait!

A good night's sleep is the most wonderful cure for the human being. Thousands of adults have certainly said that to each other, after they experienced the value and the blessed influence. For example, sick people have kept their lives as a result of it; the strongest in spirit have got their strength as a result of sleep, poor or rich, human being, animal, nature, sleep is the most wonderful thing which we know and possess. In one night's rest wonders happen or there are dead people to be mourned. If you go to sleep infuriated, then you will usually receive angry dreams; if you drop off peacefully then you will experience dreams which speak of supernatural influence, of which you yourself are the desired central figure. You are now on the mark, dead on target, or you dream that you have thousands to command, even if you are lying outside frozen in the middle of winter. What a strange dream, sleep does it, it takes you to divine and to lowlife worlds of thought, which you yourself are completely outside of. If you go to sleep angry and if you have a loving background in your life, then the life itself will correct again of its own accord and will clean you up during your long sleep. There have been people who went to sleep with premeditations, with feelings of murder and manslaughter, but who were like lambs in the morning, sleep had so hoaxed them while they were resting. To the advantage of all these people. Other people were sent precisely those murderous thoughts as a result of sleep and brought hell and the devil to people. Books can be written about sleep; I do not believe that the academics know everything about it, so that I will just say, we do not know that either, we are not familiar with it! What is sleep actually? It does not matter ... as far as I am concerned I am also busy thinking about sleep.

For Karel his sleep had a wonderful effect. He was completely himself again and felt beaten like a dog. He already knocked on my door early in the morning and asked:

'Just open the door please, Frederik.'

I jump out of bed. I see that it is half past six. He has certainly not slept a wink. 'What is the matter, Karel?' He races into my arms like a child and weeps until his tears run dry. 'Just be quiet, big lout, everything is okay. I have sacred respect for you, as long as you know. For people who show their colours I would give my life, dear Karel. Do you feel like an Arabic grey? I will go to my friend the Sultan and bring the promised goods for you. I will immediately distance myself from them, Karel, you're absolutely welcome to it. I will not go outside again anyway and you will need a fortification now

and again. What does my boy say to that? It is possible to think about it. You have another few hours time. Come, come, Karel, be strong, you still need all those tears. Use them, if you think that they are any use to you; you do not need to do that for me, you are just making me shy. Come now, do not let yourself go like that, man, you are no longer a twenty-year-old.'

I know, I am destroying my heart in this way, but I cannot do any differently. Then he looks me in the eye and asks:

'You are not going, are you, Frederik?'

'That is something, Karel, which I myself have no say in. I have to! I cannot do anything more about it.'

'You are not going, Frederik. I do not want it. Will you leave it then for Erica and Anna, if you cannot change it for me?'

'It is not for me to decide, Karel. I am now in the service of His Majesty, I got word that I should stay prepared for a message. Really, Karel, you were still sleeping when I received my telephone call.'

"Was there a call? From whom, Frederik?"

"Can you not hear what I am saying? His Majesty is calling me, Karel. Duty is duty, you are just a few hours too late. My train leaves at nine o'clock.'

'Have you gone mad, Frederik?'

'I will leave that to your judgement, Karel. You may make a decision about and for this. I must leave. If you also give me permission to take little René back, I will go a few hours later. If that is not possible, then I will be gone at nine o'clock. You see, my cases are already packed.'

Karel looks, he does not see it. Desperately he asks:

'But that is not necessary, is it? You can decide for yourself what you want, can't you?'

'You think that, Karel, I am still in the service of His Majesty. You can never listen civilly. For you must give the words a lead cure or they do not penetrate to your life. People must hit you on the head with a brick, until the blood flows down your face, it is only then that a word is your own possession. And now you also know. Did you suffer a great deal last night? His Majesty needs me. And I promised before that His Royal Highness could always count on me if there was ever anything. And now a new course has been set, the light has been extinguished, which is not my fault, which did not originate from me, Karel, I heard his prayer. A great deal depends on this mission. And because I have travelled, know the Sultan well personally, our government knows that I have become a friend of His Majesty, people call on my personal character again and I am going! You see, Karel, this is how matters are now. It all happened when you no longer knew whether you were still alive. But the telephone is ringing again. Can you hear it? Just go!'

Karel goes downstairs. He does not understand my message. Erica comes:

‘What do I hear there, Frederik? Do you want to leave? Do you have to leave? But that is not possible, is it? Must you leave us alone? But father dear ... oh, father dear, you are not going!’

‘What a nice name you just gave me, Erica. Really, you are making me shy. Really sweet of you, believe me.’

She looks at me. She says:

‘Who are you at the moment, Frederik? Who?’

‘Can you feel that, dear? I am now a diplomat again! I have put on my other mask. I have to go, Erica. His Majesty needs my help.’

‘So nevertheless! William III, Frederik?’

‘What makes you think that, Erica? Did you think that I possessed the gift to be able to speak to the dead? No, it is she ... and then, His Highness the Sultan. I have a mission to complete, dear.’

Anna comes ... ‘You are not leaving, Frederik! Or I will jump in the water.’

‘When people forget themselves like that Our Lord has nothing more to say, my children. Your dear father must obey. You yourselves ... pardon ... they are the laws of fate, which wish to see us separated for a while’, I had wanted to say ‘tear apart’, but that is all part of that last mask. ‘A pity, I was just so nicely on the way to getting rid of all that fuss, now I must go back into it. However, there are other aspects in sight. I will go to friends. Now, my children, I am going to climb the ‘Pyramid’ and I will sleep for one night in the ‘Tower room’. I will now see the ‘Lotus’ and it will be placed in my hands. I will prepare myself for a great task. Believe me, sweethearts, I cannot do anything about it myself.’

When Erica hears coarse violence, she has already gone. René is smashing everything to pieces. Quickly, the straitjacket, children, before accidents happen. There is Karel.

Karel himself helps. He is dead tired and he is as meek as a little lamb. He comes to me and says:

‘Hans asks for forgiveness, Frederik. If you call him, he will come running to you. Frederik, do it!’

‘I do not have the right, Karel, to decide upon a human will. I will tell you a short story. You will then immediately know it and that will be effective. You will be dead on target again. Just listen:

Someone was fighting for Christ. The man devoted his life to both Christ and the happiness of this humanity, but was completely alone in this. Other people also wanted to serve Christ, but were still not so far as to give their money and possessions for it. Those people therefore did not have the feeling, the strength to do it. Inspiration was needed for it. And they lacked that. Then people asked a wise man for help. Whether he could talk to those people for a moment. I, says the sage? I? Then it will be I who ‘serve’ and not

they. No, that is going too far!

Do you know it, Karel? If I was to ask Hans to come, then I will come to my self! And is that possible? If Hans cannot bow, he must not go to his old friend, I am now a stranger for his life and character. I will not come, Karel! I do not mind at all, do not mind and it is sweet of Hans, but I am now going on a trip. Pass onto him the greetings from his friend Frederik. I am going to His Majesty, Karel!

‘Frederik, you are not going!’

‘Are we already at that stage, Karel, that I may no longer decide about myself and my life?’

‘You know better! I am bowing to you, Frederik!’

‘And you have made me happy with that, Karel. But believe me, nothing can be done about it. I would be ashamed of myself if I stayed. I must go, Karel!’

‘I will ask you once more, Frederik. Stay! Continue to help us. Do not go!’

‘In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit? Are you trying to deceive me, that you dare to say ... amen to this life! Karel, do not mock sacred matters. I am a diplomat again and I will have to be that for a few years. If it is God’s will, I will come back. Believe me! But promise me that you will never be so angry again; the worst kind of accidents could have happened. But your little father is going!’

Karel succumbs. He goes downstairs. I know what he is up to. Two little mites need each other. I will break these learned heads by means of childish love and true happiness, or I no longer wish to set eyes on them. Go, go after me ... Hans and Karel. I had almost said ‘Gretel’, but things are too serious for that. But that will be really something!

Erica comes back.

‘You are not going, Frederik! It will not happen, you cannot leave us alone.’

‘Darling, now listen for a moment. You know how I feel about you and Anna. I love you as I love little René. I cannot express it in words. And you know that! But I must go, Erica, nothing can be done about it. I have no choice!’

‘You are not going, Frederik, or I will give up everything. Anna as well. It is your decision. You are not leaving us behind in such situation. We are wrecks, Frederik! Tear off our masks! Now that it is possible, you are going, you are leaving us alone. You are not going, are you? You will stay here, won’t you, Frederik?’

Erica and Anna cling to my life. Anna races back and fetches something. She comes back with little René. She places the child in my arms and says:

‘Then over our dead bodies, Frederik! We will die for you, but we want to live if you are here and stay with us!’

I do not know what to do? I have never been so strong. I say:

‘Now listen carefully, darlings. First take little René back. Do you not want to, René? Do you not want to be in your bed?’

The child clings to me. It has his arms around my neck. When I feel that I must speak, the life kisses me, but then René hits me on my face. The life hammers, the life hits to the left and to the right and almost scratches my eyes out. I am already bleeding, but I think it is wonderful. This is now also the love of little René, but it is not understood. I think it is bliss! Go on, little René, just give your dear father a good beating, he has earned it. Erica pulls the child off me and places it in the straitjacket with Anna’s help. I feel as if I have been tattooed. It is wonderful, they are kisses from another world. However, they do not understand it and they will not learn to understand it for the time being either. When I wish to say something, Karel and Hans are standing in front of me. That on top of everything else!

Karel comes closer. Hans as well. The big men are children. Hans, the prof, crashes to the ground and lies at my feet. I could have put my foot on his head just like that. But Hans! But Hans! But Hans! Come on, boy, what are you doing? Come on, stand up!

Karel does what Hans did, but I prevent that situation. I have now placed all four of them on the edge of my bed. ‘Listen’, I say, ‘and listen carefully, then there will be nothing more to say. I do not want to hear another word about it. You can do what you like. You can drown yourself before my eyes, jump from the roof if you can. You can end it all exactly as you choose ... when I have finished talking, you will be faced with your own choice. Listen ... I will not lift a hand for you again! Just end it all.

I am going! I am going, do you hear? I am not going for Anna, or for Erica, but I am going! I cannot stay! I have to listen! I am going, children! I do not yet know when I will come back. I will know from your letters, through your feeling, all of you! I will not come back any sooner! I must go! I am asking you, Karel, for the last time. May I take little René back? Do you wish to trust me with your flesh and blood? I am asking a great deal, but I am also giving you everything! Now I dare to ask you that, Karel.’

‘Frederik, take René, but stay here!’

We set to work. I pack my cases; I have nothing more to do, I am ready in less than quarter of an hour. I was already prepared, I knew my masks so well. But I experienced a wonder, I packed my cases in my sleep. So I am going! A supernatural friend sends me back to the East! I will serve! And that so suddenly.

We act quickly, it is I who must act. I call Anna to me for a moment.

‘Listen, Anna. I have something else to tell you. Can you wait a moment? I will now go and look and see whether there is a small piece of desert for our

life. Princess of my heart, will you wait?’

I kissed Anna. She kissed me! She leaves and does not say a thing!

Karel comes, Karel kisses me, I kiss him! He goes, mumbles something. I say ... ‘What a lout, why not? I will not go into your ditch again anyway. Do you know? Goodbye, my Karel!’

Hans is coming, Hans has changed. I can hear him saying:

"My Frederik, do not leave, do not leave me."

I also say:

‘Is it not strange, Hans? If you want to get to know people, then listen whether they have something to say at such moments. Know, the strongest keep silent! Words now have no meaning!’

Hans disappears. I see tears. Heads are bowed, personalities are broken.

The taxi comes soon. We are downstairs, we wait. There is my car. Cases are loaded, I will not come back for the time being. I will first take our child back, and then go to Paris, further, continually further, straight to the East. My Pyramid awaits me! Also the Sphinx!

Then we rush off. I look behind me, I see broken people. There are no masks, they stand there naked and wave us goodbye, a farewell until later. It goes quickly, little René sleeps in my arms. I hold the child hugged closely to me, I feel this trembling little heart, it is great happiness! I do not want it to speak, the life will soon pass sleeping into other arms, which will take care of it for all of us!

When the director takes over the boy from me, I still hear the child moaning:

‘Goodbye, Uncle Frederik, I will wait!’

It is comprehensible. I put my hands before my eyes and disappear. The car drives quickly, I must catch the train to Paris, a bit quicker, because I can no longer bear the happiness here.

In the train I come to, I have slept. In my arms lies a small bunch of flowers, they are violets, daisies, forget-me-nots! They came straight from a heaven. Who gave them to me? I fall asleep again until a shock wakens me. I get off and dissolve amongst a mass of strangers. But I am happy!

Do not wipe any feet on ... soul, spirit and material ... it forces you later to die for it ... I know, radiates from me to all those strangers, the masks of which I want to get to know!

My love for humanity is sensitively beating! Do you believe it? I will prepare myself for the next part ... Now the phenomena will be explained. And I must go on a trip for this! It is he! Also called Him! I know! Now watch out, Frederik, a supernatural inspiration will soon speak and it is only then that the lights will go out and we will enter the next scene! The people shuffle homewards, silence has entered all those hearts, they felt the deadly serious-

ness! They are grateful!
I know and will continue!

Part 3

What do you think, Frederik, will René soon come home now?

A few more hours and I will be home again. Now I will never leave again, I received that knowledge on the way, lying at the foot of the Pyramid of Giza, the moon full above me. The Sphinx also spoke of it, I understood every word; even if that life spoke according to a ancient grammar, which I did not know, but each letter of which I experienced inwardly, so that I understood that incredible soul. I was given this so supernatural certainty there just like that. Of course I was open to it, otherwise I could not have listened to that sacredness. I was not imagining in any way that this life would lift up the shroud of Her Majesty the Goddess Isis, of Ra and Ré, for me, I would then have been better to return home as soon as possible, because people there throw down human curiosity before your eyes and personality. Now there is no more existence, everything closes itself off for your life amazingly well, you are a stranger there. You now stare into a dark night, you feel alone and abandoned and people do not extend a hand to you, because you have started to provide your imagined self with a pedestal.

This is the irrevocable halt for your life and conscious! An initiate or a priest cannot help you. They do not look for you, they have no contact now, the doors of these sanctuaries are closed for your life. You have to bow your head there and it is only then that the long waiting comes, the preparation for the experience of the universal unity. You lie there on a mat, from early morning until late evening, even until deep in the night, you do not think of food or drink, you surrender yourself completely, until a message comes for your life. You wait for one word, one thought, one sign, one loving act, one spiritual contact, for which you have gone that long way.

Anyone who has no patience, can leave. Those people are picked out just like that, for them that ancient mysticism remains deathly empty, the mask remains silent! I was there in order to get an answer for little René and myself and I got it! If there is no complete surrender and honest striving present in you, then there is no question of spiritual breakthrough!

What I waited for my whole life, I received there. For me a supernatural gift. I had lay down at seven o'clock in the morning, it was only at three o'clock at night that I heard the 'voice' speaking to my life and the wonder happened! The moon stood precisely blood-red in the sky and I accepted the word greedily. It gave me a shock under my heart, but I kept myself upright.

This whispering happiness is indescribable. You must be able to experience it yourself in order to feel the universal depth of it. Now you know what

wonder is set aside for you and which you have to do with, just like everyone whom you love. Now the old in your life revives, that which you did not expect, suddenly approaches you and you see that personality as a shape, the mask of which laughs at you, but which you can see through. Now that same mask is lit up from behind. You do not believe it, yet it is the sacred truth!

The voice is great, deep and true, when the life of it elevates you spiritually. You are now sent the true holy water as it were, from a space, which you felt as closed. Suddenly you feel that soft, loving thing in your face. It is like a wet wind, but it is very pleasant, which nourishes your soul and spirit, blood circulation and your living heart. Now you smell a sacred breath of life and you also absorb it, then you think that you possess wings in order to go where you wish. And you have received wings, you will now float, if you just watch out how you left home, because it is possible to get lost. I also flew around there, but then the good old Sphinx called to me:

‘Frederik, do not go too far away from my life, it is too dark yonder for you. You are not yet so far, that you can hear me there.’

I went back immediately. I listened to the Goddess and thanked the life for all the good and greatest given to me.

And yet, under all this sacred flowing together, as I call it, I was able to experience everyday fun. I also got to know and understand the Sphinx. She likes a good, cheery joke. As long as it is not accompanied by music for strings, the wonderful life says, because I hate that. I cannot stand that grating noise! And that is clear; I could not hide there with my sober Dutch mischief, I therefore had to throw all those boyish feelings overboard and put on the other mask, if I wished to penetrate her life. The Goddess understood that and she thought it was splendid! Together we drunk from the old wines, again we entered the Temples of Ra, Ré and Isis, not forgetting Luxor, and experienced that most wonderful glorious time, of which we know the laws and experienced the universal construction.

I do not like flirting, but if my friends had seen me there, they would have sworn that I am a hypocrite, a sneak, because I lay day and night in those arms in order to be caressed. I kissed that inner life with my inner powers, as consciously as possible, as if heaven and earth depended on it. And I was not mistaken, I was one with those eyes, complete in surrender, then I experienced the abstract consecration, which, the more I descended into the life, received a material likeness and was just like we people! Material, soul, spirit ... at least if it is the case! Because I have still not come there, have I? I remained there for a few months, day in day out. There were no Sundays for me, I experienced a treat every day! And invisible guidance could be seen and determined in this. I was certainly not on a wrong track. Every step which I took was lit up, as it were; I did not come across any mantraps and clamps.

The 'voice' kept telling me: watch out, Frederik, you must not put your feet there and there. There is a snake in the grass. I just said then: thank You! You will certainly see it ... I can bow my head! And then you should have experienced that sensitivity, it was like a divine gift!

I considered it as the protection for my life and being. I was a human being of flesh and blood, I came straight from the sober West, but I begged for awakening. And then I was one from feeling to feeling!

Paris was the first city which received me after I had left. I wanted to go back to my loved ones from Paris. While flying onwards, the mechanical rattle under my feet, I reflect upon everything and I experience the sanctities again. In my thoughts I return to all those countries where I have been and now enjoy them even more than when I was there, because it now speaks to me livelier, more consciously. I have gained material for ten wonderful books. They are books with becoming conscious, spiritual awakening, also human emotion, of love and happiness, eternal humanity! You learn to think as a result of them and see how you must and must not do it, they give you the answer to thousands of questions and take you along a path which connects you with all that beauty! However, I do not believe that I will write them, I think that this, which I experienced, the actual work serves as material foundations. However, I am also just a human being, which means that people never know what kind of inspirations they will get tomorrow. Something tells me that it will not happen and I resign myself to it, I have another purpose in my head, kidneys and heart, a direct purpose.

If I think back to the wonderful hours with my friend the Sultan of Sjoehoe, the hours with Mohammed Raf, the high priest from Tibet, to the monks on the Glorentes mountain, where I stayed for three long months in order to take part in their consecrated development hours, their unity with Gods and the God of all life as we know, accept, believe in Him ... when I stand before such good men, all those incredibly beautiful women as priestesses of nobility, then I weep like a small child and people think I am banal, childish and probably an old fool. However, I also know that they begrudge me it! I was there ... I know all those people, they have become my sisters and brothers!

However, when they look carefully at my head, they see that I come back rejuvenated and that I have changed staggeringly. I know, no one guesses how old I am, I know myself what I look like. I have become a thousand years younger, I feel resilient, happy, as strong as Hercules ...! My footstep is purposeful, I know what I want and what I can achieve, my word is final; light has entered me, human joy, every action is calculated in the light of my inner thoughts and feelings. I am now longing to know what they think of me. And how are all my children?

I followed them from there and I spoke to their lives. I know exactly how little René is and that it will be a while before he has reached the normal. There are beautiful days, wonderful hours for the child, but then that darkness comes again and he cannot be controlled. However, being locked up for three years and for me three years of supernatural concession, experiencing each other's souls, takes you to another time, which of course brings consciousness. For us these years were awakening, it was a revelation; for the others emptiness, the longing for one human being who had left, a good friend and a father and brother, as they had got to know me, such as I could be for them all. For little René and me this time was spiritual gain; the laws for soul, spirit and material have spoken infallibly and we reached unity as a result of this!

I gave them my happiness through my letters. They know one thing and another about my experiences, I kept the rest for myself and they will hear it later.

Now I look at a familiar landscape: cows in a meadow. A wonderful difference with where I was. I experience all of this with joy, because I want me to be of some use to them later and I know that that eastern atmosphere still lives in my day-conscious. They would get the feeling: you are here and you are not here, which usually brings an estrangement for many people. I want to make sure that they see me as I left, I want to be close to them, I want to live under their hearts. It should be like this! And all these cows, the flat landscape, these real Dutch farms, that amazing beauty, helps me to return to the core of their lives. If I do not do that, then the eastern shatters this Dutch authority in and around me, which now drowns in the hot and unfamiliar beauty of the East. I want to prevent that happening!

This inner gain takes all of us to a new time, for which I want to serve. It will be bliss for all of us. They will not see false shapes in anything, the life will stand opened before them and it will say: can you see me now? And it is only now that the heads bow and the masks fall! They will experience the unnatural and the supernatural justice, if they wish to be open to it, or would that be not be possible again? And I will accept my last self again, I feel closer to their lives then, I love that natural talk; I come out with it as the heart inspires it in you.

Now I can say, my task lies there! I will never leave again, I have seen and was able to experience what people expect of me. But it is little René! The gifts which I have with me, bridge every negligence on their part, I do not buy any souls with it: from my heart, through my love for these lives, these gifts were bought and received. It is René and it will be he who now gives form to the becoming supernaturally conscious by means of inner awakening ... on which they can test their profane and parasitic emotional life, which is

not worth more than a camel servant holds for good! They will have to bow their heads ... It will come soon; even if it takes a few more years, it will come!

Another little bit and I will have made it. The hours have passed as in a beautiful dream, in which people can fly. I sank back into the East, found myself back in my dungeon, saw myself, lying at the feet of 'Giza', before the ruins of Luxor, for Ra, Ré and Isis. I listened to the word of the Goddess. Saw myself standing at the Nile, speaking to all those beautiful children there, walking through narrow lanes, riding on a camel in the desert. Yes, my God, where had I not been?! I still felt the kiss of the Goddess trembling on my lips, still felt the beating of my human, but living heart, everything which was given to me there was so movingly beautiful and sacred. And that must now go from me, or I will not be there! It must be a part of my inner life, the day-conscious belongs to them, makes me recognisable.

A few more minutes and I will be there! I am not yet ready, but it must happen! I keep going back to the East. I must be free and go towards my friends openly. I am busy and will also achieve that.

Now another few seconds and I will be home again. What will they look like? Who will be there to greet me? I know for sure that they will not leave me alone. They will come to collect me, they long for me, in the way I look forward to enclosing them in my arms. I can already see that crowd, we are steaming into the station! Erica charges at me.

'Good day, my child? How are you? How are things? Have I stayed away too long? Then just give me a beating, my dear.'

I experience her motherly kisses, she almost devours me and I think it is wonderful.

'Good day, Anna? I am back! Dear?'

'God bless you, Frederik.'

'Thank you, my star! Good day, Karel? Just do not feel embarrassed, it is I myself.'

Karel kisses me. He is still boyishly shy. He is still stuck in that old misery. However, I pull him completely out of it by means of a few words.

'Good day, Hans.'

'Frederik ... but Frederik.'

The big child has changed. The professor is there and he is not there. The eyes are in the right place, they radiate another light, which refreshes me. All of them are different, as a result of thinking in one direction, going higher, awakening has entered these hearts. We enter. Erica already asks:

'How was the Sultan, Frederik?'

'Very good, Erica, I will tell you all about it soon. You will get to know him. But I am happy that I am here.'

We sit in those old chairs, smoke a cigar. There are cake, cream cakes, tea

and other sweet things on the table. Hans and Karel have taken a day off.

‘How are things here, guys? Tell, how have you been in all that time, these years of loneliness?’ Karel begins and takes me to little René.

‘You actually know everything, Frederik. We wrote to you, at least if you received the letters. René is now very well. We have known sorrowful times, we thought that a change would never come, but he kept coming out of it and you see him differently again. In February it started to get better, for weeks on end everything went well, he learns better, but then those dreadful breakdowns came back and we had lost him completely. I tell you, that it has already been okay again now for a few months. We must still wait and see. However, he screams for you, he wants to go home. Dr Lent, the new doctor, also said this morning: it is going well again, even better than a few months ago. There is more consciousness. However, you may not take him home, otherwise there will be a new breakdown.’ Hans says:

‘Do you know, Frederik, that Volt has hung himself?’

‘Oh, no, Hans, I did not yet know that! Did the morphine addict end it all? I must make a confession to you. When that man was here, I called you bastards and all kinds of things. I ask for your forgiveness, now, now that I hear that that man has ended it all. Can you forgive me?’

They do not say a word, but I answer:

‘But you will certainly not find it pleasant later.’

‘It does not matter, Frederik, you were within your rights, just pitch in.’

‘Thank you, Hans, I am very grateful to you. So Volt made a bolt for it? Because of his own destruction, Hans?’

‘Something like that.’

‘So you have lost him, your master has succumbed. Are there also other worries, Hans?’

‘No, everything is fine. We treat by means of imposed hypnosis, Frederik, and have results.’

‘Great, Hans, thank you. Has the institution been expanded?’

‘That as well, Frederik.’

‘Have some of the old friends been discharged?’

‘We have lost the linguist. We have taken his wisdom away from him. It is an amazing diagnosis, Frederik. We will talk about it later. It cost an enormous amount of blood, but we were able to achieve it.’

‘That really does me good, Hans. And old Piet?’

‘Great! And the women are also fine. Sonja is busy advertising for you. It is like she has been reborn and stocks up on all kinds of things for my patients. She wants them to live. She is a great help to me.’

‘Great, Hans. And I see that I have just as little to complain about you yourself.’

'You know, Frederik, the blow was spot-on, you could not have given all of us, me and Karel then, any better injection. That worked infallibly! I am grateful to you. From that moment on I started another life.'

'Well done ... Hans. That is a victory. So you see, it was necessary. I had to leave, because we had reached the limit of development. We would have stood opposite each other like dogs and cats, even if I had not taken part. There was only one choice: to serve His Majesty or succumb. I thought: go away and as soon as possible or nothing more will remain of all that sanctity.'

'And then you took to your heels, didn't you, for three long years, young scoundrel ... Because you experienced a rejuvenating treatment there, didn't you? Who provided you with that medicine, Frederik? It is incredible, what did you do for it? It is remarkable! Don't you think so, Karel?'

'How old would you say Frederik is, Hans ...' Karel asks.

'He looks forty-four. And you are, Frederik?'

'Thirty-four ...!'

'No one knows how old he is, Hans, but I will find out.'

'And you would like to get that from somewhere, wouldn't you, Karel? But you will not find it. When I go into my coffin I will tell you and then you will be given a separate piece of writing, which will be more use to you.'

'Did you follow a treatment, Frederik?'

'Yes, Erica, I enjoyed the cold washes of the Sphinx!'

'Where were you, go on, tell us, I will also go there. I want rid of my wrinkles and I see that it is possible! How can it be ... it is amazing.'

Anna walks away, she has her activities. Erica calls her back and says that we will eat out. Anna does not want that and she understands exactly what I would want. I say:

'Where have I been, Erica? I have seen much of the world. You know, I went to Paris ... But no, that is true, you could not know that. My aim was: Paris and then further. I stayed there for three days, transferred to London, in order to travel on to Alexandria as soon as possible. However, I was stopped in London. For example, Lord Scor, Hans! The man did not want to let me leave. His collection has grown into a wonderful museum. He has beautiful groups of statues, all naked. You will find the European nobility in his possession. Egyptian women as well. What the Sultan possesses in real life was depicted for him and cast in bronze. He says: my eastern mentality does not deny itself, but it has had to make way for this western civilisation, of which I see the nude before me. Scor did not want to let me go. Later, I found that very good, because I now had time to prepare myself. I met a great deal of old friends. I found London beautiful again as before, even sweeter, and you can count yourself lucky that I possessed the strength to leave.

Scor has his own hobby. However, which a woman does not want to give

herself for. It cost him a cool sum of money, but his nobility is not choosy and the times have changed. The people I saw there! Hundreds have received a place in his bronze album. By means of this he has created a harem, which is unique in Europe and which he is rightly proud of. He has discovered himself through this, he says, he also knows his mask! However, for the time being he does not want to discard it! He thinks he can give this humanity something in this way and represent the personality by this. It is a very different matter whether he manages this; he is happy with it!

And after a few months I went further. I had to tear myself from his lordship, that soul was so attached to me.'

'And then, Frederik? To the Sultan?'

'Yes!'

'Was the harem still there, Frederik?'

'That was also there, Erica. More beautiful than ever.'

They have to roar with laughter. Karel and Hans as well, they must have heard it later.

'Yes, friends, what a performance that was. How did we actually get that Volt out on the street? I can still see his torn jacket ... That Erica, you were like a wild cat. Did the man not hurt himself? He had a head like a pig, bulging eyes, become hazy through the morphine. And you also went out, Hans. Warm-hearted is something else, but you started about it yourself. In the East, sitting under those beautiful trees, this moment kept dominating things again and again and I experienced that row again. During the most wonderful experiences that terrible Volt stood before me and I saw you, Hans, also Karel, and I was sorry that I had abused you like that. First my story about the harem, a few hours later a fairground booth full of violence, a boxing match, as I will never experience again. It was priceless! Why actually? Oh yes, it was about little René! Then booha came and put an early end to everything, but Hans and Volt were lying in the street.'

'We have heard nothing more from that booha, Frederik.'

'So, Karel, but that can still come. Do not shout too quickly from your church that there is nothing the matter, you can never know. Although I knew there that that booha was out of the picture I always followed that little person. One evening that chap approaches me and wants to have an argument.

Do you have to laugh again, Hans? When I tell you something which lives above your capacity, you shrug your shoulders or people see such an inner smile, about which they know what you want and believe."

'Tell me about the harem, Frederik, just let that nonsense go.'

'If I have to tell you all about that, Erica, I would not leave my chair for three months. However, the ladies are still there. There are even new ones.

He wanted to give them their freedom, but they did not even want to leave. Those children are so well off there by their father. Do you know what the women say?’

‘Well, tell us.’

‘They only experience this once, they receive enough lives where they have to accept misery, this is something special. This is supernatural. You keep hearing this word again and again and they enjoy washes by means of this and make fun, which we sobersides do not yet have any understanding of. They are well-off! They have been elevated into the eastern nobility and experience their world as result of this, which is indeed not so simple, after all. The only thing they lack is: more love! They want to experience a great deal of love. And they particularly want to exchange ideas with men, people who have seen something of this world, who have travelled, who think about religion, who feel for art and understand it, who take part in science, know about sport and medicine, can analyse philosophic systems, feel for horses and understand the soul of such an animal; they are open to everything and want to see all the ins and outs of it. They devote themselves to this if the Sultan approves! Had you expected this, Erica?’

‘No, it is a slap in my face. I only thought of everyday fun and physical emptiness. But then you probably knelt down at the feet of all those beauties. Didn’t you?’

‘I was allowed to receive that happiness, Erica, I could write ten books about it. They asked me to tell the world how they think and feel. By means of this they want to achieve that people know them and can appreciate their lives. I will tell you in advance, I did not meet this everywhere, you also find awe-inspiring misery. My honoured friend is different, must be that, because I would not want anything to do with him otherwise.’

‘Extremely interesting, Frederik. I can imagine that you forgot all of us at that moment.’

‘That is what you think, I told them about your life.’

‘About me? You talked about me with those women?’

‘Precisely, Erica, I told them how we lived and what kind of people we are. They found it a revelation.’

‘Do you believe that, Karel?’

Karel does not say anything. Hans says:

‘Yes ... I know that!’

‘Listen to that. Of course, he knows that as well. It is true, Hans, you are still it! With that difference, for you it is a palace, you love beautiful things, but is that not a harem as well?’

‘How long were you there, Frederik?’

‘Approximately a year and a half!’

‘What did you say? A year and a half with all those ladies?’

‘I was not bored, my child. They were amazing hours. The Sultan gave me the key to his safe, if you wish to know.’

‘His living safe, Frederik?’

‘Yes, I went in and out, Erica.’

‘And you have become so rejuvenated as a result of that, haven’t you?’

‘That also contributed to it. It was a wonderful time.’

‘And will that also come in the logbook, Frederik? What is the actual situation with our trip?’

‘We are now at home, Erica, we are making wisdom out of it. We are correcting everything and are becoming prepared in this way for the next moment, which we will already experience now. The material, which I received, remains vague ... The rest comes first, I therefore do not believe that other books will come about.’

‘May we read it already, Frederik?’

‘No!’

‘Will it be a thick book?’

‘There are three of them, therefore a trilogy.’

‘Am I still stoking, Frederik?’

‘Yes, Karel, that goes on, you have not made it yet.’

‘What is the title of the work, Frederik?’

‘Well, let’s see, Hans. The main title is ‘Masks and Men’, the subtitle ‘The mental ill person’!’

‘Well done, that will be horrible for me, won’t it, Frederik?’

‘Let me tell you, Hans, that is in your own hands. You do not look that bad in it. That Volt hung himself must also be included. The main characters have already learned their roles and add something to it as well.’

‘It is a wonderful title, Frederik.’

‘I also think so, Karel.’

‘Is everything in it from the past few years?’

‘Everything!’

‘Also that about little René?’

‘Everything, Karel, he is the main character of this drama.’

‘It is amazing.’

‘I will read out the last page of the second part to you, but you will not get any more. I do not begrudge it you in the least, but you must not ask me anything else, I have nothing to say about it either. Just give me that bag, Erica, that one there, yes, you are almost sitting on it.’

I read out the last page to them; I miss out that bit about Anna and myself. Erica races over to me and kisses me. I receive tears of satisfaction as flowers from their hearts, with which I can be satisfied. Erica now says:

'I will ask you something from all of us, Frederik. You will never leave us again, will you? Never again, if we do our best? No, you won't, will you, Frederik? You will not do that to us again, will you, even if you must overlook a lot. You will never leave us again!'

'I promise you, I will not leave again.'

'Is everything in it about Hans, Frederik?'

'Yes, Karel, and also about yourself. How curious you are.'

'Also the misery about little René?'

'I already told you, after all, Karel.'

'All those dreadful times!'

'Yes, Karel, everything. Also about myself!'

'And my intimate conversations, Frederik?'

'Nothing has been lost. I was able to make my notes every day, as a result of which the whole could be kept track of.'

'That will be wonderful, Frederik, can we not help you?'

'No, Erica, pretend there is nothing wrong, just continue. Meanwhile we will prepare ourselves for the next act, which will connect us with the other scene and the time which will come, therefore the future!'

'So all of us have been completely analysed, Frederik?'

'Not yet, Erica, that is still to come. You cannot run ahead of things. I can tell you that you are exactly like a small statue of Scor, but you look a bit more human, you live more! You will get to know laws of justice and injustice and only later see your mask. But we will also stand naked then, but will be born again. Also Karel, Hans, you, Erica, little René, I myself and also Anna!'

'Then I already know what my small statue is like, Frederik.'

'And that will be better than you expected, Karel. I repeat, it is in your own hands, you can make of it what you like. You cannot avoid it, this scalpel is razor-sharp, it goes straight through your soul, your spirit and your human heart. A pardon is completely out of the question.'

'And your acting silly, Frederik?'

'There is not a word of it left out, Hans.'

'That will make the whole book, Frederik!'

'Do you think so? I do not believe it. But it speaks for itself! You will see, Hans, how those Indonesian dance teachers change their swarming.'

'Where does this drama begin, Frederik?'

"At the moment, Hans, that Erica would become a mother."

'Did you also remember that?'

'Not a word of it is missing.'

'Are you serious, Frederik?'

'I swear it to you.'

‘And has my stoking already started there, Frederik?’

‘There, Karel, you took your shovel in your hands, but you were not aware of it.’

‘Where are we now?’

‘I already told you that we have just come home and are starting the next work. We will convert it into wisdom.’

‘I already congratulate you now, Frederik.’

‘That is possible, Karel, but a bit too early. Nevertheless I am happy.’

‘Was that the work for you during these years, Frederik?’

‘Yes, Hans, the wagtails also received their place, you know, the Tenhoves.’

‘What are they called? Wagtails?’

Hans bursts out laughing, the others take part. Hans also asks:

‘Then I know it already, but how do you react to the evening with Hansi?’

‘It was not very pretty; all your learned friends have let their apples lie. I picked them up to take care of them. In all honesty, Hans, I almost got pneumonia because of them. However, Providence helped me through it, then I could carry on again.’

‘Tell me something more about the ladies, Fredrik. But tell me, will all these questions also end up in the logbook, Frederik?’

‘Everything, every question from you will receive its own place. Watch your words from now on, darlings, it is up to yourselves how humanity sees you and must accept you later.’

‘That is downright spying, Frederik.’

‘If you cannot take it, Erica, you will later be called Sientje, just like my horse. It is just up to you.’

‘No, Frederik, never that, just kill me. And the things from on the way?’

‘I make pillows out of them in order to sleep on them, you know, from those desert things, which you need so much. That is the kapok, Erica, for the books, you make beautiful things out of them in order to rest.’

‘Do you now see that you are a born writer? Didn’t I always tell you, Frederik?’

‘I could not do it without you, it is you yourself!’

‘Have all those psychic phenomena been recorded, Frederik, have they already been analysed?’

‘I have them, Hans, the analysis will come later. We will start that now, I will wait and see, we will build on a university. In the first part we are faced with the masks, the second tears them off, the third part explains them! And then you will no longer doubt anything, because everything will be proven. However, then we will experience Divine systems and you will walk around arm in arm with Socrates and Plato and many others, you will be faced with yourself as a universal self! Now your ‘working’ has become a law, Karel and

your 'nature' speaks to you like a Goddess. You only now know how you loved and which love you had to give.'

'Do you come so far, Frederik?'

'Yes, Hans, as things look, we have already started. Did I not tell you that Ra, Ré and Isis were opened to me?'

'May I offer you my help again, Frederik?'

'Yes, please, Hans, I am grateful to you for it.'

'I hope to be worthy of it, Frederik.'

'Do it. But where is Anna?'

They rush off to fetch Anna. It is Hans who peels the potatoes for her, Karel helps him. Is that not wonderful?, I think. My God, what did I do to deserve this? Just look at those two academics, how the God of all life will enjoy this. I am almost suffocating from happiness. Erica kisses Karel and Hans, and I add my bit and will give them a present.

'Just give me that little case, Erica. Look, this bracelet is for you. This ring and this brooch are part of it. All together for a cool amount of several thousands, but if you are sultan, a million is neither here nor there, you will have enough for yourself anyway. I received them for you, Erica, it is a gift from the Sultan.'

'For me?'

'Everything for you, my child, everything. And he also wanted to know all about you.'

'How is it possible!'

'You may soon pay him a visit, he expects all of us. I told him everything about you. One evening he said:

'These precious things are for Erica. I paid a fortune for them, but she will appreciate them. Tell her that I want to see her and she may admire my harem, as my friend, otherwise she would not come out of there again. If Karel does not mind?'

'Look, Karel, the ring fits exactly. Put the pendant on for me. Is it not a wonder? Good heavens, what did I do to deserve this. What are these stones called, Frederik?'

'The stone in the pendant is an onyx, the stone in the ring is an opal and the other one is a topaz, all real and the most expensive there is.'

Erica dances with happiness and approaches me.

'But Frederik, how must I thank you? What an angel you are for me.' I say:

'I have nothing to do with it, the Sultan gave you them.'

'It does not matter to me, I received them because of you. What else did he say about me?'

'I must first serve Anna, Erica. I have it here already. Look, Anna? Just open this little box.'

Anna fiddles with the thing and cannot get it open. We will help her. Erica has already guessed what is inside, it is a pendant. I open the little box.

‘Good gracious, isn’t that something? Isn’t that beautiful, Anna?’

Anna looks at her pendant with a pearl cross. A blood-red ruby, an amazing stone on the cross, as sweet and beautiful as a rose. Erica already asks:

‘Is that the Lotus, Frederik?’

‘You know a great deal about ancient mysticism, Erica. Where did you learn that? Did you start eastern teachings in the past few years? I had it made in Egypt, actually under the nose of the Sphinx, for Anna, because she does not want anything else anyway.’

Anna leaves. Now the boys. ‘Look, Hans and Karel. Two golden cigarette cases together with a golden fountain pen, all for ten cents. A gift for you from the Sultan. Because you are such libertines and like to drive people into ditches. Do you see those stones there? This green one is for Hans, he sees his forefathers again in life by means of it. That one with the red stone is for Karel. So that you will never fib again!’

The guys press my hand. I know it! They are as happy as children, Karel cannot cope with it. I let the boy fetch a large case, which I open. We have even more gifts.

‘Look, Erica, four beautiful harem garments for you, a separate gift for you from the Sultan. They are in red, blue, green and gold satin, a silk which you see little of in Europe, it is a royal gift. Had you expected this? No, you didn’t, not this, because that was not possible either. It must surprise you completely. And I had to watch out for that precisely, he says. I must look you in the eye, that is all he wants to know about it.’

‘But what a good Sultan! What did I do to deserve that, Karel? Can you understand it? Is this not a wonder? Look, good heavens, is that all for me? But dear father! But dear father! Oh, Frederik, can I ever make that up to you? Can I ever realise that?’

‘Just be quiet, it is perfectly okay. But they are beautiful. Just go upstairs and put one on.’

‘Come here, Anna. Here is something for you. These are eastern pyjamas. Here is another pair, and some simple dresses. Just get changed, that will work out well for dinner.’

Anna is gone. Now the boys as well. ‘Look, Hans, a little snake for you. You like cobras, don’t you? Was that not a beautiful animal? A pity that people must kill an animal like that. Also from the harem of the Sultan, everything, everything. And this is for Karel. Do you like an animal like that, Karel?’

‘Amazing, Frederik, I have always longed for a skin like that. It is a beautiful piece.’

There is Erica already. We cannot get enough of her. Karel has never seen her like this before. He clicks his tongue. He cannot believe it and says:

‘I did not think, Erica, that you were so beautiful. What a picture, what is it like for me? Do you have to weep about that?’

‘I now miss little René such a lot, Karel.’

‘Just wait, Erica, I have not forgotten our child. However, just let your tears fall, let them flow if you can, it is now worthwhile.’

Karel cannot stop looking at his wife, to whom he has already been married for eighteen years. She is a new person. A new life has started, he almost devours her. They are like two young people in love; Hans also gets goose pimples from it and behaves in a childish naïve way. I think everything is terrifically good. How fortunate. The things you can achieve with a few things. They also devour me, I have got a red face from all the kisses. Just look at Erica, she is a princess!

‘Here, Erica, I have also forgotten something. The sandals which belong with it ... which the books are full of, you must try them on. They were made for you. They look Turkish, but they were worn in the Temples of Ra, Ré and Isis. What a colour that is!’

Erica has already gone, we will see her in another garment. Karel says: ‘Well, do it ... let us enjoy.’ Within five minutes she is back again. ‘Goodness gracious’, Hans and Karel sigh at the same time, ‘what a Princess she is. What a beauty, so suddenly like that. How can it be?’ We admire her. Now little René, Erica, just wait, soon you can show us the other garments.

‘But you see it, Erica, for every garments sandals which are part of the outfit! Look, this is for little René, when the boy is a bit older. There will never be moths in it! The moth dies because of it! And this here, when he comes home soon. And this! And this as well! And that there, if we wish to sit together like royalty. All for our child.’

Erica can no longer cope with it, she almost succumbs from happiness. She thinks it is terrific. The people are defeated, I was allowed to open them to each other and they do not put it under the furniture which is there. I also get my share of it. Everything is royal, but I knew it! Is this life worth being experienced? Yes, they call! Anna kisses the garments of little René. She caresses them, presses them to her heart. The women go upstairs, get changed. Karel and Hans have no words for it. They think it is a great scandal, their head have gone red from exertion.

‘What makes you think that, Frederik, to spoil us all in such a scandalous way.’

‘Do you call this spoiling, Karel? It is still too little. But look there. Erica. Erica in blue, green, red and gold ... This is the golden garment of a temple priestess, such as our Sultan sees that. It is really beautiful. Just look at a

woman like that, Hans, then you will know all the things to be seen there. It is a dream! A Lotus for Karel! I cannot bear thinking about it! You?’

‘You take a person’s heart out of its ribs, Frederik.’

‘And it doesn’t hurt, does it?’

‘No, but it eats through. I believe that you will get a new blood flow. Look at that Erica! How can it be? And look at those sandals? Wonderful. I will not forget it, Frederik, you know how to do it. We are little mites!’

Erica has worn her garments, she is like a queen. Karel does not know what he must think of it, as long as it does not go to her head. The green satin garment is given preference for dinner. ‘No’, she says, ‘the blue one. What do you think, Karel? The red one?’ Yes, there you have it. Erica, what do you want? Do you see now that you are really not ready for all these beautiful things after all? If I was not there, I think they would have had an argument about it, but must that be? We must now decide what she will wear. The blue one has been given preference. Erica has gone, Anna too, but Anna knows what she is doing. She first puts down all those treasures. They must rest, she thinks, and get used to this environment. When Anna comes back and asks:

‘Frederik, does silk live?’ I know immediately that I felt that well. ‘Yes’, I say, ‘Anna, silk lives and has its own personality. Especially this one!’ ‘Oh’, she says, ‘I already thought that!’

I also go upstairs to get changed. Little René’s room is full of flowers. My room has also changed into a paradise. On my pillow lie, arranged in a childishly naïve way, violets, forget-me-nots and lilies-of-the-valley, a red and a white rose in the middle. I quickly close the door. That Anna! She is a wonderful soul. How she has progressed! I also feel broken by all this love. Where do we actually live? You will not believe it! Everything is divine!

The cases are soon sorted. Then it is time for dinner. I have my evening wear on. Karel and Hans as well. Erica is amazing, but Anna is not to be outdone by her. Karel and Hans bring in dishes, everyone does something, and when the business is sorted we can begin. There is champagne, also good wines. Karel, you will get a feather in your cap, this is good! We eat, drink and talk, it is a holiday never to be forgotten! One person is still not here, says Erica. That is a pity! I say, we will do it again later. And then no one else will be missing. Erica asks:

‘Did you really get this from our Sultan, Frederik?’

‘Everything, dear, apart from a few small things. The rest comes straight from his hands. And do not think that they are cast-off clothes, these were made specially for you!’

‘I can see that.’

‘Where, Frederik?’

‘I do not know that, Karel. I did not dare to ask him.’

'But we will visit him, won't we, Karel? Hans will also come.'

'We will go, as soon as possible, and Frederik will show us the way.'

'Agreed, Karel, we will go to the East!'

'Why did he give us all these things, Frederik?'

'I already told you, everything about you, about all of us, interested him. In particular he had a great interest in little René!'

'Why, Frederik?'

'Because he compares the phenomena to the eastern magic, Erica. That's it!'

'Terribly interesting, Frederik. And was he able to make his comparisons?'

'Hans, those people know about everything, he will not fall for anything. He compared them to the phenomena of the yogis, fakirs, magicians and the very first contacts which great initiates were able to experience. I must write to him how little René is now. Although he completely opened the life for it to me, the soul has fallen asleep in my hand as it were, he still wants to know whether his seeing and feeling is right! I already know it, he is frighteningly pure!'

'And that was food and drink for you, Frederik?'

'Yes, Hans, we could not stop talking about it. They are books!'

'I believe it now. Now you found understanding, didn't you?'

'Everything, Karel, everything! You cannot imagine such sacredness. A profusion of Lotuses around us and then such conversations? Oh, my goodness, I cannot bear thinking about it.'

'Were there women there, Frederik?'

'Seven of the very best, Erica. All nationalities. An honour for me! And a virtue as well, because they opened themselves to it. Just see that scene for you. Just go into these souls, see him in his very beautiful garment, the women like a magic circle around us, by means of which we felt protected, and then a conversation about life and death, about the Pyramid of Giza, the Sphinx, the Sun, the Moon and the Stars, the origin of these worlds and this humanity, about conscious and unconscious grades of life in and about the universe, madness, magic feats and magic cures, devils and heavens, and about human love? You almost succumb! But I tell you, the most sacred and the most beautiful which I was able to receive in this rotten world. He had made a paradise of it! With women in a great variety of garments. Then I was allowed to choose!'

'Are you serious?'

'Why would I lie, Erica. But for later, you see, if I was to come back one day.'

'Do you have understanding of all these things, Frederik?'

'A bit, yes ... I could talk to him and I could easily have disappeared.'

‘And you do not say a word to us about it? Here you behave, as if you are a child?’

‘Do you want to hear about it? Where must I start. You will let it rebound again anyway. Is Karel open to it? Hans? You? Anna? There is one – but he is mad – with whom I have talked about all these things, even if we were still a long way off them and just looked at them. Little René, yes, he knows a lot about this, I too, even if I say so myself. The women thought I was sweet, and also charming, as they said, which I am really proud of. The Sultan was also satisfied. We talked about everything. But can you see this little scene? You make a journey through the universe and we slid after each other along Saturn.’

‘Across that ring?’

‘Along and across that ring, Erica, with a speed, with which the skirts were ironed and crumpled, pleats, such as you do not know here. However, it happened just like that.’

‘I understand it. Not everyone gets such a rejuvenation treatment. Isn’t that something, Karel? He must go there in a few years’ time. Is that okay, Frederik?’

‘No, that is not okay!’

‘Why not?’

‘Because Karel does not open himself to these things. And then people do not like you there. This man is a born Egyptian. If you do not taste the sweetness of the temple fruits, you can leave. It is the main dish of his dinner, with an old sauce, which was thought up by the Temples and for which he lives. I just mean, empty talk, sober thinking and feeling, this life does not open the doors to that. And precisely the western emotional life gets an opportunity here to open itself and to enrich itself. There are eastern academics enough, but they do not even get to see his women! A westerner does get to see them, you see, and that is a mercy. If you know something about all these things, then you get to see everything and he opens his heart to you, you see it from all these gifts.’

‘And you were there in that wealth for a year and a half?’

‘Precisely, Erica.’

‘You could have stayed of course?’

‘Very gladly even. You understand, I would not have needed to do anything more.’

‘How old is that man, Frederik?’

‘What did you think? After all, you saw the photographs before?’

‘Do you still have that thing?’

‘Of course, Hans. I will show you it, then your faith will be stronger.’

Hans looks. Erica and Karel likewise. Anna does not mind at all. They

guess.

'And, Hans?'

'I think, forty-four.'

'Erica?'

'Forty-six?'

'Karel?'

'The same.'

'You also, Anna, have a look and take part.'

Anna also looks, just for a moment, then she says:

'Sixty-two ...'

All of them ask: and, Frederik?

'Anna said it ... this man is so old. But he looks thirty-seven. You always lose, in every area. This life has an organism like that of a snake, it knows all the holds for self-defence, is an expert on yoga and an accomplished priest. We had wonderful evenings. I will never forget one of them, or more even. He asked me, Hans, to put one of the women to sleep.'

'And, Frederik?'

'I was successful, Hans. I also received effective pieces of proof for numerous systems, a treasure together. I also put him to sleep, it was one which was part of his study, if he had not wanted it I would not have managed it. Yet I had power over him. The women were asleep immediately. We cured one of them of nightmares, which the child had suffered from for years. Her suicide tendencies disappeared also, which he was extremely grateful to me for. And exactly that woman could come and go, leave if she wanted, but she did not.'

'They have probably remorse, Frederik?'

'Why, Erica? Why, I ask you, must those children feel remorse? Did you think, that they see their life as sinful? Most of them say: with every other man we would feel contaminated, not now! Do we not bear our children? Do we not give this world any progress? What does the world want from us? You see, we rise in revolt because of it and it cannot be explained away, but those women there have their own thoughts about it. I tell you, Hans, by means of the imposed sleep, we were faced with pasts. I hope to prove my foundations and systems by means of this! You cannot escape it. However, when those facts speak for themselves, then you are faced with numerous laws, for which you cannot find any words now from our conscious. I learned a great deal about it. I believe that I can say, that I am prepared! Come what may, if only little René is at home first. I also know that we still have a few years' time, but it will come.'

'What does he expect from your treatment, Frederik?'

'Do you mean for the benefit of the child?'

'Of course.'

‘Well, Erica, you will perhaps not believe it, but he expects wonders from it. I had to tell him all about it. When I had put forward the phenomena for him somewhat in order, he could immediately say what this inner life feels and must accept. He says: ‘The West is blessed with such a life!’

"Do you hear that, Karel?"

‘This is the way it is, but you do not yet know that, but that will come. I did not know it either. He sees René as a spiritual child prodigy. He gave me advice and I will follow that, if you give me permission for that. Or I will go back!’

‘You can now do what you want, Frederik.’

‘Honestly, Karel? Then that is the greatest gift which you could give me and you will not be sorry. I hope that all of us may experience that it goes as is expected, only then will our life have value.’

‘Was that Dutch girl still there?’

‘Indeed, Erica, but she will soon leave.’

‘Back home?’

‘No, not home, but to another, where she will be very well-off.’

‘Who now wants a licked off sandwich like that, Frederik?’

‘You would think that, Hans, but it is not like that. You cannot buy her for ten thousand. Or did you think that there was not a story attached to that either?’

‘Will you tell us, Frederik?’

‘Not I ... I have nothing to do with that, because I would have to mention very famous families, which would just bewilder you. I will tell you one thing: Our Lord is still there! Even Rome has to do with it; if you stand in the Sistine Chapel, you will get an answer to it, but then this Dutch girl will stand naked before you. This also seems fantastic, a name and you will know everything, but I will not name her! If only you had her, Hans, she belongs in your environment. And Hansi was a hag in comparison. Such children are born for it. It is a divine revelation when you see her. She is expensive to sell. However, I believe that she will end up as a gift. Our Sultan is so good for a human being. But anyone who gets her – complete with pedigree and pedigree number and the Egyptian Lotus on top of it – will immediately be faced with Toet Anch Amen ... you know that gent!’

‘You are very vague, Frederik.’

‘I have to be ... otherwise I will get cold shivers. I am in the West, but the East follows you wherever you go.’

‘How did that child end up there, Frederik?’

‘Did I not tell you recently that he got her out of a gutter? Then you thought from a streetgutter – I believe that I said it myself. However, there are also gutters through which divine charity flows. Briefly then – and you

must be satisfied with it – it concerned a bet and he won it. He made a queen out of this life!’

‘And now she is going to a court?’

‘Not quite that, Karel, but it does look a bit like one.’

‘And those others, Frederik? Did they have a wonderful talk with you? How could you understand Arabic, Egyptian and all those other languages?’

‘There was one, Erica, who spoke twenty-seven languages. Also fluent Dutch. A woman of forty-four years old. An oriental, who had to learn those languages for the family. There is also one who travels through the countries now with learning the languages as her only task. When she knows about thirteen of them, she returns home and she gets her work there.’

‘Is that how it works? So this is how you could talk?’

‘And how, I was good at it as well.’

‘Will that also go in the logbook, Frederik?’

‘You will find it here and there, Erica. For that matter, everything remains one whole, that means, if it is necessary we will also get to experience a sample or tail of it.’

‘And what do you think of René now, Frederik? Will he come home soon?’

‘Karel, we will now talk about it. What do I think of it? We will leave him there for the time being. The more the soul longs, the better that is for the endurance and the day-conscious. This longing supports the personality. Longing is inner working and the personality masters that working. I tell you: now and again we will get him home for a while, but then he must leave again, until we see, now it is possible, now you can just begin the building up of this life.’

‘And you expect something of it, you expect something which we cannot see?’

‘What I expect, Karel, you can also see. Understand properly, the life itself shows us the way. We cannot add or take away anything. René must reveal himself of his own accord. When it is at that stage, you will see other phenomena. It is a pity that you tore up all those drawings, Karel, there were beautiful foundations amongst them. However, I hope that you no longer wish to make a doctor out of your child. Because you cannot do that anyway. Has he still been drawing?’

‘Yes, it is a passion for him.’

‘You see, you cannot do anything about it. Understand properly, Karel, what I want to do is for his health. I do not intend to make him more ill. I am concerned with his life and health. But he will never become a doctor.’

‘It does not matter to me either, as long as he is healthy.’

‘René will become healthy! He will be so healthy that you will not believe it, and permanently!’

‘It is as if you have not been away, Frederik. Where else were you?’

‘I have been in the mountains with the priests. In Tibet with the monks. I experienced their consecrations; I came where you can barely penetrate. I had letters of recommendation with me. However, Egypt beat the lot. I grant everyone that who loves mysticism and whose soul is open to it. Furthermore, my life has not changed. I did not get a remorse of conscious from this, the main points succumbed under the scalpel. I was able to work on different possibilities. Wonderful truths fell into my lap as a mercy. The outstanding care of many people created a paradise for me on earth. And what more do you want? Not a hair on my head thought about this. Yet, I received everything that I had thought about for myself. In ancient Egypt there is not a stone left standing of that ancient glory, yet every footprint tells you how life was there. And you must be able to accept that. I did not go here to see stones, I opened myself inwardly to this and received an answer. I did not have the courage now to climb up the Pyramid, Hans, I lay there waiting, day and night, in a place where you do not expect the pride of this world. I bowed down! I got undressed, I stood there completely naked!’

‘Were you also in the desert, Frederik?’

‘That as well, Erica. However, now it did not storm, it was a blissful trip. I received a lot of material because of it, but our guide was not there. I met him later in Alexandria and lived quietly on his large eastern estate, which is massive and courtly just like that of the Sultan in a way which makes you tremble and shake. Those people have received much in this life. Whether everything is happiness? Mohammed is already enviable for himself, you taste his inner possession like a stimulating wine, you receive a zest for live, spirit of sacrifice, understanding, you think that you can move mountains, it is inspiration for everything in your life!

And now, children, I am tired, we will continue tomorrow. Is it permitted for me to leave?’

‘Go, Frederik, we are also exhausted!’

Erica’s last words are a sign for everyone and a moment later I am lying in my bed in the familiar room and I soon fall into a steady sleep. However, my wings relax. My soul is not yet free of the East, I can go where I want. God gave me everything, I am not afraid for the times which will come!

However, to possess a house and friends is wonderful, it is great! May it always remain so. I am home! I will never go away alone again, never! People need me here! There were a great deal of flowers! Thank you! I am prepared for everything! Everything!

Uncle Frederik, will you help me?

René has now come home for good, but we have had to wait almost four long years for this; he kept sinking into another state and we had to surrender him to those laws and in addition also accept that such illnesses do not let themselves be mocked, as Erica has realised. We collected him four months after I had returned home from my trip. It all went so well. His doctor was also satisfied; his conscious was progressing, his thinking and acting was of such a nature, that even Hans considered him completely normal, so that the boy no longer belonged amongst all those masks. He drew and painted every day, still lives and even portraits were produced and a years later he even violated the Christ, in order, as he said, to portray his suffering and sorrow for himself. No one would therefore have wanted to possess this painted portrait; what he made of it could not stand the daylight, his life let rip in such a terrible way, the Messiah was so pitifully squandered by his paint and hands. And yet, if you went into that daubing more deeply, you saw that an infallible will was busy manifesting itself. I saw his talent growing and most certainly capable of creating a good and pure work later, so that it was worthwhile hanging it on a wall and looking at it now and again. We have made progress in one respect: Karel approves of everything, he surrenders it completely. And they were very great worries for me, because you never knew from which side the wind was blowing with him; you always had to take his ditches into account, which you then jumped slap into, because he himself was at odds with his characteristics.

After a few months we were already faced with the fact. His wildness came back and the objects flew about your ears again, then he could scramble his little personality together under the straitjacket, which usually came back to this life infallibly after a day or two, and then we began again from the beginning. Meanwhile the boy became stronger and stronger. Karel and I had difficulty getting him into the straitjacket, he resisted so severely against this horrible process, for which he trembled and shook, was afraid of, which appeared to be no longer human. I believe that this was the most horrible part of his illness for him. Blood sometimes flowed from his ears, nose and mouth, from inner emotion or because of the torment he experienced. It was, Anna says, as if people wanted to burn him with red-hot poker, he screamed so much from suffering, it touched his soul so much. By means of a straitjacket like that, under which he was placed, people completely broke his willpower, but we did not understand anything about what happened inside him, even if I experienced his destruction along with him. It was an infernal

nature, a wild problem, which lay there and wanted to resist this brutality. You should have heard him then, it was no longer human. And his intellect grew as a result of it. That was also the worst. He could say things, which surprised us. He made up all kinds of things then in order to just get out of it again. I do not know any more how many times we fell for it, especially Anna and Erica. By means of a wonderful excuse people loosened the straps and once he had got his freedom, you saw, no matter how strong his will was to remain good, this life sinking away before your eyes to an inexplicable depth for soul, spirit and material conscious and then the infallible succumbing followed. In the house that was not that bad, but when he got the chance to run out the door, you could follow him, in one street and out another. Like a bolted horse he raced past people and he really no longer knew what he was doing. Heavens above, the hours we experienced, we still do not know how we made it through them.

Yet, during these four years we were allowed to accept the fortune that our child would become better. I wrote down in the logbook: 'Look, I am being proved right after all, he comes and goes, we keep seeing him differently, until his conscious has come into harmony with society, the life of every day.'

Years ago I said that I expected him home at approximately the age of seventeen or eighteen years old and now we see that I am being proved right in that again. Gradually, step by step, he is coming back to us, in order to finally remain with us for good.

I recorded the first time, after my trip, that we collected him, and described it completely according to the phenomena. When I came to him, he examined me, as if he wanted to know what had happened to me. And after having thought for a while, he asked:

'Where were you, Uncle Frederik? Where were you all that time? Why did you go so far away from me?'

I had told his doctor one thing and another about my trip, also about our contact, he was therefore prepared. However, René did not know that I had been gone for three years; he knew nothing about my experiences, because he had not understood it anyway, people had told him nothing about them. However, he asked:

'Why did you go to the East, Uncle Frederik? What was there for you there? Is it possible that I can also make such a trip?'

The male nurse had one or two things to sort out with him and took him away for a while. The doctor says:

'Highly remarkable. I must say, above expectation, I must admit that he is extremely sensitive. Probably a question of telepathic transfer!'

'It is the case, doctor. What do we people know about the human soul?'

'Nothing. What we can do is give these lives a material development, some

becoming conscious through education, some learning if it is possible. However, you see, managing to give these souls back to society as healthy is an exception, a rarity. Of the hundred and fifty boys whom we have here, ten at the most regain full conscious, the rest remain imprisoned for this life. They are living dead. What did you think that this is for all of us?’

‘You do your best, doctor. What more may we long for?’

‘But what laws are they, which determine that these souls must be so beaten, which force us to accept that one possesses everything and the other must remain here for life, as a living dead? When you go to God, your life stands still. I adhere to Protestantism, every day I come into conflict with Him, I cannot approve that He deals with His life in such a nonchalant way. You will certainly feel it: I do not sit still, I cannot accept everything from the bible. My world of thoughts received expansion and depth. I am not capable of accepting a God who approves that there is injustice, I cannot accept a God who treats the universal legislative power unjustly. I do not want to accept that He beats us in that way. I cannot do it! But where do we find the answer, a word that fits our western emotional life? Did you also gain wisdom in the East? Where were you?’

When I told him that I had visited ancient Egypt and had been allowed to participate with the Temple priests in the consecrated services, he sighed:

‘You see, my dearest wish. I had really wanted to be a world traveller. As a child I already played with my friends and we made a trip round the world. The places we visited! When I later realised, as a boy of eighteen years old, that you need money for that, that was a blow to my head. How I suffered because of that lack. And now I see the same longings again in various boys. I do not know what that means. Travelling and gaining wisdom. Experiencing everything which God created for us, getting to know the peoples of the earth. Everything! Oh, how I can envy you. And then Egypt? The Pyramid of Giza? The decayed Temples, the Sphinx? My God, why not I as well? That happiness was not laid aside for me. Tell me, what was it like there?’

I gave the good man my mercy received. However, I added:

‘Tell me, doctor, when can you leave here? When can you have a few years off, so that you can go where you want?’

‘Are you taking me to *fata morganas*? No, do not go into a dead end, I have already written that off a long time ago.’

‘And yet, doctor, that possibility has also been laid aside for you. Tell me, when can you have some time off?’

‘Where are you leading?’

‘I do not begrudge you what I received there. What you have done for our child, makes us happy. Even if we know that you will get him back sooner or later, you did everything which lay in your capacity. He is in good hands

here and that is worth everything to us. However, we will also come back, doctor. If you ask me, in a few months time. I think that he will then already throw away his health, even if he cannot help it himself, or change, the laws will speak to our life.'

'What was it like in Tibet? Amazing, wasn't it?'

'You will also see and experience it yourself, doctor Lent ... There is still God! Likewise Christ. This little chap will soon explain the laws to us.'

We look at René, who comes to us with the male nurse.

'Do you think? I know the phenomena of his drawing and painting and sometimes words pass those lips, which take me into the arms of those who live and die for this. But try looking at the others? They also sometimes speak in such a way that we are ashamed of ourselves; however, tomorrow, in a few hours time, they will return to their vaults, where they lock themselves up and no longer think of any supernatural material life. Just get them out again. A curse is the consequence, sexual rowdiness, poverty, it is a miserable existence. Can progress be detected? No! It goes on like this, one day they will also die. And now, where are they going? Is this it, by means of which we will enter heavens? Can the soul as a personality through one mad existence enter the Divine Heavens? I do not believe that. Of course, we will look for new possibilities. Is it possible that the soul lives on earth more than once? Are there hells? Are there possibilities to belong to the other peoples? Do you believe in reincarnation, as theosophy teaches us? Do you believe in spiritualism, astral possession? I would like to know all of that consciously, you are now so powerless. How far did professor Groevers get with his imposed hypnosis? If you meet him, give him my best wishes. I have every interest in his systems, his method to give these lives the powers to begin again. I know that you are friends.'

'I will not forget it, but we will come back and we will also discuss a few matters with each other. All the best, doctor!'

René shuffles next to me. The boy thinks about different matters, he tears himself away from 'Freckle-face', Little Bramble, from 'Stuff and Nonsense' and Hungry Bert, from Nico Sour and Gerrit Scandalous, all his friends there. I find them funny names and go into them.

I have received the insight as to how I can gradually elevate him from this life. He must be able to talk himself completely empty, it is only then that he can experience other thoughts and he is separate from his friends and the life in the institution. This seems the best thing to me with which I can now begin, because it will help him and his lively nature to let off steam. I therefore ask:

'Who is that 'Freckle-face', René?'

'He is a beast of a boy, Uncle Frederik. He is a Judas!'

‘Why?’

‘Because you can never rely on that beast. But are we not going with the car? Did Father not have time? Why did he not come with you? And could Mother and Anna not get away for a while?’

That suddenly comes flying out. He thinks about a thousand things at the same time. That will soon speed up his breakdown. We people think that these souls cannot think, that they are too stupid to formulate thoughts, but you keep having the opposite proved. I say to him:

‘Quiet, René. If I tell you something, then you will listen, won’t you?’

‘I do that anyway, don’t I, Uncle Frederik?’

‘Of course, you do that, but you race from here to there. Just a moment ago you suddenly asked me different questions. We were talking about Freckle-face and you involve Father, Mother and Anna. Now I do not know anymore where I should start. What did you ask again?’

He reflects, and then he says: ‘You are right, Uncle Frederik. You must just forgive me. I will do my best. The male nurse also keeps saying it, but, you see, it is not so simple. You must think and you cannot, and suddenly all those thoughts fly over your lips. Strange, isn’t it, Uncle Frederik?’

‘That is not so strange, René. If only you would stick to one thing, then order will come. Where were we again, René?’

‘That ... Oh, yes ... about Freckle-face and that you can never rely on that beast.’

‘Why not?’

‘Because he pesters you, hits and spits. If you walk next to him, he hits you from behind. He wants to trip you up. And if he manages it that beast has the greatest fun.’

‘But can Freckle-face help that, René? Did you really think that he feels so much like pestering you?’

‘He does it, doesn’t he?’

‘And you then, when you have to go in the straitjacket?’

‘Yes ... I did not think of that. But for me it is booha, for Freckle-face it is... it is...’

You see, you do not know it. Freckle -face cannot help it. Of course, we adults, which you are almost a part of, cannot approve of that just like that. We must try to be in harmony with life and with the boys, do you understand that?’

‘I am doing it, Uncle Frederik. I have given Freckle-face all my marbles. But then he was sorry about it.’

‘Are you not then, when you let rip in such a way? Were you always good to them! Who is now more ill, you or Freckle-face?’

‘He is, of course, he will never leave there again, says the male nurse. We

must be able to forgive Freckle-face for a load of stuff. And may I now ask, Uncle Frederik, why Father and Mother and Anna did not come with you?’

‘You see, now we are making progress. Father could not get away, there were too many patients. Mother and Anna want to have everything in order before we come. And I thought it would be nicer for a change to let you go by train.’

‘Good, I am extremely pleased, Uncle Frederik.’

And now there comes:

‘Uncle Frederik, will you help me?’

‘But of course, René, with everything. If you promise me that you will do your best, I will help you with everything.’

‘May I go with you to the East?’

‘That as well, René. If you do your best, that will also be possible. But how do you know that? Did Anna write to you?’

‘You told me yourself. You even let me see it. You liked it there, didn’t you, Uncle Frederik?’

‘It was beautiful there, René. You may come with me later. But who is Gerrit Scandalous? Why do you call him that?’

‘We did not give him that name, Uncle Frederik. He got it from his home. His sister said it. Gerrit was at her behind.’

‘Ugh, that is not allowed. People lock you up for that, do you know that?’

‘I know, I will watch out.’

‘How old are you now, René?’

‘I will be thirteen, Uncle Frederik.’

‘Who told you that?’

‘The male nurse says that. He teaches us to count and to do arithmetic. At least me and a few boys, the others cannot do it.’

‘Why not?’

‘They do not have the sense for it, Uncle Frederik.’

‘Do you know that for certain?’

‘You can see that, can’t you? They have no sense, they have nothing!’

‘And you understand that?’

‘You do not need to understand that, you can see that, after all.’

‘And are you so certain of that, René?’

‘I do not know, but I am different, amn’t?’

‘So, you know that. And who is hungry Bert?’

‘That is a rich man’s son, Uncle Frederik. That beast is always hungry and steals the food. But we have taught him not to do it.’

‘Who are those we ...?’

‘Little Bramble, the Sparrow, the Poop box and me.’

‘So, you hit him of course and forgot that little Bert is also ill. Can he help

it that he is hungry?’

‘Can I help it then, Uncle Frederik? Is it our fault then? The male nurse also hit him.’

‘I do not believe that.’

‘Certainly ... He hit him because he had stolen the food. And how he hit him!’

‘That is not nice, René. How can you hit a child like that?’

‘The doctor does not want that, but he does it!’

‘The male nurse?’

‘Not the one who brought me, he is a good man, that other one, with his crooked nose.’

A man, I think, beats everything out which other people have built up with so much trouble and worries. Just phone this evening, Frederik. That must not happen, as a result of this a great deal will be lost. He asks me:

‘Will we go and look at the paintings again, Uncle Frederik? And did you bring along nice coloured pencils?’

‘Also that, René. And we will see other paintings. If you do your best, we will go to Amsterdam. There are beautiful paintings. You will see them.’

‘Okay, but I will not go back there again, will I?’

‘If you do your best, then no. But if you become angry again? What must we do then?’

He thinks, meanwhile we sit in our train and look through the windows. He cannot get enough of it. He asks nothing, he enjoys, and makes remarks such as:

‘Aren’t those cows big, Uncle Frederik! I wish I could paint them. Is that difficult?’

‘You know that after all. Did you not try it?’

‘It is difficult, Uncle Frederik.’

‘You see, now you are pulling my leg. You know it and yet you ask for an opinion. Why do you do that, René?’

‘Because you do not know it yourself, Uncle Frederik.’

‘What do I not know?’

‘That painting cows, I mean. You do it and you do not get them.’

‘What do you not get?’

‘Now ... that framework or whatever it is called! Can you paint those cows then as they are?’

‘What do you want to paint then, René?’

‘Now ... that is really something, the cow, of course. Just like those walking there.’

‘Oh, no, that is not simple. Do you wish to be able to do that already? Years of study are needed for it.’

'Then I will learn it. Where can you learn that, Uncle Frederik? Freckle-face also wants to paint. Little Bramble too. But Bert is useless at it. Jan Scrooge cannot do it either.'

'Who is Jan Scrooge this time?'

'He is the son of a miller. He is full of meanness.'

'Is he called Jan Scrooge?'

'Of course not, he is called Woltes ... but we all call him that.'

'And what name were you given, René?'

'Me? Whether I was given a name?'

'Is that so strange then?'

'They call me the Bellows, Uncle Frederik, and Poacher.'

'Oh ... Poacher and Bellows. Why?'

'Because I poached a chicken, just like at home, but then I was ill, Uncle Frederik.'

'I understand that, René. And that Bellows?'

'Because my face goes red when I lie, Uncle Frederik.'

'And who gave you that name?'

'Freckle-face and Gerrit Scandalous. Gerrit is coming to visit me. Is that allowed, Uncle Frederik? He says that Father can make him better. Can Father do that?'

'No, he cannot. Your Father has other things to do.'

'But Father is a doctor, after all. Father can also make me better, can't he?'

'Father has done everything which was possible, but it did not work, son, this is why you keep having to go back there.'

'But not now anymore, do I, Uncle Frederik?'

'If you do your best, no, we will help you.'

He looks at the cows and thinks about painting. After a while he asks:

'May I now learn to paint, Uncle Frederik? Will the man who teaches that come to us? Or must we go to him?'

'You must first be better, son. Later, when you are completely better, you may learn to paint from him.'

'Okay, then I will not become ill again. I do not want to be ill. I want to paint. Also people, Uncle Frederik. Is that difficult?'

'I think that it is the most difficult thing there is. It is not easy in any case. But if you do your best, it is possible. We will see, René. But remember that you will have to go back as soon as you become angry.'

'And if it is not me?'

'Who is it then?'

'You know that anyway, Uncle Frederik.'

'That is true, René, but you are the one who is to blame for it. Would you think that people would let a thief go if he says that it is not he himself?'

‘Yes, but he is not ill.’

‘Who says so? Could a thief not have a boeha? You always think about yourself. I ask you, could that thief not have a boeha?’

‘In order to pinch?’

‘In order to steal ... in order to rob, in order to commit arson and such things. But would people believe that?’

‘Of course not.’

‘Well, do you now think that you will be rid of your boeha because of your illness? You must remain yourself. People will not be able to interfere with boehas. And in addition, you are not a small child. You are already a big boy. However, if you approve of that boeha you are playing a hoax, you must go back to the institution. So what do you do? Say to him: see that you leave. You only have to be calm for this. Then we can live at home together and there will be nothing the matter. However, if you give boeha the right to throw pots and pans and to say those ugly dirty things, which frighten Mother and hurt Anna and Father and I do not know what to do, then you will go back in the straitjacket of your own accord. And that is the most terrible thing that there is.’

‘Why do you put me in it, Uncle Frederik?’

‘Must we then approve, René, that you and your boeha smash everything to pieces?’

‘Do I do that then?’

‘Do you not know that then?’

‘But then I am ill anyway, Uncle Frederik. Then ... then I cannot think ... Then I can murder you!’

‘You see, that’s the point. Because you are ill and we must put you in the straitjacket, you can murder us, can you?’

‘If I could just get you.’

‘But you just cannot do that. But as long as – and now you must listen to me carefully, René – as long as you approve that boeha allows you to throw those things into smithereens, as long as you smash everything to pieces and would prefer to jump out the window, you will go so long in the straitjacket. We know that you find that terrible, but what do you want?’

‘Why do you do it then, Uncle Frederik?’

‘Do you not understand, René, that we do cannot approve of that?’

‘But there are enough pots and pans, aren’t there?’

‘Yes, but that is not the idea. No, if you do that, you will irrevocably go back to Freckle-face and the others, until you stop it.’

I notice that he can now almost talk like a healthy human being. He knows that things are thrown and he does not yet know it. Boeha forces him to accept that life. This is his battle! This battle must be fought, until he him-

self calls a powerful halt, a to here and not further. Indeed no small thing, but we will help him. He is more conscious. He can think better and can already also argue the spoken word. He remembers things. This is still not conscious. I feel that there is still only fifteen per cent of the normal thinking and feeling lacking. You can already talk to him for eighty-five per cent, if this life is itself completely. I know that he will become a good painter. We will soon send him to a master and then we will get to see a completely different personality. He must have a good driving force, a man who understands and senses his pupils. Here a born talent is busy manifesting itself. And that is happening with a power such as you rarely see, consciously, sharply, knowingly! These are qualities which will be capable of killing that boeha from his life and being. And it is only then that his inner life will reach development, working and natural equality, without the traps, the holes, which are in his personality and as a result of which he keeps having to accept his fall again. Poor boy! However, we are making progress, we may not complain, what we will now still get to experience will be child's play compared to what already lies behind us and was buried. We are there and get off!

He looks, he follows everything, in the street he is no trouble at all, he wants to absorb everything and he has no time to ask questions. He does not grant himself any time for it. And that is also a good sign, because you see because of it that this soul life is interested in everything. He is no longer a psychopath! This life has nothing more to do with that grade of madness, this life is awakening and is releasing itself from inner disorders. He looks people in the eye without fear, stands next to me when we have to stop for a moment, holds my hand tight, which in itself is an unforgettable benevolence, he can open himself so trustingly to your life and thinking. He surrenders himself completely to you. Only that boeha is still there. Without him we would have made it. I know that it will still remain for a while, but we will continue!

For so far I can now feel him and can analyse his life and soul with the Sultan, with the man who understands all the occult laws and was able to obtain a grade of conscious himself, by conquering himself while asleep, so that he can go where he wants, I have the possibility of helping him and sending him over that chasm. Sjewhoea says the same thing as Mohammed. According to him, René must possess the epileptic, but conscious sleep, which now sends us to the 'psychic' certainty, as that was experienced and was received in ancient Egypt, but must be seen as a blessing, as a Divine gift. This is why he feels so much for his situation! We have spoken about it often. It would be amazing if René possessed that supernatural ability. According to Mohammed that is the case. The one or two people from ancient Egypt who carried this supernatural gift in themselves, were the very highest there which a soul

could experience and was able to receive as a human being. That was, as he calls that ... the Great Winged One! I know everything about it, but we must wait and see whether this is the case. From the phenomena, he says, both occultists say, you can see his power! He had everything to spare to be able to see little René. He even wanted to already take over the education of the child now. However, when he got to know his soul, examined me thoroughly as it were, for which purpose he went into a sleep, experienced his ecstasy, he said to me:

‘Frederik, you can do it yourself. If you need me, you must just think of me and I will send you the desired thoughts from here, or I will come and speak to you. You will see me then! Wherever you are, Frederik, I will find you!’

Both the Sultan and Mohammed, two worlds, which had not spoken to each other, showed me an image of René’s previous life. I can see the last life before me, says Mohammed. Well, my friend, I will go and have a look. And then you will see a person like that falling asleep before your eyes, become as white as a sheet; the life looks like it has died, which lasts a quarter of an hour, a half an hour, sometimes hours. The personality comes back of its own accord, breathes deeply for a moment, and I hear him say:

‘René is called ... Rachi ... Hadju ... has come back, in order to now provide the West with our life and our wisdom, according to what was decided by Amon-Ré. I saw him in the Temples of Ra, Ré and Isis! Believe me, Frederik, your people is blessed. However, you have a difficult task. I will help you. If there are worries, come back to me. You know how we can be reached. Send your messenger to me, my life and soul. Let her fly and accomplish her messages under your authority. I will meet her and accept your messages. We will do tests, Frederik. We will make use of the time that you are here.’ And then a word passed his lips, which gave me such a fright, that I dropped the glass of wine which I had in my hands. For he said:

‘The confirmation that I am correct. I can see more, but if I was to give you everything, Frederik, believe me, you would succumb under it. The laws of the universe give you precisely what you can cope with. They calculate your emotional life and conscious. Is the name Marja so opposing, so intense, that you must succumb before my eyes? You see it, everything receives meaning. Oh, we know your master, Frederik. Do not tell any parents what you were able to receive because of your trip. I can also see for your life! Is it clear to you, Frederik, that you will no longer be able to get married in this life? Do you know what people expect from your life? Is that marriage necessary? I can tell you, my friend, you have not yet made any mistakes. Continue like this. When I speak in the elevated choice of words, and you hear ‘thy’ and the polite form of ‘you’, the laws of your life will call me back and I also have to accept this. I will then stand before you as your master. If we are ready,

then I want to be close to you and you will hear the informal 'you' from me and the friendly 'you', or we will speak English and will not know that difference. But have faith, Frederik, that this life will reveal itself and that you and your people will have the laws explained to you.'

Marja ... I thought ... Marja? I asked:

'Did you read that name somewhere?'

'I saw that this life belonged to his. She lives on earth. He will meet her. There is nothing which will stop this reunion! Nothing! She is the form ... which will help and support him in this gigantic carrying. How she comes to his life is a law, which we can do nothing about. The person who will succumb because of it, Frederik, will make up what was once done wrong in previous lives. From time to time, in a few years time, he will start. So do not forget that Marja belongs to him. What is now horrible for all of you, will soon be a blessing for your life, for your people and this humanity!'

And the Sultan says exactly the same thing. This is why Erica was given so many beautiful things. 'She as mother of this spiritual wonder, must be honoured and spoiled. People must make her happy, people must see her life as a tree which gives you its fruits, as the wine which we drink, and thank the God of our life for it. Give me René and I will give you a fortune. Sell me that child, I will give you everything for your fool. What would Erica and Karel say about it? What do you think, Frederik, is it not possible? Would you think that I will get the child in my possession? No, you don't, you are not like that, you do not want to miss the child for all the money in the world. Oh, I wanted to also be able to buy this happiness. I tell you, for my life and that of other people a revelation would come. To be able to live in his presence is a mercy from God, to be able to wait for his development is the very greatest happiness imaginable! It is the most beautiful thing of all for this world, Frederik. Do you know that?'

And the name Marja also passed his lips! A sweet name, inwardly in harmony with infinity. The Sultan showed me where this life was born and where it would be now. And a moment later there followed: 'She is already there, Frederik! I can see that her form has already received conscious and that he has already brought her name to materialisation. You see, ancient Egypt and the West would reach spiritual unity, that is what we wanted and which is only now taking place! So, despite everything, we are making progress! Despite everything good will triumph over evil!'

I saw him contemplating. He reflected and saw something, which pleased him greatly. Inner joy was reflected in his face. They were amazing moments for me! And there also followed:

'Frederik, will you understand this love? Will you help this being to bear it and will you never forget, when the Gods manifest themselves, that these

souls belong together? Now you are faced with Ra, Ré and Isis, the Sphinx and the Pyramid, Frederik, to which they already devoted their life blood centuries ago. I see that, and also your friend, Mohammed, my brother, will perceive it for your life. We find ourselves in a world, we receive the seeing through a source!’

Precisely because of and from the phenomena, they saw that little René had known many lives. Because of this, this life had received the mercy to reveal itself to our western emotional life. Is there anything else, I think to myself, now that we are returning home and he is walking in such a lanky way next to me. You should see the two of us stumbling along. And this child prodigy does not know nowhere near what is the matter. This life does not feel what will happen, it is too sober for this! Because of this it behaves strangely! And we have experienced this strangeness all those years, we have been beaten by it, in such a way, I believe, that no parents have been beaten. How much talk did we have to accept? All that gossip. I cannot bear thinking about it. And yet we have had proof. Did the name Marja not pass his thin lips? The way he said that then, it was already a revelation for me. He whispered it, he gave that name inspiration, in the way he pronounces the word ‘nice’. It is like a salve on a small wound and you feel a happiness because of it, which you cannot cope with. It is as if you are floating, the same as I was able to experience on this trip, the way in which he pronounced this word. Is this not a great wonder? Was that not the moment that his subconscious came to the life of every day? Is this not the birth of a thing which belongs to the subconscious? Do we still have to take a wrong track now that we stand before the God of all life and can be given revelations to us? Must we say as sobersides: no, I do not want that, I am not allowed, because it is demonic? I have not yet seen that devil, even if I have to agree that boeha looks like him, has lain in the gutter with him. Well, the things we had experienced. And everything is certainly not a holiness. Now I had to accept that it is part of it! And that this can be precisely seen, felt, because it shows itself. And that this is a revelation for our life and being.

When little René materialised the name Marja, he crawled up the stairs. Higher and higher, like an old man. I can still see him! That oldness now, appeared from the subconscious life and materialised itself through an emotional power, a world, in which that Marja lived. And when it was there, the name experienced that materialisation, he sat thinking about it like a philosopher. A moment later Anna lifted him and put him to bed. Within a second he was sleeping like a baby. What kind of worlds did we experience anyway with this child? I am now beginning to understand a great deal about all the phenomena, because I was able to experience the old for the new. And I received that from the Sphinx and Mohammed and my friend, the Sultan.

When René gave Marja a hand spiritually in order to take her to the surface for his and her life, you would have sworn that this life was there! Marja received meaning through him; also at the moment that I was with him in that other world, René asked Marja whether she wanted to come sooner or later in order to give him her happiness and love. Marja is something wonderful for his life! Marja let him sit down to reflect like an old man. He went higher and higher, upstairs, but at that moment Erica was looking precisely into ancient Egypt, she saw light coming from those hazy eyes. Erica went to pieces that day, and for years afterwards she could still see that radiating beauty in his eyes. Mohammed said:

‘At that moment, Frederik, the inner light broke through and the sober West got to see the first shadow of a wonderful ancient past. And you, my friend, are now his guide! A mercy was given to your life. We have no rights to take away this child from you, but do you not feel that we are capable of giving it an education in the way it should be?’

Marja, I now understand that completely, received consciousness through René. She lives in him or she lives through him. These souls are connected to each other and there will be nothing which will disrupt this unity. The science from the East is a certainty which defies everything and to which I must bow my head. This reality was given to me just like that there, it was pulled from me, sucked up, I believe, in the way little René can do that. This has nothing to do with born telepathy, Mohammed says, but is ‘knowing’. They are the occult laws. He is capable of seeing back into many lives. Sjouwhoea too, my Sultan! They know the laws for soul, spirit and material.

And our little René does not know that? Does he not possess a single gram of conscious for this awe-inspiring past? However, we see what he has already given us. I first received that reality from the Sultan and Mohammed, then from the Pyramid of Giza and the Sphinx also spoke of it. It was midnight, the moon stood blood-red in the sky, signs, Mohammed said, that predicted the coming of the Pyramid.

Those people there are capable of experiencing a sleep which is no longer material, but has to do with soul, spirit and material. That sleep now comes straight up from the subconscious, to development and revelation and they needed a study of thirty years in order to reach that height. Mohammed said: ‘Thousands have succumbed there, went mad and were faced with death; we were allowed to reach it.’ And the Sultan also said: ‘Do you now know, Frederik, how I speak with my snakes and why they do not do anything to me?’

I am now starting to understand much of René’s phenomena. Was he not also in that unnatural sleep? Did he not also lay in a state, which Karel, Hans and all the academics thought of as epilepsy? Did they not think of polio? The West does not yet know these laws, it is therefore something very

different. If little René had had to accept these phenomena as an illness, then he would still be like that! However, the child is walking next to me, is thinking, looking, already sees a great deal. And we were faced with a pile of misery, another, material destruction. However, that polio later became sexual destruction. Yes, yes, we have to give it a name.

I am not missing out any bits, but I can see light! I am not fobbing myself off with something. I am sure of myself. I will wait and see, it will come! The things my trip was good for. Or would I now be able to say: I went myself and under my own power? I do not believe it anymore, I can now see direction in everything.

Even doctor Lent will make his trip! He is also a child of ancient Egypt, whose soul life longs again for home and for 'Mother'. Are all of us not longing to see and to get to know that 'Mother'? To feel her kiss? When these longings awaken as feelings in the human being, we are faced with the Goddess of Isis and with the Temples of Ra and Ré and that of Luxor. She is still our 'Mother'! Because of her universal mediation we got to know the God of all life and we saw His wonderful form. It does not matter where the money comes from, it comes and therefore the human being makes that little trip. It is now I who will give him that opportunity and that is also already a mercy.

Now you lie kneeled at the feet of Giza and the Sphinx! You walk over heaps of rubble, you kiss the stones, you behave just like a madman, if the living dead being from the West would see you. However, you must see your own opening, you must be open to it, or you can just go home, people do not feel and hear you there. The 'Mother' does not give any answer, you cannot be reached. However, if that is possible, you experience that 'mad' love! You suck yourself full to the brim until you lose your own conscious, but when you awaken you are lying in her arms! You look into eyes which know everything, everything, about yourself and your loved ones. When I received that universal truth, I heard the Goddess say:

'And, Frederik, how did my flesh and blood remain during all those centuries? Am I still the same for you?'

I called: 'Yes, in every way! And the Sphinx added:

'This is now that mad love, Frederik, but you look behind the mask. Do not forget your sandals, Frederik. My boy!'

I layd my head on the sand and sobbed from happiness. Then she also said:

'For shame, big boy, are you not ashamed of yourself? I will tell Anna!'

What then happened to me only got through to me much later. Mohammed gave me an explanation for it, for which I could thank him with everything from my small life. However, he understood it. At that moment I was off my rocker, but only for our West, hundreds of people there congratulated me, gave me flowers, because it was such a revelation for me. And I

understood everything! It was a great wonder!

I ran into the desert, ran away, to come to myself. And if she had not watched over me, I swear to you that by God and all the angels, I would have met my death. However, then she said:

‘Can you hear me, Frederik?’

‘Yes, Mother. What is it?’

‘You are lost, Frederik. Now watch carefully: I will bring you back to my life. Look to the left ... Can you see that height there before you?’

‘Yes, Mother!’

‘You go up that. When you are at the top, I will show you my direction.’

I go up, and when I was there, after labouring for an hour, sometimes up to my neck in sand, I heard:

‘And now straight through those valleys, then go up yonder and turn left, for an hour, in order to come back to me. At my feet you will then receive your punishment, Frederik?’

And I came there! And I received my punishment! But I was so grateful for it. Then she also said:

‘My life is open to those, Frederik, who can bow their heads. I love these children. However, they cannot do that, yes, then they will have to perish!’

Little René was like this supernatural protection. Did he not sink into that deep sleep under my hands? Did he not lay kneeled at the feet of his mother? Who knows! I know, I, it was the case! I received my proof for it. I now do not know what to do with my foundations, but I will come so far!

Little René slept in that secretive state and namely for days on end. There is therefore a bit of the East present in this child, which we do not know yet, but that the initiated there considered great and wonderful. And to have to hear all of this from a human being, who knew nothing about this child? People did not know little René there, but they knew Rachi-Hadju. However, it was not long before these lives were completely one and unconsciousness became consciousness! People know him there, his name and his stage of birth, people know there for what purpose this life was born! I then said to myself: I will wait and see! And then I received my full marks, because I had not made any big mistakes. Or, as Mohammed said, we do everything in order to bring that life here and to begin with that education!

Yes, little René, I fling all of this into the universe, but our friends in the East pick up my feeling and thinking. They are following us! Little madman that you are, what do you want to have now from Uncle Frederik? And look, the Goddess opens her wings and we are already flying, just us, us! He says:

‘What I want to have, Uncle Frederik? Colouring pencils! New colouring pencils!’

I take him in my arms, I almost crush him to death from happiness, so

that the people think: what does that chap there want with that child. However, when they recognise us, they see who we are, people on the farm take off their caps to us. I said to myself: you see, those people knew you. What used to be pharaohs are now farmers. Just put your cap back on, my dear friend, we thank you! I would give you ten guilders, if I was allowed to do it, but we know that we will be laughed at anyway and called mad, because we see that you do not know this happiness. So we do not do it!

‘But you, little man, will get colouring pencils! Nice ones, little René, really nice ones!’

‘Okay, Uncle Frederik, okay, I am so happy.’

Can you also feel that oldness, I say to myself! This is oldness! This is consciousness. Only the adult life can feel happiness so deeply and interpret it in words. However, he can feel it so deeply!

‘The epileptic sleep’, says Mohammed, ‘is a material disruption, which receives the nutrition between the small and large brains and has lost the natural tension and reproduction as a result of a paralysed or disturbed nerve. If that tension is approaching, then a gap comes between the driving power of thought and you see a gap emerge between the consciousness as material and as spirit and you fall to the ground. When you see trembling and shaking and convulsions, that means that the rest of this beaten and broken conscious does not wish to make that fall and wishes to live. Now you see those phenomena. It is the battle of life and of death, the battle to keep the conscious or to let go of it. It is the personality which resists with all its strength, which is not possible anyway, because a gap has emerged.’ Is there anything else?, I thought. What do we know about that? Nothing! He says:

‘The spiritual sleep, which little René possesses, comes straight from the subconscious to life and conscious, straight from the inner life, and penetrates into the day conscious, of which it dominates the fourth grade of sleep, the normal human sleep. However, this sleep has nothing to do with the material systems and represents universal burial, the very highest which we were able to get to know in Isis and Ra and could achieve! I assure you, even if there were now material disruptions, which are purposeful for the psychopathic child and as a result of which you were able to get to know this illness there, the soul of René would go around them and manifest itself, whatever those opposing powers are. I therefore mean, even if René had remained ill, apathetic, then you would still have been able to receive wisdom from time to time, because his personality knows and possesses the laws for it!

I assure you of this, Frederik, even if material systems were disrupted, if nerve centres were weakened, with epileptic sleep and phenomena as a consequence, which bring down the conscious, so that your doctors do not know what to do, this of René follows its own way. We have found a method in or-

der to cure the first grades for this illness and namely by sleep, your hypnosis! René's sleep dominates every material reaction and is a born independence for his life, which he mastered in the Temples of Ra, Ré and Isis. And that wonder lives in your midst and is considered as a madman there.

You could have helped him, already when he still lived in the mother, but you were not yet that far. We will help you, Frederik, and soon show you all those wonders. We will prove to you that the child already possesses that own independence in the mother. Because of art his life will awaken. You get nice things from me for that purpose, you yourself will provide the colouring pencils. Just wait, I will soon be back, I will see how our child is.'

When I read out the letter from Erica to him, he said:

'You see, Frederik, you can thank the God of all life. Truth!' One evening he said:

'Look here, what I have had made for your Prince of the Universe. Only when he is twenty-one years old, it will be permissible for him to wear this garment. I hope to see you with him earlier, because I want to absorb his material form in me, so that I will be able to support him later. I had the garment made by an initiated priestess, in order to not to defile it in advance. Rachi-Hadju would reproach me with it later, I know!'

And the Sultan said to his women and friends: 'I do not believe, my children, that this life is for sale for me. After all, there are limits, there is a universal halt!' They had wanted to have René there so much. And he is now walking next to me and behaves as if he is not yet born. He is walking next to me and looking at everything and calls me 'Uncle Frederik'. Yet this life is busy laying the first foundations. He as a human being and personality is carrying stones in order to elevate a university, such as the sober West has not yet seen. And that because of a mad child? Yes, the things we already know; in the years which passed we received radishes with divine syrup to eat, flowers of incredible beauty to see, but which are not looked at by our sober mind. A stick-in-the-mud will try nothing new, but what an intellectual does not consider as a university concept, is buried alive! And people do not like that mask, people are afraid of it, people would prefer to weep until their tears run dry! I have fallen back into that harsh and rough, but how must you say it? Must I put a string of frills around it? Make a fairground of it, now that we come to stand before reality? Must I say yes and jubilantly sing out my Amen? Must I, now that I received all of that, keep quiet even longer, promote helplessness and bandage the human conscience in a childish naïve way and lay stink upon stink? Create rotten acts of violence, prevent besotted airs, because you cannot tell a church-goer the truth? The 'doodles'! If you do not know what this means, just work it out for yourself, I have never become angry about it. Yet it says something, but it will never

become a concept! The ‘doodles’! You can say it to everything, people will never call you to account, never! This also possesses a mask!

Mohammed said to me:

‘Do you think, Frederik, that you started this trip under your own power? Did you think that the ways of God did not receive His certainty before? Did you think that you could take a step outside His living independence? No, dear friend, that is out of the question. That justice lives under your heart. It is awakening, direction!’

A moment later there also came: ‘Do you know, Frederik, that you once placed mantraps and clamps with this life for the other life and that you will now remove them again, so that the life will continue? And there was also another life. Must I mention her name?’

And he is walking next to me and is looking, searching for colouring pencils. I have a chest full at home, but they are still too precious to spoil them already. However, this life talks about little Gerrit, about Freckle-face, little Bart and all kinds of things and he wants to do art. A certainty which defies everything, which does not know any fickleness, does not mangle any lack of discretion about sacred recklessness, this is and will remain conscious, even if the consciousness is temporarily exhausted.

We are home. Erica and Anna can let themselves go. And he lets himself be nicely spoiled, he has the knack for it like a born prince. The same old story, for a few minutes they can mess around with him, kiss him and be nice to him, then he has had enough of it and runs upstairs. Now he is no trouble, it is drawing and painting!

That went well for three weeks. Then he sunk back again and ran out into the street like a wild bull. Windows were smashed to smithereens, people were afraid of this little chap, who ran into one street and out the other like a bolted horse, until he fell to the ground and remained lying. Your heart would break, if you did not know any better. Erica and Karel were dreadfully cut up by it again. Now people already sympathise with us. There is also a change coming in that. I brought him home with a bloody head. Broken in soul, spirit and material, a poor little pile of misery. We did not yet need straitjackets, this life was broken. And I heard again, despite all my assurances: ‘Is this now a spiritual child prodigy, Frederik?’ Those words did not come from one mouth, Erica, Karel and Hans flung them at me. And I had to bow to it. I could start to play blindman’s buff, I had to accept. My trip was gone, gifts of incredible value and beauty became miserable trivialities, which people no longer looked at, had no more value. Only one had value, little René, also for me, but people did not understand that again. And the end of this sad story: back to the institution. After a few days we could already leave. The doctor said:

‘It is going well! Have no fears ... we will make it!’

According to Karel he was off his rocker. However, where did this human being get his certainty from? I did not need to talk about it, Karel could not be reached. We lost this boy for nine months again. Meanwhile I continued. I received contact with Mohammed and the Sultan. As a result of universal rowdiness I received those laws in my hands. When I also started to doubt my task, Mohammed suddenly stood before me. He looked at me in a piercing way and spoke:

‘You see, Frederik, if we were not there, nothing would become of this education. Have you lost your faith? Did you really think that this was not necessary? What is a study for us, becomes a study for Rachi-Hadju! What we had to accept in our dungeons, Frederik, is the temporary sinking away for him and being broken for the daily self, which will receive form anyway. Come on, brother, do not go on a wrong track, the Gods have this life in their hands. The West and the East have one life, one being, one soul, one spirit! Had you expected it differently? I will return, Frederik, you know that I can move. Just look, you have come into my life, I have accepted your life. Greetings to everyone. I know that they will not yet believe you, but at the end of your life you will receive their true kiss. All the previous ones have no meaning! Frederik?’

And the apparition went away, the apparition dissolved before my eyes. Was I sleeping? Was I dreaming? I do not believe it: that was Mohammed. The Sultan also met me and had something to say to me and little René. Only for a moment, just a few words. At the same time, hour and second, only touched for a moment, René came back to us. ‘When the first snow comes’, he also says, ‘he will return again to his dungeon. You are now prepared!’

And what do you say, when those things happen? Nonsense? Still shrug your shoulders and spread your feathers, show your thorns, put a white collar around your intellect, hide your being naked and nakedness by distorted talk, gossip in the universe? Karel said: ‘You cackle like my father’s turkey, but the end of the story is: into the saucepan!’ In other words, your mince tastes of chicken relish. A chicken which plays for grandfather and is a wonder on its own, but which is not bought by a normal thinking and feeling human being, because it cannot be edible. Karel also said:

‘Everything is wonderful, Frederik, I have sacred respect for you, you know that, but start to look at these things for yourself, what remains of all your talk? Must we become engrossed in Sphinxes and Pyramids, while you smell the Dutch manure? Must we accept even longer that you have Sultans and Mohammeds as friends? I am grateful for your gifts, have sacred respect for your good deeds, but what remains of it, if you are taken in by your

goodness?’

Harsh, isn’t it, there also followed, harsh, isn’t it ... what do you expect? I looked at him, he got a taste for it and also said:

‘Did you see him walking, Frederik? Did you see him bolting through the streets like a madman? Did you not see what he was like, have you forgotten that? My God, where must this ship strand. Must I accept you? Must Hans accept you? Should we fall to our knees and thank God for all the good things? Must we lie at the feet of old ruins, lie at Pyramids, let ourselves be locked up in Kings chambers, and whatever else? Must we accept you, I ask you, if you can sense with your clog that you are busy becoming senile? I am starting to believe, Frederik, that you have our child under your influence. You are it or you are not, but this is no longer a normal world! It is a big madhouse!’

One evening, René was in the straitjacket again, Karel gave me a hiding. And also Hans, yes, even Erica had something to say to me. That was the moment when Mohammed came to me again. I sat on the edge of my bed, my head leaning on my hands, I was destroyed, disappointed. Everything was gone, all those wonderful beautiful things had no longer any meaning. Erica had dethroned herself! Karel flung the cigarette case at my feet. Hans also hesitated and placed his gifts next to it. There I was. Then words were said, which I do not wish to hear again, but I recorded them, the logbook speaks the truth! Karel began, suddenly, but it had already been bothering him for a few days. He was almost bursting with poison and envy ... He feels taken for a ride. Erica sat opposite me like an agitated broody hen, who sees that her little children are walking into the water and does not know that they tricked her and placed duck eggs under her. The animal broods, but does not know that her brood is strange to her life and independence. Only Anna stood next to me, stood like a tower of strength. If that had not been the case then I would have ended my life.

Karel begun with: ‘Did you get your own way now, Frederik?’ I asked:

‘How, Karel?’ I already knew that this question was neither here nor there, only just a means of being able to start. I found it naïve and awkward.

‘Well’, Hans says, ‘what do you want, Frederik? Do you have plans to return to the East, to ask advice about how we can continue? You forget that you live here in the West. This is really going too far.’

I now understood what the gentlemen were talking about. I went back to the time when I was busy devoting myself to them, before the train had reached them. Was I still there then and not here? Was I there and was I not there? However, then they would be right. I raced like a madman through my life of the past while. I went over all the things I had said and which words had passed my lips. I found nothing special. I was not too far away, I

found myself very natural and normal for their thinking and feeling. I had completely conquered and discarded the eastern mentality. And now this! Now this talk! Now this attack upon my conscience and life, on everything, everything! When Hans assumed that I was becoming senile, he touched a sensitive cord, which set me alight, but as a result of which I actually closed myself off, ensured my self, in order not to go off into a swoon. But still, I thought, despite everything our darkness still bothers us! The hells have flown empty, it is a fight for life and death of black magic against white! Good and evil stand opposite each other! Human reasoning against eastern mysticism, the present against the past! Church finery against Pyramid and Sphinx consciousness, but that does not mean a thing, learning is intellect, no destruction is tolerated here!

And then there came:

‘Can you not feel that yourself then, Frederik, that you just saying any old thing? Karel and I no longer want these gifts; we feel cheated. They have a dirty smell to them! You can make children happy with such things, not us, you are forgetting something. What would people say about it if we were to spread your stories? Did you think, Frederik, that we can eat and drink from blood-red moons and nocturnal hours? That child needs a Dutch nappy! Desert trips in the night, stone eyes which look at you, Goddesses who know your name as if they have borne you themselves, selling bow ties of five cents for good gold, wearing satin garments, with the mould in them, silk which kills the moth, selling heavenly kingdoms for the smile of a ruin, kissing earth and lying down on it and weeping until your tears run dry, no, that is going too far, Frederik, you have lost your mind. We want to help you, we want to serve you, we want to give you this good advice: stop! Stop, Frederik, you are going too far, you are moving with René to my institution, you are mad!’

I said – to myself – thank you! I had nothing else to say, could not do it. Then Karel said:

‘Hans is right, Frederik. Come to yourself! Go out again, go to the farmers and see that a Dutch cow is not a Sphinx! I have arranged with my father that you can come for a while. Go out and hear the cackle of the chickens, look at them laying eggs and do not call everything a miracle, you are becoming senile! Go amongst the pigs and the horses, work it out, your head is possessed. I no longer want that snake! I do not want your gifts from the Sultan, you are a dreamer, a forget-me-not? Don’t make me laugh. Let me cry about you, it is worthwhile, Frederik, you are off your rocker! You have lost it for ninety-nine per cent! I can no longer approve that you follow René, you can see it yourself!’

Erica says:

'I will no longer wear those things. And I have sold René's satin garment to the rag-and-bone man. I gave the one guilder forty cents which I got for it to a beggar, who was almost starving, so that I hope I did good. That eastern dung must leave the house and all your smudging must stop! Karel is right, you will go as soon as possible to the farm. What will you do, Frederik? We mean well for you. Are you not saying anything?'

'I will go, Erica, that seems best. Good heavens, boys, how grateful I am to you. Hans, my compliments. Karel too. Kick all these things to pieces as soon as possible. Put that mess in the stove. You are right. How strangely a person can behave. May I stay here? Or must I look for other surroundings?'

'We will wait and see, won't we, Karel? You will probably be different and you will see yourself how things are.'

'Thank you, Erica. I will watch out for myself! Thank you very much, Hans, laymen must not interfere with philosophical systems. I can see now that I am absolutely wrong, but I am not to blame for little René. God preserve me.'

'We do not say that, Frederik, it is your influence! Telepathic transfer exists. You must give yourself a good wash! You must go into the Dutch ditches. And a farm is suitable for that purpose.'

'You are right, Hans. Let us start by burning these things.'

'We will do that ourselves, Frederik. Just go ahead and sleep a bit more, you will be destroyed by it.'

'When must I go, when can I leave, Karel?'

'Tomorrow if you wish, as soon as tomorrow.'

'All right ... then I will go tomorrow.'

I go upstairs. Anna comes after me and says:

'I will go with you, Frederik. I heard everything. What a riffraff. That is Hans again, Frederik. I will not accept that any longer.'

"Do you know what I think, Anna? You will stay here! I will come back. It is okay, everything is okay, Anna. Just leave them be, I will work it out again. Children are mischievous creatures.'

'But I do not want them to insult you, Frederik.'

'This is ignorance, Anna. This is our life! This is necessary, believe me. If you go with me, everything will be destroyed. You will stay until I call you. If I do not call you, then I will come back. We will surrender it to the guidance. That is crucial for our life! Do you know? You cannot write to me, but I am going, Anna, I will go away again for a short while. I had not thought that it would happen, but you can see it, I am also only a human being! Go now, they must not see us, Anna, then they will also make a farm stench of it! I accept this, because it is for our little René, although I had a great desire to put them over my knee one by one. I will tell you one more thing: honour

your garments, they come straight from the God whom we do not yet know, but by which all these sacred matters came into being. Do you understand it, Anna? Good night, my child, I will mar the logbook by writing about the patheticness of the poor human thinking and feeling, the western narrow-mindedness. It is a pity, a pity, but that is also part of it, otherwise there would be no human drama!’

That night I wrote:

‘What I had never expected, what I had not dreamt of, overcame me like a flaming sword. It is infernal! Even Erica is bogged down in it. Oh, I suffer, I experience the sorrows of Satan! I am destroyed by it, but what does a dumbstruck Dutch word tell you? I will do it in English ... ‘I feel damned!’ Precisely, this is the way it is! ‘Damned’! And that as a result of the most precious thing I own! The sweetest thing I know and lives under my heart, by Erica, Karel and Hans. But it is a warning to me. I must really prepare myself in a different way. I must ensure that they understand me and can follow me. The coming years must give me that base. I will work on it, the West still lives in a rustic way, the West does not want to miss those clogs, people prefer such coarse trousers to eastern silk. I am sick from it. I feel sent to the stake! I will get through it, but this will cost me seven ribs. My blood now flows from my mouth, nose and ears, I have had my knuckles rapped in a dreadful way. I have no sympathy with myself, nor with them, I cannot scorn them, because I love them. Oh, my little René, will we see each other again soon? It is a pit, a destruction, as I have never observed before. Oh, my God, why did I tell them those things? What will they think of the Sultan’s harem? I should never have said a word about it. I will hear about it, watch out, if they see the chance, my logbook will go. Karel flatly refuses to stoke any longer, Hans has crept on board like a stowaway and attacked me from the back. I am involved with bandits. I do not feel his stab thrusts, he does not even know whether he can reach me. Yet he stabs wildly at my heart. Erica stabbed on the mark! Yes, I am now bleeding from that, my blood is flowing away as a result of this, it flows down the stairs, over the streets from this cursed hole where I live.

Hans has made himself useful. I have lost my helm. He took possession of our boat with violence. By means of arson and false betrayal. Before we left home, he already betrayed me. He did not want me! He said:

‘Out of my house, dirty bastard, or I will kick you out!’ I received those words, that hatred from little Hans ... my soul, my brother, my child! And Karel is also there and believes it. And Erica puts oil on the fire. Because it is not yet enough, she puts oil on it! Because she loves me so much. She does that to help me? She claims that it is good for me. And she acts! She thinks she acts properly. I am leaving! They do not understand that they are chas-

ing me from home and that they will have to come on their bare knees, if they want to see me again. We are going towards a different and new time, we are now beginning a new life! Erica, how could you do it? Do you see these beautiful garments as unclean, muddy whoring? Do you no longer like this Sultan? Do you now want to know whether you are being bitten by a cat or a dog? Did I not warn you? Did I not tell Hans recently that he still does not know me? Did I not warn him? And has Karel forgotten that then? Did you think that you could wash yourselves, satisfy yourselves, wipe your feet on me any longer? Do you know how I became so senile, that my goodness knows no limits? Do you know that I want to give you everything, everything, also my heart? That I let myself be skinned alive for your lives? That I possess that love? That I go towards death for all of you? That I ... But do you understand this? Can you feel what true love is? You have suffocated in my love. You want to go over my head and then over my dead body, if I approve of it! However, I will stick a pole for it and a thick one, so that you will go to pieces!

There go my garments. Into the ash bucket. 'I receive one guilder forty cents for little René's satin garment and gave it to a beggar.' Fine! And you have now done well? You have washed your hands in innocence? If you got the chance, you would throw the logbook in the stove. And I, not you, would go on the funeral pyre, because you consider me and the Goddess of Isis, the Sphinx and the Pyramid – which are not there now because everything is nonsense – as self-defiled scandal! Is it not the case? But no, it is different!

I know where the sandals pinch. And you are also right! Do not put those things on. Just throw them in your stove and throw rubbish on my head. I am a self-eater ... I am an old hand, a rat! I am a four cent cigar! I am a nasty piece of work! I am ... yes, what am I not actually? There go my garments, there go all those sacred things, which were paid for with blood and given, because people love you so much there! They were paid for with blood, but you do not know that, you cannot know it! And people sell that for one guilder and forty cents. Because they have such an understanding of it. That I am separated from little René is still the worst thing of all.

And you manage that, Karel! But Karel, pride takes you to ruin! It is annoying, Karel. I would like to drown myself, but I cannot. Not now and never! I must finish my task. Even if I now placed my heart on the table, even if I cut it, propped it open in two, my blood ran away before your eyes ... you would not believe it! You would not believe me, you could not believe me, not accept, because human pride has spoiled you to suffocating point ... you are now going over my dead body and still have sympathy for me!

Oh, my little René! Oh, my soul and my life, we are being torn from each other! We must be separated. Karel reaches for a mighty sword, he hits me

right in my heart, because the past has reached growth and blossom in me. I and little René live in the past, in a previous life he was a child of mine! Then we built on these laws, we brought there, we thought, happiness and peace, later it appeared to mean destruction. And we now want to make up for that! I have already known you for so long, little René, but they still do not know you!

I must leave! I must leave and I must not think about it! I am a bastard and I do not want to be a bastard. If Karel had drunk ten glasses of champagne, everything would be different, but he was so sober, so completely himself, that I must accept him. Now the betrayal is even worse. Then Hans came with his dagger and stabbed me in my human back, he unexpectedly went for my throat. Then I succumbed; even if I stood on my own two feet, I fell to the ground. I lay there, I coughed up blood, but they did not see it. They were right! They did not want to bow their heads. Oh, Karel! Oh, Hans, oh, Erica, give me back my little René!

I must leave, and I must not think about it, flows from my pen again which grieves me greatly. I now know what that crazy Shakespeare wanted, when he wrote a play as a result of which people would change their minds, would learn how they had to experience each other's love. But do they understand it? That is not for us! We have nothing to do with it! We know ourselves! That man did not write for us, his stories about love are for other worlds, cows do not even want it. Because you, Romeo, and you, Juliet, go to your own grave like King Lear, just like me! Did Shakespeare know this beforehand? Did he have to accept his own blows? I am also starting to feel him, I am also starting to understand him. I feel that suffering, that love burning in me, now that I will have to lose little René! My friends want to destroy me and send me to a farm, to reflect behind the pigs what a Sphinx and a Goddess of Isis have to give you. I must smell the Dutch manure, because that harem smell has spoiled me. I brought whoring to the West, well, what did I actually not do?

The West does not want any 'Midsummer night Dream' ... no ... just keep that yourself. I am busy releasing myself from our child. It must be done! I will have to learn to bow my head, people, yonder, do not want me to be attached to possessions. I must also become released from this. I will probably be eternally grateful to them later for this mean trick! Who knows. Now that I am writing this down I do not know it myself yet. I do know that Hammed will continue the development. I do know that he will continue to follow this child. I also know that the Sultan will watch out, but these children do not know it and rip us apart!

Thank you! It is Hans! He crawled on board without us knowing and appeared in the middle of the sea. With a knife in his hands. I was just busy

whitewashing the chimney pipe and decorating our house a bit. From behind a canvas, which I had hung up to let the wind play in my sails, he came at me. I heard him say: 'So, rotter, you dirty bastard, now I have got you. Now you will no longer escape from my hands, I will fell you!'

If Providence had not sent me a small dove, which was curious what was going on, that little animal would not have let any scratching be heard over our heads, which gave Hans a fright – that bird language was so surprising for him – then I would have got the knife in my back. He came on board with premeditation, hid himself and stabbed ... but did not see that I had already put on those frills yesterday. He saw a shadow and completely violated himself! Then I laid mantraps and clamps. He fell into them and I let him scream. If he had come to me, if he had honestly and sincerely laid his cards on the table, then I would have dragged him through it and taken care of him like my own child; now it was a fight to the finish. I knew that Hans would lose it, because I was not conscious of any blame. I gave myself, as a human being must do that, but he wanted to be wrong and dirty. You see, Hans, I knew all of that. And now that I am occupied with you anyway, I will just tell you that I already knew months beforehand that you were looking for wrong things behind my back, in order to finish me off sooner or later. I knew it! I was prepared, because your professorship possesses a cursed inclination to fly, to go over the heads of people who want to fulfil their task in a childish way. I let you on board, but you saw it, Karel burned you up! He threw you into the ovens. You must attribute the fact that you had the fortune to find a piece of driftwood and to cling to it to a God who loves and does not interfere in human affairs. Or, you would have drowned!

However, you have got your way now. You can make and break what you want, I will leave this house, now you can contaminate Karel and Erica as much as you want, I will get them back anyway, if it is not here, then yonder, on the other side!

Little René? I must conquer myself. My boy, what a beast Karel is. Karel thinks he can get me. He cuts me through the middle. Did you see me when I went upwards a moment ago and had to remove myself from their lives! I was ready in five minutes. I became really senile ... I cannot say anymore against so much violence, the people will immediately be proved right from me! Immediately! I can no longer say a word now, I feel so beaten! If I could see you later, little René, it is possible that I will not know you. Then our lives will pass each other as if there is nothing the matter. However, if you come and look inside me, oh, little René, can you feel my sorrow? If I want to cure them once and for all from their crazy antics, then I will walk past you with my head held high. I would even be capable of greeting you like an old acquaintance and oact dumb and I possess neither heart nor eyes, but stand

blind before you. And can you feel my little heart, little René? Karel and Erica do not see and feel that. They think: there goes that fool. There goes that piece of destruction, who contaminated our child. That is me, René! Me, your dear father! Their dear father too, who now goes through the streetgutters. You must not give the people gifts, you must let them starve, you will then know that you will never get to accept the unequal fight. Just let them go to hell, they can drop dead, if they insist to feed the devil, you can no longer stop them anyway. Only because they think, and saw if need be that you are suffering from typhus! I could mention the name of this racing horse, but you will always lose, because they put their money on the other one. And they cannot take losing! So, little René, I am going out on the street. I have to go, I am a bastard!

However, we will go to our Mohammed and our Sultan later. Then my time will come! Then I will involve them and say:

‘Do you see now what I wanted? Do you see now that that friend of mine is there? Do you see now that he has a harem and owns sixteen women? But you thought of real women, you thought of whores, didn’t you? I did not want to tell you that, because I wanted to see whether you could accept me in everything. I did not tell you the truth, I did not do it because you said that you loved me and I saw that I would sooner or later be faced with the axe. You wanted to leave me like that, didn’t you, I wanted to leave you like that as well. However, those whores are initiated high priestesses, that Sultan is a high priest and his harem is a school for adepts, where you can obtain a higher conscious in a few years time. I lay there waiting on a mat for the word. It was he who sent me to Jerusalem in order to receive Golgotha’s answer. I now know, little mites, why the Apostles of Our Lord, of Christ, fell asleep! I received that there in the East. And you think that I brought you the clothing of whores. You think that I threw myself away there, let myself be raped. I must confess something to you, which I really wanted to keep quiet about. Something, which I have nothing to do with and which happened in a dedicated sleep. I ... No, my life refuses to tell you! You must now just wait until you can see my life film and the God of all life says:

‘I vouch for what you see here!’ And then you will see me and you will have to, you will accept everything, or you will plunge into a dungeon with your own lies and your deception, which you will not come out of for centuries.

Those priestesses sung to me. The Sultan created Divine joy of life by means of his hammer ... he hit for a moment and then listened to the human heart beat. He created joy of life, willingness to make sacrifices. We did not want anything to do with pride and boasting. I truly lay at too tender feet which did not kick me. I went hand in hand through this Temple, we entered the ruins of Luxor and Ra, Ré, Isis, we went through deserts, completely

naked, and still had God in us, God with us, He showed us the way. And then I had a fainting fit, or call it an illness, but the Sultan applied an occult treatment; he magnetized me, felt me, made magnetizing stroking movements, penetrated to the moment when we experience the embryonic origin and which we received from Him, so that we would accept His suffering, His sorrow, if we were ever to forget ourselves. I had got an inflammation as a result of the food ... because this school placed starving before me, because food and drink smothers the universal development and the becoming conscious for it! I had therefore first let myself die, however, then Sjewhoea could begin, but Mohammed also stood within and behind me. I could have helped myself, he says, but my western emotional life flatly refuses. Then he descended into my body and cured me. I owe him so much! Do you believe it, little René? Yes, you do, but Erica, Hans and Karel feel contaminated by me. You see, now you actually also know everything, but make of it what you want to make of it. This is not only the sacred truth, but also the Divine! And that is his little film and mine!

We, loved ones, went naked through the desert. We swam naked, lay down naked at the feet of our master and still had garments on, so radiant in colour and creation that, compared to that, the human tissue is like putty, while ours came straight from heaven. I lay naked next to an Egyptian princess, next to the very first Goddess of the Temple, next to an Indonesian beauty, whom you would die for on the spot! I lay next to and in a circle gathered around Deities, who caressed and kissed me, kisses the depth of which you do not know, because your nakedness has not yet made it! We saw nothing, because we lived! You see everything, but remain living dead! Do you believe it, little René?

I hear you calling me, but I am not allowed to come to you. I hear you saying this evening: 'Good day, dear Father', but I may not even listen to your voice or I will fall to the ground and will bleed empty again. How will I do my work then? How will I continue to watch over you? Little René, do not call me again. Let that 'dear Father' subside, you can kill it, but do not kill me!

I may not come to you, then Erica and Karel would kill me. And because I know their masks, I can pick up their thoughts, they think that I have become a contaminated bird instinct, and they do not believe in my life anyway, I may not do it. I can only come to you when they have reinstated all those rotten clothes for me and you. By means of the blood of their lives this fabric can be washed clean, René, or their dirty slime will not go out of it. They have to accept this, because God does not let Himself be mocked, or His children, who mean well.

With their blood they will have to clean my life or I will not come again! I

say farewell for this life then! I leave it to Mohammed. He must know what must be done and how it should be done with regard to your character, your independence of centuries ago. Prince of the Universe, we stink of mud, but only according to their smell and taste organs and not according to ours. They see our contamination from their own stench, their blind life experience, which they bought for a few mere cents.

I truly lay kneeled at the feet of my master. Next to me about forty men and women, who had to learn their lessons like me. Sixteen men and beautiful women belonged to the first ones, were the first ones to grasp the universe, and I was among them! I tell you honestly, if Anna had not been there, if she had lived so far away that she would not have been able to catch up with me in centuries, I would have accepted not one, but a thousand sins, the love which I experienced there and which lived around me was so awe-inspiring. I sat on the knee of that crazy love! We shared out the fruits. We went, I already said, hand in hand through the desert, the moon blood-red above our heads, walking and floating, for hours on end, until the morning, but we were home before the sun began its task, to give this rotten world its life force. Naked, completely naked, but decorated with a tulle, through which spiritualists materialise, spirits are shown, you are connected with your father and mother, so that you will know that there is no death. However, meanwhile, they rake in your money, and go, as Karel and Erica now do, over dead bodies! We then took a desert bath, all of us in one tub, and soon fell asleep.

Then the master came to heal us. He looked to see whether there were faults in our organic systems. When he saw me, he said:

‘You are sleeping, aren’t you, Frederik?’

‘Yes’, I said, ‘and deeply too.’

‘But you can hear me, can’t you, Frederik?’

‘Yes, master, I can hear you!’

‘You can certainly hear me, can’t you, Frederik? You know that it is I?’

‘I can see you and I can hear you, my master.’

‘Can you not feel anything, Frederik?’

‘Yes, master, I can feel something, but what can I do about it?’

‘Do you wish to experience happy being one, Frederik?’

‘No, my master, because I am not understood yet, I would just hurt the other life.’

‘That is correct, Frederik. I will help you. Will you do it yourself?’

‘Not for all the money in the world!’

‘Do you know what I see, Frederik?’

‘I can see into your eyes, master.’

‘Watch out then, you will sleep and follow me. Can you see what is necessary?’

'I can see it.'

'Can you still hear me, Frederik?'

'Very far away, it is becoming weaker, I can no longer hear your voice.'

'And yet I stand in your life and I have started your healing. But you will sleep, or you would not be able to move a step again. These are also occult sanctities! I am watching, let this be enough for you!'

Karel, Erica, Hans, if I was to tell you everything about my life, believe me, you would never grant me another footstep. But Isis demands that of our life, the Goddess also takes her toll, the full hundred percent. And when I speak about the Sphinx I am already mad! Now the Pyramid too. Oh, little René, will you help me soon? I may not come to you after all. Karel and Erica will not have it, they see me as your evil genius. Will you not call me again? Will I deny you that 'dear father', so that you can forget me for years? It is a gift for your life. Also for mine, we will awaken by means of suffering and sorrow! It is a sacred school! So ... May thy will be done! I surrender completely to it! I will obey, everything is good in the way it comes to me!

I now call out everything very loudly to these people, it rains exclamation marks! But that must happen! Or they also will learn nothing. But it hurts me so much, little René, oh, it is dreadful.

Karel thought he could destroy me by means of this. He put the knife into my heart by means of this, but you see it, little René, I can cope with it! Away are my gifts. Everything gone instantly! Did you know this, Frederik? Yes, you did, didn't you? But you did not believe it. Think of the hour for a moment, when you came back. Do not go so far back or you will pass by huge parts of misery. And? You will lose your happiness so quickly. You cannot get rid of misery, it is like a rotten illness, like cholera ... But happiness? That suddenly flies out the door and out of your heart, because you do not understand that nakedness, put on that mask yourself and sell a golden ball as utterly worthless. You get one guilder and forty cents for it. You now give yourself, you think you can share out gifts, but you have not yet earned those gifts. You are haggling, you do everything to swindle another life, you disrobe the people and steal from them, sell and betray them, because you are possessed by a devil and know nothing more about human goodness. You really dance on the dead body of your sister and brother and put the demonic poison in their throats! It is that and not any other way! Karel, Erica, can you hear it?

Must you not possess such a bracelet, such a garment, such a ticker, on which the Sultan has put his name? Yes, but not by means of poverty, not by means of satanic loose talk, not by means of finishing off and destroying the inspiring word of the Goddess in order to make a pedestal of it for yourself.

Karel, Erica, Hans, what do you hope to achieve without me? Oh, little René!

I have now paid my dues. The Sultan and Mohammed healed me in sleep, I can now go without food and drink, because I have learned to free myself from the material systems. I experienced a development there, of which people thought that I would not withstand it. Yet I made it through. I got off with some desert fleas, but they did not suck all the blood from my veins, there still remained enough for myself.

There go the gifts. Should I have told them the truth? Did they not see that I also know a real sultan? Did they not see my photograph? Did they not see that this was Mohammed? We arrived precisely together there. But did these sobersides understand me? I had then upset things. No, it is fine like this, because they would not have been able to bear this misery, I must see it as my reserve ...! As the grams of feeling in order to be able to take care of them. Karel thought: he has folded. They laughed, but they did not understand their own laughter. Erica thought: he let himself be bathed there. Yes, I did, but other than you think! I was bathed, I went through blood and tears to an awakening which your mind cannot grasp. But I am going.

'Good morning, farmer Wolff!' 'Good morning, Mr Frederik. How are the chickens, the pigs doing on the market? Are the cows expensive? Are the sheep expensive? But where must I sleep, father Wolff? Amongst the pigs? In the hay?'

I laugh! I enjoy it, I can already talk in dialect too. I go even further. But, woe betide them. If they read this later? You see, Frederik, that you may not let these people read any of the logbook? They would just make a fire of it. Good heavens, I must see that I leave, my manuscripts must go out the door! Soon Karel might come and demand them. He will soon say: it is not possible! Those are common lies. Those things never happened. I do not lend myself to that, you have told nonsense to the people. Here with those manuscripts, or you will not leave my house. I assure you, my child, that he will rip them up.

Oh, but little René, then all this work and all your suffering and misery would have been experienced for nothing. However, I will watch out for that. Just let him come? I am capable of strangling him! You do not believe it, do you, little René? I thought so too; if I say such a thing, then that is my mark, my halt! There is no more to it and it will not come either, I will not violate people! I will consider myself.

Karel and Hans have burnt the snakes. The golden cigarette cases with the emeralds are in the stove. They see the fountain pens of gold as a contagious disease, which went into the ash bucket in pieces. They do not write with demonic ink, they feel contaminated by it. I can see the feathers which they wish to put on my crown, but I also do not begrudge them anything. Why would I walk around with it alone? Did you see that glass of wine, Karel?

Did you see those two bottles of whisky, which you drunk completely one evening with Hans? Or did you think that I had no eyes from afar. I am behind you and you do not see me. You was that far that people gave you vinegar to drink ... You drunk it, you did not even spit it out, you had completely messed up your taste. But did you see the fun Hans had? And you fall for it? You now want me to say that I got sultan airs yonder? For shame, for shame.

Oh, little René ... do you believe your father and not old Frederik?

When I once took part, had some of their delicacies, I was, as I had to accept, a drunken sod! What am I saying? Good heavens, Karel, what were you talking about? Hans has to leave, at least for the moment, he has poisoned you!

Not I, it is Hans. And of course, your farming background. I will go to your pigs, but I swear to you that you will miss me! Now just go to Bertje Poop, to Gerrit Scandal, to all those friends of little René. I will still collect him again later and then we will be together for years again. No, I will never go away alone again, Erica. I will never leave you alone, never! But when you made me assure you of that, I also thought: as long as you yourself do not throw me out the door. And that has now come true! If I did not love you, I would never come back to your life again, but because I possess love, we will carry on. Can you believe this, the holy truth?

Oh, little René... or you will have to prove it to them.

I may never hand them over the logbook. What they could do today, would approve of, they take away from me again tomorrow. And then I am faced with an immeasurable chaos. Until my death I must keep their words and deeds. They are not hypocrites, not bad people, they do not know better. I can now solemnly imagine that Christ once said: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' I do not go and stand behind the Christ, but it is the case! Do not hand over any logbook or it will end up in the stove. Erica said, after all, that as far as she was concerned, I was allowed to say everything? Her few ounces of feeling have been used up. She has no more to give for humanity. Now that they smell the sickly sweet smell of the snakes, the desert snakes, which are much meaner than the wood and water types, they all run away. I stand here alone with little René, but there are still two souls and they know where we will go. They know the way through our desert. They have heard bears, but there were no bears to be seen. They heard jackals, but it was their own inner growling, their fear. They lay down, beaten by the plague and cholera, but those were fabrications, it was showing off! Now we are involved with snakes and brown bears, now we are faced with a small lion's den and they must admit what they want or whether they can and know how to accept suffering and sorrow, know how to appreciate them, because this must bring your head down!

I believe that I have made it, on the farm I will tell about the other thing, I will also record that for their lives. I know it, little René, I do not forget anything!

When everyone was asleep, I was sure that they could not hear me, little René sent me my name softly and gargling, just as the Sphinx had taught me and the Goddess also said that was possible if you can think of the fellow human being in love, I crawled on my hands and feet to our child. When I lay against his little bed, pressed my nose against his little nose, the boy said to me:

‘You are sorrowful, aren’t you, Uncle Frederik, but I am still here! Ssssssh! They may not hear us. So, now just go away again, Uncle Frederik, I will come to you.’

I went back to my bed, lay down as a yogi does and a moment later I already heard:

‘Are you there, Uncle Frederik? I am really crazy again, amn’t I? But do not pay any attention to any of it, I am playing with myself a bit. You do not need to whisper anymore, you can now shout as loud as you like, no one can hear you. Only Anna is capable of it, but I told her that she must now go to sleep. What are you doing, Uncle Frederik?’

‘I have kept the logbook up to date.’

‘Has this mother of mine sold my garment?’

‘Yes, René!’

‘And given me her own lice without thinking?’

‘Yes, René!’

‘And did she think that I did not know it?’

‘Yes, René!’

‘And does she think that I am mad?’

‘Yes, little René!’

‘When are you leaving, Uncle Frederik?’

‘Tomorrow, little René.’

‘Good, then we will go together. I will also go. Would you like that, Uncle Frederik?’

‘You know that, don’t you, dear?’

‘Of course I know it. I am so grateful to you, old one. But you promise me that we will go to the Sultan, don’t you?’

‘We will, you can depend upon it, René.’

‘Then everything is fine. I will hide my colouring pencils myself. I am going, I will just call Anna. She must keep a few things for us. She must remain here and watch out. Do you know it? Do you know who I am? Did you think, Uncle Frederik, that it was René? It is me, Mohammed, I come through this life to you!’

‘My goodness!’

‘Go to sleep, rest, go away for a while. If you see my star, come back here to me. I greet you, you will never be alone again. Never!’

I went to sleep. In the morning Karel comes to me. He asks:

‘When are you going, Frederik?’

‘Immediately, Karel.’

‘I think that René is a bit better. He can wait a while, or I would say we will take him with us.’

‘Fine, Karel. Just do as you please.’

‘I will expect you in an hour. Make sure that you are ready.’

‘Yes, Karel, I am ready.’

Within ten minutes Karel already heard that he would have to change his plans. René let rip like a devil. An hour and a half later we drove along the Dutch meadows with cows in them, in the direction of: educational and mental institution ‘You-Will-Never-Get-Out-Of-Here’! We can do nothing for you, even if we try everything. We do not know ourselves. One or two people can have a lucky escape, the rest remain living dead! Does the life not know that? It is a mask! The masks will explain it to you, you only need to bow your head to it, no more. However, that is apparently not so simple, because you do not even know yourself. What still possessed beauty for a few hours, goes straight to the human manure heap and is no longer looked at! Karel and Erica, for example! Also that naughty Hans, he drags these, my children into another misery, which they now create for themselves. I cannot do anything about it now, they wanted it themselves!

I look at our beautiful livestock, not little René, the child is sleeping. That poor boy. But this conscious costs you blood! The people learn, (it) cost you yourself, you go on their funeral pyre. Karel does not give me a word, he is thinking. He is searching for something and does not know where he must start. I can feel it, he is already sorry about it, but I want to see whether they want to start natural thinking, otherwise we will never make it! He still feels great, but he is standing on a pedestal and he himself does not see that. He thought he could give me supernatural wisdom. I could prove to him that the remorse is not excluded, because I keep showing them my sacred self.

We drop little René off, dr. Lent receives us. However, Karel has no more time, he already clears off. A pity, Karel, that is not necessary either, you could have treated this man, who does everything for your life, a bit more friendly. It is wrong, you are wrong, you are making a mess of things. The boy also says, as if to prove that he is big and strong and follows me, all of us:

‘Goodbye, Uncle Frederik! I will do my best. Will you wait? I will get them!’

The male nurse takes him over from me. He kisses the boy. It is just as

if he is his own flesh and blood. I am grateful to this life for this and will remember it. The Goddess gives those lives sweets, for the own life and that of their loved ones. I do not forget those things! I would now have to leave to go to his father, but I also talk for a moment to doctor Lent. The man looks terrible.

‘How are you, doctor? Are you tired out?’

‘I am dead tired. I must still thank you for your warning. We have fired the man, we do not tolerate violence. If you ever hear anything?’

‘How are things here, doctor?’

‘Very well ... but I must get away for a while.’

‘Are you getting leave?’

‘Three months, I think.’

‘Then I would like to ask you a few questions, doctor. Do you believe, doctor Lent, that the moon has predicted the coming of the Pyramid?’

‘Indeed!’

‘Do you also believe that the Goddess of Isis possesses power?’

‘I believe in it, I have read a lot about it. It is just as true as we have to accept that the evil of this world nailed the Christ to the cross and as a result of this destroyed the light.’

‘Then I have one more question, doctor. Do you believe that supernatural laws can protect the human being?’

‘Most certainly, what would become of us if this was not the case?!’

‘Precisely, doctor Lent, this is the way it is. You can be reached then and it is not casting pearls before swine. Look at a piece of paper here. There are figures on it, you can see them as hieroglyphics, which you can convert into pure currency. A small present from the Goddess, you must get away for a while. You need rest and your soul screams for this Mother! Your prayers have been answered! You can count yourself lucky that you are true, possess love, so that you will go further. Give the Sphinx best wishes from me and little René! Give our best wishes to the ruins of Luxor, Ra, Ré and Isis! Give our best wishes to the Pyramid! Go and lie there for less than an hour and think a bit about us! Buy some beautiful garments, I will need them soon to bring some souls back into the eastern harness and to assure their footsteps. Buy a blue, a green, a light sea-green garment, a reddish pink one with hints of violet, as the sunset can also be seen there. Buy two golden cigarette cases, one with an opal and one with a red bloodstone on it and two golden fountain pens. Do not forget to buy matching sandals for the garments, people will make them there for you. They are always to size. But first go to Alexandria and visit this address. You will meet Mohammed Réche there, a friend of mine and an accomplished priest. He will receive you. I will give you my recommendation to take and nothing will keep you back there. Do

not climb any Pyramid with ladders, doctor Lent, but dig yourself in, do not spare yourself to experience a desert night, do not be afraid ... I will follow you. Think of us, of little René and of me, and of your sick children. But have a rest, do not forget that no one understands you. Only tell your loved ones where you are going, you cannot trust anyone else with these sacred matters, or they will declare you possessed. If your wife wants to go with you, well, that is up to you. However, if she should possess the supernatural feeling to allow you that, which you will soon transfer to her soul and life, all the better. You can then tune in completely to the Goddess and will not need to divide your attention. I will take care of the mat!

‘But that is not possible, is it?’

‘Go as soon as possible. True love, doctor, is always rewarded. I am the person to give it to you in her name and in the name of the God of our life. You will bring me the garments. Here is my address. When you come back I hope to see you.’

‘But ...’

‘Not a word more, doctor, all of us long to return home! All the best, my friend, money has no meaning for those worlds. In addition to that, it is your own possession. It used to belong to you; there were people who kept it for you!’

‘But ...!’

‘Nothing, doctor of little René, people will tell you there who our child is! And you will probably open the eyes of his parents. I live too close to their hearts. I repeat, at the end of this path we will see each other again!’

By half past six I arrived at Karel’s parents. I found his second mother, whom he did not like, very sweet. Father Wolff is practical and open. Their ancestors were Germans, but they are real Dutch farmers. I got a very nice room in the hay loft. However, I could have chosen another room. This seemed the best to me: I was nice alone there. Then my study started to become a good farmer. I started to understand pigs and chickens, slaughtered and smoked cattle, sausage and kale cabbage with bacon. After a few days I was already best friends with the farmhands and the maids. I ploughed and sowed, I did my best; the doctor whose house I was in, wanted it like that. And I was not mistaken, I learned to think like a farmer and sniffed up the extraordinary smell into me, in order to get the desired normal base for my soul. However, I did it for others, I would add, because I know what I am doing and where I am going, even in my sleep!

Week after week passes by. The months fly past. One fine day Erica is standing before me and is weeping. ‘But what have we done, Frederik? Was that me myself? Doctor Lent has been to us, he told us about his trip. Hans and Karel got a beating like they have never had before. And I am deeply

ashamed. Tell me, Frederik, what must I do, or I will kill myself. I now want to prove to you that I will die for you. Can I still make up for that, Frederik? How we have sullied you. Oh, my God, what devils we are. Frederik, will you go with me to little René? Will we go together to little René? Oh, Frederik, just knock me to the ground. Why are you not saying anything? Just hit out! Frederik, break me, forgive me for everything, I have been so stupid, so pathetic. Karel dares not look you in the face. Hans is destroyed by it. Again, he says, we are forced by a demonic power to serve his life. We can never make this up again. Hans can no longer work. Karel does not know anymore what he must or must not do. When Anna serves him, he chokes in the food. Anna is a rock. If she was not there, Frederik, there would be victims. I believe that we would thrash ourselves. But say something. Just grant me one word, Frederik. Do it for little René! Do it for little René! I beg you. I call to you: do it for little René, give his poor mother a word. Doctor Lent has told us everything. 'My God', he sighed, 'what have you started. How can it be, have you lost your senses then? You have put such a noble character amongst the farmers? Do you want to teach him something? Must he, who was received yonder with open arms, learn what a pig is? Are you not ashamed? Is this understanding love? Go and crawl to him.'

Frederik, you should have heard him. Oh, but my Frederik, can this not be made up?'

I let her go! I did not say a word! I thought: I am falling for it again. I want to see what they make of it themselves. She came precisely on a day that we were going to baptize a child. I had brought the father of this child, who will receive my name, to another path. I told him that more flesh and blood lives in a human form on earth than the one for whom he mourned. Then he looked into other eyes and received his happiness as a human being. We are going to baptize the child today. I have no more time, Erica, my tasks here engages me completely. Greetings to your consort, also to the prof ... I will not come home for the time being, I must look after my lungs. However, I think that I will get over this ailment! Go and do not say another word to me, if you do not want to lose your life, Mrs Wolff!

And there she went. Destroyed! But that must be! They will not get me for the time being. It will work out fine, but I myself will work it out, I am old and wise enough!

Then doctor Lent came. He brought me all those beautiful garments. I put those sacred things away safely and waited. We talked for a long time and he was a different person again. He will write a book about the subject: 'How do I learn to bow my Head' or 'Human Stupidity'! Other people likewise write about it, but I do not know their titles. All of them talk about one subject, but people do not even consider it. Lent describes how he became a child in a

short time! How he started to believe in supernatural powers and forces. He had to wait three weeks on the mat, then he got to hear that noise, as a result of which he dethroned Karel, Hans and Erica! Gone pedestals! Gone masks!

Then Karel came. He brought me to René. However, the boy was seriously ill, so that it was no use to us. Three weeks later he went again, now René was better and I could talk to the child in a wonderful way. The doctor was extremely satisfied. It is going the right way, he said, you will see, Frederik. It is obvious that we have become friends.

However, I also let Karel go home beaten. I let him know that I had nothing against him, but the Apostles of Christ did not have that either: they also had to accept this long waiting, these pains. Judas committed suicide as a result of it, Peter let rip like a broken spirit and went crazy from sorrow, because he knew that he had succumbed for Christ. Karel must feel some of that remorse, I will now put an end to it for good, it is all for their own best. I am not for sale. Feelings die for me, woe betide those who let them die off. I will continue to love them, but they have lost me for this life. Whether there is another life? We know that now, but we do not yet know the laws. But that will also come!

Six months later Karel suddenly stood before me with little René. The child emphatically wanted to go to me. It asked for me day and night. According to Lent that can also work in a healing way, and that is true. Dear Lent, you know the laws. You will make it far, you will surpass Hans. René stayed for a week with me. Then we took him back and he remained calm. What were we like together! Erica also came and wept again until her tears ran dry. René uttered:

‘You see, Mother, you do not believe in invisible truth. But this beats you. This one asks you where you want to go.’

I thought: look, if the laws touch his life, he begins to use the polite forms of address, otherwise it is the informal forms towards his mother. Erica now gets her first beating from her fool. She stood looking as if she had been hit by lightning. Karel also got a beating. He asked politely when we thought we would go back. René let him know that he himself knew, when doctor Lent would call him, then he would go immediately. René is sitting outside with me and is making sketches. This young life, which is busy awakening, is growing towards the evolution process for the own soul and the spirit. He is doing miraculously well, I established, we may be satisfied. When he comes home soon, we can begin his study. First to a master. I must give him mine, but then, probably in a few years’ time, he will sleep and give me his wisdom. Frederik, can you now see behind this mask? It will soon fall!

Erica and Karel had to accept how good their son meant it and also knew it for himself. When Hans and Karel came to visit us both, René claimed

that it was meant to be like that, because Mohammed had to go to the mountain and not the mountain to Mohammed. Karel did not know what was going on, but he swallowed it. I pretended I was mad, but they knew better. I had shamed them to their deepest being. When I saw that I must not go too far and I would just kill these hearts, I stopped. And what was the end of this trip?

Karel, who did not come home because of his second mother, and could murder his father when he got married again, conceived a love for his new mother, which he had not given his first one. Father Wolff says to me:

‘Frederik, I thank Providence and your Goddess that they sent you here, because I have Karel back!’

Karel was really crazy about the wife of his father. I had never see him like that before. This was real, he meant it, he was sure of his love. They are like two people in love, he gives her so much good, which considered superficially, has nothing to do with him anyway. Wolff remained in the clouds, his wonderful company grew as a result of it and the chickens and the pigs shot up. When these years were almost over, we had created one family, one big family and more people kept joining. I had meanwhile taken care of the logbook. I now believe that I can trust them with it, but there are devils and there will remain devils, so long as human masks live in our midst. I therefore did not do it.

Then the time came that we were allowed to take René home. Karel and Erica, Hans, father and mother Wolff, we all left in order to give the child the place which it deserves. René is extraordinarily good. He himself let me know:

‘Uncle Frederik, I am better! The Goddess has told me. You see, all your talk was not in vain. I am very grateful to you in everything and for everything. I ask you again, will you help me?’

‘I will help you, René, but why are you so far away from me?’

‘I do not know what it is, Frederik. When I stand before you and it wants to start speaking inside me, what mother calls her intimate conversations, you say it yourself, a strength enters me which forces me to that language. I did not learn it there. But you know, I am ready, I will do my best, I will study.’

That is our René! Dr. Lent could almost not say goodbye to him. He did not believe it himself. I had told Lent how he must talk to the boy. Lent told him everything about my life, Lent himself took the general development of René upon himself, so that Karel and Erica said that René had received another father. He is calm, can control himself, he has awakened. He can read and write, and nothing else. But that other is not necessary either. We must now prove that the East is right or that it is talking nonsense. However,

I have seen and been able to accept that his life manifested itself infallibly. I have been proved right again, René has got better, in a few months he will be seventeen years old. I felt at that time that it would take so long before he would be better. Now the time has come.

In the logbook it says: I do not want to hear another word from Karel, Erica and Hans about their falling, their forgetfulness, because I have given them my very best love. I had nothing else to give, but they have succumbed badly. The heads are bowed and that is really my greatest happiness. If I had had to lose them, which I could not believe in, that would have been the worst blow of my life. These masks fell, they had to provide themselves with another garment. The God of all life demands that of our human personality. And we people will experience joy and happiness as a result of it: one day we must bow our heads anyway, you can do it better now!

Much happiness remained, Karel, Hans and Erica have become different people. I will keep the garments and the cigarette cases within my reach for a while, perhaps later, I want to see first how they take their first footsteps for the new life, I want to know whether their better self will keep the upper hand. Or we will be faced with misery again and I do not want that again now. I know one thing: they are doing everything possible to make good. Our big and strong Hans does not know anymore. He is exactly like a child. However, his dreadful temper, his university character, which closes his eyes stiffly and obstinately to supernatural matters, will make him eat humble pie again, which will cost him his spiritual teeth. As long as that will not be a fall! I am curious whether this character will ever develop, that we will see it in the true light and love it.

I also believe that they are now capable of making a desert trip. But we need a very good guide for this purpose! If I may be it, then I know enough. Now that they are thinking about accepting the 'nakedness', comes the listening of that old voice to their lives; I do not believe that they will still laugh at me now.

Freckle-face, Bramble Poop, Gerrit Scandal, Bertje Hungry and the many others said goodbye to René. He said to the boys:

'I am now going, but I will come back again. I have become a different person. I thank you for your help. I will not leave you alone, God preserve me. You will have your bike. Everyone a bike! You know that, don't you?'

The boys throw their arms around his neck, they are the conscious ones amongst all these living dead souls. Then our René stands before his doctor and now says, as I taught him:

'Doctor, how can I thank you. I have become a different person. I thank you for all your trouble. I know, if I was really very sick, you were behind my bed, day and night. Sometimes the Goddess spoke, didn't she? When I

was put in the dungeon, I was not alone. Your old bike has to go, I will buy a new one for you.'

René looks at me and the doctor knows the score. He also says:

'Just give the old one to the boys!'

And then he sees his nurse: 'Goodbye, Willem, you will get your piece of ground from me. Willem, do you have to cry now?'

He divided out his presents like a sovereign. An initiated awakened! Rachi-Hadju reveals himself. Father and mother stand there watching as if they are experiencing a wonder. And it does look a bit like it, even if I force myself to remain standing with both feet on the passable ground, we still float upwards a bit too high. However, we will manage that, today everything is allowed! I also have a nice stocking from which you can pull out everything and Hans gave him a substantial sum, with which he can buy ten houses. Only just to make good for himself. Then we say goodbye to the House 'You-Will-Never-Leave-Here-Again', which must soon be changed, because now the Goddess of Isis is behind it as patron and lives in it. All the things hypnosis is capable of! All the things an imposed sleep can conjure up. However, we have not yet made it!

The Goddess said: 'If you can bow your heads, I am also there as well!' And this is the way it is!

Today it is party time. Anna walks round in silk, I also gave Erica a garment anyway. Karel and Hans ran out into the street, when I placed the new cigarette cases in their learned hands. These fountain pens have now received value, they will only write very beautiful poems and Hans sends them to Our Lord, which he believes in for a small trivial amount, believes that there is still a bit of guidance in everything and it exists, if you just lose your own material mask. He told me:

'I want to lose this mask, Frederik! Do you believe that?'

And Karel said:

'I will start behind the pigs. Father says: you were born there, but you forgot that city chimney pipes must be built.'

Just listen to that old thing, he also says, did you do that, Frederik? I did not know that my father could write poetry!

We sit at the table and eat and drink. The candles are also there. We live in the year nineteen hundred and something, the seventh of April ... spring is on its way. Birds are already singing ... The people here are happy, they all wear silk, the men too. René is our hero. When you hear him talking, you do not believe it. This born talent is now also awakening. I now believe that the human being is on earth more than once, although I still do not have the proof for it. We will go further! Hans stands up and wants to say something, I am tense:

‘My Erica, my Karel, Father and Mother, René, my Frederik. I want to say something, but now I cannot do it. I am too full of gratitude and happiness. How can I thank you, Karel, Erica, Frederik, for everything given to my life. I have not been worth it and am still not, but want to earn it. May God give me the strength for it. I believe that all of us may say: Frederik, it was you, you were the soul for our lives. Should I be rebellious again, just break me! Break me! Hit me! Do not spare me! One thing stands above everything, above every learning ... That is the friendship and the unselfish love, which you have given us, Frederik. I have bowed; I want to give my life for all of you and for my patients. I hope to be able to lay the mercy, achieved for it, Frederik, in your hands at the end of my life. I will do my best!’

Karel said to this, that he like Hans has learnt to see that the state of clarity of my life can move mountains. His mask will lie at my feet and I may tramp on it. Just hit me, asks Karel, just hit me, Frederik, I want to become a different person!

Erica wept and wounded her open heart. René suddenly said:

‘If there is joy in your hearts, why do you still despair?’

Erica dashes to her offspring and almost crushes him to death from happiness. You see, I thought, there you already have Mohammed! Do you believe in fairytales? Do you believe in eastern stories, which you are dished up in the winter by the stove? Here they are already!

All in all a wonderful day. Erica sighs: What a day! Anna says: What a day! Karel says: I cannot get enough of it! Hans assures us that he is almost suffocating from it. And Karel’s parents have become number one. That second mother of his. Because love radiates from your life, says Karel to her, I want to be born again by both of you. Have we perhaps been involved with each other here and there? You see, Karel is starting to interpret supernatural matters. Awakening had come to his life, which his second mother is to blame for. We are going to do eastern ways! But we go through the western emotional life and conscious to a crossroads ... there, where Abraham got the mustard and where you can hear why the Apostles fell asleep. You are faced with the cock from Jerusalem and think each moment that the animal will crow, which you want to prevent happening! Was that animal addressing me? No, not you, I believe, your mask! Throw your cursed prehistoric garment away, finally become a human being, as He will want it. Faith remains faith, a prayer remains a prayer everywhere, whether you send it up in Spanish or in Hebrew, in Moroccan, Russian, French, English or German, Italian or Malaysian. The God of life always understands us! Love everything which lives, I still said, and the sweat of your face is no longer a punishment, but every drop is a jewel for your human crown, which is put on your still oh so beautiful human head by the Star from the East, your own ‘little Castle’,

as a result of which you are eternally pleased and happy, can be happy with! Amen ... I added, but that was all in our logbook. We will travel further ...!

At all costs I still had to say something, before my children would go to bed. I then finally said to them:

'Imagine, children, all of us are actors The audience listens to us, there are two thousand and forty-four people who follow our play 'Masks and Man'. It is dark in the hall, we are on the stage of the world. I am talking and say: You see, my friends, my sisters and brothers, our good earth brings us this: great happiness! We people must begin with laying the foundations in our own circle and family for a better and calmer existence. If we can do that, we may go further! Long live the Queen ... long live the Goddess of Isis ... Worlds only have meaning then, if we people know how to appreciate them! Take yourself to Golgotha! Bow there! Beg there for strength, power and happiness! Do not think and never think that you can do it yourself, know now for always that this short life will pass. Are we ready to receive another? Or do you not believe in this nonsense? Then I will take you to the next scene, which explains the masks! Tear off your own mask! Do it now, in five minutes you will be faced with your coffin! And then you would want it, but then it is no longer necessary. There are other laws yonder. And they decide upon the fate of your soul, give it eternal truth! See you soon, my loved ones, I am going to bed!'

I lie in bed and think about everything. I do not have anything to complain about, it was a wonderful day. There is a knock at my door, I hear:

'Frederik, will you now listen to my knocking? May I come in? I want to give you my first kiss.'

'Just come, my saintliness ... I want it! Just one, I will get the others there!'

She says, our good Anna: 'Did you see all those flowers, Frederik? I gave mine to René. And did you see my little dove flying? I am going now, even if it takes centuries, I will wait for you at the crossroads! I know that you are now always there for me.'

'Did you see all those masks fall?' ... I utter. Then I sunk into a deep sleep. I dreamt that I was in Tibet, walked round in a Temple and ruled the roost. Four hundred and seven men and women followed me. I let them kneel. They wore beautiful garments, including very simple ones. I myself wore a frock of brown and yellow. The sign of the very highest dignity flapped about on my left shoulder. It was a simple ribbon, but a ribbon in innumerable colours. You saw stars in it, the planets and solar systems, figures as living people; but also those represent 'hells and heavens'. The beautiful and the dark human being. With that dignity before and behind me, to the left and to the right of my life, I said, I heard myself saying:

'If the highest awakens in your life, then be flexible! If you yourself wish

to awaken, then begin with another. If that heart speaks about you, you do not need to do it yourself. You then already walk behind your awakening and can be sure of a revelation for your lives.

For your lives, because then you go further! We know each other, but we do not yet know how we restore the balance between what was and this which will come!

I will go out in order to explain those laws to you. Next to me stands Rachi-Hadju ... do the masses believe me?

Then the image faded. I walked through all those people, behind me a boy of fourteen years old, a moment later I see that the child has become seventeen years old. I go upwards, up stairs and down stairs. High above in the tower of this building I lock myself and the child, this life, up. I grab the books of our ancestors and dictate:

‘When the God of all life started His Creation, there was nothing. When He rested after the first day, those hours were millions of years old, people must see those hours as such. Gromé Sélectis ... do you recognise me? I know you! I can see you! Then go further ... If you can and want to understand this life, educate the peoples of this world!

When He continued to build on His Creation after His first day, we saw that mists emerged! And those mists would condense. Seven hours had passed, seven days, seven months for the people, which are just as many millions of ages before the first human and animal life came forward.

The human being is millions of years old. Also the animal, also the planet and flower life, all of this universal unity!

The human being will dominate ... but by means of love ...! Go further and you will get to know the source of all life. In this life you cannot do that, but lives will come for which you live and die, which are rich in happiness and prosperity. You, and this life next to you ... you will be equal, because I am with all of you!’

I descend, the boy follows me. We leave the building and go amongst the people. Then I saw my death. However, my life continues the work imposed! ‘Rachi-Hadju ... will you not succumb?’ ‘No ... no, I am and will remain with you! I will see you again!’

I awake with a fright, it is three o’clock, the middle of the night. Everyone is asleep, only here next to me I hear groaning. It is René! I go to sleep again and feel nothing more of all that dreaming. Can a person behave so strangely? Can a person be exactly like a child? Is a child supernatural? I start to think about it, I start to believe that the bible has received this sacred truth through the supernaturals. Then there is also something included for us and we may not be dissatisfied! The West must awaken! It is only then that the peoples of the earth will reach unity ... because He has only created one be-

lief. Not a thousand ... not ten thousand, only one ... for which I heard the answer. I must admit that the cock crowed for me! From now on I will do my best to drown his voice in a natural way: in other words, I will crow myself!

The people are now already taking off their masks! Isn't this amazing? It is true, there were a great deal of flowers this evening ... The next one is starting, nothing will stop us! Nothing! We are and will remain people! And the other and better self lives in us, which has attunement to Him, to His Omnipotence!

Become as a state of purity ... and you will have made it!

If Rembrandt van Rijn was still alive, Uncle Frederik, I would have lessons from him

We are having a day of celebration, as we have never known before, it is so incredible. René has become twenty-one years old, and Hans, how is it possible, has got married again exactly on his birthday to a girl, so beautiful, so sweet, someone so extraordinary, that all of us consider her as a gift from a heaven! And this child does not actually belong to Hans. It is a sin if I say it. I must grant him that happiness. I do that as well, but Hans himself says: I do not know what I did to deserve this ... Elsje is so amazing. The good child is twenty years younger. Hans sees that as a blemish on his mask, they are flecks, which agonizingly painstakingly leave a languishing feeling behind and are put on the bridal table like a beautiful vase of flowers, which no one can rearrange. Those little flowers are as natural as possible, and that whole thing is positioned there and namely right under his nose. They both have to look at it whether they want to or not, it is there! And this is no present from one of us, Hans put this on the table himself. We were able to admire it and all of us found it a miracle, you do not see something so beautiful every day. When we had sucked ourselves full of this sweetness, we accepted of course that it was meant to be this way and bowed our heads to this law, this possibility of beginning a new life.

We celebrated today in Hans' castle. Hansi's commonplace fun has been completely wiped out. Hans fetched this child, this jewel of human beauty, somewhere from the Achterhoek. You will not believe it, but there is no question of a farming origin. Elsje is twenty-three and Hans, good heavens, I was also mistaken, he is almost forty-five. This wonder, which became a professor so soon, has added another, but human wonder to himself and has become one with it. If you see Elsje, you must think that this child possesses an inherited naturalness, which caresses me inwardly, does me good, as a connoisseur of the female gender, even if I have had very little to do with it. She is like a flower in bud and I assure you that she is now already wearing sandals! Now already ... and yet still so young. She possesses an antiquity, a little voice, which places you before the universal talk of flowers of one colour ... that voice is as sweet as honey, with a natural warmth, as a result of which the very first sopranos came into being, which interpret to you the 'song of the universe', if you are open to sacred music, such as Sebastian Bach made them and left behind for us mortals.

Elsje is a great wonder! She sings delightfully. She could conquer the world in this way, but she does not do it. Do you understand this? I do not, but I

will probably get to the bottom of it. She is like a little butterfly, blue and pink, deep red-brown in colour, such as you see in southern countries, where a little animal like that received the universal colours and compared to which ours are just ordinary. It is Elsje!

She also writes poetry. On her wedding day she read out such a poem for us. I wrote it down of course and kept it for later. Here it is:

‘I am so quiet, but why?
I am so happy, but why?
Am I Life?
Am I Soul?
Am I Spirit?
I place all of this in your hands – I live for you the most.’

And later on this so wonderful evening we also heard:

‘I want to see the silence within me, truly!
I want to see that silence like space and if so,
Where will I be able to find all of this?
I am searching, I am living, I am like a wind, I want to give!
I want to see the day in the night
And if possible hear its whispering In the ‘Eternal Night’ ...
I want to get to know the winter
Summer, Autumn and Spring ...
If God wills, if He wills ...
Am I ready?
I sing my song,
I thought I could do it by
Giving everything, presenting everything. Can I see Him then
Elevated above everything?
Being carried ... open to everyone ...
Will I receive it?’

I saw that René’s eyes almost bulged from their sockets with happiness. And Hans did not begrudge him it, just as all of us. The youth saw the youth revealing itself. Elsje is an old woman ... She loves Hans, she is open and conscious of her love for an older man, or, I know it, this life would succumb. Hans came to me honestly – Karel and Erica were there – and asked:

‘Would you think, that I may do this, boys? Am I too old for this child? What do you think? You know it, she is a revelation and she knows what she is doing ...!’

We said: that is your own business, Hans. You must decide that for yourself. We know that Elsje thinks you are a miracle. Go towards your happiness.

ness, Hans ... accept it as a Divine gift. It is no more than that!

So Hans married Elsje. And all of us are her friends. If she could manage it, she was with us. Before this celebration took place, she already stayed for a few weeks with us, because Hans had to leave town and did not want to leave his Lotus behind alone. Elsje knew what she was doing. I spoke to her about it. I received her answer, her feeling and thinking, before she would start. Hans once told me:

‘I barely dare to touch this child, Frederik. I am ashamed, but must I let this life perish?’ Of course there was a tint in it, a dent, because Elsje was not understood and was treated like a country girl. Hans transformed Elsje in only a few months into a lady. It was that, as a result of which Elsje accepted Hans, saw him as the spring, the autumn, the winter, the summer and her God, because she is religious! The farming family from which she was born, laughs and is no longer fanatical about this world, but from the other side of the grave, so that this orphan-like emotional life puts her oar in it and she and Hans could take the plunge. All together it meant that these two people would take care of each other. Hans, the honest and upright man that he is, does not want to consider it, but Elsje said to him:

‘You see me as a young child, but I am not. You think that will not go well anyway, but I will make sure of that. I do not want a whippersnapper ... I am old inside. You will not send me away, will you? I love you, Hans. What does it matter to me that you have been married. Nothing, Hans, nothing! I always hoped for a doctor. Always! Just believe me, we will get on well together. Do you believe me, Hans, my boy? Do you love me? If you love me just a little bit, I will already be happy. I will be a wife, a sister, a mother for you. I can do that, because I am old, after all, I have learned so much. If you wish to leave me behind here, then I will end my life, I do not belong here.’

Etcetera ... Hans let me read a few letters, and I said in reply: Do it ... make this life happy. You also have a right to it.

I look at all my children today. Erica gave Elsje a beautiful garment, René one of his beautiful bouquets, because he has become a good painter, even if he is still learning and we have not nearly made it. I go back in thoughts, I can see him before me, when we collected him from the institution and he could start his new life. I went with him to Amsterdam the following day and showed him the works of the old masters, of Rembrandt. He let slip: ‘If this Rembrandt van Rijn was still alive, Frederik, I would have lessons from him.’

‘There are more people who would want that, boy, but that supernatural man is no longer there. And? We can also be satisfied with other people, the very highest, René, will just beat you to the ground. Take it a bit easier and do not search too high or we must later pay our toll.’

He could not be dragged away from the masters. He could not get enough of them. On the way he sank off into his own world and I could no longer reach him. This world was completely closed off to me. When we were almost home, he says:

‘And now I want to learn to draw and paint as it should be done, Frederik. How do we find a master?’

‘I will send you to an academy, René. You must first learn to draw there. And then some anatomy lessons. Meanwhile you will learn your own language properly. I know that this is not so easy for you, but that is urgently necessary for your future. You cannot live in this society without being able to write your name. That is a first requirement. Can you do it?’

‘I will try, Frederik.’

‘I will help you. The books are already there. We will therefore start two things at the same time, but one helps the other. You will go with me next week to Amsterdam. We will look for a master for you there. At home you will study. We will look for a language teacher in our neighbourhood, who will teach you proper Dutch. If it is possible, soon another language to add to it. If you want to go to the East with me later, you must speak good English, otherwise it is no use to you. I would have to explain all those wonderful things to you, because you do not know the language and then the nice part of it is already lost. You will do our friends there a great pleasure with this. I promise you, if you do your best, we will have that incredible trip. Are you not longing for that?’

‘Of course, Frederik. I will do everything for it.’

We went to a master. I found what I wanted. The man has started and René did his best. He made of it what could be made of it. The first six months were a torture for him. However much he wanted, the material would not stick to him. He kept coming to look for me in tears and then we were faced with problems. I said to him:

‘You see, René, everything which we people do not yet know, is difficult to learn. And once we have started, we finish that. Soon it will go of its own accord. If you have first just got the hang of the basis. I will tell you one thing, if you think that you can lie down on the job, I will withdraw myself from everything. I will then leave you completely alone and you must just see what becomes of it. Every beginning is hard. You do not get anything for free, we must do our best for everything in our life.’

He asked me then where I had learned my languages. I made it clear to him that I had learned the basics of French, German and English at school, for which I had to give all of myself, and that I had learned other languages later, abroad, which you are given for free as it were. He would do everything in order to make something of it.

And we could not complain. He has something in him, as a result of which he conquers everything. I no longer thought during these years of spiritual searching. I devoted myself to this study along with him. We experienced the Dutch language together. Karel, Erica and even Anna, who started to learn Dutch, English, French and German just like he did – got to like it. We brought up our linguistic behaviour at table, which was also necessary. We helped each other to get René through it. And his teacher could be satisfied with this joint help. Meanwhile he came back from Amsterdam with his first lessons in art. He appeared to be far from the worst there. There was absolutely nothing more to be seen of his past. The boys and girls from his class found him a bit quiet and ponderous, but the goodness, the softness, the camaraderie in him surpassed everything and ensured that people did not see that other part, accepted it as something which must be there. I knew, it is going well like this! I, none of us, saw that other, we knew this life! This being ponderous was to me the deep truth of this life and being and will have to reveal itself one day for us and many people. Something pushed in him, something lived which had a mask on but which would appear to be the deeper core for soul and spirit sooner or later. Anyone who saw him did not feel this. However, in his eyes, which were telling, you sometimes saw a tingle, a silhouette of what I expected. Do all people not have gloominess in them? Do all of us not feel silence at times? René was weighed down by it, even in his sleep, fed himself by it, but then they were inward sighs, or there was relaxation for what was still to come.

After a year we could say that it was going well. We have not known disruptions again. I was able to enjoy his inner life for a few hours. One afternoon, it was nice weather, the middle of summer, we lay together in the wood and fell asleep. We had a long walk behind us, we had walked through the heathers ... had let ourselves be baked brown by the sun, some talk about art and old masters. Then our eyes closed and we fell asleep. In this shadowy, natural being, this wood life, I heard him suddenly speaking to me. I woke up and saw that he was still asleep, but his lips were moving, speaking softly. I bent over him and listened to what he had to say. First I did not want to consider it, but then I had to accept that this was not inner dreaming, but that his soul was showing itself to me, I heard him say:

‘I am whispering ... can you hear that?’

I replied, also in a whisper: ‘I can hear you, I am waiting, I have been waiting for so long.’

‘Then I will give you my first word. Do you know how you can waken me?’

‘I do not yet know that, tell me now, if it is possible.’

‘Listen. I am awakening. I am busy awakening. But you will not see me and be able to experience me under your own power. Do you feel what you

are capable of?’

‘Tell me what it is.’

‘Listen ... when I am twenty-one years old ... and you will experience again that you reach unity with me outside, you will apply your powers. You will have to wait until I have reached that age. You will not apply your hypnosis before then! Can you hear me?’

‘I can hear you.’

‘Then you will now say the words to me ... What did I say?’

I told him what I had heard. Then he also said:

‘As we were in Isis, as we experienced Isis, my lives will speak to you. You will force me to explore the universe. You will explain the laws through my life. By means of this we will build on a university. You have kept all the foundations?’

‘I have done that.’

‘Then it is good. So, by means of hypnosis! You will only force me to see from my inner life as a result of your imposed sleep! By means of sleep, which is not sleep! You will wait and see. You will leave me alone. I will carry out my task, I now feel that I will be able to do it. And then? Can you see it?’

‘I cannot see anything.’

‘That is also good! I can see it! I can hear it! I can experience it! Oh, my Goddess? We lay our lives down at her feet. I am sleeping and will soon awaken.’

I thought: you can make do with this. Nothing more can happen to me, a madman has got talking.

‘No one must know’, there also follows. ‘No one! No one! No fuss! No help! No annoyance either! Nothing, nothing will disturb this.’

‘Amen!’ I said.

While thinking I fell asleep and I slept through until he wakened me.

‘Frederik ... we must go home!’

The boy knows nothing about what he had told me there. Nothing. I played it out, but could accept that he did not know what he had said to my life there. Furthermore, there were no phenomena. Karel and Erica danced with happiness. I was proved right in everything. All of our neighbourhood danced with us. We watch out that no gold lay under our feet, we were not so stupid anymore. We sooner did good things with it, because we made a passable floor from it. René was learning! His Dutch was improving. The most horrible times were over, arithmetic also followed, but his life flatly refused that. We did not insist that this was also necessary, did not demand everything from his tender disposition, which had withstood a misery for years which was already too great. The art was awakening.

In the beginning it was drawing pots and pans, only drawing. However,

gradually the lines received depth. The marks which he received for his work sent himself to a height. When the anatomy lessons started, he was the top of the class. This went like a bomb, his teacher said, and he added that the boy would be suitable for a doctor. Karel thought about sending him to university, but he had to bow his head again, because René would absolutely not be capable of opening himself to that. 'No', was his unrelenting word, 'never that! And then, Father, I will be behind. I will never catch up with that anyway. A thorough secondary education is necessary for this. And I do not have that. But do not worry, Father, I will make it.' And Karel did not worry, nor Erica. Everything went well.

I had nothing to do in those years. I only had to take care of him and myself, I did not have to make notes for the logbook, there were none. In this way I could give myself to him completely.

After the second year other aspects opened themselves for him and his art. The best in the class were allowed to take a trip to Italy. A three week trip. We thought it was wonderful for René that he was also part of the group. Three weeks of emptiness in the house. No worries for three weeks. I borrowed some horses from Hans and took off. I had sold Sientje. When Karel and Erica had troubles, I also joined in with them and gave up my noble animal. Hans also had beautiful animals, which all of us could enjoy, if we wanted to. I had also taught René to ride, but he did not allow himself the time for it. Painting occupied him completely.

We received wonderful letters from our child from Italy. The girls were already running after him, but he does not take one of them. He does not like them, he is dreaming, he is still asleep for this. Erica thinks it is wonderful. She says: then at least I still have something from my child, we have had to miss so much of his little character, although I wish him every luck. He does not see any girls, art is everything!

From Italy he comes to our life with many friends. Erica has a large dinner ready for the boys and girls. We were also part of it and the boys tell us about their beautiful moment experienced there. Have you already been in the Sistine Chapel, Frederik? When I told him all the places I had been in the world, took the girls and boys to places where land no longer grew, through deserts, across seas, boat after boat, entered Temple after Temple, there was no end to the questioning and they understood where René got all those stories and wisdom. Aha, one called – a darling of a child, thought Erica, the best of all those girls – it is Uncle Frederik! But Uncle Frederik did not let himself be persuaded. When the children had gone, we heard from him how it had been for them there. The wonders in Rome had overwhelmed him. The Sistine Chapel was a revelation to him, and the Vatican ... which they were able to enter, was just as beautiful as all the others. Only he wondered

why the Holy Father did not travel the world. He would achieve so much by it. This thought restrained everything and not a word passed his lips again. 'You do not know', Erica says, 'what goes on in his brain, but I would so love to know. You will never get to know him in this way. Well, I have no complaints, I will keep quiet, oh, Lord, let it remain so!'

People in our house thought about every thought which received material space. I understood Erica. As a mother she wanted to know her child. And yet she was grateful to the Almighty.

Then we go to his twenty-first year. We meanwhile hear that Hans has got Spring in his head. When he sees the nicely drawn portrait of Erica, he utters:

'Oh, who drew that, Erica?'

René hates putting his name under his works. We used to see that differently. Now there is something which guards against it. You do not see a name. You see a few scribbles on his studies, from which you can make out his monogram. Erica says:

'Well, Hans, just guess?'

Hans mentions names. 'No', Erica says. 'No and no.'

'Who then, Erica?'

'Our René, my dear Hans.'

'How is it possible! Really beautiful. Well caught, beautiful, Frederik, worthy of my congratulations. I must say, he is making progress.'

'Just come with me for a moment, dear Hans, he is not here. I will show you something.'

René's room is hanging full. Hans can't get enough of it. What does Hans think of those symbols? Frederik, will you come as well? I am here. Can you see that? Did you see that? Did you see this as well? Come with us, Hans, look here, in my room. What do you think of this temple? How are these ruins? Just look at these sketches from Italy. Look at this? The human heart, when it is asleep, René says. This here, an embryo in the mother. Crazy? I wanted there to be thousands of those things. Here, brains? Just look how these tissues have been drawn. Karel has taken some of them to the dissecting room. They are like photographs. Beautiful? And we are only beginning. Yes, we may be satisfied. Just open the logbook, Hans. Just go back nineteen years ... What do I say, Hans? What strikes me here? My God ... lad ... how old are you really. Hans goes out the door. He runs away. He is shocked. Why?

Four days later I go to visit him. We sit in our seats as of old and drink a glass of wine, of course the good old Dutch cigar is not lacking. Just say, Hans, why did you run away so fast? Hans rocks in this chair and behaves very shyly. Come on, say it, you are not twenty years old anymore. And then

I heard:

‘Yes, how must I tell you, Frederik. I believe that I am courting again.’

‘What? What did you say? You are going out with someone new? You?’

‘Is that so special then?’

‘Not that, but I am shocked by it. Imagine that you buy a pig in a poke again, Hans?’

‘That is impossible, Frederik. It is something very different.’

‘What is it? Family matters?’

‘Not that either, she is an orphan. But how old would you say I was?’

‘You ... to look at you forty-three.’

‘Thank you ...’

‘And the flower?’

‘What did you think?’

‘Must I know that?’

‘Now, have a guess?’

‘Forty?’

‘Less.’

‘Thirty then, far too much down the way suddenly, but I will chance it.’

‘Younger! Even younger!’

‘That will be precarious of me and not any less for you. I ask you, how old are you now?’

‘Forty, Frederik.’

‘You learned that from me, didn’t you, but what do you want, Hans?’

Then he came out with it. Elsje is a wonder and Elsje is a Lotus flower. ‘What should I do? What do you advise me to do? Have a talk about it with Karel and Erica. I will come to you, that is better.’

Hans is even older than we thought. There is a difference between them of some twenty-five years. However, as I already said, that became of it anyway. I am sitting here now, alone and in thought. The years of my life flew past, we have nothing to complain about. And as I see it, Hans is not badly off. However, René thinks, I believe: that is nice, how nice that is, isn’t it? What a colour! I hear him say:

‘Elsje’ – we use the informal form of address and speak differently when we are together; we take the bull by the horns and talk straight, – ‘Elsje’, I hear, ‘may I make a portrait of you?’

Elsje says: ‘Just ask daddy that, dear Father.’ Hans hears these words and comes to have a look. What do you think, dear Father?

‘But dear, of course. If René will be so kind!’

It goes well, it goes too well, I believe. We experience a happiness which goes on for ever and which does not end. René is in thought, lives in his world. Now Hans approves, he has already gone far ahead and yonder, there

in the distance, I can still see him. For me a time has come, which makes me tremble and shake. I am really shaking. Karel sees it and asks:

‘What is the matter, Frederik? It is as if you have ague. Come on, come with me, we will drink a bottle of champagne together. Then you will kill that fever. How do you feel, Frederik? Are you not happy, now that we have come so far? Just look at my son. Frederik, cheers ... to everything, to everything, also to my ditches!’

We are sitting here in a corner of the large house, the ballroom in which Hans lives, the harem as such ... having a nice drink together. We fetch another bottle. Karel is already talking with a bit tipsy ... not I, I could drink at least ten bottles of this stuff, it makes me quiet. And I have not changed at all in this either. The more Karel gets, the nicer his personality becomes. Now we roll into one of his ditches, then we race upstairs again and get in each other’s hair. ‘What a brute I was to you, Frederik. What a boeha I was ... Oh, where did I get this word from now?’

‘Sssshhhhhh ...’ I say, ‘Karel, let sleeping dogs lie.’

‘But where was it then, Frederik?’

Karel talks in dialect when he feels his nose glowing. That is also wonderful, blood never denies itself! Then he involves all of the farm and he is just like a child, a naughty boy. He rolls through the gardens with you, knocks you flying again from behind and makes great things of nothing. Erica gets a fit of laughter ... ‘Champagne’, she says, ‘teaches you to fly.’ René does not drink. Elsje does, she has had a few glasses and Anna admitted to me a moment ago that she had had four. ‘But, Frederik, that stuff is also so nice.’ Her eyes twinkle, she looks at me as if we are lying together under the Pyramid, her gaze goes so far, that I cannot even follow her anymore. She says:

‘Did you see that little dove, Frederik? Could you not see it? I know, but I also bled for it.’

She runs away, because she wants to prevent my answer, afraid that I will let her bleed even more than she did already. But I cannot do any differently. Yet I was out with her. We were sailing ... with a boat, on a large lake, and alone. I told her one thing and another then. The conclusion of that day was that we did not want to go home again. I will not go back again, she says, I will stay here now. I will not leave you again. You pull a person’s heart from its ribs, now I understand Erica and Karel.

We left the boat for what the boat was. We let the drills turn but we ourselves lay under the Pyramid and had fallen asleep. It was all so childish and beautiful, but I received a prod from the Sphinx and almost succumbed. Then I told her what I had already carried with me for years and she could make do with that. I promised her, if I go to Egypt again, she will go with me. Little René too. Then we fell asleep in the Dutch way, we slept for hours

and we dreamt about fish in the water and people on the waterside, about flowers in a garden, about a Christmas celebration with candles, about sandwiches with aniseed comfits which were no longer baked for us, about storks, not with babies with them, but with sticks, as black as soot, from which you make St. Nicholases, and a lot more things. However, the conclusion of this beautiful little trip was a wonderful dinner outside somewhere with a lovely wine to follow. Then we had got hold of a day on which we could live on a thousand years. We waddled homewards like two ducks which had become fat. We came in quietly, but at the door we were received by other people, who were already just as crazy as we were. Karel poured another glass, Erica wore a new garment, not from me, because she had not seen that one yet, she only received it yesterday from me. She barely dares to wear the one which I gave her when René came home, she is so afraid that something will come to her life. And this is the way it is now!

Erica, Karel, Hans and Anna ... we drink champagne together. René does not talk, Elsje has gone up stairs for a while and there are no more friends. Hans has balanced the academics from old times and they are no longer any good. Yet soon others will come, but they will be Hans' first helpers. Sonja comes too, likewise Old Piet and the niece. Also Mrs Van Soest; our dear Falkenstein cannot make it and is sick. Hans has sent her flowers and Elsje sent cake and tart. She must take part, no one is forgotten. Hans has hit the Tenhoves in the face, because Tippy wanted to try and kick down the doors here herself, but Hans claims he has had enough fees. I thought it was wonderful, wagtails can get bored. In this way we sit completely alone and have fun, happiness!

And the best thing of all is that we long for Piet to come. Hans wanted to keep this day free for all of us. We now drink to the health of René. René did not want to wear his eastern garment. He will do that, he says, when the time for it has come. What do you say, Karel, about such a sensible human being? Had you and could you have thought that? Not I, but you, old Frederik, young person, because you outplay all of us, you cannot be made old, can you? You knew it! You always had such a premonition, didn't you, Frederik? When are we all going to ... I cannot bear thinking about it! ... to ... what is that man called again? Home ...? However, they are Erica's words, Karel cannot work it out. He had wanted to say Sultan. Zulu milk tastes good, Frederik, but just give me this. What do you think? Have I become just as happy a man? You should see my boy, a pity that he is so quiet, but I have already enough bustle in my house. What times they were, weren't they, Frederik?

We came home at two o'clock, by full moon, which I am so sensitive to, with Anna next to me, talking and keeping quiet. We added another hour to it, sitting in the drawing room, we went over everything! What do you

think, Frederik? Will it stay like that? But what a dear Elsie is. As long as Hans never forgets that. Well, what do you want?

René has gone to sleep. 'Did you see him, Karel?' 'Who', asks Karel, 'who should I have seen?' 'René, our René.' I look at Erica and I do not want to show that I also saw something. 'What are you talking about?' I ask.

'Did you not see René? He feasted his eyes on Elsie.'

'Somewhat logical ... who does not do that. He sees art in this being. How beautifully she can sing, how beautifully she can play! It is delightful, she has everything. Beauty and art, love and happiness. Hans now understands it. He is little bit too old, but it is still okay. She is like a child, a woman and a friendship for Hans. What else could you want?'

'I could not want anything, Frederik. Well, but a human being, a mother can think, can't they? And you always think in your own direction, towards your happiness. To put it honestly, I find Elsie more suited to René than to Hans. You may not say such things, I will not do it again either. I felt you a moment ago. But I have to say it, otherwise I will not sleep tonight. I will never think of it again, I feel it like a blow in Hans' face and that must not happen. But, is that perhaps not true? I am already silent. Fortunately, he is already sleeping. I would not have said a word about it then. Between ourselves, Frederik, what do you think about it?'

'You are right, Erica, but ... hands off; does not belong to you. Elsie is an angel! How strange things can work out, come to us. He could be her father. Hans is very sweet to her. I must say: we can be satisfied. What becomes of this will always be good. Elsie is busy and does not want any help, she wants to do everything alone, but that is not possible. Hans had looked for two women, reliable friends of his, who will help her. Do not let us worry about it.'

I lie in bed and get cold shivers again. René has become twenty-one years old. I surrender myself. To fate and to powers which I do not yet know. We will see what comes.

I hear him sleeping here, but at the same time he is talking to me. Sleeping, he tells me that I must not allow any ague. What I expect is here. What he expects is also there! Of course, I do not know what that is. I sink away and have lost everything of this day, I know nothing more, I am asleep. Yet I wake up again. I must think. I get up and take out the diary. I record:

'What I have waited for all the years, now stands before me as a lump of healthy life. I believe that we will begin. Everyone from the Divine universe can understand that this is a sensation for me. I had not thought that I was such a simpleton, I could barely cope with it. And I believe that I have discovered something, that I do not trust anyone in the world with. I can be happy as a result of it and I see it as a dark cloud coming at me. I believe that

it is this which wakened me a moment ago.'

Now that I have written this down it has gone from me. I no longer feel any fever. However, now I feel something different. What is it? A severe cramp dominates my hand. I look at myself. What I once experienced already has come back with a force. I myself look at my right hand, which writes:

'First go on a trip! Go with René and leave Anna at home. Sounds harsh, but if you want, if you feel it, if you know it, if you understand it, if you can accept it, you will go alone with René! Go to Mohammed! Go to the Sultan. First take a trip. So go, Frederik, go, do not think about anything else, go! Do you not feel delighted?'

I read it over and reach the decision to close the book. It is champagne talk. I am already sleeping!

However, I wake up again. And I take the logbook again and sit down to write. There also follows:

'If it was up to me, Erica is right. Fortunately, Karel knows nothing about it, but these two people belong together ...!'

My hand refuses. What I have never done before, I do now. I rip this writing from the logbook and write down again what was already written. Then I went to sleep. What will tomorrow bring us. René is going to school, he is having lessons. I am here and wait. The drawings did not deceive me, everything is going well and his drawings already have deep meaning. The symbolics are wonderful. There is progress in them, we are moving forwards! I cannot complain, about anything. Anna must not come. I understand that. However, Anna is not René either. We will go alone, if Erica and Karel do not mind. Later all of us will go. I believe that this is the best thing. I am tired, dead tired, and yet, how beautiful it was today.

I have forgotten food and drink, this life is foaming enough. I will have to be more careful. Now we have made it, but what will this little stream bring us? We are through the desert. This trip could be considered as ended, if we did not have to begin again for many other matters. And we go on a trip again, now ourselves, we are here ourselves!

I cannot do it any longer! I now sit alone sleeping on stage. The others have already gone, I am going too. I also utter:

'Did you also see this new mask floating before your eyes?'

I already saw it. There are some who felt this contact with me. However, I do not want to talk about that. See you later ... Frederik! There were so many flowers!

Frederik, I am Rachi-Hadju

When we are together the next afternoon in René's room and looking at the sketch which he made from a photograph of Elsje, consider it a wonder, a moment later I experienced another wonder, which came to me as a divine gift, without René knowing anything about it, even if it happened through his life. A divine trumpet blew in my ears and blared at me:

'Rise, dead people, you will live. God calls all of you to His throne. There is no death, whatever others claim about this subject!'

It happened so unexpectedly, so of its own accord, as I had not dared to expect. René is busy ... I look at his symbolics. He did not need to go to Amsterdam today. A moment before this we were talking about Dr. Lent's new car, the boys' bikes and about many other things which we had fixed up together during these years. Then he said:

'I will make a sketch of Elsje, Frederik. I will not yet try to make the original, that will come later. I want to make something good, something beautiful of it, which Hans will be happy with for his life. I will just try it, do you understand?'

'Go ahead, if I have to go, just say so.'

'No, you are not disturbing me, Frederik.'

He draws, I look. An hour passes. I observe him. I start to tune into his life consciously and see how the hand gradually becomes unsteady. René lays it down next to him, looks at the sketch, also wants to say something, but cannot. He lies down on the bed. I close the door. I hear him breathing deeply; for a human being he is in a swoon, unconscious. It is just as well that Anna and Erica are not at home. I wonder what I should do. I already know! I force him to sleep. It is the sleep from his youth. He could then suddenly fall asleep and sink away deeply. I believe that no change has come in this. I raise his eyelids ... Wonderful. You would swear that this is the epileptic sleep, an ailment, but that is not true. René is asleep, but he is also awake. I now ask ... I now demand, force him to listen:

'Can you hear me? Can you hear me? Can you hear me speaking?'

The lips want to move. I continue:

'Can you hear me? Be calm, stay calm, because I am here ... I must ask you a few questions. Can you hear me?'

There comes: 'I can hear you.'

'Is speaking easy for you?'

'Can you not understand me then?'

'I can understand you – can I ask questions?'

'I am ready.'
 'Who are you?'
 'I am ... I am Rachi-Hadju, Frederik.'
 'Do you know me?'
 'I know you.'
 'Have I much time?'
 'No ... I will give you a few minutes!'

I get hold of a pencil and paper ...
 'Are you ready?'
 'Ask me ...!'

My first question was: 'Is there life after death?'
 'Yes! Later the explanation will follow. I will reply with yes or no, so do not go into the laws.'
 'Are you certain of this conscious?'
 'Yes ...!'

'You are speaking outside this conscious?'
 'Yes ... do not mention my name, that would disturb me.'
 'I understand you! Is there eternal life?'
 'Yes!'

'Are there burning hells?'
 'No!'

'Is there a God of love?'
 'Yes!'

'To be seen as Father and Mother?'
 'Yes!'

'Have we people already been in this world before?'
 'Yes ...!'

'And where was that first birth?'
 'On the Moon!'

'What did you say?'
 'On the Moon.'

'Does that mean that we lived there?'
 'Yes ...!'

'Also on other planets?'
 'Yes.'

'Is the soul a personality after this life?'
 'That is the spirit!'

'And the soul?'
 'Is the Divine attunement.'
 'Will I get an explanation for this later?'
 'Yes!'

'When the soul is born in the mother, is it then already a personality?'
 'Yes!'
 'It can therefore already influence the mother during pregnancy?'
 'Yes!'
 'As he experienced this life?'
 'Yes!'
 'Do you know my thoughts?'
 'Yes!'
 'The woman with her beard ... was that correct? '
 'It is possible, yes!'
 'Am I now one with your subconscious?'
 'Yes!'
 'Are you speaking to me from there?'
 'Yes ... you will get an explanation for it!'
 'When will we no longer come back here?'
 'If you have experienced your laws.'
 'Are you in a hypnotic sleep?'
 'Yes ... the psychic sleep, which is free from all material ...'
 'How will I be able to check this?'
 'Did I not say my name to you?'
 'Rachi-Hadju, you mean?'
 'Did you expect any different?'
 'Do you live through me?'
 'Through you!'
 'Can you remove yourself from your life?'
 'Soon!'
 'Do I understand properly that this will happen yonder?'
 'Precisely!'
 'The worlds which I experienced ... You know boeha ...?'
 'Yes!'
 'Were those conscious experiences? Has all of that value?'
 'Preparation, spiritual transfer. We were one!'
 'How does the soul come back to earth?'
 'It sinks away until the embryonic stage!'
 'I will get to see those laws?'
 'Yes!'
 'You were crazy all those years?'
 'No, it was awakening!'
 'There is no final judgement?'
 'No, you are faced with the now!'
 'That is it?'

'Yes!'

'Is it possible to descend deeper into this universe?'

Yes, but... but... but... just wait a minute."

"Are you tired out?"

'Yes ...!'

'Then I will stop. I am satisfied for the time being. I thank God for your kindness. What do you command me to do?'

'Go now, they are awaiting you there! Do not speak about it. It is only then that you will go further. I greet you, I am going, but I am close to you.'

'Are my dreams real?'

'Haven't you seen the signs?'

'I have, but I am just a human being?'

'I too, but we connected the East to the West ...! I am going! Or is there anything else?'

'No, I have nothing more ... I thank you!'

I look into René's eyes, it is as if they are broken. It is amazing ... I penetrate his being, I feel myself coming to him and reaching unity. In this way I pull him back to the surface of this life. He is awake and opens his eyes.

'Did I sleep just then, Uncle Frederik?'

'Wonderful, isn't it, René, that does a person good.' I see that he is like a child. I have not heard that 'Uncle' for a long time. His eyes are shining. He says:

'Is that the sketch of Elsje? I became so tired, oh, how tired I became. Does it look like her, Frederik?'

'It looks like her, but it could be better.'

'I can see that too, Frederik, she is much too beautiful to make a mess of her. Do you not say such words? I will just wait, but it will come.'

René is like that, he possesses self-criticism. A good thing, it is space for his character. He says:

'I will go for a walk, Frederik, see you later, perhaps I will see you there.'

He has gone, I am alone, the logbook in my hands. There comes:

'The first divine tones, they are pure sounds, which I was able to listen to. It was God who spoke to me! Divine comfort, it is divine benevolence. Love and happiness, knowledge! Imagine, there is no death! And I believe it. Even if I still have no explanation for everything, these are foundations to go further. What we suffered and strived for has now come to me. I cannot understand it with my human mind yet, but Sjah Oteb will know what to do, Mohammed too. My Sultan, I bring this life to you.

However, we, here in the sober West, possess a great wonder. A 'winged one!' This life will fly where it wants. The master has been born. The first words passed his lips. I have that certainty in my hands. There is no more for

today yet. What I certainly feel is that I must go to the East! Alone with him! I will make the supernatural preparation. I will do that!

I also go outside. The women came back and have done their shopping. I can see him in the wood, he is standing there and is looking at a tree, which has caught his interest.

'Look, Frederik, how beautiful this tree is. Are they not wonders? Vincent van Gogh wanted to paint the soul of this life. When he had almost made it, he shot a bullet through his head. Poor man, I know what you wanted! Now you must see to achieve that, Frederik, and then still stay standing on your own two feet. I do not say that I will become a Van Gogh, just forgive me for it. Isn't it the case? The old masters could do that. Contemporary art takes us to expressionism. I do not want to even consider that, I will look for it elsewhere, I will strike a happy medium. Did you not also think that it should be like that? I believe that I will reach that height after my fortieth birthday. Not before, because I myself must awaken for it. I understand a great deal about art, I can almost see behind it, Frederik, even if you never hear me speak about it. I think a great deal!

But now something else, Frederik. I wanted to know whether you have complaints about me? Am I now as you would like it to be? Do I do wrong things? Tell me honestly, Frederik, it will help me. Have I faults in my character? Can you see ill-mannered things in me? Are Mother and Father satisfied? I want to work on myself in order to create, otherwise I will not make it! And now something else. Do you know who Marja is, Frederik? I keep hearing that name again, but inside me. But where have I heard that name? Do you not know? Marja ... It sounds so far away and yet it is so close to my life.'

I said: 'All of us are satisfied with you, it is going well. You cannot do your best any better. But I do not know that Marja.'

'I believe that I have read about this name somewhere, it was probably in Italy. Then I will smother those thoughts, this name would disturb me. I can hear someone saying that Marja is there, but I do not want that Marja. My soul speaks to me, as Mother experienced that, Frederik. It is as if I am very old. I see things differently. I am no child, not a boy of this age, Frederik, I am old. And that old age speaks to my life. I see it in everything, can you also see it?'

'We will wait and see, René. Give yourself completely to your art and all of us will go one way. We will do what we can to make life as pleasant as possible for you.'

'Then it is okay and I must remove that from myself. But can you speak to life, Frederik? I keep hearing myself speaking to life. That tree there says: you must see me like this, it is only then that you can paint my life. A flower says it differently again. But all life has something to say. Can you feel that,

Frederik? I believe that we will understand each other well. I am starting to understand what I want to do. My friends cannot yet say that. I sometimes have to laugh at their empty talk and this is why I do not like them either. It is emptiness. Elsje possesses everything. Do you not find her extraordinary, Frederik? What a voice she has, hasn't she? Did you sense her poetry? Did you understand it? I had wanted to add:

'If I look into this blue above, I can see you
Now melancholy enters my heart, do you know?
Now the calyces close, did you see it?
I did too, but I am here!'

And further:

'Soon I will awaken, you too!
Then do not disappear and remain, for me!
I live in a grave, but see you standing ... do you know?
Listen, Frederik ...

Tief wie das Wasser (Deep as the water)
spiritually connected
I wait ...!"

And I also hear:

Where we go to
There I am
Will I remain...
Will you come as well?

You will think I am ridiculous, won't you, Frederik? I could go on for hours. What is writing poetry? How do you do that? I know, this means nothing, but I absorb the words just like that. They rise up from inside my life and are formed of their own accord. It is also like that with painting and drawing. I do not actually have to do anything, it happens of its own accord. Do you know what inspiration is! What is inspiration, Frederik? Don't you know? I will find out! But that will take a while. This poem ... or no, it is not a poem ... they are loose words, they fly out of Elsje just like that. I just mean, that I feel that child and can understand her. For the rest I do not like her. Do you understand, Frederik, that such a young and such a beautiful girl gives herself to such an old man, which Hans is, after all? Is that really not

a disgrace? Why does old age not stay with the same race (see article 'There are no races' on rulof.org)? Why not youth with youth? I will never fall for it, Frederik. For example, I never get into conversation with a girl who does not feel for art. Did you think that there is no life in me? That I do not feel? Did you think that I do not have the longing to kiss a girl? I tell you honestly, Frederik, that I do not wish that emptiness. If I hear that you are talking about it, you will never hear a word from me again. Mother does not understand it and Father gives you an unsatisfactory answer. You understand me, so does Anna, why are you two not my parents? This has nothing to do with my love for my parents. Frederik, do we only live once on earth? Does the human being only have the opportunity once of coming to himself? Then it is not worthwhile making a fuss, you will not make it anyway and you will never make it.

What do you think, Frederik, am I wrong? I ask you this, because I am thinking about it. I find Elsje especially beautiful. Not because of her shape, which you call a castle, but what concerns the contents. Did you not think about it like that when you were my age? I want nothing to do with that life, Frederik. Believe me, but I cannot understand that Hans can say: this is my wife. He is a father to this life. Is it perhaps not the case? You are thinking. You are old, Frederik, and yet young, you understand the youth and you can sense me. What do you think? I know why Hans took Elsje to him? But he should have given her a social life. Now Elsje gives herself away. And must that happen? Oh well, that is none of my business. I saw, I felt, Frederik, that you were following me, but did you feel what I experienced when she read out her poems? I felt a pain under my heart. I do not yet know how. I wondered why I am suddenly so anxious. Did you also feel that? But did we not have a wonderfully beautiful day! I will not let you speak, Frederik, because I know that you cannot answer this.'

He goes with me in a dreamlike state. His lips mutter:

'When Autumn comes Summer is in my heart
When Winter comes, then it is Spring in my heart
If what I feel and see does not come, then I surrender ...
Because He sees ... He knows ... He knows me!'

And then suddenly: 'In order to penetrate the green and the sap of life, Frederik, what a Willem de Zwart (painter 1862 - 1931) and all those others had a good perspective of, is certainly not easy. And I want to go there. I open myself to nothing. You now know that it is deadly serious for me. When are we going to the East? Would Father and Mother approve? Since this morning I am longing to see the East. And we have the means. You told

me that I could come along if I did my best. That is why I asked you a moment ago whether you still see faults in me. But I will confront Father and Mother with the same fact and then they won't get away with it no longer. Just leave it to me, Frederik. Are we going?'

'We are going, René.'

'The two of us, Frederik?'

'We are going.'

'And can I ask all kinds of things on the way?'

'We will agree to that, won't we?'

'Man, how happy you make me. I knew that I could count on you. Come on, we will not make a murderers' den of our hearts, I will talk about it. Do you wish to know how I am going to do that?'

'Just go ahead.'

'Do you mind that I talked about Elsje like that?'

'No, because it is the truth, but do not let Hans hear it.'

He comes and stands before me, looks me in the eye and says: 'You don't think, do you, Frederik, that I want Elsje? I do not like that child, Frederik. I do not like that being, even if she is beautiful; I will tell you what I think, feel, otherwise not.'

We are home. Karel is also there. But he is waiting, apparently. It comes out at the table, when he says:

'Mother, I want to ask you something.'

'What is it, my boy?'

'Father must listen too, is that okay?'

'Just come out with it', Karel says.

'Well, I wanted to know whether you are satisfied with me.'

'But of course, you are doing your best.'

'Frederik says that too. But now here it comes. I was told that if I did my best, I would be allowed to go to the East with Frederik. I ask you, Father and Mother, and also Anna, do you approve? May we leave as soon as possible? I am on holiday from school and can go away for three months, or shorter, if you agree with me. Good grief ... isn't that something, Mother?'

'Say something, Karel', Erica asks.

'I do not mind, Mother, and you?'

'But so long, can it not be shorter, Frederik? Can there not be a month taken off it?'

It is okay, we will prepare ourselves for the departure.

'Where do you wish to go?' Karel asks.

'In the first place to the big cities, Karel. Paris, London, then to Egypt and from there to Italy, Budapest, Vienna, Berlin. When we come back René will be a different person. A desert trip is not to be scorned, the Pyramids, Luxor,

the ruins. But we will see, I believe that I am going too far.'

'It is worthwhile, Frederik. But will you look after my boy? Will you bring him back as he is now, Frederik?'

'Do you not know that, Erica?'

'But when will you start the portrait of Elsje, René?'

'I will do that when I come back, Mother. It must be something beautiful. I will do my best for it.'

René goes upstairs and Karel says:

'My flesh and blood lives in your hands, Frederik. You know exactly how far you can go. Go, my blessing will accompany you. I believe that this is good for him. Go into the world and you will become developed. Isn't it the case? I wish I could go too. That will probably happen too, then we will all go. Or is that not in store for us? What a fortunate person you actually are, Frederik. What did you do to deserve this? Worthwhile, such a birth. Also something which I worry about sometimes. One has everything, the other nothing. Everything is unjustly divided. Look at me, for example. I cannot complain, but if I had known years ago what I now know, Frederik?'

'Then what, Karel?'

'Precisely, then what? Is life mapped out? Can we people make of our lives what we want to make of them ourselves? Do numerous problems not hold us back? What do we actually want here? With what purpose do we live here? What can we hope to achieve later? I believe, Frederik, that it would be worth a lot to me, if I knew whether there was another life behind this one. You search for it, other people too, but what does that mean? Hans and I are natural products. We see everything too scientifically. I like your world better, but with the money, you see. Man, I wish that I could come too. I have apparently not yet earned this. Neither have you, Erica, otherwise we would already have been there. All the places you have been, Frederik! What do we know about this world? Nothing! Travelling, moving around – it is evolution. I believe that my eyes are now opening for the first time. For shame, what an injustice.'

'Just listen to that old man, Frederik. He is awakening. Go, you are more than welcome ... but take me with you too. Do not leave me at home. Never do that. I tell you, Frederik, that I want to see that harem before I leave here. I want to get to know all those friends of yours. I must see that Sultan. Thank him for his beautiful clothes. Just say that I am careful about them, or will you not go there now?'

'We try all kinds of things, Erica.'

'You see, Anna, Frederik is leaving us alone again. Yet he is going away again. But is it our own fault ... I cannot bear thinking about it any longer.'

Evenings of preparation, Hans and Elsje are also coming. René lets her

see all his art. What he never does, Elsie gets done. I am afraid. I do not know. I do not know what I should make of it. However, these beings belong together! Hans could be her grandfather. And then ... his feeling, his thinking ... Marja! How is it possible. Suddenly he hears that name inside him. I believe that that name already lives under his heart. And the being itself? I cannot bear thinking about it. I do not want to think about it. I will banish that name from my thoughts, as he does. What do we people actually want? What do we have to sustain as possessions and what do we know about that? What is it, which has placed us in this life? Who belongs to us and who does not? Were we together and of each other before? If I go into this and into what came to me from his life, I would now be able to lay a great deal of little foundations. However, I do not do it yet, I will wait and see, maybe another certainty will come.

When I look at these two lives, I tremble and shake. I am then faced with an infallible power, which controls everything, which fiddles around with we people's ears, shows us the way and asks: 'What do you want?' I can no longer think, I am full to the brim. When Hans and Elsie leave, I feel relieved. Guess what it is?

I go under the command of His Majesty. What will await me? Who? Am I heading for happiness or misfortune? It is just as well that you do not know everything. Those are the masks. And they must go, it is only then that life is worth experiencing.

We are already driving ... In the direction of Paris. Bye bye, we feel right ... you too? Bye ... Anna. Bye, Father, dear Mother, we are going to look for flowers! Hopefully we will come back differently, we will do our best! Frederik and René!

When I talk, Frederik, is that my soul or my spirit then?

We are sitting under the Pyramid and looking at the Sphinx. A moment ago we made a wonderful journey through the deserts, which we are now having a rest from and discussing the matter. René feels at home here. I did not expect this from the boy. Every moment I am faced with a problem with him, his inner life changes so much. It is incredible, but I am experiencing this wonder. This awakening, I say to myself, is inborn, this life possesses it. The soul came with this feeling to earth, anything else is not possible. You do not need to do anything here, this happens of its own accord! Now I think of the years of the past and finally get an answer to all my questions and searching, when I already experienced things in me, but did not get any answer to them. René lives in his own world of thoughts, for which I must prepare myself, if I wish to give him a sufficient explanation. I start to see him as a child with material talent. Now I am faced with Mozart, with other children, but this of him is very different. What child prodigies achieved, transform into art, he does by words, by his thinking. For him it becomes worldly wisdom! What a child prodigy expressed by means of the piano, passes his lips, in such a way that you must say: this child possesses gifts! This child must study! This child must go to a university! But when we had done that, I now understand, we had botched up this life. I already said before that René is a spiritual child prodigy! Now I can see it clearly before me. And then you are faced with a problem again, or with a wonder, however you wish to call it. It is there.

A moment ago he asked me:

‘If I talk, Frederik, is it then my soul or is it my spirit?’

I said: ‘We do not yet know that.’

‘Why not, Frederik?’

‘Because science is not yet so far.’

‘But what do you think of it yourself?’

‘I do not yet know that, however, I hope to find out.’

‘A pity’, he adds, ‘I would like to know. But nothing can be done about it. I thought to myself: if I talk, if I think, who is it then. My soul? My spirit? What is soul and what is spirit? If you do something, who does it? Where does it come from? Are we far away from Athens? A pity that Socrates is no longer alive, he knew it! Now I do not know whether my soul is talking. But I think that you do it by formation from inside out, a process which you as a personality are to blame for. It is I, we say, but we do not know who this self

is! Do you understand me, Frederik? Do you know what I mean?

'I know just as much about it as you do, but we will probably get a satisfactory answer sooner or later.'

'We will hope that, Frederik.'

He then falls back into reflection and I do not know him anymore. However, I thought that his words took the place which Mozart had filled by sounds. What Mozart did on the piano, he does by speaking, with words. It gives wisdom! If the master is involved here who can waken this life? If order comes to this, consciousness! Then it is spiritual art! And then what? Yes, then what? If this is polished, planed in such a way that his deeper feeling and thinking can manifest itself? Then what?

I have let myself be fooled twenty years ago that a monk, a high priest, had said on his deathbed:

'I am going now, but I will come back and then I will finish my task. You will see me again as a child and absorb me again in the Temple. You will soon recognise me, I will receive that mercy.'

The priests accepted the word and they wait and see. Eight years later people came to the Temple, parents who tell that their child claims that he is Toechyi-Ho and has nothing to do with them. The priests recognised their master and immediately receive the child in their midst. Then that life awakened of its own accord. They had nothing to add and to take away from that, the life would manifest itself. They soon received wisdom! People said to me:

'You come from the West. You know Mozart, don't you? You see, what Mozart experienced through art, we get to see through our master as wisdom. Maybe it pleases God to also bless the West. This is really everything!'

Now I have walked through many Temples in China in order to seek wisdom, but I did not find it anywhere, even if I found Confucius and other great people! I learned to think as a result of it. One possibility touched me deeply, namely that people could come back on earth in order to continue their life and work. However, I did not want to be cheated. High art, deep truth, of course, I got to know that there. However, if you return to the sober West, your own country and people absorb you, you think completely normally again, that mysticism escapes you. Your Dutch cap is thrown by a northwester from your head and then you just think eastern! Then just continue searching. You cannot do it and dissolve of your own accord in that sober mass, of which you are a part. I forgot everything, other people have already lost it before they leave that country. For me it brooded on for a bit, but then it had to make way for a beer, good food and such things, for empty talk, nonsense! I went out looking for it myself, but I did not find what I wanted to experience, all those amazing matters were as silent as a grave, I did not find the desired little light and went to pieces up against a wall of

common sense. I soon gave up, even if I continued to long to know more. I was not so happy. And now that we are sitting here thinking, René keeps coming out with problems and sees and feels the things clearly humanly, I involuntarily wonder: is he not like that Toechyi-Ho, that priest? Can the soul not reveal itself by its own powers? What used to be wonders, children who were called to art early, is that not laid aside for the soul as a human being, in this other century, which we will experience and which the world needs? How many thousands of questions did I ask at that time? Did I get an answer? No! But did I make mistakes? I do not think so. I mean, did I show myself to be a daydreamer? Was I straying during all those years, so that my friends could rightly say: that is going too far? This is a daydreamer as we have never seen before? No! I was able to convince Karel and Hans, who have remained natural creatures anyway, that I possess human qualities, which you do not throw overboard just like that and which have received meaning for the normal thinking and feeling, as we are used to that from each other and which our society needs. I now work it out for myself and reach the decision that I have not put a supernatural coat on things, I remained with both feet on the ground floor, otherwise Hans could have locked me up.

We have fought our battle for this. Things happened which gave us the necessary worries and troubles, let us be honest, we did not get it for free. We fought for it. The cause of all of this is sitting there and thinking. That cause is in Egypt and I hope that he will awaken for the good. I already tell him now that I will buy a baby grand which he will have pleasure from. Then our Mozart – a nice name for René – can make music, which this world does not yet know. I can already see those notes, all those bars and stripes. It can become a divine symphony!

I see that he is awakening! Not an hour passes here, or he is different. Paris overwhelmed him for a while, after a few days he already wanted to leave. The Mona Lisa touched him deeply, that, he says, is the most beautiful thing that I have seen. The Nightwatch is impressive, we know that. Rembrandt is amazing, but can you feel this silence, Frederik? Can you feel what this portrait wishes to tell you? Look at that smile! He sat looking at that wonder for hours. I could not get him away from it and continued to wait patiently. The Mona Lisa had got hold of him from at least three to six o'clock. I wondered: am I doing the right thing; how many stories have we not heard about that? Men who perished because of this smile? Men who sat down in a dream as he does now and let themselves perish as it were because of the picture! Sentimentality? Just before six o'clock he says:

'You see, Frederik, I am so grateful to you. I have let you wait a long time, haven't I, but now I have worked it out.'

'How do you mean, René?' I asked.

‘I saw Leonardo Da Vinci! He spoke to me. You will probably find this an exaggeration, Frederik, but if you consider that I am capable of talking to life, as you know, is it so strange then if I now ask whether you can give me some of your feeling for the sake of art? I know, Frederik, you get nothing for free. However, when I saw her smile a moment ago, saw those lips open, I heard:

‘If you wish, if you stick it out, if you wish to bow, then it is possible! You are alive!’

And is that so strange, Frederik? Do you think this is unpleasant? May I not do that? Must I be ashamed, because I sit here for hours and forget my time? If you had wakened me, you would have spoilt my trip. I tell you, Frederik, I will make sure that I do not bore you. I will make sure I am a pleasant travelling companion in all respects. Will we go back here tomorrow? I only want to see art, the rest does not mean anything to me. Will you do it?’

‘I will do it.’

‘Fine, Frederik, then I will let go of myself for a moment. I was able to see her as she was. I saw her, felt her being and her life. It is wonderful. How great they were, weren’t they? How deep those people were. How sweet they were and true and how they suffered. Just look at those Van Goghs. See the other masters. My God, the gifts we have received. Isn’t it beautiful, Frederik? How happy I am that we went.’

Then he suddenly falls back into a silence, in which you can follow him without understanding him. He is sitting or standing then ... sleeping, and is awake. Awake and conscious and yet so far away. The eyes grow hazy sometimes and they are sometimes brilliantly lit-up again. You then see him becoming pale before your eyes, he looks like a dead person then. However, a great deal is happening in this life, which I can then look at and not understand any of it anyway, because it takes place inside. What I saw and experienced there, was awakening.

In London, exactly the same. He walked away with Van Dyck, Titiaan and other Italians, with Rubens ... He was swept off his feet by them. He could eat and drink because of that art. If you did not force him to eat, he would forget. I had to confront him with the fact. I said:

‘If you want me to follow you in everything, sit down in front of paintings, for hours, and I must prove that I can accept you, my patience is put to the test, you must do me the pleasure of not neglecting your food and drink, otherwise I will be in trouble when we come home.’

And what does he reply? ‘You are right, Frederik, I am neglecting myself. I will think about it.’

At this moment he is not a boy of twenty-one years old, but an old man. I have not met this character before. He is in harmony with everything and

listens to reason. He accepts you and feels immediately whether you are right and whether he can obey. You see, I thought, that makes this travelling so pleasant, he is no trouble at all. He is already way ahead of Karel and Erica. I know that going out with friends, there is always something else. You must watch out for thousands of things. Thousands of things upset those people, they lose their good humour and their common sense for many reasons. It is not good anywhere, everywhere there is something else which destroys you, breaks you. The conclusion is arguments, depression, unpleasantness, what can be seen no longer has any value, nothing is any good yet. And then you are on a trip. You are out having a lovely time with your friends. I always went alone, I was always afraid of friends and acquaintances, who destroy your trip. This human being of twenty-one years old is like a born guide to go on a trip with. He is no trouble to you, on the contrary, you are given treasures from this life; it is a pleasure to walk through streets with him, looking at everything. He asks nothing, he looks and experiences the things. Rain, wind, storm, we had them over us and they were delights for him. We come home soaking wet ... It does not matter ... that will dry again. He is satisfied with everything. Happiness lies on this face, people like him and seek him out. He can speak English, French and German adequately ... can manage well and lets me know too.

He is not afraid that they will laugh at him. Free and open in everything! We have already been invited by ten families, especially in England ... but I do not let him see Scor. He makes sketches of many of them and usually on the mark too. His talent is busy manifesting itself.

He reads by whom the Pyramid was built and why. Everything receives a foundation and meaning. Now he asks:

‘Mother gave me a name, Frederik. I am called René. When I asked her with what feelings she had given me this name, she did not know. She gave me a name, which I am stuck with all my life, without choosing it with care. You do not do such a thing! There is no René in our family. What did Mother want? Remarkable, don’t you think? Did they also give you a name just like that? Those Egyptians were not like that. What received life and form here, as you call that, received a name according to the inner life. Do you know what René means?’

‘Not I, but what does it matter?’

‘I would give people a name such as they are in reality. If you can hate, you must have the corresponding name. If you meet Mr Hater, you will immediately know who he is. However, then all of this world would be called Hater. I have to laugh about it, it is nonsense. However, I like all of this, Frederik. How wonderful our trip is, isn’t it? Will we do that again before we leave here? Luxor, all those ancient Temples, Frederik, what gems they are. I

will make some sketches. At home I will work all those things out. You will get Luxor from me. I will give Elsje a fallen pharaoh. That Elsje. Do you not know yet, Frederik, whether the human being has lived on earth more than once? People say here, as you also heard, that we certainly have hundreds of thousands of lives behind us. Is that not amazing? You achieve what you cannot do at once in your next existence. You continue your life as it were and you are alternately man and woman. What do I say? Man and woman ... man and woman ...? It is a sound, a thought, which is wrenched from my lips just like that. Man and woman ... how wonderful that sounds, doesn't it? Do you also like music so much? I wanted Mother to start thinking seriously to learn to play properly and decently. Would you not want that as well, Frederik? Mother has talent. I know. When I was not yet born, Frederik, where was I then? Then, Frederik, I lived there, behind this.'

He looks to the left, right and also upwards. He talks, I believe, without knowing it. When he rhymes everything together like that his eyes sink deep into their sockets and his face changes. Now he is a beautiful boy, he is a picture. I ask:

'And what is this behind, this left, this upwards, René?'

'Do you remember, Frederik, when we were together in that other world and we were afraid, I was then, of ... boeha?'

'I remember.'

'Well, that boeha did not live there, he was somewhere else. I myself was that! That was my unconscious self. I was still looking for myself then. When we were able to meet each other there, that was the world of the soul and the spirit. Because we both did not yet understand any of it, that world was also for us as we thought we were. Did you not see that one tree, Frederik?'

'I saw that.'

'You see, that is the Pyramid! That same tree is like the Pyramid! These stones are leaves of that tree, I believe that I am now standing in your blossom. I am starting to see myself as a child and I can see myself here at the same time, which now becomes one life! Is it not enough to drive you mad?'

He jumps and walks around the Pyramid. When he comes back to me, he looks me in the eye and sets off walking in the direction of the Sphinx again. I let him go. I see from here that he is thinking, he rubs his forehead. Yes, my boy, the flower tears open its own life, it flowers on its own, why would people like us not possess the powers and possibilities for this? Why not? Just shake your conscious awake, little René! I will help you soon. A flower does not experience anything different. When spring comes the bud will burst open, and that hurts, you can hear nature groaning. However, the life awakens! I already used to think: can such a thing not take place with people? Could the human being, could my René not be able to experience

that, what Mozart and the many other people received and experienced? Just rub yourself, soon it will come and we will see your inner colours.

‘Did you expect any differently, Frederik?’ I suddenly hear next to me.

‘Mohammed ... did you know that we were here?’

‘Did you not call me every hour of your life, Frederik? Do you not know, my brother, that our lives are one? I can see René. Look, Frederik, is the Sphinx opening itself for his soul? I may tell you, my friend, that we can be satisfied. Look at him there, I will soon call him.

What was it like in Paris, in London? Did he keep you long because of the Mona Lisa? I saw you there in my sleep. I tell you, that the dawn will come with a new wonder. Can you see the light, Frederik? Have you already seen those flowers? As beautiful, as sweet, as pure, also as eloquent as the Lotus. Just look, the life is listening to me, the soul too, and now the life will speak to us. We wanted you to come. Thank you, my brother, thank you very much, you are blessed for many, just like us, because we will walk the constellation, inhabit the hells and heavens, now already, now that we still stay on this earth! He is already coming.’

I introduced René to Mohammed. Western mentality penetrates the East and sees the most amazing conscious of a human being in it. René looks in those desert eyes and loses himself completely. He looks into them as he looked into the Mona Lisa and has lived and absorbed the wonder in himself. It takes a long time, too long for me; apparently not too long for these souls. However, what I feel is amazing. They descend into each other. Mohammed, I felt, opened himself to his life and elevated his soul into himself. That is also art! I know that he has followed a temple study of thirty years for that purpose and successfully. However, the other still has to begin, or he has that from himself. René walked to the life of Mohammed, it was he who said: ‘Enter’! René beams, but Mohammed no less. René is there and he is not there. He is standing there dreaming, or is asleep, but his eyes are open. I feel peace! The silence so familiar to me! Mohammed receives his being, his life! They have been standing in front of each other for a quarter of an hour, it takes a century for me. How can it be, I had already succumbed. Not they, these souls experience a deep world, still closed to me. But that will also come, I am convinced of it. Then Mohammed puts out his hand and takes him with him. They disappear before my eyes, they go upwards and downwards, over the desert backs. This image is wonderful, I would not have missed it for the world. And these words reach me:

‘I will now awaken him for your life, make him more conscious, so that his soul and life will be able to receive the laws. Can you feel it, Frederik? But prepare yourself, we will leave as soon as possible.’

Do I receive that just like that? None of it, I imagine it! But I am starting

to feel that these thoughts were given to me. When Mohammed soon says: we are leaving, Frederik, I know that he has spoken to my life. That is nothing special, a dog can do that or a cat too, people say here, so why would people like us not be able to do that?

You Westerners do not pay attention to anything, people in the East say, you think that you can think, but that is not true. You are thoughtless! What you call thinking is for us here ... experiencing! You do not experience anything, you are no longer yourselves as a result of thousands of things and split by them! You will not believe it, but we could prove it to you! Your thoughts are not experienced, you only accomplish a thought like that for fifteen percent at the most, according to your will, your feeling, your life, your personality, your soul, your life and your spirit! Do you not believe it? We could prove it to you! We could explain it to you? You are not awake, being awake is a very different matter.

René can also do that. He already gets annoyed when Erica rambles from one subject to the other. He can get annoyed when he talks to you, wants to tell you something, and you deny him the word to say something yourself. He then closes himself off to you and you do not get another word. When I wanted to test that on the way, I got a hiding from him, because he suddenly says:

‘If I did not know, Frederik, that you are testing me, you would not get to hear another word from me today. You now behave just as Mother always does. If I want to say something, you must be able to listen to me. When I am finished talking, you will get the word from me! This is why I do not like the girls at school and it is the only thing which I can appreciate in Father.’

You see, Karel, I thought, this will soon be your present when we are home again. However, René is already like that. And it is true, we people do not think, we cannot think yet. People do not think, because you do not see people changing and that would have to happen, but you do not see it. They only think of what is occupying them and that usually has nothing to do with the life. In this way a high priest sees it and just try saying that he is wrong. They beat you because of it, they know what you want and you stand completely naked before them. You have lost your mask! I see it like that and René is awakening like that. This is his born talent, the qualities reach consciousness and now already have the powers to reveal themselves. He thinks before things pass his lips. They are material sounds, but they represent wisdom. And this has value for the human being, so that we now already get invitations thanks to René, because people notice it.

When René is resting, I already discovered at home, he does rest! For him sleeping is a great art, just like walking. When Mother walks, he says, and you ask her where she has actually been, she does not know. She sees noth-

ing, even if she says that she sees everything, but that is not true. Father does not see anything either. Father shashes everything to pieces with his walking stick and decapitates the life. What is the good in that? I then no longer go walking with him, you become annoyed to death. They are people who do not live. If they would think things through for a moment, Frederik, they would not do that. You do not want to be destroyed yourself, why would you do that to another life?

People, Frederik, who read a book and want to listen to the radio at the same time, create disquiet and are not in harmony with what they actually want to do. I cannot stand that! What these people want is not clear to me. You do one thing and namely at full power! – or you disturb your personality. People do not think, you see it from everything. Or did you think, Frederik, that I am too young to speak of all these things? I try to reach agreement with myself, to be in harmony with this life, with our society. Is it not the case?

René puts everything in order. He sees it in nature, he says. And with a painter's eye. 'Van Gogh', he says, 'would not have had to lose his life, if he had been able to think. But that soul thought wrongly. What he should have thought did not occur to him.'

When I asked where he suddenly got this from, he says:

'I have read about his life, Frederik. Van Gogh experienced his art through his soul, and yet, who tells us that he let his soul speak at full power? I see it differently. Van Gogh experienced art, but went to pieces as a result of his experiences. Then he grasped for a revolver and shot himself through the head. I bet you, Frederik, that he did not know that he would destroy himself, because then you do not do it. Can you sense what I mean?'

'Say that again.'

'What do you mean, Frederik?' he asks, and I have to accept again that this life is speaking about great problems without actually knowing it himself. However, a moment later there also comes:

'You see, Frederik, this is the case now. Van Gogh also did not know at the moment of his deed what he was doing. At the moment of his fall, something forced him into that state, but he stood outside of it as an artist and personality and could have looked at himself. However, because he did not know the laws, he beat himself down. And that is the world for the 'soul' and the universe for our 'spirit'! For Vincent it was a personality split. He could not reason his situation, because he could not think, because then you speak with your own life and the other life also has something to say! Did you know this, Frederik? Then Vincent was faced with suicide, but only poorly, I mean, for ten percent at the most, ten percent life content, drive, the rest of his great character did not take part. Or did you think, Frederik, that mur-

derers always want to lose themselves with all their powers? Did you think that people like us cannot commit murder at ten percent willpower? I believe it very definitely, because the things themselves come and tell you. I am starting to understand what 'inspiration' is as a result of this! I will explain it to you in a few days' time, it is only then that I will be that far.'

This is little René already. And after a few days he comes to me and says:

'Inspiration, Frederik, is the urge to first exhaust yourself empty and then to go higher and higher. You can achieve that by thinking. It is completely dissolving in art. But you must not think that this is already inspiration. You are always that yourself. I established with all the other pupils that they do not understand any of all these things. Nor anything about art. It happens and they do not know it. When you can lose yourself completely in art, in what you want to interpret, you are a painter. But that does not mean that you are already inspired, that only comes after yourself, after everything about yourself, first exhaust yourself for a hundred percent, it is only then that inspiration comes. After all, it had no meaning anyway! Do you not think that 'inspiration' belongs to the exalted feelings? And you must then receive them! But what is receiving? Getting the feeling for a higher order. Do you not believe in Angels? I do! I know that they are there! I saw them! I spoke to their lives. And they come back to me! And they can inspire you! Then there is inspiration, but before that begins, you must first be able to give all of yourself or the higher order will not see the point of it. Is this unclear? After all, it cannot be any different? Do you wish to teach me something if I am just five percent conscious, do not possess energy? Do not open myself to what we think we are doing? I cannot be reached then, Frederik, you can do nothing with me, achieve nothing with me! And do you wish to fool me that our painters have now already reached the highest in their art? Look at their things and you walk away from them. I do not understand that people buy that unconscious, poor art! Do you wish to hang such a thing on your walls? I would be ashamed! I would just rape the art, this soul nobility, Frederik, and is that the intention?

When we were in Italy and I was getting to know my friends, I said to a girl:

'Why do you actually want to paint and draw? Would it not be better for you to just tune yourself into motherhood? Is that not the highest art for your life?'

Then she walked away from me, but there were some who did not think it was so strange. I got the name then of professor; I found it emptiness. I also said to a girl once:

'Why do you want to give me a kiss? For myself or for my lips? Because you like it? Because you find it pleasant? Do you know what love is? Are you

already ready to understand that you can become a mother as a result of your friendliness? Imagine that I now went into it and gave you myself, do you not see the consequences then? Are we prepared for marriage? Are we not just creating any misery as a result of this! Is that good for art? If you wish to experience art, you must not look for it from me; then live it up first and then begin."

Of course, I was laughed at, Frederik, but is it not true then? Should I have done what she longed from me? Good gracious, I saw the consequences. As a result of that I knew that those people do not think. They throw themselves down, but I do not take part. Ten of them thought that was wonderful, the rest did not feel me and ridiculed what I said. I know that four of those children will perish and then they will think of me, of that madman. Because they heard that I was apathetic as a child. A pity, isn't it, but I will get them.

And what do they know about inspiration? Nothing! They think that they can receive it by experiencing intimacy, but that is not the case. You see, Frederik, they also go to pieces! They listen to music and stand with their palette in their hands, there is no concentration. And that person wants to become a painter! They rip their inspiration themselves to shreds and make fun of it, because they do not think. I tell you, Frederik, that 'inspiration' is a supernatural gift! I lose myself when I am busy and no longer know about my own existence. I am in an art sleep as it were: I become like one of those lines, I become colour! And then the colours have something to say. I elevate myself into those colours. And yet there is still so much in me that has nothing to do with my art. And I must also take those qualities to task if I wish to create. It is only then that a painting lives. Did the old masters not show that? Or do we wish to try it differently in our time? Do we wish to do it in our way? Then we will never make it! This 'expressionistic' time will pass again. That is because our society is so messy and people no longer see the seriousness of art! Is it perhaps not true?

Since Van Gogh wanted to paint the 'soul' and he did not know his own soul, he lost himself and he no longer knew what he was doing! Is it not simple? When he did not know what 'soul' was, he was faced with his fall. And that fall, Frederik, was spiritually devised, but according to the unconscious traits in this character. It is therefore clear that Van Gogh was a madman at that moment. You must have been it yourself, it is only then that you start to understand such types and people. I understand Van Gogh as myself! Did I not receive that school of learning? Do you believe me when I say that I am grateful that I was able to live in all that misery? What I had to accept during my illness, what I got up to with the neighbour's chickens, was acting unconsciously for Van Gogh. I knew exactly what I was doing and yet I could not prevent it. I was at that moment, I can see myself clearly, a split

person, I lived in the life of those chickens and became like the egg, like that embryo of life. Of course, disharmony, but we are also like that in art and it was precisely as a result of this that Vincent was ruined. A pity ... a good conversation could have cured him, could have kept this life. There are such bad thoughts!

Artists must first get to know themselves, 'penetrate the soul of all life'. It is only after that that the own self comes to the foreground.

If I wish to paint a flower, then I become like that life, otherwise I do not touch the soul, the conscious of that existence. And is it not true? The flower now becomes immaterial, but from the soul I build back to the material conscious. I therefore go precisely upwards in another direction ... higher and higher, and return to the material in order to portray the life. This is why my flowers represent a rarefied world around them. Was this not Thijs Maris (painter 1839 - 1917)? Did he not want that? Was he a dreamer? He wanted to paint the soul, Frederik, and he also managed that for seventy percent expression of will, will power, portrayal of the material. It is as a result of that that I do not appreciate expressionism. I would die from it inwardly. Van Gogh brought it to a downfall! He did not know how he could reach a division of 'soul and spirit' and continued to search. Because I, Frederik, was able to get to know that world and lived in it, I come so far! My soul took the personality there. And when I came into that as a personality, the 'soul' pulled me into an immensity in which all life, whatever it is like, received a little castle, as you say and feel it! But you can open that little castle, Frederik, you can get to know it, because we people stand at the top, just as the Creator wanted it.'

Is it not amazing, I thought, this is our René. Already wonderful for the News. I believe that he will soon write, books, wonderful works, this also awakens under its own power. He also brought this talent with him to this world. When I asked him where he got all these things from, he replied: 'I can feel it like that, it comes from within me, it lives under my heart, Frederik. I learned a great deal because I read about Van Gogh. As a result of that I was faced with his moaning and I discovered the supernatural in his life as an artist. However, his art was not yet supernatural. Do you think this is bragging of me, Frederik? The old masters were like that, Frederik. You cannot fool me that Van Gogh was supernatural, because he did not understand inspiration as such.'

Another time he says of his master:

'My master is completely still, Frederik. I do not get a satisfactory answer from him, the man does not think. Because the man does not release his 'soul' from the material and does not wish to inspire the material by means of his human thinking and feeling, his eternal attunement to everything which

lives, he will not make it. That life stands still! When I gave my explanation about Van Gogh – we were asked anyway – he shrugged his shoulders. But why? He himself stood watching powerlessly. What do you wish to do then, Frederik? If you yourself behave helplessly, do you then have the right to shrug your shoulders about what you do not understand? As a result of this I knew that that man does not think either. And that is the halt for his life. I have no more faith in that man. He does not give me what I am worth and that curbs my development and that of the others. We do not think that we have already made it, oh, absolutely not, we still have to begin. However, the foundations on which we must soon build lie topsy-turvy through each other, you break your neck on them! In this way you do not get any contact with your master and that must happen, if our feelings wish to reach unity. It is only then that he can give me his art. Now we collide and there is no question of spiritual unity for art. But did you not know that, Frederik? If I am wrong, then you must give me advice immediately, you know so much and I am grateful to you for it. My master cannot listen, Frederik, and that is his misfortune, the boys and girls walk away from him. They cannot speak out and that is urgently necessary. The man does not allow himself any time. What would a surgeon have to do? If Father was to treat his patients nonchalantly, I could kill him. A human being is a Divine wonder and you do not deal with such wonders like that. That is why I hate soldiers! Is there any point in breaking your own windows? Do we lash out in the middle of winter like wild animals and do we break the windows, as I did? No, we do not do that. From which you can conclude that people are more economical with the windows than with people, because they crash them just like that to the ground, Frederik, a human being has no value! Must I do my military service? Believe me, I will refuse military service, refuse to murder. Anyway, I have nothing to do with it. They do not want a madman, but they are the ones who are mad! All those people do not know what they are doing, Frederik. As a result of this you can see that they do not think, otherwise they would understand that you may not kill a human being! What kind of animal-like beings are they? If you ask them to listen, then they cannot. Elsje can listen, you and Anna too. I believe that I can also listen and otherwise I will soon learn.'

You keep on hearing the name Elsje, but what he says is the truth! The boys and girls think that he gets everything from books. I know better, his life is awakening! The master is emptiness for him. However, his portraits are getting depth. And a master cannot see that? Now, he says, you are at a dead point. And what does a pupil learn now? Nothing more! The master must take care of the pupil. And that man possesses too little feeling to give that to his pupils. He also adds: 'Impertinence is speaking here! Must I bow my

head to this? I will leave, Frederik, I want another master, one for whom I feel respect. I do not like that man anymore, his social and art conscious are immediately opposite each other and fight for a bit of personality. Is this not poverty? Does it do you good, such talk? That man can talk well, but around the actual matter and core. He does not touch life, soul or spirit! And we need that precisely, otherwise we will never reach depth. That man smothers every talent!

He can talk like that for hours. It is priceless, and that awakens under its own power. I gave him a lot, but not this. If Karel does not go to any trouble he will have already lost his child now. He says about Erica:

‘Have you heard, Frederik, how Mother plays piano? Why does she rattle in such a terrible way on that tender and such sensitive instrument! Must the people outside be able to hear that she can play? She is just throwing herself away with it. I see it as emptiness, it is pathetic. If you play you do it for yourself! I talked to her about it, but then she feels hurt. I said: fine, just get on with it! But what did I do, Frederik? I closed myself off! I have lost her in this, proof that we stand still if we do not wish to bow our heads to the truth, and lose every friendship. You cannot be reached then, your opened life does not want to accept any lies and deception, but Mother does not understand that. When she replied with the exclamation: ‘Just listen to that!’ I sunk into a depth. I tore away from her life. It hurt me terribly, but she did not feel it. If she could have said: what do you want me to do? then I could have explained to her how it should be done! Do the masters rattle like that on the keyboard as she does? I know that Mother is not a master, but she has great talent. In this way you smother this talent! She is attached to the sound, to the keys, not to inspiration. Her hands hit the instrument, not her spirit or soul, not with her feeling, no, materially she carries out to what she should devote her personality! Am I perhaps wrong? Can you stand her playing? Do you not tremble and shake from her harsh and meaningless temperament? Must I say that I like it when my ‘soul’ screams as a result of this rape? Mozart turns in his grave. This is no longer happiness, no longer understanding, this is destruction! What you told me, about when ... yes, that was inspiration, but from me! As a result of this you can accept that the soul is and will remain a personality!’

I got a fright when I heard that from him. And does he see it wrong? Must we agree with Erica with her rattling? Of course, now and again she plays full of feeling. But you hear that once very ten years. When she was carrying René, she could play. I am now starting to understand for the first time how she reached that height at that time. It was René! I opened the logbook and was proved right. Now he is already saying it, the wonders of this life receive conscious and feeling, it becomes ‘knowledge’! The masks fall. What we have

had to wait for for so long manifests itself of its own accord! This life is that far! This sensitivity, this conscious, lived in Erica and she was one with it. Erica experienced the life and possessed more conscious, more feeling to play and to make music. Before René entered her she lacked this emotional life. This has nothing to do with Franz Liszt, but for spiritualists it is trance! I do not like that trance, we are it ourselves, first a thousand times ourselves, it is only then that spiritual inspiration comes over us. However, what we can do ourselves cannot be given to other people, try it, then you will be faced with a gap and you will lose all grip. These are now the cracks, which I experienced and as a result of which I almost perished. Is René different? I believe now that my thinking came to me directly from Erica, so that I saw things soberly. I did not look through myself through the mask, it was he. I did not influence him, but he influenced me! Here, lying under the Pyramid, I received an answer to all my questions. This world is open to them, you must escape the sober West for this purpose. People do not think about this, otherwise a human being would not have violated himself and all the other life. It would also start to see the Divine matters differently, which is not possible now. It is obvious that the Old Testament can no longer tell us tales of harshness and hate from God. We no longer believe that. If the human being must live in love, would God not do that and always have done that? I do not yet have the foundations for this, but I cannot possibly think differently about this.

René inspired Erica! That Erica wanted to jump out the window had nothing to do with René, this was her weak character. That she wanted to drink spirits, also originated from her own longings; René does not drink! It was her rebellious self. Her glowing working was the growth and awakening process of the child, which experienced a materialisation as far as her throat. Erica was not a conscious mother, she was half-conscious for motherhood and as a result of this she lost her normal thinking and feeling, the bearing and experiencing of her child.

Because the soul is a personality, the child could pass onto the mother that it would soon be a boy! Is it not amazing, now that we see those masks fall and can look behind and into the life? That boy was like a spark! That spark reached awakening and already knew in the maternal body to manifest infallibly that the life was a boy! There is therefore progress after this life! The soul is itself in this and a human personality! Hans, we lay stone upon stone, but these stones are true foundations for His University! This is the way it is!

The power of René pushed Erica out of her balance. Does a flower not groan when it is faced with budding? Just try listening in the spring to nature. Everywhere you hear that groaning, and that is also a birth, a becoming conscious. Erica recognised that she was not yet ready for motherhood! Other mothers find this wonderful process very ordinary and natural, but those

mothers are ready for it! The others are either oversensitive or are just not yet that! And they must master that emotional power for motherhood! However, in thousands of other things they experience personally and exactly the same ... because you now see, as René feels it and says, the impoverishment of such a character trait before you. Now the human being stands completely naked before you and you can know him from all his carry-on! But just try making inward comparisons now? Then the West is poverty, because we have squandered, raped, smothered the natural laws in ourselves. Is this so strange?

This is why Anna could say: Erica will not commit suicide; Anna felt intuitively that this life was a split personality. And the dominant part lived in her and that part did not think of suicide, that life wanted to start its own becoming conscious on earth. If Erica had been stronger, then she would have known nothing else but great happiness, but she smashed that happiness in her to smithereens and made a chaos of it. Now it became destruction, the severance of the natural process, everyday misery, unconsciousness!

None of the mothers who wrote to me were ready for it. They had not yet reached the conscious grade for motherhood. From that I conclude that motherhood and fatherhood possess an own world and that people like us can experience types, therefore grades. The child mother, the wife and the man mother are now the worlds for the actual human character. In their own way, but according to the inner awakening all those mothers experience this pregnancy and show themselves as the process is. Whether you live badly or good and pure is something else, the soul brings along its own laws; the personality of the child creates already from the moment that the fertilisation and the attracting of a soul took place. I see it like that now, at that time they were masks to me!

But, oh, if René soon treats these laws? What will we experience then? I believe that it will rain sphere sounds ... and it is only then that we will be able to put on our little sandals. Did I see that death a moment ago? Now he is becoming a human being! Now he is universally deep and he knows the laws. Now he can speak to our life, that was not possible before. Then we placed him in a grave. Now we are standing on top of it and are weaving wreaths for our loved ones! Is that not worthwhile? It is a universe!

Here come Mohammed and René. I really believe that he has become years older. When Mohammed comes to me and says:

‘Come, Frederik, we have no time to lose, we are leaving’, I know for sure that these thoughts were not from me! And now we see that the human, born telepathy can perform wonders and is a supernatural phenomenon. And you receive that through your soul, your life, your spirit? The personality now reacts and is in harmony with the other life and being! Is it not simple? What we call life, is working, Karel, but with thoughts, with feeling, conscious

thinking. That is the personality, which probably acquired independence through millions of lives. What now lives on earth, was not yet that far for millions of years, flashed through my brain, which is becoming more and more spacious and knows how to act quickly when it comes to it.

René looks at me like a reborn person and says:

‘Isn’t it amazing, Frederik? Your own words, but they say so much more.’

I do not yet know what Mohammed actually got up to with him, but it is reflected in a lively way on René’s face, his eyes twinkle as a result of it and his whole figure has become powerful from it. I now see him differently, I did not yet know this life like that; awakening has come as a result of a walk. I understand it very certainly, they were one in ‘feeling, soul and spirit’! One life served the other, because the other is open to it and has mastered those laws. I am not yet that far, you must first behave strangely for that!

The suitcases are quickly packed and now it is a case of going to Mohammed’s castle. We will spend the night there, probably stay a few days, but then we will go to the Sultan to close ourselves off for a while and to start René’s development. What the boy gets to see is supernatural for him. Mohammed is rich and can give him everything. He says to me:

‘I am satisfied, Frederik. I saw his life, you will experience wonders there.’

When these people touch a law, they immediately fall into the polite form of address. I always find that very remarkable. When they talk about another person’s life and possession, that respect comes forward and you get a rich feeling, because it does you good that those Divine treasures get human conscious and represent soul and spirit. You are now suddenly released from yourself and are faced with the gigantic conscious in which these Orientals live. René already noticed that and he finds it necessary. Now you cannot take hold of any walking stick in order to beat the light out of life. Just get hold of this, Karel, I thought, you will not be able to believe your eyes, but I will soon bring you a master in the home, a new birth, a ‘winged one’! You know, my dear Hans, how deep the human soul is? What do you know about it? It is becoming more difficult for you every day. But then a human soul like that would not have had any value either. Now it is universal ... What you make of its life is darkness! But just get on with it, René will teach you the laws, and then you will lie at his feet!

René cannot get enough of it. Egypt has a great charm for him. He deals with everything in silence. The mastership in his life lies on the surface of this life and will soon reveal itself, because an infallible hand steers this life. You do not see haughtiness in him, he follows us like a happy child and is one with Mohammed. We drive in his beautiful car from village to village, from town to town and we enjoy a trip along the world’s oldest culture. Black and brown wave at him and he gives that life from his western abundance, which

now experiences a new birth. You see him, I already said, changing every hour. We possess a precious life as a result of this madman ... who apologises when he thinks: I am not sure, you can help me; a simplicity, the laws of which Mohammed knows.

When we enter the palace of Mohammed – his servants already knew that we were on our way – and René sees and has to accept that people here understand and feel that he is a human being for whom people have respect, he has tears in his eyes. ‘What did I do to deserve this’, he utters, but Mohammed reassures him, by pressing his narrow hand on one of his shoulders. ‘In this wealth, it is easy to rest’, passes the lips of this Dutch child again, in whom language and environment of own race (see article ‘There are no races’ on rulof.org) are disappeared like snow under a rigid sun. Meanwhile we have sought out our rooms. René will remain by me, we are separated from each other by a cloth. Mohammed will let us know when he hopes to see us. Erica and Karel’s child talks to me as if we left home ten years ago, the old landscape lies so far away from his life, the conscious from there sunk so deeply into that other, this new life, which has now become a strong personality.

When the time approaches when we will be together with Mohammed, René is moved, as if he feels that his life is touched. Mohammed is busy! René experiences his spiritual atmosphere and all his powers and laws. We experience how the soul of this life falls asleep. We sit around this life, a few high priests, Mohammed and I. René has lain down on a settee and soon fell asleep. Anyone who sees him lying there will think that he is in normal sleep. What did Mohammed do? Nothing! It is his influence, which brings a division between soul and material, spirit and personality. It all happens of its own accord, the life of René is ready for it! I am curious what I will now get to hear. His life is somewhat sensed. Without any fuss this life has been released from the material shackles and the soul can go where it wants to itself, which now happens at the command of a master experienced in the occult laws. We do not say a word, we wait for a quarter of an hour for a sign that Mohammed wants to see before he begins. He says to me:

‘You see, Frederik, that this sensitivity can connect us with the universe? Soon you will receive the proof for it.’

In the room where we are I can now smell a lovely herb smell, we would say: incense, but these herbs have their own character. I get to hear that they are used in the Temples of Ra, Ré and Isis, and that he knows the concoction for it. We sit in the silk, between the sculptures and the art of a spiritual sovereign, such as Hans, who possesses a rich environment anyway, has not yet seen. However, then the lips murmur and the inner life of René is ready to explain the laws of the inner and universal life to us. When Mohammed

asks:

‘Can you hear me?’ he immediately gets an answer. And now we hear questions being asked and answers being given.

‘Are you conscious of my word?’

‘Yes!’ there comes ...

‘Can you see me?’

‘Yes.’

Mohammed initially asks questions in English ... but a moment later he transfers to a language which I do not understand, probably temple language. After a few questions I hear what this means. Mohammed says:

‘Frederik, this is Rachi-Hadju in person. Ancient Egypt is present. I will now go into his world in order to make this life, the past, conscious. See you soon, we do not wish to be disturbed in any way, do not forget that!’

Now we experience, the others along with me, that two people fall asleep and remain asleep. This process lasts two and a half hours. I remain awake, understanding that enormous laws are experienced here. Their aura reaches me and elevates me into that incomprehensible experience. Suddenly I hear Mohammed saying to me:

‘Frederik, we are now between life and death. We see into this universe, and René is free from his material systems. We will now move. Soon you will hear me again and you can ask me a few questions.’

A quarter of an hour passes again. Then we hear:

‘Where do you think that we are?’

‘I do not know.’

‘We have risen above the earth’s surface. We now see the earth as a circle, as you see the moon. I am starting to feel the laws as a result of which we experience this wonder, we also now receive the spiritual inspiration, which comes to us here straight from the higher worlds of existence. Now, Frederik, every law created by God lies open to us. You would already be able to ask questions there now. However, what we are concerned with is René’s awakening for this inner conscious. What he sees here, he will soon possess there and namely for the day-conscious self, so that his life remains insured against every attack in this area. If you can feel this, then your life will understand that we will open him.

If you wish to have a few pieces of proof, Frederik, then ask your questions.’

I immediately asked:

‘Can you hear me, René?’

Mohammed says: ‘Do not mention his name, Frederik, you will disturb his life with this. You will awaken the life and that may not happen.’

‘I said it wrong ...’, I send to the life of René, I will repeat my question.

‘Can you hear me now? Can you hear that I am speaking to your life?’

There comes: 'What do you wish to know?'
 'Is there a death?'
 'No!'
 'There is therefore eternal life.'
 'Yes!'
 'Do you know who I am?'
 'I know that!'
 'Do you know where we come from?'
 'I know that!'
 'Will you be able there to know the God of all life?'
 'I know Him!'
 'Do you wish us to stay here?'
 'No, we will go back.'
 'Do you also know your symptoms of madness?'
 'I know all of them!'
 'Without distinction?'
 'Indeed!'
 'What must I do for your life?'
 'Nothing, you will wait, I will soon tell you how to act.'
 'Also for going back?'
 'For everything, for your life and my life.'
 'Do you know the personalities whom you now have to do with?'
 'Do you mean Erica, Karel and Anna, Hans, Elsje?'
 'Precisely, so you are also aware of those lives there?'
 'Of course, I am!'
 'Then we could be jubilant?'
 'Thank him for all these mercies!'
 'Can you tell me something about the Old Testament?'
 'Later!'
 'Was Christ on Earth?'
 'Yes!'
 'So His life and suffering are not legends, as some people claim?'
 'No, no, no!'
 'Do you know why the Apostles fell asleep?'
 'Yes!'
 "Were you in Temples in previous lives?"
 'Just like you, Anna and Elsje! I can now see where ... Marja is!'
 'It is not true, is it?'
 'Do you not believe me? Write something down, I will read it to you.'
 I wrote: 'Where is she then?' And his lips gave the answer:
 'You wish to know where she is? I can see her, but I will keep that to my-

self. When it is time, you will get to know my love. Believe me in everything, however strange it may be to your life, or you will tear yourself from this contact. I do not tolerate disbelief! Do you believe me?’

‘In everything!’

‘Hold onto this for your own life. Do not allow another conscious to manifest itself between you and me or you will lose me. Now, my brother, I am ‘soul and spirit’! I am in all the laws of Him! This is your university! Also mine. You will give your faculty a personality. We will begin soon!’

‘Then I will wait patiently, I am satisfied.’

‘Thank you!’

We sit for another ten minutes, but then both lives awaken. Mohammed first, then René follows. Nothing can be seen about him, but when he looks at me, my life is lit up glowingly, my heart pounds up to my throat with happiness and joy about all these wonderful events, which all of this humanity is searching for. I fall down before René and would like to kiss his feet. But then he says:

‘Never do that again, Frederik! There will be others who will have to do that, but not you, you are opened to me, you stand next to, in and around me like the building in which I live.’

We go to sleep. The next fortnight is used to open the life in different ways to the material. Every evening René goes to sleep. When three weeks have passed, he is so far that he can answer questions during the day, but according to the laws. Then we go on our way to the high priests, Erica’s harem. What René receives there is amazing. We experience services, such as they were experienced in ancient Egypt. I get the inspiration to put him to sleep as soon as such a thing is necessary. He and I are being worked upon. However, René will explain these laws to me later, because that is not possible now. The masters here accept his mastership. René is sitting under spiritual nobility, the harem ladies of Erica are now his pupils, his followers, high and low have sacred respect for this master! René is initiated as a high priest, the highest for his life and that of mine, such as for everyone, who comes into contact with his soul and spirit. The high priests will then ask him questions and all those questions will have to be answered. Now he will have to prove whether he exceeds all those great ones, whether he is a new ‘winged one’ or not! We prepare ourselves for that. But we do by horse ride, by absorbing all this natural beauty, by speaking to the priests and the priestesses, by being one with the East, and with the West also, because he writes letters to Father, Mother and Anna. He will then receive the symbol of his worth through the high priest, the Lotus ...!

A fortnight has meanwhile passed. The wisdom must awaken in him, he must say: go and make the preparations, I am ready. One morning, when he

awakens, he says to me:

‘Frederik, I have made it. Can you feel my happiness?’

‘I can feel it, little René.’

‘Say that again, Frederik!’

‘Soon, when you are ready, when you know the laws for life and death through and through, I wish to repeat it thousands of times if necessary.’

And then we sit in a circle together. I count seventy-five heads, of which forty-seven men as priests, the rest priestesses. René is lying on a kind of cross, wrapped in a beautiful garment, the gift from Mohammed, which possesses more value for him than one guilder forty cents which Erica valued it at, when she sold his first garment as a result of her pathetic conscious. On Else’s wedding day people asked him why he did not put on his garment. The answer was:

‘When the time comes for it, not before then!’

And this is the hour! This is the second! When I saw him and blushed from happiness, he said:

‘Now the time has come, Frederik, to wear such a garment. Does it suit me?’

He is lying there now. He is still awake, his day conscious can still hear and see, but soon that conscious will fly into the universe of God in order to answer the questions which are asked there. I know from Mohammed that people now think that they can go through Buddha, through the very greatest to the new life, in order to establish that this is a cosmic master. If people wish to accept him here, he must be capable of explaining and analysing the laws for the Divine universe, for human being, animal, flower and plant. He must also be capable of bringing the universe to the human being; he must be able to give everyone a satisfactory answer and prove by that, that he is a conscious being. I think: my God, where will it take me?

The state in which he lives is so far that the powers of Sjowhoeá and those of Mohammed reach unity. Consecrated music sounds. Delicious herbs are lit. A soft red luminous haze with transparent blue gives this space a fantastic mask. It is sacred here. The women lay kneeled next to the priests. I in their midst. When the preparations are done, the very first steps for a good reception have been taken, René’s eyes close. We sit down on soft cushions and follow the powers which enter us. I am no longer a material being, I now float and live between heaven and earth, between life and death. It takes a moment, then I hear a voice ask:

‘Where are you?’

There immediately comes: ‘My soul has gone out, I am one with the laws for life and death.’

‘Do you believe in reincarnation?’

'I am it!
 "Do you believe in the returning of the soul?"
 "It is I!"
 'Can you see through darkness and light?'
 'I can see in it.'
 'Where do you wish to go?'
 'Where you command!'
 'See then whether He is with us!'
 'He is with you!'
 'Do you wish to go back to the beginning of this Creation?'
 'I am in it!'
 'What can you see?'
 'Nothing, I live in a darkness which is not dark!'
 'Perfect. Go millions of years further!'
 "I can see the hazes awakening!"
 'What can you see then?'
 'A lightened and condensed universe.'
 'Perfect, and what happens then?'
 'The splitting of the Divine personality.'
 'And what emerged from that?'
 'New life, the universe in which we are.'
 'Can you follow that?'
 'Give me a thousand years of material life and I will explain the laws to you.'
 'It is clear, it is impossible to start with it, you give masterly answers, we understand you. Do you know the laws for soul and spirit?'
 'Yes, for human being, animal and plant, flower and water, for all the life spaces of God.'
 'Could you say of yourself that you are an 'omniscient' in our world?'
 'I can say that of myself.'
 'Because you know?'
 'That that inspiration also comes to me!'
 'Can you continue?'
 'Just continue, I will wait.'
 'Do you know whether we can reach your height?'
 'You, most certainly, but after this!'
 'After this life.'
 'You must see it like that.'
 'Can you see the laws of the universe?'
 'I am one with Fatherhood and Motherhood here.'
 'Tell me, were we first plant, then animal and only then human being?'

'You were first human being, then animal and afterwards plant!'

'This is new to us, do you know that?'

'I go further and deeper for your lives.'

'Is your word law?'

'Yes, at all times, for every life grade, as space, as light, as life, for Fatherhood and Motherhood, reincarnation, new life, illness, health, madness ... all the laws for it, justice ... I am an omniscient in that!'

'We accept you! Have you anything else to say?'

René now takes them to thousands of laws. He talks about the condensing times in the universe, about the child being born in the mother, and also says:

'If you wish to experience these wonders, then follow love! Why do you not get married? As a result of this I could declare to you that you are sponging! Are you shocked? Why must other mothers give birth and give birth, and you do not give yourself? Marry, unite, be one in everything! Give yourself completely and give new material possession to the existence between life and death. Do you not see, do you not know that thousands of souls are waiting for an organic body? Have her symptoms not shown you that she destroyed herself? Do you not know the grades of madness, by means of which we establish that these souls deformed the material tissue? Anyone who murders must go back to the earth, but anyone who sponges puts himself outside God's Creation and misses the possibility to continue? Because God is a Father of love you get a new body. If you wish to be reincarnated, then ensure this universal return. Do you sense what I can see?'

I already get my questions answered which I asked before as a result of this. If René soon goes into it deeper, these masks will fall and the laws will be explained. Oh, my God, how happy I am. The high priest goes into it and asks his cosmic questions. Our boy answers them infallibly, they cannot find any flaw in that argument. This questioning lasts two hours. They race from Buddha to Socrates, the holy Ramacrishna is not forgotten either, life and death are touched and sounded out and those masks also fall. Hell and devil fall. We get to know God as we have not known Him before! Then René awakens, under his own power. When he reaches consciousness, he receives the Lotus! He presses the symbol full of happiness and love to his heart and kisses it. His eyes are like balls of light, but then his being returns to the own existence and his whole being changes. Now it is celebration time. We are spoilt, priestesses bring in delicacies. All this tasty food does us good and we leave. When we are alone, he says:

'Do you know, Frederik, where I was?'

'Well, René?'

'At home ...! I saw Mother and Father, Anna, Elsje and Hans. I could

tell you a lot about their lives, but that will come later. I am happy, our life is beginning. This humanity gets to see and experience our gifts and my conscious as a Divine message! However, I have not yet worked it out. The masters must first take me to task now.'

We sleep. And we sleep well too. When we awaken in the morning, the first thing we do is have a bath, eat and drink something, horse ride. The whole day is for ourselves. A fortnight passes. Then he feels ready again for the following séances. Both grand masters now descend into his life. Now the subconscious is awakened. What another person needs a thousand years to achieve, they do in a few hours, because he possesses the conscious grade. This is necessary for him, if he wants to see into that depth soon and explain the laws for it. We reach unity with that life, a grade of sleep, the laws of which they know. They are now capable of going to sleep under the ground, but those skills lie far from us, since this smothers the spiritual development. We already followed this path, Frederik, in ancient Egypt. It is only known to a few people. Rachi-Hadju and René, who represent one life, know these laws. The first is a born priest. In the Temples of Ra, Ré and Isis this life receives the first instruction. In this life he moves the Divine beacons to the West! We are therefore one in everything! Happiness with him, happiness for all of us; we will observe his laws, change will come here!

We have already been on our way for three months. We are still with Hammed, he has just experienced the last phases for his development. He is accepted in everything, he gave the universal word in everything, there is not another answer! I was beside myself with joy.

However, the day of departure has been decided. We will travel to Italy, Budapest, Vienna and Berlin. We must add on weeks to the trip, so that René can recover. The priests wants us to return to Holland completely sure of ourselves. I will then have time on the way to make notes for our logbook and to add to what I already wrote down.

I was able to experience wonders. I must receive explanations from René himself. I do not know what happened between life and death. I was not able to follow those laws, do not understand them either, but I hope to learn a lot from them, thanks to René!

In the distance we can see our beloved friends becoming smaller and smaller. Mohammed takes us to the nearest station, where we take the Orient to go further. Saying goodbye is difficult, but those people know how to cope with it.

The boy quenches his thirst with all the beautiful things which he sees. A natural working, Karel, has taken place for your son, what the great ones were able to experience and receive, is now spiritual art! When we come home, he says, I must not worry, he will tune into that and they will see

nothing about him ... at least not this: they will be able to hear it.

In Budapest we experience the art, also in Vienna. That city has his full attention, the wonderful museum speaks to him. 'Can you believe', he says, 'Frederik, that the people sometimes stand looking at products, which they made in previous lives? How we are progressing, aren't we? Rubens and Van Dyck, the wonderful Italians, my God', he says, 'the things this humanity received. For what purpose do we live? We, Frederik, bring conscious! My paintings, you will see that, are a side issue, Frederik, it is the word which counts!'

We enjoy the operas. He sinks completely into his own world under the spell of song and love. You feel him enjoying himself inwardly, it is worthwhile sitting next to him and following him in everything. What a great deal this life has to give.

The next day, when we look in the streets of Vienna at all those beautiful things, he nips into a shop and buys a pearl cross with a chain. I do not know why, but I will hear that later. I do not want to ask him everything; I am already beside myself with what he gives me.

Then we leave for Berlin. We stay there a week. Our friends adore him, the young life reveals itself, but he does not go into anything. If you hear for a moment what he has to say, you are faced with a professor in psychology, such as there has never been before, a world wonder! The peace from his life radiates towards you and many people feel that. In addition, he is now a beautiful boy!

After a few days he says:

'Frederik, I am ready, we are going home. The East has been conquered. It cost a great deal of strength, but I have made it.'

The letters are already on their way, they know there when we are coming. He gives a great deal to the poor of Berlin, it actually rolls from his pockets. They have spoilt him, people consider him a spiritual sovereign, there in the mad East, where the people are so open to spiritual gain, where they devote absolutely everything. You could be moved by it. He is like a child and yet an old man, but that will now reveal itself to Karel, Erica, Hans and Anna. Elsje will get the most beautiful thing of his life. I do not yet know why, but it will be fine like everything.

I am just bursting with impatience. He notices it, because we know each other so well. I walk like his spiritual father next to him. Our souls are one, but I long for the word. I have a great deal to ask him. It is wonderful worldly wisdom! I think: oh, Satan, now you have an opponent! The circus-like West will awaken through this life. You have sucked the people empty for long enough for Christ and led them to the slaughter. Now they will start to think.

We hear the sign for departure, the Mid Europe heaves homewards with us. We lie in our sleeping compartment, I think of everything which I was able to experience and receive. It goes well, the masks fall off and the human being learns to see himself differently and will start to value the other life. He established the speed from the whistle and reaches unity with rain, wind and speed. And he can do that, because his life has been awakened! I am not yet that far!

I close my eyes, because I want to arrive fresh. This short trip has taken centuries! However, very probably the last one. I am still a human being, I do not see things in advance, but can sense a great deal and that develops of its own accord, as he can also accept. And again I can say ... Frederik, your small empty letters receive a stamp, just hand them in. You will certainly not be sent away. What a happiness I see, is it considerable joy? I believe it, because I was able to get to know that certainty. I prepare myself from a distance for the next scene, I believe that I will take lessons. My prof is lying there sleeping and is awake at the same time, because the soul never sleeps, always, eternally, life, working, natural evolution can be seen, which we take part in!

Frederik, you can now ask me questions

The reception at home was a revelation for René. Hans and Elsje were also there. The boy could not stop talking about it but kept quiet about a lot of things. He told precisely what they could deal with, the rest remained safely hidden in his inside chambers. In his heart, where so much lives which they have no understanding of, have no feeling for, and that they would probably already ridicule by one unconscious remark. He prevents that happening and knows what his learned father can deal with; Erica does not get anymore either than her soul can deal with. He handed out his presents, but no one got to see the pearl cross and I did not breathe a word about it. When we were finished talking, he says: I am now going to tune into the portrait of Elsje. Hans, I will make something beautiful of it. Hans thought it was wonderful, Elsje too of course. It is a remarkable world! You start to think as a result of it when you are sitting like that amongst your friends and feel an underground or supernatural unity of people, who let their eyes flicker and as a result of that talk from heart to heart, but which you must accept a moment later, as if a knob was turned and a nickel worked the wonder. Especially if the person whom it concerns behaves as if hearts mean nothing and you feel that the wealth of another means nothing to you, because you never get a hold of it yourself. There is no one amongst us who thinks that these souls belong to each other, that means René and Elsje, such is this friendship, the benevolence of which Hans absorbs in himself and for his wonder. From Erica feelings sometimes come which you can follow directly and could give a material name to, because those longings are so meaningful! And a moment later again you see and have to accept that it is not the case. What then? Yet something is brewing in our midst as we are together like this. You can feel it! But none of us knows it! It is there and it is not there! However, I believe that an intimate conversation is taking place amongst us, that two souls are busy weaving wreathes, go hand in hand, float through the universe, and do not yet know it themselves. But, woe betide, if this awakens!

Erica now knows that my harem is a temple, where the great people of the earth come to find their support. The human being who has been weighed and found wanting, souls who are broken, hearts which were broken by material misery, poor and rich, you see everything there together, if you want to take the trouble to make your trip. What a pity that not everyone can enjoy this! I know it and Erica also knows it: millions of souls do not have an hour to spare for it, they are materially tuned in and will remain so. However, the blow hit the mark!

When René told how he was received there by my old friends, I saw Hans and Karel becoming gloomy. Not Elsje, who started to live and shone like the crown of Buddha, it was an eastern light, of which you see the hazy blue dawn coming up as we were able to see there. She could start reciting poetry now just like that, but as a result of circumstances she also keeps her mouth shut and the tension is fading away, but the birth for it and of it remains. It is a seed, which is put in the universal ground by an unknown working and grows, which you can do nothing about, change nothing about! You are sitting there yourself and think, you feel that powers influence your pathetic life, because thought is free. In this way worlds are elevated, worlds came into being, because you experienced a heaven or a hell with the very first thought, purgatory is also possible, but I do not believe in that. Since God is a Father of love, there can be no eternal burning, because all those people go further!

Elsje is a divine rose, which you would like to steal. Her breath of life gives you expansion, because her eyes possess space. Listen to her play and listen to Erica, it is night and day. And to think that this woman can do this by her own means. I no longer believe now that she is from a farming background, Hans can tell me another one. And you do not hear the real one either. We think that is wonderful, but this spiritual talent flies through your veins and brings zest for living to you, a world where there is no death. When they left a vase of flowers fell. Erica says: that is good luck. Anna has a different opinion about it and said: I am left with the mess, why can't you watch out, you are just behaving as if all those things do not matter. When all of us went into it, the vase cost forty-five guilders and forty-seven cents, converted to Dutch currency, because Hans had brought it from Germany. That was during his last time – Hansi is stuck to it. I thought: look, it is just as if people want to smother, want to wipe out old memories. I must say, this is thorough. And who did it? Elsje threw on her beautiful fur coat, and listen! Clash! Coincidence? I do not know ... but it is a pity! The dear child blushed from it. Hans said: you must buy a new one for it. Karel also thought the same about it. Erica looked disconcerted ... she did not know anymore. However, René had been upstairs a long time.

And now I record those things. I had my hands full with work for the first weeks. René is studying hard, he has made at least twenty sketches of Elsje. I wait until I may ask him questions. I have arranged everything in such a way that I get an extensive overview of what happened before and which we did not understand. As a result of this the masks must now fall. Lying under the Pyramid I already got an answer to many things. However, now his answer, his command, I now assume that his word is law.

Yet he let me wait four months. It is spring again, I have waited all of the

long winter, actually begged for a word, but I did not get it. Life went on, Karel and Hans have their work, Elsje is often here. If she sees any chance, you can find her here with Erica and they play all kinds of things for themselves. The portrait which René made of Elsje, was a wonderful success. He is now getting orders already, older artists are jealous of what the boy achieves. And yet, I keep hearing it, his painting is only a side issue. One morning he tells me: "Soon I start to write, Frederik. I will write articles under a pseudonym, you will approve of them, I know that in advance." I thought: just look at that, he knows exactly what he wants. And then there came:

"Under the name of Rachi-Hadju, Frederik. Never mention my name, we will have fun with it. I will get them here."

I thought: that is going well. But he let me wait. When we were outside last week, he promised:

"Now it will come soon, Frederik. Just have patience. Will it take too long for you? I cannot do anything about it either. You must just ask Rachi in silence."

I do not do that, it would be a birth too soon and I know all about those little children. That will be a great misery. I therefore waited patiently, arranged my affairs for this contact. What I now get can only take place through stolen half hours. He must go to his new master, a famous painter. I mess about a bit, but I do a great deal. Everything receives an extra edge. We already know equal powers seen as phenomena. I wrote this down for the logbook:

What he made of Elsje's portrait, I now see before me as true laws, which are experienced by the human being and as a result of which Erica received her misery. What is life aura for René, the aura of the soul, which he laid down around her head as if the supernatural laws had made a wreath of forget-me-nots, daisies, lilies-of-the-valley, with the yellow buttercup in the middle, symbol of simplicity, soberness, sweet sensible views, which you can see just like that along the Dutch fields and meadows, which the cows have their pleasure from and which makes the milk whiter and thicker, creamier and more tasty, is a jumble of phenomena to me in which I cannot lose myself anyway, because I am starting to know his life, but especially because the masks fall and can be explained. I know that my comparison goes too far, but you can see this Dutch landscape before you, since René remains himself in everything and you can now treat an invisible phenomenon for the first time materially. Hans said of the portrait that it had nothing to do with paint anymore, it was a soul! Karel said nothing. He had his own opinion about it, I believe. Anna found it a revelation and I no less. When I thought about this, I was immediately faced with Erica and her phenomena and I could begin. I check René, I follow him, as I followed Mohammed, and get my thoughts sent.

The first phenomena started with Erica, when René was not yet conscious that he, from wherever he came, lived in the mother. I now ask the question:

Was he in a world, which is made suitable for that by God? That cannot be any other way! Soon I only need to hear his yes or no with the next explanation and I will be finished. Now I go back to my youth. I examined myself! When I laid myself under the microscope, I saw life, that was only inspired by me. The soul for this life, Mohammed says, comes from its own world and prepares itself for the new birth. This also passed René's lips when people asked him all those questions. He was the soul himself! But as a personality! By means of numerous lives the soul has mastered this personality. By means of fatherhood and motherhood! The soul as a personality is father and mother. God makes no distinction in this! This is ruled out, there is no injustice! We as men walk next to creation. We do not experience anything! We just have to give ourselves and that is serving. As a result of this we ensure a new body if we have to come back to the earth again one day. In that respect the theosophists are right! But I will hear about that.

With Erica there were phenomena which no one understood. All her doctors were completely off the mark. They pulled their hair from their heads, nothing helped, they were powerless and could only bow to it. A pity? I can see now that people cannot say that. They are not yet that far, this is the conscious of this humanity. Before, thousands of years ago, this conscious was still jungle-like, there were no towns, there was no art, no learning, none of everything which we now already possess and by which we are happy. I established then that the soul was busy revealing itself. Since this conscious life had to start again on a life from the spark stage, the past comes to the fore. And the mother who is one with the soul of the child – which is not a child for the universe, you must only see it as birth, there is no more to be recorded – absorbs those feelings in her. Now you are faced with millions of grades or kinds of worlds of conscious, because each soul is different. Every human being is different. Every human being represents an own world, an own character, which is the personality. You find good and evil in it; you see the dictionary in the human being. And that will awaken. The mad people are also to be found there. Mothers who give birth to mad people, can experience strange phenomena, but they are then no longer strange. What is melancholy, weakness? If the personality is strong enough to experience this, there is nothing. But Erica was not yet that far. I now also understand why mothers are clairvoyant.

They get this heightened feeling by means of their children. Mothers who give birth to mad people and are one with their children for nine months, do not need to experience anything, because the soul itself has nothing to give. That soul is apathetic or dominant, as I was able to see and record in Hans'

institution. This now tells me that there are souls which leave the mother in peace and there are some who penetrate the day conscious. Now the mother can feel something of her new life and they are also phenomena. You can now establish from the phenomena in which direction they take you. A soul as a human being, the personality of which in a previous life, because it is that, has shattered everything, nothing has changed in that life. Now that wild, passionate conscious awakens again, but in the mother, and now deforms the tender organic tissue. The pressure of this conscious deforms the material. I turn pages and now see that I am right; anything else cannot explain this. Now life and death lie open to me! A death discards the mask when dying? You can only see a death then, when the child is born, because dying is living! The soul as a personality comes into a world and will await the new birth there. People ... the laws which rush at me. These are thousands of letters from Our Lord! I will arrange them soon and edit them, but then it will be a book!

Hooray ...! Long live Death ...! Long live Life ...! is written in the logbook, I have got to know both of them. Now I am faced with a laughing face, which assures me that I am right. There is no death! I have already known it for so long, now I can accept it! What dying is, is alive. Or you will carry on now, or you will come back here for a while to do something. To what purpose? I must not go too far. I must try to stop that cosmic pressure, because otherwise all those things will bowl me over. I will then go into a universal ditch and that must not happen. I must first decide upon the phenomena of Erica and then I will continue. However, since I now know that there is no death, the soul returns here and becomes a material being again, I am able to make a great deal of things dissolve and we see Erica and René in a different light. Because that is my intention. As a result of this I get foundations and I see my university being born. The embellishment comes through René, he takes care of the colours!

That Erica was there and was not there, could hear her conversations, came, I already said, through René. That science claims that the soul lives on earth first is therefore absolute nonsense! Of course the academics now see only life. And that life calls them to a halt. But this life is a personality. That life has certainly been man and woman millions of times. As a result of this there are no children. What we see as the child, is the flower bud for Mother Nature. It is also the flower, if you are standing before it in the winter, but now that same flower is in the tree, is part of the blood of the tree and reaches the new birth of its own accord when spring comes. What wretches we people are. You now see, I say to myself, how bad people are thinking here in the sober West.

Also a tree, a flower, a jungle; I said at the beginning of our path – I told it

for Hans and myself – soon I will go to nature, then to the animal kingdom and of course the human being, but then we will climb as far as the universe. Hans thought then: he's off his rocker! Now he must tell me once more that I am off my rocker; I will then give him a spiritual-scientific hiding through René and Rachi-Hadju, as he has never had before. But that will come later, as long as we just begin. I will then call all the faculties together and it is only then that we will experience universal lectures! Oh, my goodness, all the things I see. Just let René wait a while, I myself am not nearly ready.

But can you feel it too? If you see a bush in the wintertime, just take your own plants, then the flower already lives in the tender little stems. You do not see the flower, but it is there anyway! This is now exactly the same for human being, animal and all life, that must give birth and create! The flower is in the material, that is the space for a flower. The soul as a human being possesses a universe. But do you feel, Frederik, how close those worlds actually live next to each other anyway? The soul as human being comes back into the material world from its space. Because a flower does not possess that world, that space therefore for the human being, you hold both the inner and the material world for natural birth in your hand, when you pull off a piece of wood from such a trunk. And for us people that is also exactly the same, because we are also soul and material. Only now there is an event which was still death for me a few years ago, but that has now become 'eternal' life!

Now you know all of nature. Where you see life, you see soul and material there. If a new birth comes, then that is the material life for the flower and the plant. Until that plant dies out, that tree too, no longer gives apples and pears – fruit is also a part of it, that is all a birth, but for a sort independence – then the inner life goes on and has then experienced the material world, and according to me now, conquered it. That life returns to a higher existence!

When I later present René with my questions, he can then explain the actual law to me with only a few words and I can continue. I now understand that I am preparing myself for him. We now do one work, he is awakening and I am busy awakening. And I get the knowledge for this. This can be inspiration and the amazing event, being one from feeling to feeling in everything. Now a human being!

However, I can now already see or feel the universal unity. When the earth makes spring, creates summer – it does that because it moves – we get to experience that development on earth. That will therefore be spring and summer, winter and autumn. If you come to the south, where the source continually creates and gives birth, India, California, Florida, just carry on yourself, the precise southern climates, the natural life there possesses more possibility to give birth and create, it does not die there, there life does not

withdraw by means of a winter and it can be seen as eternal joy, life for the soul, which is always open, conscious, like material and like inner life. There a tree also possesses more vitality, more inspiration, an orange for example gets the chance to serve us a few times a year, which our apple tree has no knowledge of. I see that as independence, sources and grades for this natural conscious, because the earth is changing place and is starting to remove itself from that heat, but is certainly driven to it by a universal law!

Those are the poles, the climates, the countries, the people, but there is only one law needed to dissolve all of this and that is the law for the own life, it is evolution and it is dying, the end of a life phase! A death cannot be seen, because I know that. Did the two of us not see another life? When little René started to crawl, when he was still in his cradle, we were already in it and he wanted to pick flowers and apples for Father and Mother. And did he just overtake me? That is also the world for nature. Or do you mean to say that nature does not possess a soul? I now start to see and feel that independence. We have received the highest conscious as soul, then the animal follows and only then nature with all its types of lives. Is it not simple? This will become our university!

If I come back to René and Erica, then I see that René, since he started to awaken as a human being, passed the working onto Erica. This conscious was dominant. I want to steer René in precisely that soon, later, if it is possible, so that he will explain, experiencing the laws of that, to us, so that we know what the soul as a human being experiences during those seconds of fertilisation. Can you sense these tremendous laws? Are you starting to understand, Frederik, what this means? Can you feel how far science, the psychologist, the parapsychologist are still away from this? And just try going further now? If a human being is an adult and listens to a clergyman? That man will explain God. Can you already smell the incense of heaven? Did you see that dog sniffing in the dustbin. The animal is looking for a bone. What an academic like that does is not any different! Knuckle bones are put in front of us, there was never any meat on them to be able to feast on and to still your hunger. Everything seems so pathetic to me, when you start to see how God wanted it for us people.

What Erica received from René were feelings, was spiritual heating, were living organs, given to her as an aura. Like thinking, like feeling ... And she was deceived by that? You must see it as a strong wind. Erica did not possess the means to receive that. Did I not say before that she sailed under the compass of another, but she did not know where she was going. Erica sat on a grave and wove flowers for a wreath? She would very likely have wanted that, but she must still master that certainty. She is therefore a mother and she is not! I believe that she must still become a mother four times in a row, before

she will be completely ready for this motherhood! And again I am faced with hundreds of thousands of problems, which are now not masks, but questions which demand an answer.

After all, there are millions of mothers on this earth. All those mothers give birth to children, but not one of them knows for what purpose they are doing that! Does that happen of its own accord just like that? I do not believe it! That has no different meaning? I no longer believe it! All of that is balanced out by a supernatural power? I believe that, yes! But God has nothing to do with it and Hans does not need to add any notes when a patient leaves him, that is a hopeless task, it is poverty! Those souls come to this world for millions of matters. And that world forces itself upon me and wants me to let me go. You see, I will soon get to this, immediately; what I experienced in the beginning, when my hand wanted to start writing, came forth from that world. The powers for this were not people, I do not accept spiritualistic possibilities for this either, I possessed the resistance myself, but it were the laws which revealed themselves to me! That therefore means that I was busy becoming like such a law. But do you feel how close all these worlds lie together? And that a spiritualist must be mistaken a thousand times before – now it comes, which we know nothing about yet – a spirit like that manifests itself and now makes use of such a material hand in order to write down something about itself. Anyone who possesses that must go through thousands of worlds of oneself, before that grade of consciousness can be spoken of and experienced as a world and as a human being, therefore as an astral personality, which is now a unit which is and will remain supernatural! I have sacred respect for that, because I know how awe-inspiringly difficult it is if you conquer those thousands of laws, created by God for our soul and spiritual life! Because it is that! You do not come into that just like that, Mohammed has had to devote life after life to this. He claims to have died because of this at least a thousand times, to have lost his conscious at least a thousand times as a result of it and to have been locked up in a mad-house, where he awaited his material end as an unconscious being, to only afterwards start a new life in order to acquire that awakening!

Millions of souls, I said a moment ago, are being born. And then I looked into a world, so deep and wonderful, that I wondered, how do I get out of this? And in addition I believe that if I could not have been able to do a study through this child, then I would want to do the most simple thing immediately. I know for sure that I would also lose my common sense, what I feel and what now forces itself upon my life is so awe-inspiring.

The millions of children who are then born all have their own purpose as a soul. This is quite simple. Now the one life comes back – let us just search for it close to society – for good and evil. That life has done a great deal of

evil and returns to the earth to make up. Then we are faced with fatherhood and motherhood. Cause and effect now get significance. You can already mention thousands of causes and effects for which the soul must return. Stab someone to death, I now believe, and who will dispute this, the soul will have to return to earth some day for this purpose, when does not matter, it will happen. And now I heard René say yonder, he answered a question which is universally asked: “...in order to give the soul a new body!” We are already faced with an amazing thing here.

The soul as a human being who kills a human being, must give that life a new body. That is a Divine law! You do not need to violate a law created by God, you stay away from that. Or you will just fling the ten commandments into your ditch. But we cannot get away from them anyway. We are therefore faced with the words of God and those of Christ: love each other! Deny such a human being material life. That human being could still have lived for years according to the own laws as soul and as personality. That life is not completed, this life has destroyed consciously. That life, we could say, left this world too soon, and we are faced with problems again, other masks, because who now tells us that this would be the end? Must we people therefore accept that you must and can see your own transition as a result of a murder? You see, I cannot believe that and that is not possible either, because we are faced with the words and gospel of Christ. Love and do not ‘kill’. It should also have said: “So that you will not be killed”! And now I believe that if you once assault a human life, you yourself will also be faced with those laws and will have to accept that somewhere in this world you will get a knife or a bullet in your heart, without knowing why. But then you also hear: “What did that child do”, or “What did my husband do to deserve this?” Why must I and why must they miss their happiness, their love in that way, so coarse and so brutal and so harsh? Even if the soul is not found guilty of anything, how many people are not sent away in this way? But we are not even talking about that yet!

It is a matter of people staying away from life. If you kill a human being, you will give the soul a different body. And do we men wish to do that by means of our small castle? What follows as a result of this? That the soul must experience both bodies! We as souls, as human forms of apparition, are man or mother, although both of these are actually one and God is also Father and Mother! You see, Frederik, this is ‘Divine Justice’! You must return to the earth for it, you will become a mother for it! Whether you are bitten by the cat or by the dog, it remains the same, you return to this world in order to become a mother and that is the task imposed upon you. However, God does not interfere in this. René will have to justify those cosmic doctrines sooner or later, I can see it coming! He writes books and they connect us with the

'University'. Of whom? From where? He must decide that for himself. I tell you that it is another university than we know here on earth.

But did you see this mask fall? The soul should not murder! It should experience life and be part of life, it has its Divine task, but it has to keep its hands off another life. Now just try going across the earth. You must not go too far now, because you could miss out pieces! Look around your own environment, there the pieces of wisdom lie in the gutter. What did you see? I have already seen that for so long. I picked Divine gifts from all those gutters and put them in my pocket under my human heart. Because what do you want to say, when you hear that a young mother puts her twins, beautiful girls in perfect health, in a sack and drowns them like young sick puppies? What does such a human soul hope to achieve? You do not believe it? Come, come, do you not read any papers? Are you so backward? How many thousands per year, says Karel, come to us with pierced wombs? In order to bring a bit more air into there? For a bit more variation? To pick flowers, not in the meadow, but in the maternal tissue, precisely there where the embryo lives and a new Divine life must begin? Did you not hear that recently a WC was blocked, from which people pulled out a little corpse? That little mother is already doing time. You see, our society cannot approve of that, but what will the Divine laws say about it? God has nothing to do with it! How am I so sure of this? As a result of René! People asked him 'cosmic' questions. This was one of them and was answered by him as if it was nothing, according to the natural laws. The high priest let slip: "How can it be!" – I have translated it, it came down to that. He almost landed face down because of it and he did not feel deceived at all, because Blavatsky, Buddha, Rudolf Steiner, Socrates, Plato, the highest priests from ancient Egypt and another thousand of these characters, all of them established with certainty that we people as a soul received everything by means of God and that we have attunement to His life. That happened when God started His creations.

So what will the laws now say about this? They are now, I also heard that through René, the laws for birth, for fatherhood and motherhood, for soul, spirit and material! And we people received them in our own hands. No? "Good", people in the East said to a princess, "just lie down there then, because I want to rape you! And you do what I want!" I keep on taking the most wonderful things, you will certainly have noticed that, I keep reaching for those horns, on which the spiritual gold sits, which has value. What did you think that that princess did? She let that priest be thrown just like that to the wild animals and within less than a quarter of an hour there was nothing left anymore of him and his little castle than some bloody mass. Sticky stuff! Only because he placed her – this insincere child – before the human fact and wanted to prove how amazingly strong such human willpower is.

However, he came to a wrong address, a wrong emotional life, which already felt sullied, and had to accept the end. But what did you think of this mask? What will this little soul still have to experience, who now thinks it is holy? Do you know what holiness is? I did not used to know that before either, now I know! It means that you as a human being are in harmony, are one with everything in the universe! Simple? Now you are doing your duty. I know – those feelings now come towards me – in thoughts you fling at me: “What are you doing yourself! What did you do? Are you not sponging either? Are you not also walking behind life?” When I tell you that I cannot have children myself, you believe it. But if I say that I have also done my duty, is it okay then? Karel and Hans once asked me: what are you actually living off? I said nothing, because I found my inner life too precious for them. However, I will probably open my own little book still! I did everything! I did not create any worries, I took part in creation!

Murder, people in the East say and René as Rachi-Hadju revealed, forces the soul to return to the earth and to create a new body for that life. In other words: as a man you must return in order to become a ‘mother’! Are you laughing? Are you shrugging your shoulders? What are you actually laughing about! Imagine, just for a minute, for yourself, this is the case! Now what? Imagine how you will now think? Imagine that reversal under your heart! And just imagine that you as a strong man command a regiment of soldiers and send them to their deaths! Good, isn’t it? You still get your medal for that. But did you think that you could get out of it in this way? Did you really think, big and yet small man, that you could continue to hide? Those bushes will disappear from the earth one day! And then you will stand naked before your dead! I have already known for so long that you will not face it alone, but that all those stupid, young chaps will be faced with their own misery, because they should not have started it either!

Can you feel what this mask means? That this mask will fall! And that this love for the fatherland is not worth a jot for the universe. Or must we practice injustice, must we take his gold and silver into consideration, because we are faced with such a bigwig? I once had a big argument with a loving mother. She is a beautiful soul. Her boys had to fight in the last war. Then she said to me:

“Imagine, my son shot down some seventy. Those krauts were no match for him. The boy wrote to me: “Mother, but mother, how protected I am. Your prayers have saved my life. I dived from four hundred metres downwards, sat with my head in the mud, but immediately next to me is a farmer who gets me out of the ditch. That man should not have waited a second or I would have been gone. And now I have taken about ten again for my account.”

I almost dropped dead from shock. Because what comes:

“Did God not hear me magnificently?”

I became so sick from it that I left immediately and left her behind in astonishment in her own human stench! In her cursed egoism, that filthy mask! Because do all those other boys not have mothers and a God? These are gold bull horns. I saw these lying in the streetgutters of the cities like all the others. Wherever you look, you can fill your pockets with them. I just wish to say, is the goodness of God like this? No, this is nonsense! This is destruction! It is nonsense! It is shifting unpleasantness onto another life. It is making a fairground out of God, it is much much worse, so that I almost got a stroke. Does God have to do with human matters? Did we get life and death in our hands? Yes! That same happy boy of hers will have to return a thousand times in order to clear up his own mistakes, put right what was distorted by his soul. Or is this something different than WC's carry-on, murders? These are the masks! And they fall like leaves in the autumn! They fall because they must fall! They fall because God also possesses souls, which opened themselves for that in order to take that 'harsh' to the universal awakening. And that is René to us!

Good day, little mother? What you gave me for full conscious took your own crown from your head. You are a good mother, a great soul; now I saw a pot of black paint standing next to you which you stained all that beauty with, you gave you a prank! Have I said anything? Not I! It was he, but when the mask falls, it is you yourself!

Murder, says Mohammed, takes you back to earth! Murder is a karmic law. You can make wrong things good in life after death. But murder?

God has nothing to do with all of this. People do that to themselves, but as a result of this wrongs are born. Now the soul deforms the embryo. Because this life has come into disharmony, it dominates. The natural harmony has been lost. Self love means nothing. Neither does love of people. If the personality as a mother thinks that no other mothers live on earth, that is good But I already said, do all the boys not have mothers? It is therefore so cursed to start a war. And then to also want your own child to be protected, to come back home safe and sound, the other life can drop dead, is a poverty, the mask of which you immediately see before you and which you do not get through with any muscle power! The soul must decide for itself what it now does, it falls when it kills, it rises if it surrenders itself to mother nature and her laws, which is God in his own person!

And now that life comes back to us. It was wild when it left. It has broken away from the Divine anchor, you meet this life like a wreck. What happens! Now just look at all your psychopaths! Those twisted masks have created smithereens in previous lives, left them behind, and come back, in order to first experience the harmonic themselves, but then the making good of what

was once done wrong begins. All those masks fell; when René only said a word about it, I myself was almost that far, I oversaw this complete whole. What a pile of misery it is. Now Erica sailed by means of another compass, which could have shown her new worlds, but her little castle and character were not ready for it. The conclusion was, René drew her from the day consciousness to himself and she was there and yet she was not! She was walking in the street and sat inside! Of course, she was awake and slept! She walked and did not walk, because she could look into the sun for hours on end as psychopaths can also do and not experience any hindrance from it, they have now discarded the day conscious sight for ten or more percent! The stronger soul absorbs or sucks up the day conscious in itself. These mothers are there and are no longer there; other people receive clairvoyance and gifts as a result of it, because now the soul passes on that pure, but spiritual clarity to the mother! Can you also see this mask fall?

Is it not true that now a death speaks to you and that death walks in sandals? Did you want to make something else of it? Now a death laughs at you! Now he weaves little garlands for your head. Are these not love potions, if you know that you will see each other again beyond the grave? Can you not feel now, can you not hear now that heaven and earth are kissing each other? Can you feel that kiss burning on your lips? This is eternal love!! I was awakened by that kiss! This kiss melts on your lips and for soul and heart the feeling of it strengthens your spiritual personality. There is no death, if you now lose your love, you look at the universe, whether your loved one has already awakened, because you can now await your love from there! You walk in sandals yourself! What does this mean?

That you walk on clogs as an earthly conscious being, are not open to that conscious love. Your love is so harsh, so cold, so meaningless, because you do not yet know the universal depth of it and your kiss is not lively either! You pull at a life, but you lack universal contact! It is not this one life, thousands of lives decide a life. If this death laughs at you, you see the forget-me-nots, the lilies-of-the-valley and the daisies falling from heaven. Did you not read that? What did you think then? That chap is mad! But I said, a heaven, not the heaven, it is your own universal attunement from where your husband or your wife, or your little child, which you lost young, lost as a result of the coffin, lost as a result of illness, laughs at you, winks at you, gives love, so beautiful, so sacred, which makes you tremble and shake and your maternal or paternal heart is moved to tears! Gossip? Nonsense? Mad! I would like some of that mad love. All of us, I said when we started, thanked God on our bare knees, when we were able to look behind the masks; it is only now that our lives received depth, existence, we got universal love, because Karel no longer destroyed any flowers, he learnt it! He learned how to act, how to

walk, how to look, how amazingly beautiful everything in and of our own life is!

Now you lie on a heath, hand in hand, you look at a blue sky, you absorb flowing sweetness into you. If you now know that such a human little castle has Divine meaning, how do you now open yourself in order to kiss the lips of it? Did you think that you are now being taken in? Did you think that you are now faced with a devil? Wreathes are woven, because your own and true love brought heaven and earth to unity. Now you see that you are cosmic as a human being, the mother of your children carries out her task with you and that you have known thousands of fathers and mothers, because this life is temporary!

You are not faced with a castle now of which the doors are closed, it is not cold. You do not freeze, it is summer and you are expected! Your consort is there, you wear silk garments, the sandals tell you to what grade of conscious you belong and it is now the deep, but amazing conversation which you feel, you experience. You go together into the universe and now listen to the heavenly sounds for your state of purity, which has become the omniscience for your life!

Now a mad person can tell you about wonders. Now a mad person can connect you with heaven and earth and the faculty for it is mad, sick, the mad person now throws precious stones, because he knows that all those things no longer possess any value there! Or do you see it differently again? Then just wait, we will continue! That mask will also fall!

But have we understood each other? René beat Erica's day conscious to shreds. If she had carried the power in her, nothing would have happened or she would really have given birth to a mad or apathetic child. That we now experience wonders, is through the conscious of René! Now it can be happiness, it used to be called, I have influenced this child, for which I had to leave the house. Now we see, there are faults with everything! Things which possess no legislative value, gossip seen from the human unconscious. Because the laws speak for themselves!

Erica was no longer herself as a result of that, but a while later, when those powers dominated her, for the good, it was 'inspiration'. At least, we wondered. But it was not that! This was possessing more feeling. This was getting feeling for another. Everyone can do that. I also let myself be fooled that an actor became a dramatist as a result of sorrow, the lack of some love. You see, Erica created as a result of it. I had almost sworn that Franz Liszt was there himself. But when it changed from the beastliness, we sunk back into the unconscious and it became influence, now however from outside, which I only understood much later and again in ancient Egypt. Now we had to do with demonic spirits, she was open to them as a result of her own emotional world!

That a psychopath can look into the sun is known. Now the soul as the personality has left, discarded the day consciousness. That sun has no more meaning. However, it is that day conscious which reacts to the strong radiance of the sun. This is one, and is in harmony with each other. If the personality leaves the normal, then that harmonious sinks away from those eyes and this darkens the illuminated white for those eyes and white is seen as dark. I cannot say black, because there is still light present. Mohammed once said to me:

“I have brought a soul back from that darkness to the day conscious light, only by explaining the laws for the own life to it. When that woman knew what she was doing, that opposing power dissolved of its own accord and she returned to the normal life.”

Then she must no longer try to look into the sun, tears ran down her cheeks. But a psychopath can do that. Since Erica lost her full conscious, Van Stein, Hans, Karel, Van Hoogten, Volt, Tenhove as well ... she lost her normal social conscious in which we live and she was no longer herself either. But did you not yet know that? You went to pieces, because you could not accept that the soul already awakens its previous conscious in the mother. She is forced to it. Those same tissues of mine and my creating power, that trivial lot, is still capable of forcing the soul to begin a new life. The material tissues now dominate the soul, the personality, soon it is the personality which influences the material in a dominant way and forces it to accept those laws. Mask number so many is overthrown!

Erica was there and she was not there. She felt the driving force of it like burning, it was a fire. Yes of course, it was inspiring fire, which she thought she could stop, could chase away by a stimulant. And she managed that too: when she devoted her human own will, that inner burning had nothing more to say, but now little René could go to sleep! A piece of proof that we people do not use our strong will! But is there a will? That princess refused to do bad, to open her little castle for a life of which she was not conscious? Now own will, love, personality, God, fatherhood and motherhood, karmic laws and even much more, lie at your feet and you can say: I stand on top of myself! But in myself all that Divinity already lives!

I went through all of that in order to take out the mistakes occurred, but I found it enough for today. Tomorrow I will continue. I now read:

“As a flower awakens, it is as the soul for the human being! The flower possesses a universe, the universe of that bush! The flower possesses a soul, of course, or it would not possess any life. What does not possess life in the universe and on earth dissolves! The tree too! A blade of grass too! Whatever you see in nature, from that material life you see the own universe, also the own independence. A flower is in the ground, it creeps upwards from the

ground and that is the universe for this life. But an animal has more space! Can walk, can bark, as you see a dog, has its own sound and character. That world is also correct, but we people possess the universe! And that becomes infinite! That is Divine! I understand it, it is absolutely fine!

When the human soul comes to us – how that attraction happens, we soon hear of our spiritual child prodigy too – the soul is in the mother and a process is accomplished, as all the life of God experiences. Only with that difference, we are people. All the living beings possess universe, have a soul, also nature! Is this not amazing? I will now continue every day! I will ask René to wait a while; when I am ready with myself he can put the tower on the university and start to play the director. I do not believe that he will race head over heels into the street to be on time somewhere. René works everything out, he no longer takes a step unconsciously, I see. And his doorkeeper does not dare to fall asleep! And you no longer lose degree certificates, there is no powerlessness, all of your soul is jubilant!

Now Mother Nature sings to you and you know, if you lose this conscious, you come into another world: that for your soul! Your inner life! And we were there. I felt myself becoming childish? No! Childlike, because Christ gave us the example! This is also a mask!

‘Let the little ones come unto Me.’

Was I not like a child? That means, discard all of your boasting character and you will be released from this material world. René was older in that world, because he awakened for his past life. If you possess that sensitivity, you want to live as God created the laws, your conscious becomes rarefied.

I will go outside, tomorrow I will continue.”

When I came outside I met our boy. I asked him how his affairs were flourishing and he said:

“You have pulled on my life all day, Frederik. You built yourself up for me as it were, I saw you. Here is the sketch of it.”

It is a beautiful drawing, the talent reveals itself of its own accord, the feeling penetrates the inner life. And he adds:

“Frederik, you can now ask questions. I am ready.”

And now I must ask him to have patience with me for a while, I want to be finished with the past first. He throws his arms around his mother and Anna and is extremely sweet to all of us. Here you see the example for the youth. A new generation reveals itself. Anyone who has become acquainted with him has a friend and a brother, behind that lives the master. I have changed my mind and go to Elsje and Hans. The amazing child opens the door herself and Hans is sitting lazing. Elsje is walking around here in an old garment, her skirts drag across the floor, black velvet looks good on her. She has a beautiful body, she strides through her castle like a young sovereign.

She is like Mary Stuart, I think to myself, when she had to lay her head on the guillotine, only the cross is lacking.

"Oh, that prof ... how are you?"

"Sit down, Frederik, I am pleased that you have come. What are you doing?"

"I am busy with the logbook."

Elsje does not yet know that and she asks:

"What is that, dear father?"

She calls me dear father, just like Erica, as she comes to my heart. But Hans says:

"Frederik is keeping a logbook, dear. He describes one thing and another about people with whom he is involved. Just watch out for yourself, or you will also be in it. Is it not the case, old one?"

"Are you trying to call Frederik old one?" Elsje helps me. "You are well-matched to each other."

You see, Hans does not like to hear that, but it is the case. Elsje now wants to know more about the logbook. She asks:

"Just tell, dear father? May I know?"

"Who can now refuse you anything, Majesty, Mary Stuart?"

"What did you call her, Frederik?" Hans wants to know.

"Have you never seen that drama before, Hans? Then it is high time. I at least ten times. Elsje is like her. When you see the play, you will know that you have a queen."

But Elsje does not stop, she wants to know something about the logbook.

"Come, dear father, just tell us. Or I will go to Erica."

"The logbook, dear, will give a description of people who are making a long trip. We have been on our way for several years and a great deal has happened. We have experienced storms, we have gone through jungles, we have fought with the wild animals, we have also become a bit crazy on the way, we have got to know madhouses and professors who did not know what to do with their patients. We have made desert trips, visited ancient Egypt, entered Temples and sovereign castles, in short, we experienced trouble and happiness. And that is now the logbook. Your learned man also has everything to do with it. Just go to Erica, she can tell you a lot about it. I am not so eloquent ...!"

Elsje does not let it lie and leaves. We sit alone and make the most of it.

"Just like Elsje, Frederik. Can you understand a child like that? Did you see what she looks like? She does it herself! She can get what she wants, but those beautiful garments which you see, she makes herself and she says that she has not learned it. An artist in everything. I cannot believe my happiness, although I must say, I am afraid of the future."

“What did you say? Are you afraid?”

“Just look at a sovereign like that, Frederik. If you enter somewhere with her, she is noticed. Worshippers enough, if you ask me. But Elsie is no Hansi. I wonder every day what I did to deserve this. It is happiness which is not in your own hands, even if it is your wife. If I look at her like that, I get the feeling, Frederik, as if she has been lent to me for a while. You will probably find that ridiculous, yet I feel it like that. It is too good to be true. It is always like that for me, if I possess something which I am attached to with soul and bliss, I lose again too. But woe betide him who lifts a finger to this life, he will be sorry.”

“And then you will murder such a person, of course.”

“Murder, Frederik, I will hang that man myself. You have to laugh about it, don't you, but you must not experience such a thing twice. I would not know myself anymore. I am getting strange thoughts. Sometimes I race home, just like that. I leave everything lying. Even if I was to experience an operation, I do not believe, you will find it childish of course, that I can control myself, this being attracts so much. And when I am here, I am sorry about it. What must she think? Yesterday she says: ‘You are behaving as if you do not trust me, Hans. Bah, that is not nice. Why do you not trust me?’ You see, Frederik, then you are left standing and you are a beaten man. I know, if such things must happen, you cannot stop them anyway. But it would cost me my life.”

“Why do you not put those thoughts out of your head, Hans?”

“If only I could, I do everything, but it does not work. I dream about it, Frederik, that they take her away from me. I race out of my bed at night like a possessed person and see ghosts then. I believe that I have a bad case of it. I would prefer to be with her on an island. I would know then that she belonged to me, but then I would still not trust it. I would be afraid then, I believe, that sooner or later a merman would come out of the water in order to carry her away. Worthwhile, Frederik, for you then, to think about. Is it something for the logbook?”

“Do not make such nonsense out of sacred laws, Hans.”

“I wished I could, my dear Frederik, but it is a nightmare for me. So you see, it is never good, you can never be happy, there is always something. I can call myself a lucky man. I have everything! And yet, I no longer trust myself. I would like to put Elsie in my safe. I do not know where it comes from, Frederik, but the feeling is there. I am looking for it, but I do not know where I can find that means. Believe me, if I knew that, I would already wring this life's neck, in order to create peace and happiness for myself.”

“And you say that just like that.”

“I know, Frederik, the murderer still lives within me. I would be capable of

committing a murder just like that. I know myself. I am not you! I am still just a wretch for many matters. I know it all too well. And now phenomena come. I am now starting to understand Erica, and René. Well, you will also find it crazy, but it actually started when little René made this beautiful portrait for us. I sit for hours on end looking at this being, but I do not know this being. Look for yourself! What do you see in this portrait? What does it mean to you, Frederik? It is a wonder. I think René is great, honestly, I know how that life conquered itself. I do not see it in that direction, God preserve me! But when I come into this portrait, Frederik, when I follow the aura from this inner life, it tells me: you will not keep this! This is too good for you. Sooner or later you will lose this life. And in this way I lie kneeled at the feet of this child and behave nearly mad. She can barely cope with it. I am too good, I believe, but what do you do if you are my age? Just imagine this, Frederik. A child which is a sister and friend to you, is good, is sweet, gives you a love which you cannot get enough of, is a woman in the very highest sense, an artist in everything, can be a sovereign for your life? I could weep when I think of this being. I want to play the doormat, I want to do everything, in order to be able to possess that certainty: this soul is of yourself for this life. I have fifty thousand guilders to spare for it, if I possessed that certainty, Frederik, this feeling and my longing is so painful. Strange? You do not yet know me, I believe, Frederik. Do you know what a woman means to me? When I was a boy, Frederik, and a few of those skirts blew past me ... I already trembled. I found a woman such a sacred thing, so amazing and supernatural, that I said to myself: if you ever choose, come to be faced with your decision, then know what you are doing, do not get caught, because it destroys you. I do not yet understand how I got over what happened with Hansi. As a result of this, Frederik, I was so afraid to get married, it took so long before I could make a decision. I was afraid, afraid of deception, for suffering, misery, to be taken for a ride by the thing which is the dearest for this life. Man, the pain I had to accept."

"And now you possess it, you destroy it again in this way. Because this is not going well, Hans."

"I know all too well. I am creating a distance between us. But I am telling you, I am fighting against it; however, it does not help. I cannot get away from these feelings. I am a psychopath in this, Frederik. It follows me wherever I am, it stands before me. I would prefer to crush her stone-dead in my arms, it is only then that I will get peace. Can you believe it?"

"Is it so serious?"

"So serious, you ask, it is an illness of mine, for me! It is horrific, frightening, I have never known such a thing. I wanted to talk to you before. When you came in a moment ago, I thought, fortunately, now relaxation will come,

now I can talk, I do not know anymore how far I am. But what do you think? Ridiculous?"

"One thing, Hans, what you want is tuned in to peace and quiet at home?"

"What else? I said, after all, I race back home and must admit that Elsjé stares at me as if it is thundering inside me. I bring her pain ... I know it, but it is in my blood, it already lives in my heart, I cannot sleep because of it, I am upset if you wish to know."

When I want to give Hans an answer, René is standing under our noses. "Well, well", Hans says, "what do we have to thank for this?"

"Mother is asking if you want to come and eat with us."

René looks at Hans. They are eyes which know heaven and earth, the universal of which Hans does not yet see. Hans absorbs the artist in him. It is only a few seconds that they touch each other, gauge, feel, then Hans says:

"A wonderful idea, René, we will come immediately."

René looks at his own product. That also takes a while. Hans follows him. I also follow him. I almost get a heart attack, I tremble, I shake again, my heart thumps in my throat. But the boy, who is like a child, saves me when he says:

"I believe, Hans, that you can thank your heaven and earth for this mercy. Do you know, we people do not understand such gifts. If God gives you something you are immediately upset, because you think that you must miss it again tomorrow."

Hans' eyes almost roll out of their sockets. His academic head makes a tumble ... for him these words are the Golgotha court! He does not know what he must cling to, but René also says:

"Are you not afraid, Hans, of losing this? For example, by death? I can feel your stimuli, I can feel your fear, Hans. This is how you psychologists are. You must give freedom to something which you really want to keep. Something that you really want to possess and would not miss for the world, you must be able to distance yourself from that, which is the natural reaction for the life. Only now you keep it! Something which you kindle yourself another person does not need to do for you! When that catches fire, Hans, it will break your heart and there will be no question of extinguishing it. Did you think differently about it?"

I look at René. Hans smiles, but this is the laugh of a beaten dog. René also says:

"See you soon, Frederik, will you come quickly? Goodbye, Hans."

The master has gone. Hans says:

"What has happened to that lad, Frederik? Tell me, what has happened to René?"

"Just be quiet! Stay calm when people tell you the truth. What has hap-

pened to our fool, you ask? You will soon experience that. Have you forgotten your bet? I can tell you that I have won, Hans. You could already have lost fifty thousand, I could have made you penniless. This crazy life has awakened. I wanted to know what he saw in that. But you can see it, what you worry about you get sent home just like that as a gift. Is this truth? You create misery yourself. René sees your Divine gift, he has respect for it. But he absorbs everything of your life. Did we not use to talk about influence! Do we not know that telepathy exists, which is inherent? Did your patients not give you this proof? Well, here you have such an example. René is hypersensitive. Soon we will challenge you to an honest fight."

"What do you want?"

"We challenge you to a spiritual-scientific fight, Hans."

"You are not serious."

"I am talking with deadly seriousness. I imagine it like this. It can happen here in your home. We will involve every faculty. You, colleagues of yours, the astronomer, not forgetting the theologian, all the spiritual faculties will gather together and can ask their questions."

"Have you gone mad?"

"I am just as mad as then, those days in your institution. I am talking with deadly seriousness, Hans. And it is only then that you can ask me what happened to René."

"You are not serious, Frederik."

"You see, this is how you people are, says René, but you are also like that. You will never get a base in your thinking. We will warn you, Hans. It can take another year, but it will come. And then we will experience supernatural laws, it will be a cosmic celebration, but do not talk about it yet. I must first have my things ready, I must be ready myself. But they are wonders! You will be surprised, Hans. I tell you, this has even more meaning than your Elsjé. Even more than a hundred thousand Elsjés together."

"What do you actually want, Frederik?"

"To have a fight for life and death with your science. I am still building, Hans. I can tell you, we have made it!"

"You are not serious!"

"We have made it, Hans! I have made it and René has made it too!"

"I do not believe it, Frederik."

"So, you do not believe it. But what does that talk of a moment ago mean to you then?"

"Well ... I do not know."

"I know, Hans. René came here and absorbs everything in him. He is becoming yourself! I know that from him. I got my proof long ago! Karel and Erica cannot see it yet, because his life is busy creating order. But I

tell you, you will experience great wonders. You will experience something, which you will be so upset about, which can change your whole life. René is a master."

"Do not make me laugh, Frederik, do not exaggerate."

"I swear it to you, Hans, it is deadly seriousness for me."

"Karel and Erica must know that surely?"

"If you do that, I will never come back here again."

"Why may they not know?"

"Because they would disturb."

"So it is a favour for me, that I know?"

"You are the first one whom I have told something about this. Even ...!"

"What even ...!"

"Nothing ...!"

"That is nonsense. Now confess, Frederik."

"Later, Hans, later ...! Then you will know everything."

"You have secrets, Frederik?"

"Not quite that, it has to do with our fight."

"Come on, we are going. I promise you, not to tell anyone about it. But you must not forget, Frederik, I am critical."

"You can be as much as you want. We will get you. You will receive the proof. Nothing will stop this."

"How do you wish to do that, Frederik? Must I accept that René wants to crush us?"

"He will explain all the laws of madness to you, Hans. Also those of the universe. Actually for everything, he is omniscient!"

Hans splits his sides laughing. I knew that, but I now play it out, he can prepare himself then. But I do this for other matters too. He can now tune into this. Elsje will then fade into the background. It helps. I did it, told him it, in order to help him.

"You are laughing again, Hans, but now I warn you. Do not laugh too loudly. Do not laugh about things which you understand nothing about. You no longer know us. Your life stood still, mine has awakened!"

"Are you serious, Frederik?"

"As true as there is a God of love."

"But you do not know that ... that is also a great mystery to you."

"We are now that far, Hans. We were also able to get to know that through our fool."

"It is impossible."

"And that is also your misfortune. You can never accept anything. You can never miss out bits with your heart and soul. That is very good, but sometimes it must happen. I tell you again ... we will soon challenge you to this

fight. It will be a celebration. Erica and Karel, all of us, Hans, will experience wonders. Accept it!"

"Is it not better then, that you also warn Erica and Karel?"

"I will think about it. I will talk to René about it. However, I believe that it is better that we wait a while. If it takes another year it will be a pressure for him. And that must not happen. No, I already know, you will wait. I have given you these nice things, but now wait. Think about it, Hans. Now trust me, I will not pull any more jokes, the life is too serious for me. I know what I am doing and what we can do."

"But how did this suddenly come?"

"Suddenly, you ask? It already started when Erica experienced her first phenomena, Hans, when René was still living in her."

"So, after all?"

"No longer a fool, Hans, but a spiritual child prodigy ...!"

"I do not know ... and you cannot blame me either. But I will wait and see."

"Think about it, Hans. Imagine such a situation. All of us around him, you ask questions."

"And you can ask him questions?"

"You will now get all your questions answered, Hans!"

"It is impossible ... Frederik."

"It is possible, Hans! Think about it and let go of that other nonsense. You will get a quiet life again. You as an academic can do it! Or you will become like Franciscanus. And that would be awful. But you are the type for it."

"So, did you think that? I would rather commit suicide."

"You must not do that anyway, Hans, our little René will also explain those laws to you."

"You are not serious, Frederik."

"Then just get the 'doodles' for today! Is it okay now?"

We enter. Elsje is playing, Erica is singing. Karel is also there. We sit down and listen. René is not there. Anna is at the back. We now enjoy ourselves. Karel too, soon we will no longer need to go to a theatre. It is beautiful! It caresses you. Erica has a beautiful voice, reaches the alto but lies just in between it. So a strong soprano. I now think of *Liebestraum* of Franz. It was wonderful then too, now everything is different.

And then I follow Hans. I establish that he is already not himself any more. A fixed idea is pursuing him! I must not think about it. Karel and Erica see him as quite ordinary? No one sees it? Only we, René and I know it? The women are ready ... we clap. Then we have an *aperatif* before dinner and a conversation about art. Elsje is sitting there like a sovereign. Erica says:

"Just look at my sister, Frederik? Precisely Mary Stuart."

“What did I tell you, Hans? Here is the proof.”

Elsje can take it. The child absorbs it as if it is none of her business. We enjoy her personality. A while later we are all sitting at the table. René is quiet. He is thinking. Hans is boiling inside, he cannot keep it to himself, I feel. I send my thoughts to René, who is sitting to my right on the other side of the table. We look at each other by means of a flash in our eyes. I believe that I hit target. The rose is already flapping and the life for it says:

“Why do you wear these garments, Elsje?”

Hans is astonished. I know why René is asking this question. Something, that is experienced fiercely, Mohammed told me, just watch out, you will experience that more than once with him, he absorbs and we absorb just like that in us. Other people can do that too, but they are divided and now only a few flows of thought reach your life. They waft through your soul as it were, now the personality cannot feel them sharply, receive them. But when there are feelings which are sharply tuned into a life, we take them over and ninety-nine times out of a hundred, Frederik, the conversation about them follows. Now that René asks this question, I can already feel the end. This evening we are talking about this marriage. And Elsje will participate like a queen or she will be silent as a result of it. As long as this does not go wrong, because Hans is visibly upset.

Elsje looks into René’s eyes. All of us are completely disengaged. We no longer have any meaning, Hans sits there like a grandfather. He slurps up his soup. Karel looks at his big boy, but Erica must give the answer.

“What a situation ... to dress yourself, of course, isn’t it, Elsje?”

It is a bad answer. Does not touch any core. René is already silent, yet he also says:

‘Do you do that yourself? I mean, do you just get the longings in you just like that? I ask it from a painter’s point of view, from that world, because I think it is a beautiful dress. Really something to make a portrait from. May I?’

Hans looks. May I? Why not. Do not grudge artists an eye. He says:

‘If you can make something special of it, René? You are young, but there is talent. I would feel honoured. Will you do it, dear?’

‘Of course, when does the master wish to begin?’

‘Only when the portrait of mine is finished ...’ Erica adds.

‘You as well?’ ... says Karel. ‘And then I myself, dear son, now your father too.’

‘If you put on such a beautiful dress, Mother, I will begin tomorrow. Of course, I have not yet made it. Aren’t these models really something? May I, Hans?’

‘Of course you may, go ahead. I will get my whole house full at this rate.

I do not mind.'

But that is a lie, I know. Hans already got a shock. René knows. Here powers are played out which we do not yet know. It could be possible that I see things too heavy, but it beats under my heart. Connecting Elsje with René is dangerous. I believe what he has told me, he must nothing else. He wants nothing else. But! I believe that we live in laws which all of us cannot change anything about. There is a power which forces us to things. Hans is afraid of losing his happiness, we will probably help to make it happen. Or, put and thought of differently, these things are infallible. These laws come to you. These lives are sent on your path or are already on your path before you begin this life. Coincidence? I do not believe it. I think Hans is childish! What is there actually involved if a young artist wants to make a portrait? Nothing! Karel also approves, he eats well, drinks his wine, smokes his cigar, there is nothing the matter.

We talk about the portrait. René puts Elsje on her throne. 'Truly', says Hans, 'now I can see it too. It is Mary Stuart. Just make your portrait and it will hang on my wall, René, just make us happy.' René makes a sketch of Elsje. It is amazingly true to life. What a talent this life possesses. Just look at what it is like. Hans must admit that this is art. Still so young. He asks René about it. He will soon be twenty-two. Old artists do not like him, but that can be explained. This child gets everything for nothing. The gifts are placed here in a boy's heart. Elsje sits there as if she will step off her throne just like that, but there is no crown. She is virgin forest in this velvet. This is no longer a mask, you can see through it. Erica behaves surprised. She cannot get enough of it, she thinks. I know what she is thinking. I know what she is feeling, and I also know that she finds herself mean! But what do you do, as a mother? Oil again on this invisible fire. How that will burn soon. Oil on an invisible fire which these thoughts and longings are a part of. It fits exactly, but that will cost victims. 'Ugh, bah', I say ... I am so greatly annoyed that the words roll over my lips. Everyone looks. Only not René, he continues. 'What is ugh and bah?' Erica asks.

I say: 'The art of all those beggars. This seems resembles at least. You see what your son has learned on his trip. I must say, worthwhile.' René has already been busy for an hour and is working while we are sitting there. Suddenly he stops and runs upstairs.

A moment later he is back and says to Erica:

'Come on, Mother, sit down. I want to paint you. First a sketch.'

Erica sits down. It does not take long, just half an hour, then the schematic base is already finished. He will work it out on canvas. He is gone. We talk about art, about the beautiful garments of Elsje, about René. Karel says:

'Could you have dreamt of this, Hans? Had you expected this? My son. I

do not believe it yet, but you are on top of it. You cannot escape it. He will be a character, I believe it now. Poor Frederik, how we beat you. Or does the prof not yet give him this honour! I do, Hans! Frederik will be proved right in everything. I am learning from my son. You do not believe it? I am starting to see him now. I believe that I was born for this. Frederik does not think so, but I see something changing in myself. Yes, Elsje, you should have experienced all of that. I am the stoker. I stoke the monster. Hans is a stowaway ... is he not, Frederik? But you are our guest, Elsje. Will you come with us? We are close to the coast of Florida. Aren't we, Frederik? We will stay there for a while in order to have a rest. René can then make some eastern paintings, I mean southern. Coconut trees and Pacific South seas. Where are the pieces of your trip, Frederik?

René comes exactly as Karel asks it. He shows his new things to Hans and Elsje. The Pyramid, Luxor, ruins, deserts, the Sphinx, the Nile, Vienna, a street in Berlin, a piece of Budapest. And this is? What is it? Who knows? A symbol! Above ancient Egypt, in the nocturnal darkness, a shape in the universe. 'The Goddess of Isis', says René, 'she watches over your lives.' The file closes, he wishes us goodnight. He makes off. I believe that Hans thinks: well done. It reassures him. He cannot stop his thoughts, I can feel him. From René's side he does not feel any fear, even if it came to him with the painting of his Elsje. You can see that from everything, René only reacts to art. It has become a beautiful evening, thank God, I felt it wrong, we have talked little about this marriage. But the radiation which I felt was therefore broken. These underground thoughts have sought their own path. I do not hope that they will return. I felt that thinking. I saw that thinking. I went into it. And I surrendered completely to it. It is strange, now it has gone and Hans is different! Ice has been broken. It was replaced by reassurance. They would be amazing feelings, if they were not so penetrating. People are destroyed by them and people are happy as a result of them. What is it? Why were we brought together? Hans and Elsje leave, we will go there next week. Hans is enthusiastic and takes care of his queen.

'That Hans!' Karel utters. 'He sits on Elsje like a broody hen on eggs. Do you understand a chap like that, Frederik?'

'I understand him, Karel. He will also get convulsions from it.'

'You know what? Hans is off his rocker. Did you think that I am crazy? Is this normal? I firmly believe that I am on the mark, I cannot be mistaken, it is so obvious.'

'What is so obvious, Karel?' Erica wants to know.

'That Hans is becoming senile because of his treasure. It is ridiculous. Who must deny him this life? Elsje is no Hansi. Can you not see then that Hans is furious? Or do you not use your eyes. But I do not believe that. One

thing, do not go into it, Erica, or it will become trouble. This is no longer normal. Am I right, Frederik?’

‘How right you are. Just a moment ago, when I was with him, he started talking about it himself. It is fear of losing Elsje. And that at this age is dangerous. That will become sphinxes, if you ask me. He is driven from pillar to post. You see him at home at the strangest times. He says himself, I walk round with it day and night. It chases him home. Elsje thinks it is dreadful of course. However, René gave him a beating.

‘What did the boy say, Frederik?’

I tell Erica what René said to him: ‘But what a boy, Karel, he feels keenly what is going on inside a human being! Did you know that, Karel?’

‘Not I, but I believe that I understand a bit about it. We must stop that painting, I believe. You never know.’

‘You must not do that, Karel, René does not care about Elsje.’

‘What are you saying, Frederik? René does not care about Elsje? Do you wish to gloss over the matter?’

‘Not that, but he says so.’

‘Damn dangerous, I would also be afraid if I had a child like that and there were too many youths around! But, what do you want? Do you perhaps wish to go and live on an island?’

‘Literally Hans’ thoughts, Karel. He would like that. But then there is also a fear of a merman!’

‘That is good, that is really good, I have not heard a joke like that for a long time. That Hans. What nonsense a prof like that gets into his head. I cannot cry about it, I could die laughing. Jealousy?’

‘As I have not seen before, Karel. And a dangerous one.’

‘Do you think?’

‘It is certain, this is dangerous.’

‘What should we do, Frederik?’

‘What should we do, Erica? I do not know. You cannot do anything about it.’

‘How awful, isn’t it?’

‘Awful?! You call this awful? It is nonsense. Let Hans do what he wants. If René was to lift a hand to Elsje, I would wring his neck. But it is not that. Hans does not know what to do with himself. Of course something has happened which we do not know. I do not suspect anyone, Elsje not at all, I would no longer trust myself. That Hans!’

‘What does he want then, Frederik?’

‘What Hans wants, Erica? To put Elsje under a golden bellglass. No more than that. But it has gone to his head. It is usually the case with these types. They lose themselves in happiness and make a fairground of it. I do it a bit

less and do not start about anything, you are now sure of yourself. Let go, come what may, do not look for any *fata morganas*, you will go to pieces. I am going to sleep. With pleasant dreams too!

I also write down:

It is dreadful with Hans. This is no triviality. Elsjé is like an angel in white. And Hans, who has experienced a heaven, wants to have Our Lord there. But that is just not possible. Yet I am worried! What is he aiming at? Bring us into trouble which he looks for himself? But I am afraid, Hans! Truly, I am afraid for you! I do not yet know, but??? But what?? Do you believe in things mapped out for your life? Do you believe that we people perhaps bring happiness for other people? Not I! I do not believe in it, because I have not yet experienced it. If you wish to see your own happiness?

"I am talking to myself ..." passes my lips and I also record this. I have felt thoughts in me which are tuned to hypocrisy! And that is dreadful. But why? Because I expect something? And that something lives somewhere? I am going to sleep!

The following morning I continue with the logbook. I see that René has also worked until late on this sketches. Elsjé looks amazingly good and Erica looks ten years younger. Where does he get all of this from? I know. We can be satisfied, a young talent is revealing itself.

I write down in the logbook:

What I felt yesterday and saw, was sent to me. Would Hans also be sent his thoughts? Then it will be misery and talk, but I have a fervent hatred of that game. I do not like cards. I surrender. I read:

When Erica was between three and four months pregnant, her phenomena had disappeared, or became different, so that we did not see them. I said then: then another working will come, the bodily systems will now get meaning. And she was calm. Later phenomena came again, she played piano then as I will never hear her play again. Was this inspiration?, she asked me. I said: I do not know. I do not know what inspiration is, but that mask has also fallen long ago. We now know what inspiration is! If you cannot give yourself for a hundred percent, René says, you can never experience a true inspiration. You must first exhaust yourself completely. That therefore means that he feels this. That he feels and understands Van Gogh, I believe. Inspiration is spiritual takings. For René and for Mohammed you are now in contact with supernatural worlds, with spirits! People who are separated from the bodily systems. They say that, but when will we get the proof of that? This mask will not fall for a long time. I will therefore continue.

When René was born – because nothing else special happened afterwards – we were faced with other masks. Too big a head. Erica coming apart at the seams, it was raining. I believe that these were afterpains for the soul. She

was one with her child all this time! I already accept this and this is influence during the pregnancy. What René gave her, let her experience, she could not escape that just like that, she had to experience it. And that therefore happened. I talked to her then and took her on this trip, which has not yet come to an end. The jungle stage has, not the home-coming, because now we also keep experiencing something of that trip, our journey, which went through hells and heavens. René's head changed. I now think: too great a material influence. This tissue was faced with deformity, but it did not come that far. After three months you already saw this head changing. Therefore a material working with a spiritual base. There are no complications to be seen. The doctors did not know it, neither did we. Yet I had my feelings about it. They were, as I already said before: spiritual deformity, but it did not come that far!

And then we started the trip. Erica got better. René received phenomena. He rubbed with excrement, made drawings from it. So we see that those feelings already revealed themselves at that time. Now it has become art. Then the notes came. And my dreams. I cannot reply to those notes. I hope to get an answer as soon as possible. We know about his leaving for the institution. The inner life dominated. My dreams remain, my dissolving from this world. As a result of this I got contact with him.

When René lay in the cradle, it already started then, he already became separated from the bodily systems. His prehistoric life as a yogi or magician awakened for his personality. What I experienced as a dream, was an occult law for him. I became rarefied, but through him. Because I followed his life, he drew me to him. I cannot see it any differently. That other world, I already spoke about it, is the world for our soul. But we were not yet separated, not completely of ourselves, or we would have to have been able to see that world as that world was or is! And I did not see that. He did, he says: I know those people! Not I, but I probably experienced the first grade for it there.

I assume that the soul lives eternally and is a human being, we will not suddenly be in the highest class, and will have to do a pre-study first. In any case I learned as a result of this that the soul is attached to the bodily systems. René was older in that world. He entered the life of Rachi-Hadju! The spiritual child prodigy awakened, the soul surpassed the bodily systems. This is very simple, it cannot be any different, this is the sacred truth. Many Orientals experienced that and you still hear about it. That a Western child possesses this is extraordinary. A piece of proof, Mohammed says, that our wisdom is passing over to the West.

All the things I was able to experience at that time brought me to the life of René. There was no more and is no more to say about it. Since I became rarefied, I repeat, I reached unity with his life! Because I am also tuned in like that. Mohammed says: your souls have attunement to each other. We

knew each other in the past. But that means that an infallible hand now works on our lives. Poor Hans, then it will become dangerous! I no longer want to think about you!

I walked into the wood in order to be able to think better. I am waiting for René. I want to ask him a few questions and I am curious how he will now answer them. I consider all the things which happened in those years. What else must I know?

The soul, for all those psychopaths, is to blame for this decline and destruction. They are people who have destroyed themselves in previous lives. God has nothing to do with this misery. Now I can see all that misery of the people before me. Anyone who does not yet possess any feeling, suffers poverty. Wealth and poverty have no meaning, because you can achieve everything of and for this life and society. Anyone who just does his best, will receive riches. That costs you blood, but there are also people who acquire it by lies and deception. I now believe that every human being was once rich. That now your thoughts are tuned into something else. You do not go backwards now but forwards, material possession is not always happiness. I know that all too well. And I live in there. Murder and arson, are worlds of misery. Later you will be faced with that misery and something stops you, which is an invisible halt for this life. Whatever you do, you cannot escape it. There are people who try everything, but nothing works. Everything is against them, works against them. And those are invisible laws? These are causes and effects! Anyone who is wild and murders, must return to this sick world. When this dissolves later it will be a paradise here, but that will take a while. I can now see thousands of masks falling! And the most amazing thing of all is that God is above everything; He thinks to himself: just go ahead. I will get the profits anyway! And so it is! If you think that you murder a fellow human being you are doing that to yourself! You cannot murder anyone! Is it not amazing? You must return to the earth for it in order to give that soul a new life. There is no injustice. The parents of all those mad people have to do with their children, those souls. One sends you misery, the other happiness. What you once took away from another person, you bring that back again to that other person later. Money and goods, love and happiness. Again Hans builds up before my eyes and forces me as it were to watch out for him. But I am stronger, so he must leave my house!

But is this not true? Just steal; you will not only get your punishment here, but you will have to return it to the Divine laws. I let myself be deceived that a priest saw that he had been robbed there and there. And now that that same soul wanted to do something else with that money, he went to those people and asked for his stolen goods back. The grandchild of those people kicked him out the door, but he had said: I will get it ... the laws now speak.

You will give me back my possessions, because your ancestors beg for it. And what happened? This soul, a man of forty, got the inclination, to give the priest everything from himself and to become a pupil of his. And then they were one. The priest descended into his life and brought it to revelation. In previous lives they had had to do with each other, but a family member was a thief. That is all very well, but we Westerns do not go into it anyway. We do not believe in those tales, we are too sober and too sharply tuned to the material for that. I just consider myself. I give a great deal away, but I am not yet the type to lock myself into the ground as a vagabond. I love beautiful things. I want to do everything, but I do not go too far. I will not make any hocus-pocus of it, I will remain with both feet firmly on the ground for everything. I do not want to lose my grip. I will never be able to make a fuss about stolen love. I see so many sweet things in this world. Must you murder yourself for a soul? I would not be able to do that. I would withdraw? Not that either! I would act very differently, I would just go my way, even if it gnaws my heart to bits, I will not let myself be walked upon by another! And in my life I saw that this is the best way, if you want to experience life. You will not be destroyed now, you will remain yourself in everything. But Hans is afraid! Because he is afraid, I get cold shivers. Imagine that someone comes to him soon and says: 'What you have, belongs to my life. Give it back to me!' And Hans is like an eastern law. He could be a maharadja just like that. I find him sickly the past few years. He lives like a sovereign. Were those means earned honestly? I do not know. Hans' parents were rich, perished, I believe, but the old Groevers left him a pile of cash behind. I want to bet everyone that Hans comes from the East. Just look at his surroundings, pure Eastern, everything. He walks away with dragons, eastern statues, to me he is a runaway Buddha. At the time he has succumbed there and now seeks it in the sober West. And he has the knack of it. I believe that he has transformed his magical powers into modern psychology. Of course, these become Western profs, because these souls are open to the occult law and psychology is no different. The western explanation does not change anything about the law! And Hans also knows that, but he does not know what to do for himself. I now find him a poor dog, a wolf in sheep's clothing, a reindeer in clogs, a fish on an air balloon, you now know for sure that the animal is dying! But will I be left with the misery soon? Not I! Hans must decide that for himself, it is ridiculous!

Yet, now and again you come back to it. And then Hans is standing before your nose. I let myself be deceived that this is possible. A man must go on a trip. This man is in another country. That man walks and that man works there. But someone is following that man. Where he is, that other invisible and yet visible man is standing before his nose. What does this form want?

He knows that man. It is a shadow and has nothing to do with spirits, he knows that man. He writes home. What is the matter with so and so. I must know! Finally after much hesitation a letter comes. You have been robbed for ten thousand. What did you say? Robbed for ten thousand? Yes, it is sad but it is the truth. You have been robbed by that same man who built himself up so consciously and completely himself before your eyes. You could now have that character put in prison, but what will that help? You will not get your money back anyway. And this is true! Because it is I myself. I was deceived for ten thousand guilders. And that character, I was in the middle of the jungle then, was my banker. The man went off with my money. I never had all my money in one bank, otherwise I could have started from the beginning again. You see, do just say that this is not possible. I saw that invisible man before me. I kicked that life away from me. If I tuned myself into something at full power, the life had disappeared. But if I let my train of thoughts free for a moment, then the man stood before me again and followed me where I went. Then I wanted to know what was the matter there. They had not wanted to write it to me yet.

You see, I just want to say, we people can be very sensitive. Hans probably also feels a character like that. How often have I not heard this about dying. I am with a friend of mine in Paris. We go for a nice meal and out in the evening. We sit in the opera and suddenly he says to me:

‘I must go home, Frederik. You cannot stop me. I am going!’

I say: ‘Go, just go, I will wait for your answer.’

When he gets home the man collapses after a few hours and is stone-dead. What is this? Crazy? A crazy thing? You can hear millions of stories about it. And all those people felt and took over something unprecedented, as a result of which they started to act. What Hans feels, I was able to follow, lives in our midst and is not visible. Yet it is there! But where does it live? Can you prevent such a thing? It was probably good that he locked himself up somewhere with Elsje for this life. But then you avoid your own life? I do not believe that it helps. These are laws! I cannot become free of them, but they are laws! It is possible that Hans is just imagining things, but they are laws for our realm of thought and the personality. The soul probably enters something, which it experienced before. Just consider René. What has not become conscious in this life? Countless things. They are wonderful things. For other people it could mean misery. Who dares to say of himself, I am free of karmic laws? Not I! Anyone who says that is a bluffer. We know very well that we little people have nothing to contribute when the universe comes down. What do we earthworms hope to achieve! And that, which comes to and in your life like that in silence, is like a universe! You could become afraid because of it. You have nothing more to say really, you have been handed over

to countless matters. You have forgotten those matters a long time ago, but those matters have not forgotten us! And then sooner or later they come to us and follow us in order to intervene infallibly and to stab a sensitive knife into our hearts. Is it perhaps nonsense? I have had it. I will see whether René is at home and I will ask him a few questions. René is at home. I am lucky, he is resting. I go to him and ask whether I may ask him something.

‘Who does it concern?’

‘Myself.’

‘Here, Frederik, an article about our trip. Will you try and place it?’

‘I will try.’

‘What do you wish to know, Frederik?’

‘I wanted to know, whether you know what happened between the moment of fertilisation and the fourth month.’

‘So, you want to know that, Frederik. For the logbook?’

‘Yes, René. Can you connect yourself with that?’

‘Have patience for a moment, I will tune into that. When I fall asleep you close the door.’

I wait. After five minutes there comes – but he is already asleep – :

You see, Frederik, that this sleep is the same as in my youth?’

‘I see. May I call you by your name?’

‘No, do not mention any names, that will awaken me. But can you see it?’

‘I can see it, it is a revelation to me. Are you now still conscious for this life and can you see where I live?’

‘That is also possible.’

‘What kind of state do you live in?’

‘I have descended into the first stages for madness. But I am myself and conscious. The human being who experiences the sickly grades, lives in this. Because I am conscious, I will give you the proof. Look for yourself at your watch, I will tell you what I see. It is twenty-three minutes to six! I can see your life, I stand in and behind you, I can now go where I want to. Yet I now remain one with my body.’

‘How, if I may ask?’

‘As a result of your will I am now in this sleep. Do you not know that?’

‘Are you able to do this under your own power?’

‘Yes, of course, soon I will be that far.’

‘Can you see what I am doing?’

‘You are writing: ‘Now the masks fall.’ Is it the case?’

‘Precisely, your time was also pure. I am surprised. Can you now go where you want?’

‘Not yet, only then, when I experience the deeper laws of life will that be possible.’

‘And can you control yourself in this world?’

‘I know what you mean. Does a lion not know its powers? I also do. I am ready, we reached that far many lives ago. I am myself! Only now! And you are ready to accept your task! In order to bring to the West what we were able to master yonder. You are not afraid anyway, that something will happen to me?’

‘Not that, but it is so supernatural.’

‘I will answer your first questions. Know now that you can decide about my life, I mean, if you want to be connected, give me this life and conscious and you will reach unity with all the worlds created by God.’

‘May I tell our loved ones what we are doing?’

‘Tell them what we are doing, but not everything, or they would already succumb now.’

‘I thank you. Then I acted well. I thought, as you feel, Rachi-Hadju.’

‘Similar powers, my friend and brother, will give this world consciousness. At the moment when I descended into my mother, I knew of course nothing more about all these laws. The soul as a human being returns to the embryonic stage and then descends into the mother in order to start the physical life. It is the father or the mother who has attunement to this life. The father or the mother therefore attracts this life, but it is the ‘soul’ as personality, which possesses these laws and has them in its own hands.’

‘What does this mean?’

‘That it decides when its new life begins.’

‘Or the parents, or we people would be able to decide about life and death?’

‘Very precise, you feel, we now got those laws in our own hands. God gave us those laws, but if I was to explain to you the cosmic, the universal law, you will understand for the first time that the universal law has these lives in its hands in a dominating way. You must see these laws for birth, materially, spiritually and universally. The universal law ensures harmony. Thousands of possibilities lie in this, which you will receive. After all, a mother is capable of destroying her child. You have already touched this possibility by your thinking. There are mothers who give birth more than once. Other people violate this wonder and sponge off those other mothers. As a result of this universal gaps emerged. For the universe, my friend, the mother gives birth twice, for her and for the life which belongs to her, her creator, both want to continue life.’

‘I understand you and I thank you for this answer.’

‘My mother carried me, it was she who would attract me, but it is I who forced her to it. That she would receive me, that I would be born here, you can sense this, is a law, because we have to do with each other and that connection cannot be broken. I awakened. I brought along this consciousness.

It is obvious that I would dominate her life, because she had not yet reached that height for motherhood. Other mothers experience something similar, all the laws for madness, psychopathy also lie here, all laws for unconscious souls, who prepare themselves for this life, after they went under in a previous life. Every wrong deed, every action, which is directly attuned to the life, my friend, takes you to the material disturbance. And that disturbance reveals itself through and after the birth; in and around the mother you can establish those disturbances. You have thought and felt purely, I can see your conscious. The soul returns to the earth as it was during its previous life. The mother who would give birth to me, could have experienced my revelations for her own life, which she sometimes experienced as a result of her art. You wondered what is inspiration? Well, you will only then be able to be inspired, when you have devoted for yourself the full hundred percent to art. Or, it is human, material, earthly capability, knowledge, whatever you want to call it, the event happens from the material thinking and not from the spirit!

‘I thank you, it is amazingly pure.’

‘I am one with all these laws, my friend, nothing will stop me.’

‘You are looking back at your own birth?’

‘It is I! I go through this birth and then come back in the previous life. When we were able to meet each other between heaven and earth, we were spiritually one for our conscious. As a result of this you could already have accepted that I would awaken with my full previous conscious. I could have elevated myself to an age of seven years old, but then my life would have been faced with the universal halt and I would start to dominate the material. Can you sense this? These are the seven universal grades of life as a law for the soul, spirit and material being, but in which the soul as the personality lives and will act. I acted, but as a result of what? Because I had already reached and wanted that reality before this birth took place. Understand properly what you are doing, I do, everyone does, is still despite the material universe and the massive contact for ourselves! You do something for your people; you do that, if you wish to see this universally, for your own life. So we see that we experience good and evil and also have those laws in our own hands. We do this for the God of all life, of course, also for the development of this mass, but we follow the path which was revealed to us by the Christ. One day the longing will awaken in the soul to start a higher life. Well, you are ready. The other life here and outside your own existence, is not yet so far. As a result of this, my friend, you already live between life and death! I too and with us everyone who wants good.’

‘I am proud of your answers, Rachi-Hadju. Can this name be pronounced?’

‘This one does not disturb me. Because this one has attunement with this wisdom, this life, my sleep cannot be disturbed. If you wish ... father Oteb?’

‘I ...?’

‘You, yes! Does Isis not live in your heart? Was it not you who gave me these ‘wings’? Did you not teach me how to think? We were one there. I know it, many lives also took us to hatred and evil, now we were able to conquer these disturbances and there is nothing more which will separate us! You were the supreme authority there! We served you, you us. Now we are in the West, but there are more! Also my mother and she who serves you, fills your heart to carry on, is part of it. The others will soon get to see their own lives and belong to others. Know now!’

‘I am just like a child which wants to listen to his father.’

‘And this is your blessing, your conscious, your spirit of sacrifice, your devotion to duty towards them for whom you live. Was I not your child? Did you not give me every love there? Was it I who prepared your fall? We will go back there later. You must ask your questions, soon you will have to listen to the material command and you will be faced with the feeding of the organism.’

‘Is that also necessary now?’

‘You have to listen to those laws, my friend. It is only then that we will go further. I want you to ask all your questions soon, if you wish to be prepared for the new life. Do not forget, you will have to ask thousands of questions. I will record the universal, which answers the questions of which have attunement to His life. They will form your tower, His University! Do you believe this?’

‘I accept everything!’

‘If you were to doubt for just a moment, my conscious and also your power for your life will dissolve. Before you would have been broken by this. Before, in Ré and Ra ... it was, it broke your life, and you would later have to accept. It made your life perish, also mine. Millions of souls are on the way to mastering those treasures; all of them will take part in disharmony sooner or later and will succumb as a result of this. We were allowed to continue! We did not exceed these laws, but we were faced with them and had to accept this going to pieces. You can do nothing for exceeding for the good, the awakening. You can rebel, but then you will know how to act. Now you are capable of ensuring your life for a fall! Do you hear it? Our life is touched. Go, you will see me there, I will be as I must be ... Nothing will disturb me! Eat and drink, take care of the organism, remain in harmony with everything, it is only then that you can continue. We did not understand that before. We thought we had to keep our material house free for material contamination. But how were we cheated? If we had organised our lives according to the material existence, believe me, everything there would have experienced a different end and we would not have broken our heads. We went upwards,

sure, but were in disharmony with thousands of laws. Look into your own destruction, Oteb ... and you will be able to decide for yourself how life was there. I now tell you, nowhere in the world you were purely tuned, because every material tissue possesses a space. And the soul will have to master that space. Now do not neglect for a second, always stay in harmony with those who surround you and you will not elevate any new halt for yourself. Eat and drink, but do not forget that opulence takes you back to the material, but these laws are conscious in your life! Go, I am coming!

I go downstairs. Every step takes me crashing back to the material world, it is a cramp under my heart, now that I feel firm ground under my feet again. My God, where do I now live? Isn't it amazing? I sit down at the table weeping. Erica must know of course what is the matter with me. Karel looks at me as if he is seeing a ghost. What is the matter, Frederik? What is wrong with you?

'My God, children, I am so happy', I let slip. And they believe it!

Then René comes. I cannot see anything about him, only the eyes shine over this small space in which we live. He is quiet, but when he says something, he whispers as if he has not yet been born. Erica does not know what she should say, but her maternal inner life, her unity of course, which she once had with this life, drives her to the other side of the table and she kisses her boy. She says:

'What do you have in your face, little René, you look like an angel!'

He eats something, a little bit of everything, and leaves. I stay for a while. I wait a moment in order to give him the opportunity to get himself ready to be able to go further. Karel asks:

'What are you up to, Frederik? What have you been doing the past few days?'

'I have been busy with the logbook and I am now getting the explanations.'

'From who?'

'From René.'

'Which explanations?'

'About everything, life and death, birth, madness, and so on. And the answer for our being here.'

'Are you serious, Frederik?'

'I am serious, Karel. I wept a moment ago from happiness. Probably childish, but you will soon do it too. I ask you one thing, Karel. Just wait patiently. Wait and see and do not ask anymore.'

'What?!' Erica wants to know, who comes back, 'what must we wait for, Frederik?'

Karel tells her what I just said. She asks:

'Is it true, Frederik? May we know it?'

'I would already like to tell you everything, but understand properly, Erica, Karel, that will be a pressure for his life. Pretend as if you know nothing. I will tell you from time to time what I receive.'

'What are you actually doing, Frederik?'

'René goes to sleep, Karel. Into the sleep, which people in ancient Egypt knew, but which can be awakened by hypnosis. As a result of that we get wisdom. I showed you years ago what is possible. You saw before that René could suddenly fall asleep. Well, Karel, that sleep is still there! That sleep now enables us to ask him questions. He answers the questions which we ask him as soul and personality. It is incredible, but soon you will experience it. I will not leave you in uncertainty for too long. Soon, Karel, your eyes will open and a fool will speak about supernatural matters, which no university knows the essence about. And that is your René! Our fool! Our child! From whom we experienced so much trouble. You will be amazed, Karel, when you know him now. It is a revelation! Our spiritual child prodigy stands before you! Nothing can stop this, his life has awakened. And in time, Karel, we will call all the faculties together and we will begin a fight for life and death.'

'What do you wish to do, Frederik?'

'We will call the faculties together, Erica. Anyone who is in any way suitable for it, must be there, as an academic then. Then you can ask questions about body and soul, all the illnesses, I believe that you know, the universe, Karel. And from the answers you will establish that this is a supernatural wonder. Do you know, Karel, Mozart and all those child prodigies have experienced something similar. But they brought art! Now we bring wisdom, but through René!'

'Are you not flying too high, Frederik?'

'Have I ever done that, Karel? Was I not always capable of taking care of you? Who flew off, I or you? Who kicked my sacred matters to pieces? Me?'

'Just stop talking about it, we know.'

'Well, Karel, now no more distrust. Now you must learn to accept. However, I ask you not to let René notice anything. If you are not capable of experiencing this life, as we got to know it, then bits and pieces will fall. We must be able to continue to see this wonder as something of every day. If you start to admire him, Karel, start to see him as a sacred horse, you will hear that from him. Woe betide your life, Karel, if you now hear him talk. He beats you. But in order to prevent this, I ask you, just pretend there is nothing. I will soon go upstairs and will come into contact again with the laws. I will ask him whether you will may soon experience this questioning and answering. I tell you, Karel, I didn't get an answer until now. We have only started now. When we are ready, then you will see the wonder. That will not take long. I will go to him every evening.'

‘And then he falls asleep, Frederik?’

‘Your big son, Erica, is a great wonder. You see! There you have it. We must prevent those things from happening, Erica. That disturbs like a hell! You must try to remain normal. I was able to experience so much in these years and I thank God for everything of course. I was never wrong! In Hans’ institution I wakened up, Karel. It started there for me. Those powers were awakened as a result of René’s inner life. If I now tune into his life, he goes to sleep. I only have to think and it is already that far. In Egypt these powers reached awakening for René. We made this trip for this purpose! It were the high priests who gave him this mercy. They would not have missed him for all the money in the world.’

‘Why did you not tell us all these things, Frederik?’

‘Should I have spilt the beans from a school which told me to keep quiet? Would you have understood any of it? Nothing, I tell you, nothing! You would have beaten everything to a pulp. Soon you will be able to know everything. But the wonder happened there. As a child he was already capable of looking into another world. You will soon read it in the logbook.’

‘Did you keep that too, Frederik?’

‘I have everything, Erica. Not a thought was lost.’

‘How can it be. What kind of books are they?’

‘They are wonders, Erica. Everything is in them, also your succumbing!’

‘Thank God, Frederik. Just finish me off, just let me stand naked, this society may get to know me. I no longer shrink from anything. I have learned enough from experience. Will you do that?’

‘I already told you before, Erica, that your own life records things! Things are described about all of us. I believe, it is a gift for this humanity. It is described in such a way that people can make a play, a film of it. And was our life not a film? Not a fragment of truth, from which you create such things? We were able to experience incredible scenes. We actually got it for free! But I tell you, I am grateful to God for this. Now I understand, no, I know, that I had to start thinking at that moment. It is also no coincidence anymore that we got to know each other on that boat. I, who travelled the world as a vagabond was brought home in order to accept my task. And you were that? We have elevated a band, a circle, with our lives, for which we now live. When I consider everything, they are all wonders. We were not able to move a footstep or we experienced something. And that is his life, we could continue through him. When he still lived in you, Erica, it had already started. Those things are recorded too, now the answers for them come. Karel, you will be surprised! It will be a revelation for your life. However, I must ask you urgently, to not make a fuss about this. That will spoil everything. Do not go into anything. Let us just lay foundations. When he is in his state, you can

no longer think outside his life. He knows everything about us! When he starts to talk, fine, but do not start about it yourself. I believe, Karel, if you can be humble, even if you are faced with your son, you will have conquered that life immediately and you will get everything. I would like to tell you, if we, or he talk about these things, see him then as another. Just see something strange, sooner or later you will be faced with the laws anyway and you will have to accept him like that. Then it will be easier for him. We will not force anything then. Disregard this little son. You will soon have to accept that parents and children have to learn to think differently, because René places you before the universal love. And then you are no longer a father and you, Erica, no longer a mother of his, but a brother, a sister, you now know that you have lived a thousand times. René takes you back to the unity of this world, to a Father, to God and then you love everything which lives!

I would beg this of you! Discard your parental task and feelings for a moment. You will get masses in return! You will not be able to get over it. And if you can do that, you will certainly already feel, he will come closer and closer to you. And now you will get to see his world, as love in your hand, your personality now lives under your heart and reaches pure awakening! Is this not something to want to live for? Millions of people, parents, would like to possess such a soul.'

'We will do it, won't we, Karel?'

'Trying is possible. Will it work, Frederik?'

'This must, Karel! If you cannot, I assure you, he will take off. He will become older and not let himself be disturbed, you will definitely lose him then. I know, Karel, that this is not so simple, but you must be able to do it! And then what? Is this so difficult? If you get proof, what will you do then? But you do not have that yet. But before you get that you must be prepared to be able to receive this life. It is this, that I wanted to ask you. Do not go into anything, he will then approach you and now you will experience true friendship, love with your child, which is a master! Really, Hans also laughed, but you will soon see that laughter smothered.'

'Does Hans know about this?'

'I spoke to him about it, in order to pull him out of trouble. It will probably help, but I am afraid of it. I rather think that it is becoming sharper. You cannot escape yourself, Karel, and you cannot put a scarf on, if you have not yet earned that. Hans is not strong. Hans is empty inside, Hans has no order. And that must be there if you wish to be ready for this life in everything. I told him what I just told you. He does not believe it, but you, Karel, will soon have your proof. Hans laughs, but these are no longer things to smother, to be laughed at, this is deadly seriousness! René's life is a wonder for this humanity, for our sober West. You will certainly believe that this century gives

us those means in our hands. This is connected with the development of this great unconscious mass, which now gets a nudge for spiritual awakening. Hans does not see this, of course, he cannot yet think so far and so deep. But, Karel, the wonder lives in our midst! Hans laughs, yes, of course, because he is a big nobody for himself! Did you not know this? What does learning mean, if you perish from a bit of love? Did you really think, Karel that this is being big? Does it have meaning, if you lose your head? Behave strangely and madly, because the happiness of this and the next life lives next to you? Hans cannot even understand this happiness and stamps it to a powder as a result of this. What does he wish to understand of all of this, I ask you? Nothing, it is emptiness!

‘We will do our best, Frederik.’

‘I hope so, Erica, I hope so, otherwise misery will come again.’

‘What, Frederik, which misery?’

‘But I said a moment ago, Karel, that René is a master. I do not believe that you will keep this life for long on this world; extraordinary souls live for a short time. They finish their task and return to where they came from. Only one or two reach old age, are given a long life, most of them give so much of themselves that they succumb from it. If you go against his life and you cannot accept him, you will not bow your head, Karel, then I believe that he will leave you standing naked and will say:

‘Do you know what used to be said to the apostles? “Go and follow Me!” I am going! And then you will have lost him! Completely lost him! Nothing more can be done about this, I know your child!’

‘Are you not exaggerating?’

‘In no way, I swear to you, Karel, I wished that I could convince you. But that will come, just have patience. I will go upstairs, he is calling me, soon we will continue.’

‘Does Hans also know that you have started?’

‘No, not that, Elsje does not know either. What did she ask you, Erica?’

‘She wanted to know what you were writing, Frederik. I told her one thing and another. She wants to know all about it.’

‘Then just do that, take that for your account, because Elsje is a treasure. Just believe that this child does not have an easy time. Hans demands too much according to the daily laws! He already got a beating from René too.’

‘When was that, Frederik?’

‘A few hours ago ... Karel. He came to call me and they came here to eat. Just let Erica tell you, I am going upstairs. If you wish to know anything, I will hear from you.’

René is waiting for me. He is sitting in front of the sketches which he made of Elsje and Erica.

'What are they like, Frederik?'

'Good, they are a very good likeness.'

'Did Father ask anything?'

'I told him one thing and another.'

'Will he bow his learned head?'

'I hope so.'

'Do not hope, Frederik, he can do that, I will also give you that proof. There is not much in Father which appeals to me; there is this! The highest for himself, he can bow his head, no more is needed either. But I will soon paint, this must be finished and it is only then that we will begin!'

He lies down and falls asleep. I follow him. The silence which I feel is sacred. I am connected with worlds. Rachi-Hadju will answer me and he will know how I have to act. Oh, if Karel would only bow himself, I think, then everything will be okay. Then nothing will come between us. This would throw a black spot on this sacred unity, which cannot be removed. I hope so, I will do everything for it. I will ... But now that life already speaks and says:

'You will achieve everything, Oteb, everything. Do not worry anymore. I will convince him and then he will also devote his life for the life after this. We will make an adept of this life, we also need him! Just like Hans, but he must get to know himself. Know from me, that I know him!'

'May I ask questions?'

'We will continue. I am already waiting.'

'What I felt myself and recorded in the logbook, is it correct?'

'Name me the laws. Read all of them out to me. And I will tell you whether mistakes have been made.'

I now read out everything to René. Now that I come to the birth, he says:

'Stop ... Everything is correct, Frederik ...! You see how necessary it is that I see your previous life? You can just leave everything like that. However, I will explain the laws to you, then the masks will fall. All your research will take you back to the human personality as a soul. You will see your own life there. However, it matters which laws you wish to see treated. All your questions take you back to that very first working for the soul, the moment before the material awakening. All your thinking has freed your life from the material laws. Between the third and the fourth month the soul reaches physical awakening, the mother now experiences herself and there is peace. My organism experienced that pressure, I myself brought about that drive, because that evolution received material meaning.'

Mother experienced depression. It is she herself! That was not me, her life and personality had to accept all of this. Her unity with me brought her to a heightened state, working, the accepting of what she experienced during those months. You drew her to acting and thinking in the right direction.

Science is no grasp for this, it is the soul, and it is given nothing. Did you not know this? My birth had a smooth and natural course. My feeling for art, it was this conscious which placed me as a child before those material laws and you were faced with those phenomena. However, more children do that. For me they were inner reactions, with spiritual inspiration, transformation of the feeling, materialisation of this awakening, it was physical. I was able to explain the possibilities for this to you later. When you released your life from hate, brute force, I came towards you. I was not under your influence, but you were under mine. I did not learn to think through your life, you did through mine! Mother also had to accept these laws. I experienced the main thing ... my life awakened. Only later, at the age of seven, I experienced your influence and we reached unity.

The hour, Oteb, that I wanted to go upwards for my conscious, the awakening of my love for Marja – you look and you are shocked – were the moments of eternal knowledge, for me and for yourself. Where does she live now? Oh, do not worry, I will not do any stupid things. I know where she lives, he does not! He will wait and see! I know where she lives, I awakened, for her, for me, for all of us! Marja ... can you see me? Do you know that I am here? She also knows it! She is also conscious of her thinking and feeling. Oteb, of course, she also came back to the earth for this purpose, because we would receive the consecration from there. All of this is certain, because those who think that they possess everything, will have to make good what was once stolen from us!

Marja, soul of my soul, I am here!

Life of my life, can you see me?

Heart of my heart, do you want to live?

I will wait and see, it is only then that there will be happiness, it is only then that we will be open and we can continue! You see, Oteb, I bought this cross for her! I take her back to His life. We may enter through Him!

My sleep? Is this sleep different? I kept sinking back into this conscious, because every crude-material reaction took me back to this inner self. Is this so strange? Every harsh word, every chastisement which I had to experience, brought me to this conscious and I was assured of my life, feeling and thinking. Are children different? Is each life not tuned into self-preservation? This was mine! I was strong, powerful in this! No one could reach me in this. I withdrew myself? My soul watched over me as that other personality. See me now as one: so you see, now the gifts emerge. Every material chastisement gave me the spiritual weapon in my hands. I wanted to dominate, of course, the abuse of your straightjackets beat me to pieces. I myself did not want this life. Then your letters came. What kind of letters were they? Were they not wonders? Did they not give you any idea of full consciousness? Had I

learned your language? I got that from you. Through your thinking and our unity, Oteb, all these things came about. But it was only later that there was astral influence. Then I was attacked. Soon I had conquered this writing, but every phase for this awakening took me back to that personality, which came to me from afar. From the universe to destroy something, that was not possible. But it was my longing to live and die for Christ, as a result of this that consciousness got possession of my life for fifteen percent, the rest lived above the human world of thoughts, in which I was. I smothered these thoughts from there, but did my body not need any driving force? Are we not one with all the material systems? Boeha was there, very certainly, but did you not see that he was afraid of my thinking? Did you really think that if my life had known another and lower conscious, I would have been able to conquer those laws during my unity with this life? I gave you an idea of what age I was there. That boeha is still there, this life will wait as long, until no more dark thoughts are sent out in this world. You and I are open to good and evil, everyone, those millions of boehas possess a world of their own, the world of the human being who tunes himself to lies and deception, to hatred, destruction, sullyng all the sacred part in the human being, the Divine core!

Astral influence is therefore possible. Those are the dark spheres in life beyond the material. You will get to know the laws for it. Then we reached unity, Oteb. What was the tree of life like for your life? You thought: I am in blossom. And that was true! That world gave you eternal reality. You have experienced a world, which connects you with the reality of this conscious. It was the tree of life, Oteb, Isis, Ra, Ré, the Goddess! The Pyramid, the Sphinx. You saw the limit there for the human, material thinking. There the material acting ends and you experienced dreams, realities, your soul released itself materially consciously from its shackles. Going further is no longer possible, there you are faced with the occult laws, now you follow a school, which you cannot experience in this West. A few lives are needed to bring this to awakening under the own powers. Since you followed me, I elevated you into that world. It was not your world, but it was mine. Have you seen all those children to whom I belonged? Isis! Ra, Ré, Oteb; if you had looked properly, you would have seen yourself, but those thoughts went too far for your conscious and you succumbed. Didn't you?

'I accept everything, I know.'

'These experiences brought your life to mine. As a result of this you tuned your life to this awakening. I was in it, because I came there in thousands of years. I drew myself back into an independence, which existed, which lived in me, but for which I now live, or it would not have been possible. Truly, I wanted to pick flowers from there for those who belong to me. Qualities, Oteb, life, conscious!

I manifested myself materially according to my obtained conscious. I wanted to take Mother and Father to my life. The images which you received, and as a result of which you could follow my sitting down, my falling and getting up, was a chain of events transmitted to your life from my life. I fell, of course, but I also stood up again and carried on. As a result of this you got certainty. Could you have experienced this certainty under your own power? No! That was not possible. This establishes that from that time the influence from my life came to you. You got your powers back, your hypnotism is working of course, infallible, but brought to being conscious through my life. Is this clear to you?

‘I now understand everything, Rachi-Hadju, my life wants to thank you.’

‘But dear father, may I thank you for all your great cares? You have the means for that, it is my possession! I also have high expectations of Hans. Now past accounts are settled. Oh, I feel that you are trembling, but did he not give me the capital to be able to continue my studies? Look into this existence and you will know him, also those who feed us and take care of our lives now. Did that certainty enter you? Did you expect any differently?

What you experienced, Oteb, is obtained possession. What you wrote down, came from my life! Everything about your life, that sees a foundation in mine, drove you to act in the name of the new birth. If each life tunes itself into higher thinking and feeling, it attracts that higher becoming conscious. Now you are in the possession of this personality, your becoming conscious; my father could not have done this! Is this not true? Imagine, can all life not be opened? We were one, many souls are one, we for the spiritual, the universal laws, which no madman is capable of, even if that soul finds itself between material and spirit. As a result of this you see the material, spiritual and the universal laws. Of course, a flower does not possess more space than it has received through its material attunement. But it does not need more conscious either! Water, universe, hells and heavens, wherever you look and attune your life to, are independences for the own grade of life. No space can separate itself from the own attunement, because this took place when God started His division and we received that independence there as human beings. We must go back millions of years. Millions of spaces, Oteb, do you wish to see your own Divine attunement in that truth, but your eternal self lives there!

Do you feel, I go into that, which are laws to you, problems. What was touched good and clear by your life, I pass by. Here and there I will give you a short explanation and you can be satisfied. These are then the foundations for the building which we will give to the West. Poverty and wealth, you know it, is the possession of the human being. Do you not believe, now that you know that you have had thousands of lives, you have not even known

that wealth? Did you really think that a crown can give you that expansion? Is this not universal justification? Illnesses, troubles, Oteb, did people want that themselves? It is the soul as a spiritual personality, which opened itself to all that misery, material and spiritual, and it went under. Your life knew all of that, you did not need any help for this purpose. Not only I, but also others showed you the correct path in that. It was correct, to pick up those Divine gifts from your streetgutters and to show them to the people. Churches build themselves up, not heavens! You have to elevate them with your blood, for which your suffering and sorrow created the victorious feelings! Is this not true?

And what can be said about all that other? Could the academics move a footstep when they were faced with this mystery? Were they problems? Freckle-face, Little Bramble, Gerrit, all the others could have told them and explained to them. But do they know the language which they speak? Is there connection, unity possible, when you do not know the soul? Could you not have accepted in those few hours, that it is the weakness of personality, as a result of which they succumb? I know what you could have learned for yourself in that, because of this you would awaken for me and for yourself! I know all of that, because I experienced that unity with your soul!

Sometimes you saw and felt me, I acted for the other personality on the way, or do you wish to accept that he knew for what purpose he bought this cross? Now he knows, now for the first time, Oteb, now!

I can see the beginning of your notes before me. Leave it like that. Anyone who reads them later, must open himself to the inner becoming conscious for this work. No, do nothing to them, do not change it, leave it like that! I am writing my own works! Yours take the soul back to the opened, I expect it there, in order to show it the eternal true by means of the universes. There was therefore always unity. We remained spiritually connected, you call it telepathy! Does the animal not possess this too? I go past all of this, you are prepared, your trips and travelling belonged to it. Everything of this world has meaning for your life and that of mine. I draw from your life, you from mine! Is there a difference? No! We do one work, we carry out one task!

The fight with the academics has known no meaning. But that will come soon. You can give my father that certainty. Meanwhile he will see me awakening. Also she who gave birth to me!

Does it matter, Oteb, that we apply material meditation, when we do not experience the spiritual purification? Did my mother not get a fright? What did Rachi-Hadju mean by this? Behave differently, act differently and you will heal, you will purify yourself. Does all that purity mean something for the soul? I created art, it was music, which I heard, received, by means of tralalalala ... Iala passed onto your life, a piece of good fortune for me to be

able to conquer, because I met boeha as a result of this! I played with his becoming conscious, but nevertheless had to accept that he could disturb and attack me. Those who live on earth are open to it, also I. Now that is over! You received the supernatural through the letters already sent to your life at that time. Of course, Oteb, all that information flowed towards you from the mad part. However, when I walked on, climbed the stairs, Marja opened herself for my life and we could greet each other, conscious has also entered her life. Later I will give you that proof.

However, my fights with the boys, Oteb, received the adult conscious as a result of this. I gave myself a material power as a result of this, which experienced the spiritual inspiration directly from the material systems. There was no more than that, I was also myself in this. However, know, that will soon be clear to you, that there is astral possession, it exists! Now the dark astral lives it up by means of the dark material, the earthly self which is open to evil, because unity has come into being for these wonders.

Now go to those who love you and be open to their questions. I will meanwhile continue. Do not forget the written, Oteb, tomorrow we will continue. God has brought revelation to your life and peace and rest to the others, knowledge! I will build a Temple by means of it for me and her! Go, you live under my heart!’

I first read the article, written by Rachi-Hadju. A trip to ancient Egypt. We stand before the Pyramid, the Sphinx, the Temples of Ra and Ré and Isis, but he takes western life back to society, the pure mentality for the awakening. He writes about the feelers of the human being, which can be material, spiritual and universal, but calmly presents the religious emotional life with the oriental laws and opens the own obtained independence by means of this. Somewhat deep, but very interesting, I believe, people are pleased with this. You start to think as a result of this; it is an old man who experienced this word, provided it thoroughly with oversensitivity and finally guarantees unity amongst people. He creates a new path for the western emotional life, the wonderful East and West are faced with a life, with Christ! This strikes home, I know, but no one must know that it is he.

Karel and Erica want to know everything, they have now been shaken awake. He already asks:

‘And, Frederik, did it work out, did you receive new material? I cannot yet believe in it.’

‘Have patience, everything in its time, you cannot miss out any pieces. Did your life not receive another development? What were you like years ago? What were you like, Karel, when I got to know you? What was I myself like? And what is the purpose of our life here? We will continue. If you know that you can continue your life, this is the stimulus for your inner tuning and

the comings and goings for this society. Indignation does not help you if you are faced with the things for the universe, which ask you to bow your head, you have to accept the life of the universe. And those are laws, Karel, every thought represents a law and is universally deep.'

'Did you get this from René?'

'Precisely, my friend, from your mad son.'

'And he says that every thought possesses universal depth?'

'He represents that universe, Karel. He lives in it. He says that every thought will receive the universal laws of life, if we people do everything for it, make a consciousness of it.'

'How can it be. Where is he now?'

'He is working on the portraits.'

'And he is very normal, do you notice anything about him?'

'Nothing, Karel ... it is a wonder.'

'Do you understand it, Erica?'

'Not I, my dear chap, but I could hit myself. I cannot bear thinking about it.'

'About what?'

'About everything, I could have experienced this event differently. Good heavens, can you not feel what we missed? Can you not understand that our lives stood still? And then I also sold those beautiful garments. I helped a beggar with them. Can you ever forgive me for this, Frederik?'

'René says: everything which you do to another, you do to yourself. The human being who is in harmony with the eternal can never be crushed if he practices, gives, always keeps love in mind!'

'And that comes from René, Frederik?'

'Yes, Karel, this comes from his life to we older ones and we have to take our hat off to it. It takes us to those laws. It is only then that it brings happiness for yourself and for those with whom you are involved. We people think that we live, but we are living dead. René possesses supernatural conscious. Ancient Egypt lies like an open rose in his hands, it lives under his heart.'

'And does that mean that he lived there?'

'You, Erica, Anna, Karel, I, everyone! You have been with all those peoples of this world.'

'But is this spiritualism?'

'It has to do with it and is yet completely alone.'

'But it looks like it, doesn't it?'

'René has nothing to do with spiritualism, Karel. Compare it to theosophy. He goes further and deeper, I believe, that will soon be clear to us. People built up these teachings in ancient Egypt. People started there. They are the teachings of the universe. He will explain the laws to us.'

'It is amazing, Frederik, incomprehensible and unacceptable for an ordinary being. I am very curious. How can it be any different!'

We sit for a moment and experience that the wonder comes downstairs. He shows Father and Mother the sketches. Truly beautiful, they must admit, ripe too soon for this age. René puts them down before him and also looks. I already know now that we have called him. He is open to these lives. Erica carefully observes him. She is sorry in every way about her actions and stupid behaviour. Karel looks, he does not understand it, but he sees it. He follows the life of his child. Then this passes his lips:

'May I ask you a few questions, René?'

There immediately comes: 'Yes, of course, Father.'

Look, I think, this is going well, the life of Rachi-Hadju immediately opens itself. Karel asks: 'I hear from Frederik that you proclaim wisdom and possess gifts, which we do not yet know. Is it possible that your Mother and I will experience this?'

He looks at Karel and then at his mother. Erica's eyes are already weeping. He stands up and puts his beautiful hands on her head. This life is immediately ready and replies:

'Of course, Father. Just start about something.'

'Start about something?'

'You are asking me, aren't you? Start about something, it does not matter what and I will answer you.'

'Good, then I would like to ask you whether you know what you used to be like?'

'Yes, Father, I know that. I can think back when I still lived in Mother.'

'Is that the case? Are these not own thoughts, because everyone would want that. Many people have tried that, but experienced themselves. Are those real experiences? You feel what I mean. Do not forget, René, we Western people know so little about all those things and matters. What can you see then, if I may ask?'

'Laws, Father, truth. That is the same thing, but I understand everything. I go back to the beginning of your own creation. To the place where you started as soul and spirit.'

'Where does that lie, René?'

'Before God revealed himself, Father; the sources for this omniscience both lie and live there.'

'And do you have certainty about this?'

'Yes, Father.'

Karel is already getting dizzy, Erica looks at her idol. René stares at his sketches and waits and sees whether his father has something else to say. There is no tension, but every word which passes his lips has been calculated.

What are you doing, Karel? Now there comes:

‘How did that in you awaken, René?’

‘By means of grades of evolution, Father.’

‘Which?’

‘Those of the conscious and unconscious madness.’

‘Conscious and unconscious madness, you say? What does this mean?’

‘Clear enough, Father, or allow me to say Karel in preference ... if you approve of it?’

‘You may, my boy. Gladly, even.’

‘Conscious madness, Karel, is the insanity of your own action. You are now rebellious in everything, your reaction in this life takes you to unconsciousness. Every action places you before those laws. Lying and cheating, lusts and violence, hatred, destruction, all those human qualities, which immediately place you before the justice of Golgotha, have attunement to conscious madness. Then the sickly follows, the people who live with Hans, of which you see hundreds of grades, therefore types of illnesses, which are represented by men and women. And the psychopathic, Karel, which I actually belonged to and yet was not, because my life was controlled by something unknown: the spiritual conscious. And we see those laws again for universe and time, microcosmos and macrocosmos, for human being, animal, and Mother Nature. Every thought is now a conscious law of life. And we see them again for soul, spirit and material!? I know the laws for them, Karel.’

Karel breaks out in a sweat. Erica trembles from emotion. Now Anna comes in and sits down next to Erica. When we are busy for a moment the doorbell rings. Hans and Elsje. That could be good, now Hans can already get a lecture. I am enjoying myself, I experience the very highest for my life. My God, what did I do to deserve this. We sit in a circle, the master gives an answer. Elsje sees the wonder. Elsje hangs on his lips and already lives in his heart. They find the sketch a revelation. Hans must accept that talents are revealing themselves here which are supernatural. Karel says:

‘Continue, René.’

‘First tell Hans and Elsje what we were talking about, otherwise it will perhaps disrupt.’

Karel says to Hans:

‘I asked René a few questions a moment ago about a higher conscious and we received an answer.’

When Hans and Elsje know what René said, Hans is also dizzy. Elsje is like a Madonna. She is not off her rocker, but she is open and like a child. Karel asks:

‘You say, René, that there is conscious and unconscious madness. Did God want that?’

Karel sends the fight to Hans, the prof can listen and bow to it. René is ready and answers:

‘This has nothing to do with God. When we people started our lives, God placed everything in our hands.’

‘You said a moment ago that this happened at the moment when God started His revelations. How did our lives start then. Can you see into there, do you also know those laws?’

‘I said a moment ago!’ the master continues; there is no doubt, no discussion possible. His soul flashes immediately to the revealed time and he says: ‘That we as microcosmos conquered the macrocosmos was at the time when God manifested himself. In the beginning of His Creation there was only life, light, feeling, fatherhood and motherhood, soul, spirit, which later became material. Consider theosophy. You can also follow Buddha. All the great ones who were able to experience an inner teaching for this humanity and who passed it on to these masses. Then we are faced with a development, which has become the human, animal evolution. God as Creator of heaven and earth, gave us everything at that moment, but by means of the planetary system.

All of that means that we people would follow His laws in attunement with His life. But we did not do that. We exceeded all those laws. As a result of this we as people created good and evil. The grades of madness now, which the soul has to experience, have reached consciousness as a result of those wrong deeds. Now the human being sees himself placed before those laws and the human soul has to accept them. We now see thousands of possibilities for the different spaces of this personality. We also see those spaces again in the human existence and they are now material and spiritual! We went through prehistoric ages, once got hold of a belief, but that was given to us by those who had brought the conscious spiritual personality in them to awakening. We people went through madness, there is no soul who can say: ‘During those millions of years I remained free from every contamination, every wrong, disharmonic deed,’ we people created evil. God has nothing to do with this world, with all this evil. He is still a God of love!

Where I lived was becoming conscious. The other boys from my institution will never reach this height, although all of them have been elevated in life and death. Anyone who loses the own conscious in this, will get another one. And that other one is for the soul, with its thousands of worlds, which brought the own laws of existence, teachings of justice and the harmony created by God to inspiration as result of its evolution; for fatherhood and motherhood, light, life and love! If you can feel this, then we will be faced with conscious and unconscious madness. The sickly! The people whom you call sick, are not sick for the universe. They are evolving! They are busy mas-

tering another conscious, but succumbed before the material law! Nonsense? They are not yet that far! Soon they will return to another stage. Peoples now have no meaning. The soul which has to do with these lives, ensures that that soul gets another organism in order to finish and continue this life. Lives now reach unity. Thousands of laws of transition are to be found here, as a result of which the personality succumbs. We now see homosexuality again. This as a result of the conscious and unconscious mother. The creating individual is also faced with it, because the natural grade of life for fatherhood and motherhood has not yet evolved itself, is unconscious.

What do you now know about your sickly grades of madness? Is a religious maniac sickly conscious? Yes! This is sickly conscious! Because the soul wants to get to know its God and it searches above its material and spiritual capacities the universe for its life, thinking, feeling, fatherhood and motherhood, reincarnation, and it succumbs in this life universe, which is also possible for the conscious of spirit in your material existence, isn't it? Once she has succumbed she lives in disharmony with society and you lock her up. This life experiences religion ... but now the inner, the spiritual laws, the physical, all the dark concepts as a result of which you have created your dictionary and she lives in them as soul! The personality succumbs, but gets through one life the inner awakening, the grip in its own hands. More lives are needed for this. Millions of people are not yet that far. The knowledge of the material system, of the cause of the disharmony, therefore the disturbance, which you see as thickening of the tissue and which you remove surgically, all of this gives you the possibility of taking the soul back to its harmonic thinking and feeling. However, when the unconscious experiences fatherhood and motherhood, it is faced with its obtained personality for not knowing its organism and falls into decline. I worked my way completely out of it, because in my life those laws reached the new and next birth. The many people who had not reached that height, experience body after body and then come that far.

My life is conscious, I bring new thinking and feeling to attunement with the universal teachings of benevolence, which God gave, bestowed upon His children.'

The academics are beaten senseless, extremely unhappy! There is no longer a madman talking here, but an expert in the laws. A supernatural!

René waits a moment and looks at them one by one. Karel says nothing and Hans rubs his forehead. However, then they also hear:

'Is all of this nonsense? Your whole society lives in madness. Just consider it! Who amongst those people is prepared for his task! With money you buy yourself out of prison. You throw death and decay at the life of God. Wherever you look you see devastation and conscious destruction. Those are material lunatics, conscious insanity, which has taken you from the Univer-

sal Harmony, but now marks the consciousness of this personality. This is your attunement for the universe, for which you have elevated some science for yourself, which is completely material, since you do not yet know the laws for your inner life. Where, I ask you, lies the Divine truth for all of this? Where did you begin your life? I tell you, you have been busy for hundreds of millions of years returning to that All-Source, the All-Existence, the Omniscience, the All-Soul, the All-Life, the All-Father and All-Mother, the All-light, for which we experienced the universe. Every grade of life and law of life is now a human body. We went through prehistoric times. The souls of that time conquered the higher in themselves and went both further and higher. The more universal solar systems, which all received a place in the universe, receive the soul as human being and the flower and planet life, so that all this life gets to know the Divine revelation and now takes part in that evolution. We see Sun and Moon again in your human heart. Did the systems not prove this? How did you get the light in your eyes, did the smell and taste organs reveal themselves? Do we people not have attunement to all of this? Only now you would be able to say: I do what I want, but I assure you that you have to accept all those laws! You go through fatherhood and motherhood to a higher becoming conscious. I can assure you that the universal systems lie under my heart and come to evolution; since I opened myself to them. As a result of this I got to know the laws of the Sphinx, the Pyramid, Ra, Ré and Isis! That teaching takes you back to the God of all life and for your own existence. What do you want? Do you want to see the laws of Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, Venus, the Moon, Sun, nebulae and stars explained? I will soon be ready! Then you can ask me questions. Get yourself ready for it, if not then I will be prepared to leave your lives and to look for another audience. I will knock you down, if you wish to know, however, I will not destroy you, because the life as a result of which I am here believes in the true resurrection of your personalities! Is this a poem? This is truth! The supernatural will later be the conscious of every day, every hour, every minute, because your faculties will see the opened life. Now there will no longer be any madmen, now unconscious and conscious beings will live on this earth, then the madmen will have started a new age, a new life, and people will know the soul as human being!

Did you really think that God was satisfied with your melancholy reading? Did you really think that He is to blame for your decline as a human being? You are Gods! But it is up to your life to transform that justice into light and life, into that sacred love, which provided your intellectual self with the eternal principles! Ask yourself, you will probably get an answer now, I am capable of giving it to you. Know then, that enough pearls are cast before swine. It is up to the human being to make the light shine, as a result of which death

loses its mask! And are you capable of that? You do not have faith, and your knowledge lies in the streetgutters of your own neighbourhood, but you no longer see any supernatural justice, you have become impoverished qualities. Your intellect blushes, your heart trembles, your eyes tremble and become hazy when the universe speaks to your lives. It is fear, of losing this life! I am going, I give you all of this to consider! Woe betide you, if I would have to accept your straitjackets again! I am going!’

He goes without granting any of us another glance, a word. It takes a long time, a quarter of an hour seems an eternity. Then the first word came and namely over Anna’s lips, when she says:

‘My God ... my God! Did I not always know this?’

She dashes off. Erica also goes. Elsje follows. The three of us sit there and do not have anything to say. Karel breaks the silence and asks me:

‘And did you know this, Frederik?’

‘You can believe me or not, Karel, but at the birth I received proof of this.’

‘It is terrible ... I surrender completely. I do not know where it comes from. What does it mean to you, Hans?’

‘I have no words. Did he not read a book, Frederik?’

‘No, this has awakened of its own accord. I already said before: Mozart brought art to the earth as a result of this, for this humanity. All those child prodigies represented an own universe. René is a spiritual child prodigy! Anything else? Is this not amazing? You can get a lecture, Hans, Karel, we will soon begin! To me it is a revelation, that he already does this consciously.’

‘Was this not that far then?’

‘I hear him talk like this for the first time. I thought, that will probably take another few years, but you hear it yourself! And if you are still inclined to call all of this nonsense, know then that we will continue. Soon he will explain laws to you, Hans, and you will no longer stand blind before your patients. Who knows what we will still get from our fool.’

Elsje and Erica come back. Also René, above my expectations. Hans looks at him as if he is a spirit. René sits down opposite him and seems to have forgotten everything again. Karel breaks the tension and asks:

‘Do you know now all the things you said there, René?’

‘I know everything, Father, Karel!’

‘And does that occur to you just like that?’

‘This is no longer an occurrence, this is knowledge.’

‘Since when do you know yourself that this is there?’

‘Before my birth was a fact, Karel, it was already there!’

‘What do you have to say, Hans?’

‘Nothing, I will think about it.’

Elsje sees a new life, something the laws of which she does not yet know,

but interprets a gleam of hope and happiness as a result of her own art. Suddenly René says that he is going to sleep and disappears again before our eyes. I know why he would come back, the fire of his life no longer wishes any uncertainty, he came back to beat the academics completely senseless. Now he feels that they have nothing more to ask and to think anyway, he feels the time is wasted. Erica also asks him to stay a while, but he says:

‘Mother, I feel tired, let me rest. Will you, Mother?’

‘Go, my boy, just go.’

Then we sit alone, the master has gone. Karel says:

‘One thing, Hans, I have got to know my son. I already get a fright when he calls me ‘Father’. I find that ‘Karel’ a bit calmer. Did you hear, Hans, that he uses the informal and formal form of address? It is a tumble for me. A pity, Frederik, this has escaped the logbook. A pity, this is gone, it was written for it ... don’t you think, Mother?’

I say: ‘Nothing has gone, Karel, I also have this.’

‘What do you have? Do you mean to say that you took this down in shorthand? Where then, you were sitting there and did nothing.’

‘I already received this a few days ago. What you heard was said differently, but I have the main idea. This will also come in the logbook, you will encounter it literally. And it is only then that you will know how amazing everything is.’

‘And, Hans? Do you still not know! Must we frustrate Frederik and him any longer with our wisdom? Do you still think that this is a madman? Then you are very awkward. If a person was looking at these things in a sober-minded way, it would be me. I know very well, Hans, that this does not turn our universities upside down, but this could perhaps be the heightened conscious for which you live. If I have understood properly what it is about, Hans, then we are faced with a layman who gives lectures. Or must we throw everything overboard from Buddha and those other great people which he spoke about! And does this, for which he knows the laws, as he says, not have a supernatural conscious? If you ask me, Hans, he has exceeded those past great people. If you listened well, this will no longer be nonsense. Did you hear how his voice changed? His face became older and older, and then the formal and informal forms of address started, which my child is not familiar with, does not know. That is no longer my boy. As long as this goes well. As long as a new form of madness does not lie behind this. What do you think about it, Hans?’

‘Very probable, but I will not go into it. I have had enough beatings, Frederik knows it, I believe him and I believe René, but if you were to ask me for an explanation, I would say: I will wait, I do not know it. I cannot judge that. It is possible that a new phenomenon of madness is occurring here. It could

be, but I do not know this. Yet it is possible!’

Now tension comes! Erica says:

‘You are ill-mannered boors. Do you wish to call this madness too? Do you mean to say that my child is still mad? Must you be put out the door again, Hans?’

‘God preserve me, Erica, I do not mean it like that.’

‘Yes, I know that. I experienced that more than once, but you will not get me that far again anyway. I will vouch for him and I will now give my life for my child. You can get lost with your wisdom, as far as I am concerned. Just give me this. Did you think that you could keep on murdering everything with your knowledge? Do you mean to say, Hans, that you understand anything about yourself and your patients? Does your learning still have value when you are faced with all of this? What actually inspires people to make you a prof. Now you are standing naked here! René has already pulled off your mask. I do not want anything, but now watch out, be careful, Hans, I can no longer be stopped. I recently fell for your stupid talk, now you not get me that far. Do you wish to finish this off? Is my son soon a proud fool? I will resist this. You can think about it as much as you like, Hans, and you too, Karel, but now we wish to see your thoughts openly. I tell you, I will vouch for my child. Frederik is right! Frederik was alone all those years, you have thrown enough spanners in the works, destroyed enough, sullied his life. It was you, Hans, who locked Frederik in the farm. If you had not influenced Karel, then it would never have happened. I sell a garment worth ten thousand guilders for one guilder and forty cents as a result of your stupid talk. Is this still not enough? Only as a result of your drivel in space? Because you are learned? Realise well that this does not concern my boy, but the sacred truth. Is this stupid talk? Is this a fool? Do you still not know it? Your stupid science makes you stone-dead. Your stupid pride, your presumption that you know something, beats you to the ground. Masks off, is it not, Frederik? I have borne this child. I know what René experienced. You have not understood this illness. You keep hitting God in the face and you search again for a chance to break this to pieces. Are you trying to deceive me that this is yet another form of madness?’

‘You are behaving as if I spoke those words, Erica.’

‘You keep mixing up our lives, Hans. You always have something new, but now you will keep your hands off this. I will deal with Karel later. You will no longer interfere with my child or you will leave the house again. It is my absolute right to watch over René. Frederik had to do it alone all those years. I do not wish to lose this harmony again. You academics crushed my child to death for long enough. You make dung out of gold! René is a child prodigy and you will not take that away from me again. If he cannot prove that he is

gifted, you will be proved right. I no longer approve of destroying everything beforehand! You can just keep quiet. However, I tell you, I no longer believe in your science. You are talking nonsense, you are powerless and you cannot deal with that. You are wretches!

‘Just listen to my wife, also gifted.’

‘If you think, Karel, that you can mock all of this any longer, while deadly seriousness has been given to you here, I will be gone tomorrow with René, Anna and Frederik. Then just keep your mocking and your learning, we will look for it elsewhere. I will not let my child be destroyed by you, I have paid my dues.

‘Frederik, you can count on me! I will no longer succumb! I have suffered enough. I no longer dared to look you in the eye, but now I will prove to you that I can fight, this is sacred to me!

‘What was it like then, Karel? Have you forgotten that again? Have you forgotten your begging? There you are now. They are big men, they come to bring their gifts back. They throw gold cigarette cases in the fire because they are afraid that they are bewitched. Do not make me laugh, if it was not so tragic. You brought me that far that I sullied silk garments worth ten thousand guilders. You do not see that a human being has a heart, you are merciless. My garments had the contagious disease. You are fools! You are no longer normal. Is this not enough? How can it be, I cannot believe in it now and yet I destroyed all those beautiful things. You brought people that far. And how did Frederik behave? Yes, Karel, I will go! Yes, Karel, I will do what you wish! Hurt Frederik one more time with one of your filthy thoughts? I will be capable of murdering you. You are gluttons, but you do not even earn your living. You curse the life of this world. You hold back human development! We women have no university intellect? We will prove that to you! You can get lost as far as I am concerned. Do you know it? Do you not yet know it? One word about Frederik and René and I will set your house on fire, Karel! One word about René, Hans, and you will be thrown out the door again, but otherwise, I will kick you out! You will stop playing with hearts, those are Divine matters!

Yes, Elsje, they almost murdered me. They called me a show-off, a hysterical woman. I became a university object. Because they do not know you are talked about in the street. Watch out, child, or you will also be talked about. Learned men are like cows, but these learned men trample the lush grass of Our Lord, they stand on top of it and do not see it. They analyse the most sacred matters. If you talk about your love they seek a scientific explanation for it. A kiss on their heart is unscientific. A kiss from which they get blisters is considered scientifically impossible. They never know! And then you are destroyed. You have now become the interaction of animal and human

ingenuity. Is that not wonderful? When you give birth to their own flesh and blood, they do not believe it! They stand next to you and declare you mad. They make a laboratory issue of your child, an obstacle and now look at your life and your motherhood through scientific glasses. If your blood flows they do not yet believe that you experience something supernatural, that has nothing to do with it! I tell you, Elsje: watch out or people will also destroy you.

You should be ashamed, big men, you are children, if it was not so dangerous, because family ties do not mean a thing to you. However, we fight for that, we live for that, we now devote our lives to that! I tell you, you keep your hands off René! In my house that is over, but just stay away!

‘We can make do with this, Hans. Erica is right!’ Karel utters. ‘I flatly refuse to finish off my child. You and I are guilty! It was us, Hans. We beat Frederik and now start again. Erica is right! We have pulled Frederik’s heart from his ribs. I will go with you, Erica. Frederik, you can count on me. I will no longer be a part of human destruction. I will go with you, Erica. I will go with you ... I love René. I will no longer leave you alone, I ...!’

Karel weeps. I could not have dreamt that this would happen. His head is off, his mask has fallen, the coarsest mask for this world. Another monster down the drain. What I now experience is amazingly natural. Karel has awakened. Karel, what a nice person you are now. What a man you have now become. Erica takes his head in her hands and looks her big Karel in the eye. She says in a pure ecstasy to his life, heart and soul:

‘I prefer to see you like that, dear Karel! I am now proud of you. Here, here, here, take that, Karel. This is what we women want to possess, the rest is just imitation. I already waited years for this, Karel. Now I have it! My God, how happy I am. This is love! This is sacred! This is Divine happiness! My child brought it to us, oh, Karel, never forget it again! We are going to start a new life. Anyone who wants to go with us will be happy! Karel ...!’

Erica pulls Karel from the chair and up the stairs. Upstairs we hear stumbling and then talking. We understand every word. Parents ask their child for forgiveness. Parents and child embrace each other from happiness and love in universal unity. We hear sobbing, adults fall to their knees. Little René! Karel!

Hans fights for his own life, but cannot do it. He does not yet know where he should start. I see that people have to show their colours this evening. Hans cannot do that yet. Hans hides behind a new mask. Elsje is as white as a sheet. I know what is going on in this life. Warmth flows from her life to me. Poor child, all the things you have to experience. Hans has been consciously beaten, exasperatingly sure! He deals with it, but there is a block under his heart and that is strangling him. His shoulders are bent, he seems

broken. And a queen sits there, who is waiting, who is faced with empty hands, who possesses a madman . And again I am faced with the power of René, who comes downstairs with Karel and Erica, as if he knows that something still has to be said, if we do not wish to be left with broken pieces. He already begins. I hear:

My dear Hans, why must there be anxiety in hearts which wish for peace and long for happiness? Go and sit down there, Karel. You there, Erica. Anna has her place back, I see. Listen, I will soon give all your friends, therefore the academics, the chance to test me. Make sure that there is a theologian and an astronomer amongst them. You as psychologist and psychiatrist with Dr Lent is sufficient. You can also call on other friends, who used to come here. I am okay with everything. I will then give you the proof. I believe that it is best that this takes place in your house. You can also come here. What do you think, Mother, what do you want?

‘I want to have the honour, René!’

‘Good, that is agreed, we will meet here. I will tell you when. You will not talk to anyone about it for the time being, I must prepare myself. Just wait patiently. I do not want this friendship to perish. I do not want to lose you. But make sure yourselves that there is harmony, feel some love for each other, I beg you!

I know, I am like a child up against science. But Frederik knows me, I know what I am doing. What can I do? I am opened. Frederik could have given you that wisdom, but you break all supernatural matters to pieces. I am no longer a child, no less than Elsje is, we are old! We are a new generation. We are men and women who fight for the happiness of this world. You could not do that. We came to this earth for this. We no longer want any war, either in our own house, or with a sister or brother, or against other peoples! Do you hear that? We refuse to kill! We love everything which lives. We can do that, because our lives are opened to all the laws! The older generation of this world knows only misery. You make visible dung out of gold! Of the most sacred love, worldly rottenness! We no longer accept that, those times are over! I am the first for this world, for this cold, sober West, to place this happiness in your hearts. This generation brings unity amongst the peoples, love and frankness, we want to serve as young people! We bring higher consciousness. With me other child prodigies will come, many will come, but you are possessed by devils! You have raped the laws of God! You sullied the laws for your happy life! Kicked Divine justice into the streetgutters. We take the reins in hand and no longer let ourselves be taken to the slaughter!

Believe me, Elsje, we are children of one Father! However, we force you to start another and better life. Heads will be bowed. You have made whoring out of supernatural happiness and love! Temples are harems to you, God

is equal to an animal. But we no longer accept that! The laws have been contaminated for long enough, what do you want? Away with this misery, out the door. We now take those laws in our hands. God gave us intellect, human thinking, you only left a flow of blood behind, hate, passion and violence. Breaking hearts, you are good at that, this society, for which you live and die! No one can stop us, because we bring eternal light. We will hang you if it has to be done. All of this humanity calls for higher conscious, for knowledge!

If you cannot do it, know then that you are capable of driving a bullet through your head, however, we are prepared. Then just build your own scaffold, we will conquer.

Accept your temporary damnation, God did not want it! We call to you: reach awakening. You do not know us, but we know everyone! We are open to all life! We carry this happiness in our hearts!

What do you hope to achieve with science, if you lose your human character? Is this progress? Do you wish to administer justice and sully Christ? Now a new age begins, a new life. Do you think that you can heal humanity even longer by means of poison? Heal yourself first! You left stench behind, the rottenness of your lives! Die a thousand deaths for this, long to be burnt at the stake, for Christ's Age, for yourself, for good and evil! Take the evil to the God of all life and you will be worth possessing your own life! Now the Heavens are open to you!

Can you see these academics, I thought. They are beaten! They have received a fatal stab, which pierced their lives straight from the universe. What I may experience is great!

René challenges us one by one, it is still not enough. He says:

'If you do not understand this happiness, I will take my laws in my hands, happiness is still on your side. None of you can beat me, the higher laws live under my heart, I am open and conscious; you are sleeping! I am a child of God and you do not need to doubt the reckoning of your own life. It is the cross of Christ and I bow to that. You still cannot do it!'

The Adonis disappears again, we are paralyzed, also Hans and Karel. Elsje does not succumb, but is like a flower full of strength and vitality and completely open. She spreads her beauty and gives all of us her generous soul. She has respect for the young Apostle, you can see it on her. Her life is conscious, she does not fall asleep.

What an evening, the hours we experienced. Hans and Elsje go home. Erica and Karel walk a bit with them, Erica devours Elsje; Hans and Karel try to bow their heads? It is very likely that Karel is capable of it, I am afraid for Hans. I am sitting alone on stage, a new time is approaching. The youth is awakening! And that youth is inspired by Christ, by His life!

I am far from this world and all the misery, when I hear stumbling and Erica and Karel are standing in front of me. Karel says:

'Is this a wonder, Frederik? I assure you, you can now count on me. Hans is rebellious, we will not get him so quickly, I cannot bear thinking about it. However, if he does not want it, it is okay as well, that is up to him to decide. He cannot bow his head and I can see where learning brings you if you let the human part in your heart become impoverished. He is a poor dog! Science and healthy thinking work on your love for life, it takes you back to God, Frederik. You will be proved right in everything! Hans' lips are sealed. It will also be his misfortune, if you ask me. None of us can help him. I am born again and stand next to you. If you can forgive me for everything, Frederik, you will now have pleasure from that.'

'Keep this happiness in your hands, Karel. Do not let it slip away again and do not go too far ahead and try to see yourself, if must be.'

'Poor Elsjel!' Erica utters, 'what will become of this dear child? I think it is terrible, when I see her next to Hans, I tremble. It was so beautiful and it can be so, even if Hans is so old, but now this? It is breaking his life, he is to blame for the misfortune which I foresee. No horse could endure this. He is destroying Elsjel's life. Jealousy? And why? It is an illness, Karel, do you not think so as well?'

'I no longer know him. It is a mystery to me, but he is throwing himself away. Where has all that science gone? He possesses everything, can be satisfied and does not understand it. What wretches we people are. But did you see René's eyes, Frederik?'

'I know. René once said: happiness is more difficult to experience than suffering and sorrow. You are better to possess misery than when you do not understand your happiness. And that is true, Karel, by means of misery you cannot destroy everything, but you can by means of happiness. Wisdom from your mad son.'

We talk for a bit, but then we also go upstairs. I also write in the logbook:

A thunderstorm of unprecedented power is approaching our life, which cannot be avoided. All of this is of such a serious nature that it will fling you down. You can do nothing, because it cannot be seen. You live under it and you are in its midst and you cannot see it. It is therefore much worse than a material, audible storm, this is for the soul and your spirit. It is a mean cad? I do not even dare to say that. It is something very different! It is actually nothing human anymore. And yet, I would say, it lives under your heart, you are born by it, but there is no grip to be seen. If you are open to it, it blows your life away. Anyone who tunes into it, I now believe, will be destroyed! He will be wrenched from his human joints! It takes place before your eyes and you yourself are actually far out of it! I have never experienced something like

it before, truly I have not, it is so frightening. It is like the lightning, it haunts you and you yourself are the rattling, you do not even see the ghost. Yet you are faced with it and you have to accept this. It is horror, misery! What you do not want, you do precisely! What you longed for you received and you do not want it! What you see is not real and you still stand looking at it. It lives in you and you have lost it! It approaches you inevitably and you still think that it is not for you? Ugh, you could catch ague from it, but count me out.

I think that it will become a chaos. People will beat the human being to pulp and driftwood. It is just like Divine justice, the infallibility of which we human beings know as a result of death, but which is now life and shows yet other masks, as I see and have to accept. But then you stand again! What do you hope to achieve?

René is a great wonder and we have conquered Karel. For now and for ever! Anna has become fifteen years younger and Erica has become a special figure, a woman who now knows what she wants and possesses a clear intellect. Every word is now worthwhile being spoken, it used to be drivel, meaningless twaddle, poverty, emptiness. Anna did not say a word, but still waters sometimes have universal depth, often hide abundant natural beauty!

Poor Elsje! Know, my child, that you do not get anything for free in this life! Nothing! You have to fight for happiness and knowledge. If you succumb, I will also give in, my trust in you is so great. Did you know this? You alone can take care of Hans? I do not believe it, because then he would have understood all that beauty of yours! He is faced with your tremendously beautiful little castle and does not see it anymore. Your charming appearance is like a cloak – there is no fun more in it for him, because his soul is possessed. We will do everything, Elsje, everything to save him! As you see you have already received a place in the diary, because you accepted your task, your certainty goes higher and higher, but your little soul is weeping, which we can hear here. I believe that René can listen to the weeping of your soul, we parents have not yet got as far as tuning our lives into that, but the nature of your life and personality waves to us every day and then you feel trouble! Will you be strong, dear?

René spoke like a young god. People think that it is exaggerated, but I say it from the bottom of my heart. It is like that! You must see him and hear him, it is only then that you know that I am right and do not say anything too much. Do not forget that all of this comes to us from his life. He did not study for it, did not read about it, it is as pure as crystal and came from the universe to us, human, but scandalously poor little personalities. It was like burning fire, but now for your soul. It is supernatural eloquence, you sit at the feet of a master as it were, the existence of whom you know about, but have never been able to believe in. Yet it is the sacred truth, now wonders

occur; which the wonderful East once knew, now lives in our little country ... we possess an initiate! And many people will soon have to accept that he is initiated. He is like balsam for your soul, he takes care of you as it should be done, but now no longer makes any stinking wounds, that time is over. He carefully takes off the bandage, but then it happens and you see before your eyes that the wounds close, yes, that can happen instantly, these powers are so supernatural, the laws of which he knows. It is Divine singing! This soul comes from a glorious family, a caste of priests, which gave personality to Ra and Ré and who knew the Gods. They were occupied with them every day and sat with them at the table. You will not believe it, but we were also allowed to sit at the table and were served up our spices. I lapped up this pudding and it is meat and drink to Karel and Erica, it tastes so good! That has taken a long time, but now they see what they did not want all those years was so good for their material and spiritual little tent, in which they live as the personality and carry out the everyday things and turn them into deeds! I tell you, Erica seems twenty-four, she has changed so much!

And Karel? Our pig-like Karel, Karel with his farm, his ditches, his fickle character, his bragging, his domination in everything, lay on his knees and asked his son for forgiveness. Pitiful? Should a father not do that? Should a father continue to finish off his child? Is this showing off? I prefer to see it like this! Karel became a miracle at that moment! I was shocked by it. I saw that his eyes changed like childlike heavens and that he received supernatural becoming conscious, which are the forget-me-nots, the lilies-of-the-valley and the daisies for Erica's life, which were now scattered above their heads and came to fall from the sky just like that, from which we, who were present, wove sandals, which we put in Karel and her hands, it was such a great, tremendously great happiness, to be able to see and experience this. Karel and Erica now experience an Ascension, such as they have never made before. This takes them to the even higher regions which exist and the gates of which René opens and possesses the keys for! Do you call this sentimentality? We do not! Anyone who says that is not yet ready; but in those hearts the longing still lives to be able to experience it, every child of God wants to possess it. It is as a result of this that people search for it in this way. They will not find it, because they do nothing for it!

You should have seen Karel, what a beautiful man he is now. His broad back is prepared to carry Erica and all of us for hours, weeks, months, years. It is a strength which you only see represented by the elemental laws, but then you usually come home with a wet suit. Now Karel has become rain and wind; a hurricane, a primal power, so sacred, so great, so wonderful! Oh, how beautiful people are, if you see them like this! It cannot be any different, you are only human. Now a father and mother are like gold from heaven. I would

want to and be able to see them as Sun and Moon, bodies which have played a wonderful role for the universe and made everything turn so to speak and from which everything started, because God created them like that. They are now luminous, bearing light, they no longer believe in a kiss, they sink under their kiss into an inexplicable feeling, which is so deep and true and lets itself be felt, as if you touch the core of life at that moment! And you see yourself with your eyes open, because now you want to see everything and you no longer think of hoodwinking. They are Divine gifts! God's required Omnipotence ... Yes, it goes so far that you become omniscient!

And I saw that wonder, I experienced it, I underwent it and had to admit again that I also long for it! Now Karel and Erica had to show their colours, accept the wonder that their child, which was first mad, now possesses contact with the Father in heaven!

I already said, Elsje is different, she does not need to show her colours, because she possesses so much feeling that it goes of its own accord for her, she has it! And Anna has already known it for so long! We wink at each other and kiss each other in thoughts, but they are already centuries old. It is going well like this. Not a word passes our lips, that would just disturb this moment, this silence which is universal. And we live off this, we live by means of this, we are opened by means of this.

But I am afraid! Words pass René's lips which shake previous lives awake. Such a word pounds away at the human heart and places you before the invisible facts, phenomena, which I spoke about a moment ago. And those invisible things have material meaning, they are there and they are not there! They are born, but you do not know who the mother is. And yet that mother must be there. The fertilization has taken place! And that fertilization, I feel, lies centuries and centuries back, but came about by means of human beings. And that state now wants to be born! Do you understand this? I am afraid of it, it is a mask which I do not yet know and which the rest of the millions of people of this world have no understanding of and do not believe in either! You could compare it to illness, poverty, miserable matters, which destroy the life of a human being and which you can do nothing about, the laws for this are so infallible! These so unprecedented things have to do with questions such as why one person is rich and another has nothing to eat! Why God can approve that one person has everything and the other child is beaten by infection! Why one child possesses light in its eyes and the other is struck by blindness! Just carry on! You must search for it there. That lies here, this lives in what I feel and which wants to be born poor around us and in us, which you would now prefer to murder, you get such a feeling, it is such a fear, which creeps to your throat and uses the knife from behind in order to stab you to death, is it not horrible? I must honestly admit, I am afraid of

this. It is no longer human, it is as if it makes your blood clot, or people suck out your life breath, take the life from the space in which you live, so that you decide and are driven to mad things, because you no longer see a solution for yourself. And then you are powerless? Yes! No one can help you.

And that lives here, in our house! Sometimes you feel it very sharply, sometimes it is gone. But if you follow it, you can see it somewhere else. It comes and it goes, it sits with you at the table and it lies outside in the street. If you want to crush its head, it is not there, but it is up in a tree and is laughing at you. You have it in your hands to put a noose around it, you feel that it hangs, that you have killed it, a moment later you hear the mean and sarcastic laughing, which scares you to death and makes you crawl under the blankets, but you lie awake half the night from it. You think that it is poison, but it is not that, you do not drink tea poured by other hands, you think that you see the evil, the destruction, everywhere, it is like a figure, but without clothes, naked, that life stands completely naked before you, as you now think. Look properly, it is a horrible mask! Oh, did I get you? Did I finally get you? Now you feel hands around your neck and you experience such a horrible dream. They want to strangle you and yet nothing happens! Ugh, how afraid I am!

I see Hans like this ... because all of this follows him, he sees himself going gaga? If only that was true, it is much worse. If you see him eating, Elsie says, it is as if he is eating poison. If he drinks, he holds the tea or whatever it is in the light, because he thinks that people want to poison him again. Oh, Hans, how you are practising witchcraft. And that is an academic?

This is a disaster. However, I throw everything off me, I probably see it too exaggerated and that is not good either. However, you can feel it! I want to sleep, I want to prepare myself for the hours which I will receive from my master. I will stick to wisdom. My horse runs fast and sure. As long as there is no messing about now, cutting through muscles or giving injections. I know that messing about by those racing tracks all too well, it also once cost me a thousand guilders, only as a result of swindling, envy and deception. My horse is called René; it is Rachi-Hadju, who chases my life to a material end, where I will see the source of life! And this horse always wins, because it was born for this century! I also say: eloquence is good, but you must not use any words for it, only then you start to listen! My eyes fall shut, but my soul remains awake and has become watchful. Come on, Frederik, go to the end! The wise men from the East come closer and closer to our lives. Did you see that little star, Frederik? That is just coming up! Who will discover this new life? Who will place it before the footlight of the world? Who? That human being wears the silver-white sandals!

Oh Frederik, I have had such a horrible dream!

The past few months have been messy, busy, strenuous, significant hours, hours of silence, loneliness, as a result of which you come to yourself as a human being and get to know the other being, learn to see, learn to understand, if you are open to this, otherwise everything goes past you and you experience nothing. To me they were educational hours, because I had the privilege to be able to listen to my master, to be able to sit down at his feet, to be able to quench my thirst, to be able to draw from a source which displays the legislative reality for our human life and being – and you walk on sandals there, when those lips open themselves. For other people they were heavy hours; everyone experienced them according to their own capacities, according to those powers as a result of which the human personality lives. However, the nicest thing of all was still that we saw the sun in our hearts. We fell down with bended head and gave thanks for all the things received. Yes, we thanked him, our mad child, for everything!

In those days I wrote in the logbook:

“A human being knows a great deal, he is open to large and small things and he also finishes them off, but it is good and evil which he does.” And it is followed directly by: “does he know that for himself?”

By means of Christ he gives himself as a friend, by means of the devil as a satan! Usually you see a friend, if you see the life by means of Christ. But you see the dirty, worn mask first, if you do not know the soul of it, because those demonic thoughts are represented by this dreadful mask.

However, that life will also come to an end!

The human being can make a halfhearted attempt at this and say: I will see later, it is okay with me, but I now live here and I want to enjoy life, just do what you like yourself and consider good, I will live it up, I will do what I want, no one can forbid me that. You are right, but we learnt to see it differently. When that, which is no longer death to us, later stands before you as an eternal life, take a scythe in its hands to knock you down, chop your head off, then you will think differently about it anyway and you will have no more talk. Here you can hide behind your mask, here you can make and break what you like, there that is definitely over, there you are faced with that nakedness, you are faced with fresh violence, to which you belong and have to do with, because we have learnt that you are soul of His Soul, light of His light, life of His life, blood of His blood, which means that you must return to Him despite all your possessions and one day, it does not matter where, start bowing your head! Do you understand it? Or are you not yet that far, do

you still wear this mask? Then we will also come that far! Just wait patiently, our source of life will also explain those laws to you! Just consider yourself like a piece of mountain, like a storm, as strong as a whirlwind, but you will stop that one day, because it is the laws which knock that gold spoon out of your hands, with one blow, by means of a light breeze, because you do not know where that breeze comes from, and then you are not on top of your pedestal, but ten metres away from it, broken, probably lifeless, naked! You are broken! What do you want? To break down what other people have built up by means of blood and tears? Did you think you could defy God by means of your pathetic carry-on? Just act the devil, do it, just live it up, just go your own way, we know for definite that you will break your neck!

In this way you are faced with your sister and brother, with your father and your mother, your child, who carry masks and make and break what they themselves think they should do and which they invest such a lot in, which will sooner or later collapse, because death says: "You see, I am no longer death, on the contrary, my life is a great deal more certain! If you get to know my laws, little man, trivial soul, you will run away very fast from yourself, you will be frightened to death, my life will influence you so much! And whether you buy thicker glasses, put on a pair of sunglasses because you think that I cannot stab you, I will go through that, dear friend, and will tear off your mask! Thank you, you will say! You will have to bow your head, whether you like it or not, you will bow!"

Now your blood already flows and you just have to accept that.

Every human being has the power in him to do good and wrong. However, the laws will call you sooner or later to the universal halt, which we have now experienced and the infallible of which was explained to us. Karel and Erica, just like Anna, experienced a Temple prayer, so beautiful, so supernatural, that they became like children as a result of it, but in the good sense.

I wrote down: Every human being acts the little devil at times, but if the masks fall, if the laws are explained to you, then you lie at the feet of the master, and you can agree with everything, if you still possess the power for it and the master approves; it is also possible that he disappears before your glasses and you may listen to his good night from afar. Then you are there and you are just outside of it. You would say, thank you, but you do not get those words materialized, because it is his powers which have suffocated your emotional life and you are not yet that far, or it would not happen. You see, that is being naked, standing naked, you have nothing to say, you are not yet that far, you still have to start this life! You now feel that you are an owlet and you have neither water nor ground under your feet; you do not float, but you have been crushed!

However, if you can look consciously behind a mask like that, well, that

is a very different matter, but then you can sacrifice yourself, already devote yourself to the good in the human being, now you ask to be able to be beaten, you want to see lions' dens! Your life will then be torn apart. Or, you will climb up towards a stake ... can you feel this nice scorching bath? Can you see that human fat floating and do you scream for help? However, I do not believe that one of us – not Hans, he is not yet that far – is afraid of this! And we received that through our mad child, who has now become like a young God, a prophet of flesh and blood, one who eats bread, but who stands on firm foundations and for whom we have sacred respect! Try pressing that child into your arms as a mother? Hold this this life in your arms as a human being? Can you feel that love, that kiss? I talked about that in the beginning; here we are now faced with golden sandals, the scattering of divine flowers, which has nothing to do anymore with a human half an hour like that, as a result of which you just feel sullied anyway, because you as a human being contaminate, pollute, the entrance of the Temple with stained clogs!

I tell you that we, Erica, Karel, Anna, Elsie and I, have found happiness! We devoted all of ourselves, but it is there! Finally then the Pyramid, Ra, Ré and Isis have opened our life and the laws were explained to us, for which we are inwardly grateful and happy. Now we go to Golgotha, from there we will leave, in order to lay down our flowers there, which will be accepted by God's Son!

Erica once asked me:

"Who is that Rachi-Hadju, Frederik, who wrote this article? Do you not know that man? He talks about eastern legislative powers, which give you western charm and ensure western construction for peace and quiet. You would swear that that man knows. Here, just read it for yourself; Karel also thinks it is a wonderful article, and many more will also come, as you will see, because he lies as you experienced that at the feet of Ra, Ré, the Goddess, the Sphinx, the Pyramid, waiting for a reply; he wants to save Europe from complete ruin. Is it not amazing, Frederik, it shows up from all sides, people awake, I believe. Do you not think? How do you sense it?"

"I will read it, Erica, I believe that we will meet more of those people, because our society needs that type." I read, but I know every word, all of this lives under my heart, and the sober West asks for it, it does not know where it should look for it, it no longer knows how to keep the peace and quiet! It will probably be okay.

A human child is lying kneeling at the feet of the Sphinx, because the West wants to murder this child. This child says that two thousand years of religion, prayers, did not help the world, on the contrary, the life goes to an abyss, to general destruction. The life places the West before the Gods and before Golgotha, before mass murder and mass love. What should the life

do? Should mothers bear their children any longer in order to have them slaughtered? Should young men from strange people murder each other consciously? Where so much care, so much blood was given for, so much was suffered, should that be consciously slaughtered? Can this life listen to universal sounds, can it merge into a God of love? Can it ask and receive an answer? Will God grant this life? In the West that is not possible. Now this life lies kneeled in ancient Egypt, it sits down with its back to the Pyramids, and looks at the Sphinx. It begs for the word, because the powerful West is falling apart!

And that life says: "I have been sent out, Father, in order to bring this light to the West. My father and mother, sister and brother, friend and acquaintance beg to know! Or is everything here also humanly thought out, were they human lies? Did all those Gods play with fire? Did they not know either that this humanity is waiting for awakening? But was it not mapped out there that the Christ would come, was it not predicted here that the paradise would come?

Where did it get to? Where can the paradise be found? Two thousand years of development, prayers and writings, didn't unite the people, on the contrary, it is as if a curse tears the life apart and satan is invincible! Must the human being accept that God is unjust? Did all that human blood flow for nothing? People sully Christ every hour, people crucify Him every second. Is God deaf to the begging, do prayers not help? We will sacrifice for the good in the human being, no longer for destruction and defilement. I am a child of God, I refuse to kill, I love life. Oh, my God, give me the answer: how should we act?"

This life takes the human soul to the laws for life and death, but places the life before Golgotha and says: "You will only get peace and quiet as a result of love! Suffocate Satan! Banish the devil, banish that power who steals, murders, commits arson, tortures, destroy that animal instinct and you will have quiet, peace, prosperity!"

Can the human being do that? Erica asks again:

"Is that not true, Frederik? It should be like this, he places us before that peace and quiet, but we do not start on it ourselves. And yet, shouldn't we say to ourselves: I will take part! You should ask who that is. René gets help, this man talks as he can do that, don't you think so?"

"It looks like it, Erica, the more people like that come, the better. This society is so extremely rotten, so rotten and bad, only love can bring us happiness, and in addition, the sacred assurance that the peoples of the earth reach unity, for which the Messiah died for that matter. Do not forget, Erica, the awakening for humanity lives there, that pure culture has received the possession of our source, for which our child was also opened."

"Yes, Frederik, it is like that anyway, isn't it? We are in the middle of it, I long to hear him speak in his state. I cannot tell you how happy I am. How Karel has changed, you will not believe it, but wonders will never cease."

One evening, I am sitting with him, he is working on his art, I am busy arranging my questions for later when he is ready in his state, he says to me:

"You know who I am, don't you Frederik?"

"I know that, my boy, what is the matter?"

"Do you also know what I want, Frederik?"

"I also know that, René."

"And do you also know that I do not want to destroy the happiness of another being?"

"I also know that, René, what is the matter?"

"Well, Frederik, Hans asked me to wait with the portrait of Elsje. He will also smash that! Elsje does not know what to do. Do you not find that petty? Elsje says: it will come. She stands next to me, she understands that it hurts me, but Hans is ill. And she must do her duty. I had to pack up my things and could disappear. Jealousy, Frederik, it is narrow-mindedness, destruction, mean desperation. He no longer knows it. I will speak to Father and Mother about it."

"When was that?"

"Yesterday, Elsje had to bring me that message, he himself was not capable of it. But that does not matter, Frederik, the laws speak!"

He sinks away, is in thought, he stares in front of him, it takes half an hour, he continues to look. Where did this life go? You do not know. The next morning I go to Hans. He does almost no work, you can find him at home day in day out, this life has changed so frighteningly. Elsje opens the door.

"Is the boss at home, Elsje?"

"Yes, Frederik, he is upstairs, I will warn him. Will you say to René that I thank him very much? How beautifully he spoke, didn't he, Frederik? Is it not amazing?"

Elsje has gone, she is wearing a beautiful blue garment. Just look at how she climbs the stairs, this child is like a princess. And she has to live with a learned madman? With a human being who has everything on earth and does not see it, who can walk on violets and thinks that they are nettles or even worse, steel pins. A truly hopeless magician, that is Hans, and yet I am involved with him. Elsje is like a sweet spring, you see the universe in this life, heaven and earth come together in that soul and kiss each other, go arm in arm and know! How can it be, I am so worried about this child. Those eyes are so beautiful, her figure so rich, so angelic, her little castle is like the promised paradise, and not any happiness? That is up to you, but Hans has

never been like that before. How differently I knew that man. There he is now.

"Oh, the master."

Sarcasm! I do not go into it. "Good day, Hans, how are you?"

"Great ... Any news?"

"Not quite that. I am just dropping by, you are at home quite a lot. Are you not working anymore?"

"Say, listen for a moment, Frederik, say to René that he is to wait for a while. Or do you know about it already? I sent him away, I want to be in a state of purity with myself first. And then this as well, when does that hocus-pocus start? I will come alone then, or can you come here?"

Elsje comes downstairs now of all times, she hears what Hans says. She remains standing for one second, but then she is immediately with Hans and says:

"What do I hear there, Hans? Do you wish to leave me alone at home when those séances start? Do you call that hocus-pocus? I assure you of one thing! I am going with you! You can do to me what you like, I will take care of you, I will do my best, but I will not be denied this. I am your wife, your love, your friend and everything, but not your dog! I am going with you!"

There you are, you can make do with it, Hans. How does the baron react? There comes: "That is your own business."

I must help Elsje, she may not stand here alone in this.

"Say, Hans, what could you have against this? Is Elsje a stranger?"

"What does a woman want with scientific research?"

"Oh, has it now become scientific research?" Elsje calls out! "No, Hans, you do not know yourself. You no longer know what you want, you do not live, you are lived."

"Do what you cannot leave alone."

Elsje goes upstairs. I ask him: "What are you doing, Hans? What do you want for that matter? Must this child be consciously destroyed then? Must you trample upon this happiness before your eyes? Can't you see then what you are doing? Why are you so harsh to this dear child? You are beating her!

You are going towards your misery consciously, Hans. Is that necessary? Why do you want to deny her this, now that you know that the child is interested in this? Do you want to prevent the development of a human being? Do you want to deny her that wisdom?"

"Who says that this is wisdom, Frederik? You are flying again, being fanatical!"

"Thank you ... thank you for that."

"Oh, man, I do not mean it like that, do not nag me."

"I will go away then, my friend, you no longer need anyone. A pity, we

mean it so well for you.”

He also lets me go. This is our Hans, I think, you do not understand it. What ungrateful beings people are. Millions of men would bend over backwards in whatever way possible to be able to possess such a child, he behaves as if she is old rust. Elsje knows what she wants! I therefore no longer need to worry about her, but Hans is sickly. I go home, Karel and Erica are not there, Anna is also out and René is busy. Hans follows me. Where I am, Hans is also there, I see Elsje walking behind. He is walking with his head in the wind. His hood has blown off, he looks slovenly, like a vagrant. And that next to a princess. Elsje runs left and right, he does not see her and he does not hear her calling, he does not feel her moaning, none of her inner pains, Hans is insensitive. People have given him an injection, but we do not yet know what with.

One evening, we are sitting together, Erica is playing something, René comes downstairs in order to have his art admired, the portrait of Erica. Then he says to his mother:

“Can you not hear that, Mother? Can you not hear that, Karel? Can you not hear anything, Frederik? And you, Anna? Can you not hear Elsje calling? Come on, Mother, Elsje needs you. Hurry up.”

Erica dashes off. Karel stares his eyes out and René is sitting there again and looking at his art. We do not dare to say a word. However, less than ten minutes later Erica comes in with Elsje. Hans has beaten her. Elsje has bruises on her delicate nose, she has been beaten up horribly. Meanwhile René has disappeared. The boy has suddenly gone. Karel thinks it is dreadful.

“Do you now know what that man wants, Frederik? You could give him a hiding.” A moment later Hans is standing in front of us. “Angry?” he asks Elsje. “Child, forgive me!” In our presence he makes up for it again, a piece of proof that there is still feeling left for some warmth and some happiness. I go upstairs, René calls me. However, I did not hear Elsje. When I came to him, I asked:

“How did you know that, René? Did you really hear her calling?”

“I heard it under my heart, Frederik, and that is infallible. It is as such an intimate conversation, which mother experienced, but this is deeper, this has to do with soul and spirit, it comes straight to you from ancient Egypt, Ré, Ra, it is the Goddess. You hear worlds at that moment. It is exactly as if a mother is speaking to her child, which can experience that unity in that silence of her space. It is sacred, Frederik. I am very grateful for it.”

“Can you listen to that of everybody?”

“No, that is not possible. If I want that, yes, but you will not do that anyway. What do all those people matter to you. You do not just descend into those souls. When I say this like this, you must interpret it in such a way that

it is none of my business, that I do not interfere in the secrets and the life rights of others. Can you sense it, Frederik?"

"And Elsjé?"

"That is a very different matter, Frederik."

"What, if I may ask?"

"She has reached that grade of consciousness, now you can listen to her inner voice, Frederik, the language of the Gods."

"Are you serious?"

"Did I not say that it has to do with Isis, Ra and Ré? This is unity my friend and father, unity with everything. I would be able to talk to millions of people in this way, be able to understand all of those lives, if I wanted that, because they know that I understand that life, love it, appreciate it, that I am open to everything, or it is not possible again. Many people possess this, Frederik. A spiritualist would say: you are clairaudient, a master or a spirit guide gave you it. I say, no, it is I myself and I would not be able to pick it up so clearly from that other one either. This is infallible, that from the spiritualists goes through a sea of emotional powers and laws. And such a spiritualist is like a cup of water, and that again is that whole personality, and is the whole being like feeling for this event. And you must get that cup of water, Frederik, out of that sea, so pure, that not a drop is lost. Is that possible? Can you distinguish drops of water from each other? Yet it must be done, because that cup full of water is now the obtained possession of that astral personality. And now it is such a spiritual message. Easy? Simple?"

"I already experienced it before, René. I was once with those people."

"I know."

"Do you know that?"

"You did it for me, didn't you?"

"Yes, we sought help for you, we did not know what to do anymore. But do you know it?"

"Frederik, you tell me it yourself, now you say it. That is telepathy!"

"What we received from those clairvoyants was wrong. Do you also know those laws, René?"

"Yes, Frederik. I know all those laws, you could write books about them, there is so much deception, but do not forget, there is also reality, but that is supernatural possession. One being in millions possesses true contact. This of mine is own possession with divine fire, universal contact."

"What does that mean?"

"Well, Frederik, I would think so, you experienced all of this."

"Where was it?"

"When you sat with your back to the Pyramid, Mohammed suddenly stood next to you. Did you let him know that we were there?"

“I already understand it.”

“You see, Frederik, this is universal, material unity, with your own grade of life and universal attunement. If I was to leave now and wanted to visit Mohammed, which is also possible for you, but only comes to you, because we experience this unity, Mohammed would wait for me at his border. He would know that we were coming. I see him always, I talk to him, we experience art together and he helps me to reach the depth of the astral colour. This is now material unity from soul to soul, feeling to feeling, but there is also another one and that is astrally spiritual, now you are truly in contact with the person who passed on, but as I already said, one in millions of people possess it, because every tissue of your body consciously stops these laws, because you must experience this contact unconsciously. After all, if you are conscious, you must be able to disengage yourself completely, but now you are asleep and yet awake. Every thought, Frederik, possesses universal depth, but is only infallibly tuned in when the material has been disposed of the own will. Can you feel that spiritual and material paralysis? It is so extremely difficult to experience the contact with your friends in the other and next world, that is the world for your spirit! However, it is possible. My development is completely eastern, and therefore also own possession! I do not have this from God, Frederik, I mastered this myself. I suffered and struggled for it, I gave numerous lives for it and I perished, was broken; yet I would reach that height one day. And that is this life! This is the highest endowment, Frederik, this has grown according to the laws of nature, precisely as the child awakens in the mother. The soul infallibly gets the physical, spiritual laws in its hands and can then do what it wants itself. I am now ready for that; what all your spiritualists possess, Frederik, is a millionth part of that universe. Although there are some who now truly experience a pure contact, by means of the contact with their loved ones, by means of love from father to mother, child and parents, there is still no infallibility or the very highest sensitivity must be dominantly present here and you see that sacred unity! But you can see it, I do it differently!”

“Did you hear Elsje calling loudly then?”

“That voice, Frederik, can be heard at the other end of the earth, it penetrates through all the material, there is no distance! When the love for the human being means something, people enter this contact, but now it is only for a moment. This means that the human being has developed feeling for the inner life for fifteen percent at the most or it would be a permanent possession. Usually the personality experiences this sensitivity when it is faced with suffering and sorrow as soul and human being. Can you feel this? Now that personality is tuned into a point, a purpose and that chance of hitting the target is more certain, as a result of which it feels what happens at a dis-

tance and the human heart speaks!”

“It is amazingly natural.”

“This is so true, Frederik, because you are now faced with the holiness of yourself as a human being and your representative love for that other life.”

“Are you one with Elsje then?”

“I already said, I know it about everyone . But because Elsje thinks and feels approximately as I do and see the things, want to experience, that life touches me! You must see a human being, Frederik, like your radio. You can pick up music infallibly. But we as human beings are thousands of times stronger, more sharply tuned in. We can take over thoughts from other people so infallibly, where this transfer of selectivity is only a thousandth of a shadow, in comparison to our inwardly created image, which we received from God and can now live in. And you can adorn that image, you can make it more sensitive by loving the life, which takes place as a result of your thinking and feeling and now becomes a contact for your inner life.”

“And for people who possess that feeling, but do nothing with it anyway, is it suffocated then?”

“You mean whether people who possess this feeling can also be unconscious and not possess any gifts, don’t you, Frederik?”

“I mean that.”

“Well, my little father, that is now material conscious, behind this lies the spiritual, the universal. If you want to make that emotional life conscious, then you are faced with dozens of lives, you cannot achieve it any earlier!”

“Then it is clear to me. I can therefore sense, understand things, but I do not receive what you now possess.”

“No, you do not receive that, because you have to follow a study for this, but in the West you cannot receive that school.”

Suddenly he jumps up and says:

“Come on, Frederik, we will go downstairs, soon we will continue.”

He takes out a few pastels and Erica’s portrait and asks me to follow him. The family is having a conversation, Karel is talking about his countryhouse, which he cannot yet give up, now, however, as I feel, in order to give Hans some diversion and to support his soul and personality. René shows Hans the portrait of Erica. It is found to be very beautiful. Then the symbolics are produced. I have not yet seen those things, they are amazing.

“Look here”, he says to Hans, “this is the space, the universe. You can see two people as man and wife, they must conquer that universe. But God gave us that possibility. He laid down His universe on our human life and being. We go higher and higher by means of fatherhood and motherhood and in this way we conquer everything. I will give you the explanations for this later, you will also get to know those laws. We keep entering a new and next

stage, therefore as a result of the birth. You will not yet believe it, but I will also prove this to you! Is everything really not simple?

Here you can see two flowers of one colour, they are also man and wife. They will represent God one day for all His worlds! Two flowers under the cross, that means, we people have to go to Christ. We are safe under the cross of Christ. This is yet another one. What are the colours like? I have penetrated to the rarefied, the soul of the material. Can you see that, Hans? This is an image of our inner life for later, when we have left this material. We will also possess a beating heart then as a human being and blood will flow in our veins. But you will not yet believe that. That is ridiculous for this world, of course, Hans, but when science is that far, the soul is accepted as an astral, therefore a spiritual personality, the psychologist will also get to know his patients and your powerlessness will dissolve. You can now reach other things in order to help them, who are now left in your care. All of that is still to come."

He gives the pastels to the women, Karel and I also receive such a work of art. When all of that is done, he disappears. Elsje, Erica and Anna are happy. Hans looks at the symbolics, sarcasm lives in him. His soul cannot be reached. Why does he keep on wanting to oppose the good? Must this life destroy itself? Wonders do not help the human being, we now have to accept this, all these beautiful pastels feel supernatural. However, you have to be open to it. What lives just above the normal human, is killed off. The slowcoach masses shuffle along behind it, there is no inspiration to be got in those masses.

Hans does not go into anything. However, René may soon make the portrait of Elsje, we have come that far. That poor Elsje. When we are alone Karel says:

"Did you see that face of Hans, Frederik?"

I nod.

"Did you see his eyes?"

I nod.

"Could you not do something to that man? He should get a good hiding, if you ask me. Do you believe that?"

"Indeed, Karel, it would do him good!"

"How will you help him? Can he be changed? He is looking for his ruin. How stupid I was to listen to him. How easily you are influenced! You do not think at a moment like that. You do not go into anything and only impose your own will. You want to be right, even if you see that another person is right, you beat and kick the life and sully the most sacred matters, everything is actually destroyed which comes into your hands. And that only in order to protect your own little personalities. Isn't it the case? And what does he want?"

Do you know that he wanted to deny Elsje those evenings? It is remarkable, what does that matter to him. I see it as tormenting, teasing, nothing else.”

“Elsje can take it, but it is pitiful.”

I go upstairs. René is already calling me, but that takes place inwardly. You get such a beautiful feeling from it under your heart. Erica now knows it, I already knew it for so long, just like Anna. All of us experience the wonder, being one with other lives without saying a word. The first thing I ask is:

“Can we not help Hans, René?”

“You cannot change anything about Hans, Frederik.”

“But why not?”

“Because karmic laws speak here, my friend. Hans is being lived. Powers are reaching consciousness, which destroy.”

“Is that not dreadful?”

“No, it is not, although you must experience the laws for this, everything is different again, when you also know that space. For many people art reaches consciousness, Frederik. The more the life awakens, the inner life becomes conscious, all the characteristics come up and you, as the personality, are faced with the past of yourself. And thousands of problems are found in this, for good and evil, for lies and cheating, construction and destruction. Oh, it is terrible, but we people are to blame for it.”

“And all of us cannot get him out of it?”

“It would be possible, Frederik, if Hans would do everything to conquer himself, but will he do that? Is he conscious of his strong will? Does he use his will to prevent that misery? It takes us to previous lives, Frederik. We used to call it karmic laws, something which you once did and will have to make good later. It is infallible, my friend, it reaches awakening as it used to be experienced. The Divine universe gives you nothing. A material thought carried out by means of foul acts, reaches consciousness sooner or later and then places you as a human being before that former mask. It is the birth of your previous life, now you must either conquer or you will succumb.”

“It is dreadful, he hits Elsje.”

“I know, but Elsje must also prove what she wants. She now has her own life to experience. I would be willing to do everything to help Hans; I do not believe that it is possible for me. He now experiences universal reality, evolution. The inner laws, Frederik, want to be experienced. They place us before that former destruction. But God is a Father of love!”

I see that he will sleep. Then there is a knock at the door and Anna is standing in front of me.

“What is it, Anna?”

“Am I disturbing?”

“Just come with me.” In my room she says:

“Oh, Frederik, I have had such a horrible dream.”

“Tell me, what did you dream?”

“I saw, Frederik, that Hans committed suicide. Is it not dreadful?”

“Were you there when Hans killed himself?”

“Yes, Frederik, I was there, I do not know why. I was there and was waiting for something. Elsje had gone upstairs to ask Hans about it. Then she dashed downstairs and collapsed. Poor Elsje. Hans had taken his own life. Isn't it dreadful, Frederik?”

“Put it out of your mind, Anna, I have dreamt a thousand times that I killed myself, but I am still alive. Dreams are deception, Anna, even if you sometimes experience nice things, but this? No, I will not go into it. Put it behind you. This is because all of us are occupied with Hans. I believe that all of us dream about him, because that life follows you. I ask you, throw it away and do not think about it again.”

Anna has gone. I think her dream is dreadful, but I do not let her notice it. And finally, if you are asleep, you dream so much, it is nonsense! When I am back with René, he is sleeping. I immediately ask a question:

“Can you hear me?”

There immediately comes: “What do you want, Oteb? Do you want to have my answer concerning matters which we do not know?”

“Anna dreamt that Hans killed himself. What do you think about it?”

“One child is watching, Oteb. Dreams sometimes have universal meaning, and then the subconscious passes something to the day conscious thinking and feeling. We will not go into it, although Anna's dream can be checked. Do you not feel that you may not give precisely these emotional powers any food? You would urge him to do it by this. Reassure Anna, but know that sometimes the soul possesses universal unity and then receives that information. Will it not be difficult for you? Soon you will get to know all these laws, Oteb, but now consciously, now you are open to it and ready. I will go to the universe, what I promised you will not happen, your life cannot be reached now, you are dreaming, Oteb, you are now already influenced, the human soul reacts so intensely and there is a splitting of the personality, loss of all your powers. Is it not true?”

“I know, I am very grateful to you. I will try to conquer everything.”

“I will wait ... Oteb, I will also do everything to be ready. You will see, to give yourself for fifty percent is not sufficient. These laws require everything of your personality.”

“I am therefore disturbed by Anna?”

“You go into it, I can see from your life aura that you believe it can happen. And then what, Oteb, if you know that he himself does not wish to change? The human being has his own happiness in his hands. It is he who masters

the laws for life and death, no one else can help you with this. Talking and doing nothing for your inner life, it is not that, you must thoroughly experience all the laws for your own character and then tune in your emotional life to that of Christ, or there will be no awakening. Is it not simple? Now you are disturbed by anxiety, and that anxiety breaks your concentration. Am I harsh? Did you not get to know all those laws yourself there? Did you think that they have changed in the centuries which passed?"

The life shuts itself off to me and I can leave. However, I wrote down in the logbook:

I think that thing of Anna's is dreadful. You can now reconcile yourself to it, but is that so simple? René does not go into anything, but this is precisely it. He can give you an explanation for everything. He is actually right, we must let go of it or you will start to influence Hans. Every being can pick up thoughts sent out from somewhere? Of course! I know that this is possible. Anna can experience that dream through herself, but she is also capable of receiving that information from other people. And now it is becoming dangerous. Just imagine that she received those thoughts? That this will happen and she now already lives in that future? Ugh, such suffering. How must you prevent this? What must you do if your life awakens to the wrong? Hans is no longer a normal human being. He is not capable of working. People are laughing at him? People already see him there as a psychopath. He must get out, but he does not want that either. He is shackled to his piece of ground. There is something which keeps him captured. I believe, he would want that, but he cannot do it. He is tied to his dungeon, he experiences an invisible law, is it a new mask? René says: The past reaches its own revelation and shows itself as good and evil. However, that does not mean that a human being must kill himself. How complicated life is. But is this not understandable? How many thousands of problems have attunement to this, have to do with this? I am really driven out of balance by that dream. I can do nothing about it, but I find it awful!

The things we experience. Great and worrying, the more you see of the life, the sharper all those problems are outlined for you. Hans is like a psychopath. He has no material disturbances, but it is his soul. He releases himself from the perfect, natural life and accepts the dark, the unpleasant, the destructive, he is no longer himself. Has it to do with the nervous system? I do not believe it! Must we accept that Hans has overworked himself? I do not believe it, he really does not go into his patients too deeply. I know other doctors, they experience all that misery with their patients and remain themselves. For Hans that is stupid, he says: If you wish to treat your patients well, you must make sure in the first place that you remain healthy for yourself. I have heard him say this a hundred times. It is also something very different.

Did I not write that it lives in you and around you and that you can do nothing about it? That it laughs at you? If you think that you put your shoe on top of this, you must later accept that is precisely impossible, because you are laughed at consciously from the universe and you just have to accept your powerlessness. It is there and it is not there! And yet it eats at your human heart. It is absurd, also abstract and yet real, it sucks you empty, it forces you to act, it dominates you completely in everything. Hans is no longer a human being as a result of this, he looks like a wreck. My God, where will it take all of us?

I have convinced myself what it was like with René. When I saw that he experienced his ordinary sleep, I also went to sleep in order to forget everything. However, what will tomorrow bring us, the day after tomorrow and the days which will come? I just surrender myself, I cannot do anything about it anyway, these are unprecedented laws, they are also supernatural truths, but are not accepted by the human being of this society. The articles do well, the people get an idea of how to think and they ask for more. They want to know who that man is. I believe that, but have patience. I go into my own sleep and am open to a dream, I will probably also receive something like Anna experienced and I will know how to act for Hans! I am now not happy, I know, this is pursuing all of us. Erica also has her worries, Karel too, we take it too badly. However, it concerns a human being here. A human being who is no longer himself and beats a queen, oh, what madness! How can it be! A human being can do strange things! He does not know himself, and that is the most necessary thing there is! It is only now that he knows how he has to act and to prevent all that misery. I doze off, my eyes close, I am tired. I now do not know about anything. Yet I already know that my soul is also thinking now and lives, because the clock also ticks, the human heart which receives that food, or I would already have worked out all the things I hope to be able to know. It was a horrible day!

Frederik, you are right, René is a wonder

The séances with the academics have started. One evening René comes to me and says:

"I am ready, Frederik, you can warn the gentlemen. But discuss it with Father and Mother."

That is quick, I thought. Karel took care of the finishing touches and we established the first evening. "The academics will come to us", René says, "and not to Hans, there must be peace, harmony, otherwise I will feel disturbed." Erica is blissfully happy. Yet before we were to begin, René first wanted to convince Karel, so that he would not make a fool of himself. Karel got that proof from his son and we experienced the first wonder. All that time I did not get the opportunity to ask questions, Hans has put me completely out of my balance. I had to accept then that René was right, the anxiety of mine about his actions and personality, which is like a wreck, drew me, because I went into his life, to misery, into his pathetic carry-on, and I was not prepared to be able to think. You are not open now, but I saw all those questions, which I saw before me during the years as foundations, hoped to receive the true answer to, destroyed before my eyes by Hans. But what do you do, if you see a friend dissolving before your eyes, see him perishing? Elsje got him that far that he managed to work again. He has not shown himself to his patients for months. People had already written him off there, the prof seemed to be overstrained and no longer suitable for his beautiful work. Everyone wanted to help him, but nothing helped, he himself remained a wreck, an awkward being, as a result of his learning he now went to pieces. Karel also tried everything, but he had to accept that Hans cannot be helped. His human will – if the human being has a will – he added, is no longer working. This academic has been defeated by life?

And then the evenings of preparation came. We took our places in the room, René sits in an armchair, we are waiting for him, but we see that he changes before our eyes. Karel and Erica stare their eyes out; Anna sits there quietly and waits like I do to see what will happen. I see that René has tuned into his inner life. After a short moment, we come into contact with this strange life, about which I was already able to get to know many laws. After ten minutes that life opens itself for us and Karel can ask his child what he wants. There is apparently nothing to be seen from René's life, a young man of almost twenty-three years old is sitting there, the inner life of whom will reveal the laws of the East and those of our Westerners. It is as if he has to take deep breaths, but you do not see that, it cannot be heard either, all

of this takes place inside this life and namely under his own power. I have meanwhile tuned into his life. By means of my will he falls into his state; but he already no longer needs what appeared to be dominant for him before, people there have awakened it for his life. For this purpose Mohammed descended into his life and personality and awakened the subconscious for this sober West.

But then there comes:

“What do you have to ask me, what do you want to know for yourself and your life?”

From Erica there comes: “Tell us something about God, is that possible?”

They know that they may not call him by his name. René says:

“About God, where should I start? You must ask your questions yourself, think them up, otherwise we will not come any further. I would need thousands of years to explain His laws to you. Do you know what I mean?” Then Karel asks: “Is God a human being?”

“Very good, now you are starting to think. Carry on like that. No, God is not a human being. You must see God through His life. Then you can get to know the God of all life. God is Light. God is Life! God is Feeling! God is a Personality. God is also Father and Mother! But through everything Love, but what do you know about His love? When God was to begin His revelations, there was only emptiness, space, life. And God would manifest himself there. If I take all of you back to those moments, then we will be faced with His laws, but then you will get to know God. In that empty space life came, and that life became ‘working’ and that working became ‘light’ after millions of years, as a result of which that immense space became filled. That is God as Light, as Life, as a Source of Energy, as a result of which the creations for the material existence could begin. I will not dwell upon these revelations, but the wonder happened in that way.

After millions of years of evolution, we see that the universe, which was therefore first invisible, reached working and evolution. You still cannot see God as Father and as Mother, but that will come later, although you can accept that all the Divine characteristics also have to be present there, because by means of these revelations God would show himself evolving to His Creations. I will make sure that you can follow me, I will therefore not go into the laws. Your learned friends may ask those questions later or you will not understand anything of what I mean.

When God showed himself by means of His Creations, that life was still invisible in those first stages. People and animals, also nature, were still not there. That life would take place only later, after the Divine splitting, the division for His being. And that took place, because by means of the universe, in which we therefore live as human beings and all life received its own

independence by God, those Divine wonders came about. Now we are faced with the beginning of the creation. The planetary system reaches revelation as a result of that splitting and life is so far that the first hazes become visible. Those hazes, my sisters and brothers, condense themselves as God could do that. All life in the universe gets to accept the materialization. But that would take place through the planets. Sun and Moon are the first bodies which were able to take part in those Divine Creations. Since more and more light comes into the universe, the Moon condenses itself like a macrocosmic organ, but by means of that development the microcosmic life reaches the first birth. What God was therefore able to do for himself, this evolution, follows His life! And now we come to our first human birth, as an embryonic existence!

That life, my children, continues, it evolves. The Moon had the task, as God was able to do that, to divide itself, split itself. By means of that splitting up we people received life and the animal also reached materialization then 'Nature' follows. If I now take you back to your life, then you will see that all life created by God must now represent His Omnipotence. Every material particle of this world is a particle of the Divine personality and now represents God as that grade of life for the human or the animal, the natural life. That is God; therefore God was never a human being!"

It already makes Karel's head spin. Erica asks:

"Is what we people received through the Bible not true?"

"Has your life discovered untruths?"

"I must accept, after all, that God was on earth in the Old Testament. It says that the Lord spoke to Moses. Is that not true?"

"My dear soul, you will probably hear more about this. If your spiritual academic could bow to this word – if the proof for this will be given to you – you will get the answer. I say to all of you, mistakes were made in that. I will not deny you anything, but when the Bible was written Divine Creation was already billions of years old. I will take you back to the previous stage, your prehistoric ages. At that time there were people on earth and all those people did not know about your God. They never knew your Bible. Yet they continued and came higher, all these men and women awakened and reached the heavens of light. Can you feel this? I do not intend to give you a new faith or to deny you a certain revelation. I am required to explain the Divine laws to you. You must think about this! If you can ask me concrete questions, I will go into them and I can materialize that revelation for your life. You will get an answer from me, such as your question, your conscious is. I will adjust to your lives and not go any deeper, because it will remove you from your own existence and social life. And I want to prevent that happening! Sense what this means. I would advise you strongly to remain close to your life. I

therefore mean, do not ask any questions the laws of which you cannot deal with anyway. Do not go too far away from your personality, try not to think, or to feel above your capacity, you will succumb sooner or later.

When I tell you that God has never spoken as a human being, that is a Divine law. The first people who were ready to get to know God, as a result of which people on earth received a faith, were given teachings by Angels! Prophets! However, those prophets could not unveil the Divine plan in their time either, because, as you now experience, they could not explain the actual laws to the human being on earth, since they were not understood anyway. As a result of this a start was made and you get to know Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the House of Israel. I tell you again, Divine Creation was already millions of years old then. You can now establish from this the personality for this humanity, to which you belong. The academics will convince you, soon, we will now bring you spiritual science! And we can explain every law of it to you!

It must therefore be clear to you that I want to continue to follow your own life. The prophets spoke about God, they all brought new life, a higher becoming conscious to the earth, as a result of which the being of your society would change.”

Karel now asks: “Are there hells?”

“Yes, of course!”

“Burning hells, in which the human being lives after his death?”

“You see, my friend, now we are already faced with your own life and now have to establish that you cannot yet think for your Divine attunement. Ask me first of all if there is a death! I must then tell you: there is no death, your life as soul and spirit continues. You will have to return to God in order to represent the Divine Universe in HIS immediate presence. What you see as dying, is life! The inner personality, it is you yourself, possesses universal attunement. Dying is evolution. As a result of this you enter a new and next stage. And there, when you leave this material life, you see yourself back in a dark or in a light-emanating world, which you call here ‘hells and heavens’. If you have experienced the laws for your material life, are separated from every material law, your inner life continues as soul and spirit. But only then, when you are freed from all your karmic laws. And those are laws which call you back to this world in order to purify your previous lives and to bring you into harmony again with the Divine harmony for everything! There are no burning hells to be seen there, you are faced with the fire of your inner self.”

“So there are no burning hells?”

“No!”

“What is the soul like there, as a human being?”

“The soul lives there as you have received your form here. The soul is there-

fore a spiritual personality.”

Karel continues and the conversation becomes very interesting. He asks again: “How can that be followed? How can we people see our inner life?”

“Who is now asking me something?”

“I am asking you something.”

“Well, my friend, people live on as people think and feel here. That is your soul and that is your spirit. The spirit now represents the soul, which has to represent the Divine spark. If you talk about soul, then that is also the life in you. If you talk about an own will, then that takes you to the personality. The soul is again life for its world, as a result of which the spirit moves forward. The spirit is the form, and has not changed in any way for the spiritual world.”

“I can therefore assume that there is progress? Eternal life?”

“You can accept that!”

“Are the theosophists right?”

“There is progress, theosophy was able to give those laws human meaning by numerous people. Really, there is reincarnation. The soul built up the spiritual life by means of millions of lives. Since the soul as the actual Divine spark, particle of god, has received those material lives, your personality came into being. You now represent a grade of becoming conscious, which is not spiritual, as far as the inner laws for your soul are concerned. You say: it is working, nature, and that is true, but do not forget, that working received an own personality and also the own independence, as material world and the spiritual. When you speak, ask me questions, that is the personality. That lives on and is a body. You now get to know three worlds. The world for your inner life, your spiritual and your material existence in which you now get to know the laws. By means of all those material lives you have created an own world; if this life has been completed, then the spirit releases itself from the material bonds and now enters the next law.”

“In the next existence for the soul?”

“It is also possible that you prepare yourself in another world in order to return to this material world.”

“And then what?”

“Now you enter the laws for your personality. If you have to experience cause and effect here on earth, then it is possible that those laws call you back to the material life. However, for this purpose, you experience the karmic laws first. If you destroy a human being, murder, you as a human being have to make sure that this life receives a new body, because the cosmic time for the soul was not yet experienced. Can you feel this? You are now faced with a karmic law, which irrevocably calls you back to the earth. At the moment of dying, your life is attracted by that world and the soul and the personality

sink back to the embryonic existence in order to wait for the next birth.”

“Do you not know anything about it?”

“You can know, if you get to know the laws for the soul. You see, after all, that I am now conscious?”

“You know your previous life?”

“It is this in which I am now, I see my previous existence in the East.”

“And that is awakening again?”

“That awakening already begins in the mother.”

“Is it as a result of this that the mother experiences phenomena?”

“Did my mother not receive them?”

“Did everything happen because of you?”

“As a result of my awakening she experienced the shadow of it!”

“And you also know the laws for this?”

“All of them!”

“Is the soul not subordinate to anything?”

“To nothing, it goes continually further. The laws for the Divine revelations lie in its hands. It experiences them. Nothing has changed in this image of creation. What were material laws for the soul for millions of years still apply! Only the soul seen as a human being and a personality changed, expanded, awakened, received consciousness.”

“Is it destination, if it awakens here and is a human being again?”

“Yes, but what you mean is something very different. You mean, whether it got hold of that destination through God. I tell you, it possesses all those laws, it has mastered them. God gave it life, when He manifested himself through the universe. Can you feel, this has now become an obtained independence. When it comes to earth, it experiences its own laws. It has to do with those people, it possesses attunement to those lives. Where you are born means nothing, you are there! And now a new life begins, as a result of which the soul builds up its personality as a spirit. Therefore it sinks back into the embryonic life, or it would kill, suffocate, dominate the fertilization. The many occurring disturbances for the mother point to those laws.”

“Illnesses and madness, all of that is destruction, occurred as a result of the own disturbances?”

“Precisely, because God is a Father of love. We people are to blame ourselves for that misery. You will certainly feel, in those millions of lives we were still not conscious. How far have you now come for that becoming conscious? What do you know about all these laws for your soul and spirituality? Nothing! What does your science mean now? Nothing! You can alleviate the material suffering a bit, there is no more for you. Get to know the soul and its spaces and you will do great work, it is only now that peace and quiet comes for its existence.”

“We were therefore with all the peoples of the earth?”

“Yes, you experienced all the peoples. Fatherhood and motherhood have material depth for this world, for the universe and for the Divine laws that depth is universal, infinite, and means, you have known millions of fathers and mothers. The universal bond takes you to the space, that for your people, to a society. Christ taught you to see and experience love universally, because you must possess unity as people and must find justification for God.”

“It is a revelation for me, do you believe it?”

“I am grateful to you, accept it and do not let it be taken away from you again, only now you live.”

“Who was it who sent you to us, when you were to be born?”

“One of the two of you attracted me. I will not go into those laws, otherwise you would ask questions which you cannot understand anyway. However, know that we knew each other in previous lives. That I came back through your life finds its origin in the past, otherwise I would now be somewhere else. Can you feel how deep the human personality is?”

“It makes my head spin, and you also know those laws?”

“All of them, I tell you, there is nothing in this universe which I cannot explain to you.”

“Also in the universe?”

“Yes!”

“Animal world and nature?”

“Everything!”

“Who are you?”

“I am a human being, but I gave many lives for this wisdom.”

“Can we also achieve that?”

“Did I not tell you that you are Divine? What does this mean? That you must master all the laws of God for the material and spiritual existence for all His worlds. You started in the jungle, now you are amongst the white race (see article ‘There are no races’ on rulof.org), the highest law of life for the organic life, but as a result of which you expand as soul and spirit. Can you feel this going higher? I am a human being, but I have made a study of my life, I went in one Temple and out another, as a result of this I received consciousness.”

“What is the purpose of your life?”

“I am now on earth in order to connect the West with the East. I am here in order to give the human being what I mastered myself. That is my task and all of you will start it one day.”

“It is wonderful”, says Karel. Erica now asked:

“I will therefore lose you as my child?”

“Dear, I am not your child. My life belongs to humanity. I live for all the

mothers of your world. I know millions of fathers and mothers. However, you will not lose me, I am and will remain one with your life. But that is in your hands. Can you see this mask? Can you feel what this means to your life?"

"But I will lose you then anyway?"

"Through death you lose everything of this world, but not me!"

"And if you return to the earth?"

"And you are there, you mean, live on as soul? Well, see your own image again through thousands of mothers. You must see millions of mothers as your own form and personality. There is no fatherhood and motherhood imaginable in the world for the soul, which can be materially thought up and experienced, we live for each other and love all life as God created it. That is the universal love, my sister. We are sisters and brothers, this parental love dissolves in the universal. However, there is never a separation. I could give you that proof. A mother of mine is still present here."

Karel and Erica, also Anna, are already dizzy, but now they are faced with a shock. "What did you say?", three mouths ask at the same time. "What do you mean?" And there follows:

"Are you shocked? You see, I would be able to place you before cosmic facts, but would you understand and accept the depth of them?"

"Do you mean that another mother is present here in the room?"

"Why do you wish to know everything about it? I tell you you would feel impoverished by this if I explained those laws to you, because it brings about a splitting of your inner life as mother. You will now feel another life, and also have to share that life with another, although you as material mother, therefore for this life, pick up the very first phenomena which were given to you by this unity. However, if you do not possess any spiritual depth, you will lose that possession and the previous mother, in feeling, will be above your independence as mother. Understand well, now that emotional life is open to the laws and you see the contact coming about for the soul, which possesses attunement with the other life. Here universal love speaks! You will never lose me, but I will miss you! You think you possess me, but you do not have me. I tell you again, maternal love goes higher and higher, this is only a material bond, but which brings you straight to universal love and only then has meaning.

My love is universal, all my mothers still live, because it was also me. Are you not reeling now? I am not telling you any nonsense, my friends. What I bring to your life is the sacred truth; I am explaining the Divine laws to you! What do you know about homosexuality? Since the soul must experience both organisms, it loses the emotional life for motherhood and those material laws are strange to it, which it does not know what to do about. We souls

go through fatherhood and motherhood back to God. Your mad people tell you about all those laws. There the conscious and the sick are to be found; the conscious experience your society but have come into conflict with the systems.”

“Do you also know those laws?” Karel asks.

“I can also explain those laws to you and it is only then that you will accept what Christ said: ‘Love everything which lives’! Fatherhood and motherhood are universally deep. What you experience of them as people is now only one second of millions of hours of time. But did you not know this, now that you get to accept that God is infinitely deep in His Creations? What are fatherhood and motherhood here on earth? What you make of them yourself. It dissolves in universal love and it is only then that you can say: I am opened, my life is awakening! Even if you go back to the material life and the other life stays in the life of the spirit, called the ‘astral world’, one day you will be free from the material and you will continue in that life.”

“And do you also know those laws?” Karel asks again.

“I was also able to get to know those laws and can now explain them for your lives. They are the laws for the soul, as life, personality and space. Every thought and character trait now stands for its world. You will certainly feel it, your character traits must possess attunement to that universal becoming conscious or you belong to a darkness. If you do not love now, then you will experience such a hell, which has to represent this darkness of your own life. Now that world is your attunement! Can you now see what being a father and being a mother mean for your material life? You will not lose me, because all of us represent one life! Man and woman are one for God! Millions of men and women also possess that attunement and represent one life, one law of life and grade of life, sphere or hell, world, universe for God. All of us are one in this and also possess one love! I know many mothers, many fathers on earth, but I see them as my friends, it is our unity, for which we live and will die. If this is accepted in this world, peace and quiet will come, you will now see another child as your own life!

Did the laws of Christ not teach you it? You will have to master them. It is only now that you get to know yourself and your life opens.”

René stands up, he stands before Karel and speaks to Erica, to me and Anna as an apostle. He fires at our life, every word penetrates our emotional life. Karel is like a child, Erica now feels a mother for the first time. He says:

“The moment of dying is the release of the material systems. If the soul as spirit, therefore astral personality is that far, then it continues, but also the returning to the earth is going further. You will surely already feel it, anyone who is ready here can go further. You created the hells yourself. You will also create the heavens yourself, you will make a hell or a heaven here of yourself!

Every action, every deed, tells you! If you attune your life to the higher laws, you will build a heaven! The lower character traits take you to darkness, misery, coldness, poverty of spirit! Is it not simple? What do you wish to do with your sciences. Nothing! Feel well what I mean. Your wisdom, my friend, has become conscious by serving . You have received your wisdom through your serving. The spiritual sciences for your West are at a dead point. Your friend goes to pieces up against the laws for the soul. And you up against your ignorance, the illnesses, the laws of which you do not know. What can a theologian give you, when he does not know God? Can you accept any longer that God will damn? Is it clear to you how poor you are when the laws speak to your life? All of this, which you now possess, will change.

Where do your mad people live? All those souls have forgotten themselves in previous lives. They came into disharmony with Divine harmony as a result of this. You – this is to me – wondered, why God created misery, those children were so beaten. God does not beat, God is Love, but we people have made a chaos of His life.

You wondered why one mother bears her children, another begs for children and is not heard? The soul has now removed itself from motherhood. It is now not ready, but now feels that motherhood awakens again. Why does one mother get ten children and the other life none? These are laws, the soul brought itself to ruin, to destruction.

For the universe the mother bears two children. Can you feel this? No, you cannot know that either, you are not yet that far. God is Father and Mother, we as people will create two lives for reincarnation. As a result of this you can return to the earth. What do millions of people do? They sponge! They think that they do not need to create, they find the most sacred improper. However, who gives them new life, a new body? The mother, who bears her ten and fifteen children? If every mother took part in sponging, life on earth would dissolve. Can you not understand then that this suffocated progress? Have a think! What would become of humanity, if the father and the mother were to refuse to take part in Divine Creation? As a result of this the life must serve the other. Can you feel what your universities possess? What your teachings and wisdom are like with regard to the Divine universe? Is this not pitiful? Are the churches to blame for all of this? The church forces the soul to bear, but those men and women sponge off all those other mothers. You see, this is God! These are Universal laws, which the life of God sees itself placed before! And this will only change when your university knows these laws. Ask me what is wrong and I will get the Divine answer for your life! Do not think that I am a saint, I am not that! I am your child, but especially your brother, your friend!

Believe me, when I tell you that thousands of souls wait between life and

death for an organism. And there are mothers who destroy their lives. Can you feel how terrible all of this is? Did you think that you had not created any disharmony as a result of your wars? Did you not fling thousands of souls too soon from their lives? And did you think that those souls must not return to this earth in order to finish their lives and laws? Those lives were broken, cut off by coarse violence! But the material law, the becoming conscious in the body, takes you higher and higher. And that is taken away from them by hate, destruction, violence. And the mothers help in this, they help, who sponge off the universal law of life for the masses! Did you know this, were they able to teach you this at your university? This is God!

The human life seems like a chaos for you. And it is that! However, the soul as a human being possesses its universal laws of justice. Can you already feel what I mean? Yet it returns to earth. It must return, because it has to become a mother, because as a result of motherhood the life evolves. And now you violate a life. Did you think that you could soon receive a new life after death? Coarse violence takes you away from the Divine law, the law for birth! Other people remained or already came into harmony with those laws and go before you! They will finish their lives by means of the consciousness obtained, but you can now wait for thousands of years before your reincarnation takes place. You closed your life off to cosmic harmony. Is this not clear and just? Now you can wait for centuries for the next birth. People not only create material misery, illnesses, but also bring about cosmic disturbances by means of coarse violence. And that must be cleared up by you yourself! Murder takes you back to the earth! Now you have to give that soul a new body. God gave you everything! You brought yourself into disharmony. Do you wish to do this by means of the creating garment? By means of the male body? Can you now feel which laws you are faced with? In the first place with your murder. You must make up for that! You are faced with the organism, but you are creating. How many lives do you not need if you wish to feel yourself as a mother? I was also able to master those laws, my friend. You need ten lives for fatherhood and motherhood to come into harmony again with the Divine law after a murder. Which people, as man and wife, came into pure harmony for the universe, love, fatherhood and motherhood? Where do those people live? Certainly, they are on earth. However, can you feel that millions of people must return to this life for thousands of laws in order to take themselves back to universal harmony? You see, that is God! Did God want it like this? No, these are the laws for each thought, every thought is universally deep. If you think that you have to murder for the life of God, you will attune yourself to destruction, the disturbance for your inner life, you will hold back your universal development. Is it not natural?

Now you live on earth, soon you will continue. Can you now feel what

fatherhood and motherhood mean to your lives? Must I hate other mothers, because they have not given birth to me now? Do you know that I was once the mother of one of you? Where are you now with your university concepts? I, who am now a child of yours, I once gave birth to one of you. And another gave birth to me! Can you feel that your children already possess infinity? Can you feel that this is universal love? Just imagine, if masters were soon to speak from the other life, as you can now by means of your technical wonders. What would you say when that voice says: "I am professor M. I lived there, but I am still alive and will now explain the laws of God as they were created." What did you think you would hear? Would the people, will the universities be able to accept me? I will now predict to you, that will not take so long anymore! You now already possess technical wonders which enable you to reach unity with worlds. If this voice gets the rareness of the astral working, that personality, the technical apparatus which possesses sensitivity, that is the moment that this humanity is elevated to the universal laws. You are laughing! Did you think that you could now already shrug your shoulders at these wonders which lie ready? From what do you think that you have received the art, this wisdom, all your technical wonders? What is inspiration, when you can say, I have come into contact, in harmony with the infinite, with the universal, the cosmic laws? Can you feel your own poverty? Then it will happen! Now the masks fall for your lives, but only then for this humanity, for all your universities!

Just try tuning into that supernatural reception. What does a clergyman now have to accept? And your theologian? And your astronomer? Did you really think that I would make a fool of you? Did you really think that I was not prepared? You can establish from all of this that I can experience and will receive the Divine answer for your life, because now the 'Heavens' speak, the East is brought to the West and means that the peoples of the earth will reach universal unity! It is we, I already told you, it is the youth, the new human being? No, not that, we are also like you children of one Father, but many people of my own grade of life are ready to bring that Divine teaching, His wisdom, His laws, Life, Light, Love, Fatherhood and Motherhood, Re-incarnation to earth. It is this time which needs this awakening, this could not have happened thousands of centuries ago, now you are that far!

Of course, you can remove the material tumour from the human brain, you can achieve a lot more than this wonder, if you were to know the material systems for the human organism. And now you can cure patients and cure mad people for the very first grades for these illnesses. But what do you want to do for the soul? Stop murdering! Give a new organism to the soul, thousands are waiting impatiently in order to be able to continue the material life. Give birth, create, do that for your own grade of life, the sort for the

material organism to which you belong or your own grade of life will die out! What would you say if this word came to you from the Heavens? If a master from the Light explained the Divine laws to you? You see, a few people along with me have opened themselves to this, they are so far! All of us now get the word, which is sent to us straight from the universe, the Heavens! Would you wish to doubt this? And my life is ready for this! I made a trip for this! People opened my life for this and I am now able to explain the laws to you for your soul, your spirit, your material existence for this world and all the secondary laws, also those for the space, this universe. Because we have reached our human life and conscious from the universe, by means of those planets!

You, my friend, can now lay your foundations. Build on your University, I will bring you the laws! And after your life that Temple will receive the very highest. Soon I will probably be able to explain to you in which connection you came to each other. Now we are not yet that far!

When I violated the Divine laws, did I feel any misery? I was faced at that moment with the centuries of expectation. I was not given anything either. But for this life, before I would be born I was awake and conscious. Before my birth took place, I already knew what I wanted and where I would be born. Do not forget, for centuries I devoted myself to being able to bring the laws to the earth. For this purpose I experienced many lives in the East. I went from Temple to Temple. In ancient Egypt we received the first lessons. My life came to church and religion. I know lives in which I served the church. Do not destroy that! Think, as a result of this the life reached awakening. I am still a child of the church, but do not forget, God cannot damn! Every religion has faults! And those faults will dissolve, the laws come for this purpose. It is only then that the child of state and church know the God of all life. Of course, pray, believe, love everything that lives. But do not forget that the universal laws place you before the All-concept, namely Divine justice. Do not say again either that God is a cad, the Old Testament receives consciousness. I was able to get to know those laws, I was able to see them! Did you think that all of us did not play the part of priest or priestess? We call this playing? To do this you must go to the East. There people also still play with the Divine laws, people there also think that they are serving God by taking part in chastity! I will explain those laws to them. In the first place people must serve fatherhood and motherhood there!

Do not destroy the church, it brought unity amongst the people! Through the church, the masses, this humanity received a faith, love, a rise, worldly wisdom, unity. That brought those masses back to God. Now the age has come through which the laws will be explained. I served my church by means of many lives. I served Rome, you could follow my cardinalship. However, who will accept you? Since at birth the soul closes off its previous

life as material laws, as physical certainty, that world dissolves for your life. But you can establish your last life from the phenomena. You have known a friend, my friend Oteb, who received the priestly conscious as a result of drunkenness. You wondered how that could be possible, as a result of alcohol one will tune in to the sexual, temper, destruction, another child wants to do sacred things. That is the previous life, my friend, that now, since the soul has closed off the day-conscious thinking and feeling, not awakens, but takes over the conscious. The material thoughts become hazy, those of your sub-conscious penetrate and now live! You already draw from your previous life at birth. Did I do any differently? I dominated my mother. I did not bring her to misery, but this force, it is sacred inspiration, they were my emotional powers, put her out of balance. Now she experienced another, but that is not yet a possession of her personality. She still has to master this. Are you different, when you are faced with an elevated grade of feeling and you have to learn those laws? You could immediately have established that this must be natural working. You, my father, my friend, my brother, said this, but you did not know it! You guessed at this! You did not go into it either, but Oteb, your Frederik, followed these laws. And it was I who already forced him to make his notes at that time. How? Why? Because we would pass on all of this to this world. All of us do one work! You would give birth to me and experience the laws for this, you would create me. Frederik, Oteb, my pupil from previous lives, my master in another, would have the ability to record those notes. We would meet each other for that! He wrote under my will! You thought that I was influenced by this life! It is precisely the other way round. I had that honour, I possessed those powers and you just had to accept them. When those first notes were made, the very first thoughts were also picked up from my mother! When I lived between the third and fourth month, there was peace for a while! Did you not get to know those laws? From the first days of motherhood, after the fertilization, my previous life already awakened. Children who have something to bring to the world, experience those laws. As a result of this Mozart and the many others received that creating certainty! This works infallibly! Those laws are infallible, because the soul mastered that becoming conscious! It descends to earth for it! As a result of this humanity received consciousness. All art was brought to the earth in that way, all those old masters were born for their tasks! They made themselves suitable for this, one for wisdom, technical wonders, other people for art. Socrates, Plato, all the great ones of the earth experienced their wisdom beforehand and made themselves suitable for it. That is for the becoming conscious of humanity! For this purpose Christ descended from the Divine All to the earth and brought the Divine Gospel. Does the human being live according to the commandments. His Love? His Life? His laws?

Why do you not do it and obtain joy and peace for all of you! Mozart and all the other masters, the great of your world, brought awakening through art! We now do so for inner awakening! I prepared myself for this purpose, but all of us have to do with this event. From that moment on, I said a moment ago, my life already awakened in the mother. Was the master in art able to experience it differently? No! Those laws work exactly the same. His soul prepared itself, for what Galilee was able to do! Buddha, Mohammed, Ramakrishna, Blavatsky – you hear that I know all my sisters and brothers; I have not read any books about this anyway – prepared themselves to bring universal wisdom to earth. I will now go further, deeper, because I am connected in an Order with them. And that Order, my friends, brought us together! That Order is called ... ‘Will Serve’! Bring awakening to earth! Support the life of God. Bring art to earth, joy of life, happiness! Love! Light! Universal Fatherhood and Motherhood! Before I was attracted to your life, I already knew where I would be born. That truth and wisdom was shown to me. My own life, my becoming conscious did that! I surrendered, I sunk back to the embryonic stage and inspired the embryo! At the moment that the fertilization would take place, I descended from the universe to your lives. In your life my conscious grew, awakened, and I passed that emotional life onto my mother, but brought you, Oteb, to thinking and feeling in my direction, the aim, the task for which we now live! But how did you act, my father? What were your thoughts concerning all these Divine matters? You sullied yourself! Just destroy me, however, you destroy yourself! Break me down, you will break yourself down! Do not accept this, and you will stand still for your awakening! It was me and not Frederik, but we have reached that height. Do not think that your mad people are capable of this. This is the highest, this is the very highest becoming conscious for your life, this is own possession! This belongs to me, but my Order helps me, supports, inspires me. Now you are faced with the true inspiration, I am capable of experiencing the spiritual inspiration. Mozart, Beethoven, Bach and the others could do that. The earth now possesses everything! None of your artists get higher than this as a result of their creating! That is not possible, because the highest has been reached!

That I brought myself to awakening is therefore simple, my soul was born for it, it is I! As a result of this my life awakened, yet you experienced unnatural phenomena, which have nothing to do with unnaturalness, they were natural and legally determined! Those are the laws for your own self, your obtained personality! In addition, you can accept that we will now elevate another university as a result of this. Frederik received those feelings from me! I want to build a University! Those powers were given to me! I prepared myself for this! However, his personality was open to those laws. He could not live any differently, he received his new life for this purpose. You feel,

everything is calculated beforehand and thought out, but centuries ago! This is now the shattering of the masks, which possess human, spiritual and cosmic reality and are Divine! Everything which you therefore had to accept as a result of my becoming conscious, my mother, came to you, because you were not ready for that emotional life. And then phenomena came. We have to do with each other, our lives have attunement to each other. I now make up to your lives, what I took away from you in previous lives! I now elevate your lives to a higher becoming conscious, which I broke in previous lives! I will make good for your lives, because this is the law as a result of which we were able to get to know each other! I will make up, until I have brought my own laws into harmony. However, if you do not want me, and how simple that is, children then leave parents, parent and child ties are destroyed! But then I will go! It is up to your life to accept me now! I tell you, I want to serve you! But if your life does not wish to accept me, then that law of cause and effect will completely dissolve and I can go where I want. Now I will take my own life in my hands! And not only for these laws, fatherhood and motherhood, but for thousands!

You see, if people are not ready for each other, tread on the Divine laws, they are to blame themselves for their sorrow! However, one day you will stand before each other and you will have to accept that disharmony, until you yourself have changed, were able to attune your life to universal love!

This is my task, my work for your lives. If a father and mother are not that far, then Divine ties rip apart. But who is to blame? What were your actions like, what was your thinking and feeling like in this life? What is learning? Did you think that you bring clarity by overthrowing everything of God? We have fought and struggled against your ignorance and unconsciousness! We had to accept your ignorance; but how has your life changed? Would you still me capable of selling the spiritual, universal gifts for one guilder and forty cents? And would you wish to support the poor of your world with this? By the blood of another! Do you feel that we have made good for your lives? We were able to bring about this. What did your Frederik do? He thought he could take round notes from God to the people. But was that God? It was me! I sent him to your lives in order to start our task! He did not get these gifts from his God, but those feelings came from my life to the opened emotional centre of his own personality! God has nothing more to do with all of this! That Divine attunement lives in your life, we as people are spiritually one! God established this at the moment of His revelations to our life. But we would master His universes, as soul, spirit and material! Since Frederik tuned into the rareness of the soul, he absorbed that life aura in himself and reached the thinking and feeling of the inner life! In this way his life, his personality awakened. I from myself! Those laws of becoming conscious were ready to

pass to material working! Is it not simple? Now see back into all your thinking and feeling and you can give an answer to yourself. This is the universal source from which you have drawn, the state of purity, which has reached awakening for your life!

No astral personality could help you with this! You would have to begin yourself first! You will have to tune your material thinking and feeling to the laws for the soul, your inner life. And you lived for that! As a result of this your life reached attunement and unity with me! What the mother experienced, you were sent from my life, because you wanted it! Or it would not have been possible. So you see that every being is capable of picking up Divine wisdom. But release yourself first from the material destruction. And you have seen how your lives change anyway! You have unconsciously reached thinking and feeling for your soul. All those phenomena brought your life to that world of thought. As a result of this you learn to think for your inner life! And then that kicking into ditches of Frederik passed over to yourself! Now your life awakened? Now the material action got attunement to your soul, your spiritual existence. You now see that you are capable of making everything of your lives? You are busy bringing the Divine in your life to material revelation. Every action can now possess spiritual space. Now dying becomes carrying on, happiness, the farewell for later! Now death is your friend! Now death speaks to your life! Before it was harsh, inaccessible, unnatural, because of yourself! Now it is space, becoming conscious, love, unity, father, mother, sister, brother, your worldly wisdom, your guide in order to open the lives for your soul! Remain standing before death and you will suffocate yourself for thousands of lives! Death can do that, your soul and personality stand at the dead point! Nonsense? It is marking off the limited; you are unlimited for everything! If you wish to awaken!

Frederik received this through his feeling and thinking, since he possesses the longing, the becoming conscious in order to reach that awakening. Or he would have suffocated his life again! God lives in you! Awaken that Divinity in you. How you will achieve this? Every thought becomes rarefied, if that thought represents love which you give to that thought! Is this not a philosophical law? Was Socrates so far from it? Can you feel that I can give those great ones a lecture? Is this not the Divine word? Is this not the most sacred for your lives? Give the rarefied sensitivity of your soul to your thoughts! It possesses the Divine attunement, this is it! It creates as the personality, keeps on giving birth to new thoughts and all those thoughts represent its life. That is the personality! That is millions of years old! Do it every second! What will the people say about your life and personality? Just look, what kind of human being is that? You attract lives! People feel you! Love conquers all! How are you as man and as wife, mother? Did you think that you receive

love from each other? If one character trait is still unconscious for that higher love, your personality misses the required feeling for this in order to experience that higher love, more rarefied love, as a result of which hearts reach unity! And now hundreds of character traits, which all lack that universal, spiritual feeling? Do you mean to say that you possess love? That you experienced each other as a result of love? Are you trying to fool me that I was born through your love? Did you think that you could elevate all your material systems to that universal emotional life, in order to be able to experience that wonderful unity, that you can do and possess through your bodies? Can you now feel your own unconsciousness, now that these laws speak to your life? What you experience is material benevolence, your soul does not get any feeling, does not experience anything at that moment, because it is not possible. Thousands of character traits which are part of your human character, refuse to serve, to feed that love, that universal unity, they are not capable of it. And yet you want to search for that happiness in another, try to find it and to be able to experience it there? Your own self is still closed to it. You think materially, animal-like. If you wish to experience universal love, descend deeply, infinitely into the other heart, feel a happiness that you do not yet know, the universal kiss, then give your character traits spiritual inspiration. Elevate all your character traits, inspire them through the Divine core, to which your life has attunement and which was given to you by the God of life!

Only now you can say: I have happiness! Only now you know that you receive maternal love during your giving birth and creating and your life is open to universal love! Do you know that? Have you already experienced that? I was attracted by material longing. However, I assure you, when you know all these laws, you as a mother could already have spoken to my life and emotional space during those first days! You could have experienced that love, but you could not do it! You are beaten by it? Is that my fault? Are you starting to understand a bit what awaits you? What you can make of your lives? This is in all of you! God lives in you!

Now give all your character traits space and you will be space! Give love to all your thoughts and you will mean love! Give that becoming conscious that supernatural power, it is open to it as soul. Those powers have Divine meaning, they were given to your life by God! Only then your life reaches pure awakening and this life has to give you the Divine existence. Now you can take part in art, love, fatherhood and motherhood are the most sacred for this and your space. Now know, the mother is the highest possession for your life, you as a man stand wide of creation; no longer sponge off and through other lives!

Love! Give love! Now you are faced with an infinity! Is this so hard to understand? Frederik lived through me! You lived through me, my mother,

but you awakened as a result of it! Soon we will find ourselves in the world for the soul as a personality and we will go further and higher. Can it be any different? What does this humanity still have to learn? How must society change? I am Rachi-Hadju, Father and Mother! I am that! Is this strange? You read my articles and you have changed as a result of them? I am grateful to your life and personalities! It is a wonder for you? I was that mad child! I am still it, but under supernatural powers and laws! You will get to know that love. I am the writer of all those beautiful things! But many wonders will reach revelation for your life. I will take your lives back to the source! I will give you my love, but do not stop me! I cannot be stopped! None of you has the right to do it, soon this world will listen and accept what I have to give through my becoming conscious.

What do you still wish to know about my youth? In only a few seconds those phenomena are explained. My inner life materialized itself through everything. I drew those material words from your life! I got that material destruction from your life, because it was you, it is you! Not I! I had been touched during those days by your lives. Other powers followed me, yet I remained dominant. Did Marja not tell you? Are you shocked? Are you afraid? If you ever hear this word interpreted and materialized by another inner life, know then, my mother, that it is this life which belongs to my conscious! Of course, I will get married, but not to her, who was not created for me by your world, but I created her myself for my life! She is alive! Do you not know the laws for that morning? Did you not hear them through my childish life and conscious? Our lives already touched each other then, mother. She sent me her first kiss! Nothing can stop this process, we have prepared ourselves for those laws! Hear the word 'Marja'! That is my soul! We went through many lives, now we will experience and receive universal love together, that will only be possible now!

Marja, where are you?

Marja, where do you live?

Marja, can you feel my love?

Marja ... I am ready! I am waiting for your life! Mother, do you still remember that I climbed the stairs and looked into a space? Then I was one with my previous life! Marja lived there before me in space! She was also searching, she also wants to give love and wants to serve! But to me, and to this humanity by means of our unity! You do not yet know of these events, Father? Then you will get to know them now! Then you laughed at everything! Then you shrugged your shoulders; now your life is open in order to also get to know those laws. Marja ... come!

Let Mother explain these hours. However, you see, I am conscious of everything. I went out as a child, I walked in another nature. Is that not the

life for the soul? That is the spiritual personality which can experience thousands of worlds at the same time, because God is also in millions of lives and worlds at the same time! I know, I also became conscious in that. And we met each other there, Frederik, Oteb, we got to know this material existence there. Then I said to your life: I will catch up with your life. Now I am far ahead. But is this truth? Did I not experience the rise of my personality at the age of five? And in addition you were able to feel that love and I was in this sleep before your life, which is not a sleep, but wants to be the releasing from the material laws!

The laws will be explained to your lives. Know now, when you hear her name pronounced, that she is brought to my life by means of laws. And those laws want to tell your life: look here, we will first make up, make up for what we denied other lives, but now I bring it back to your lives. I will now give you prophecies! The laws of our life! The laws of God! Marja also lives! I am waiting! But she will come! But what does each human being do? Why can you not wait until the laws for your love come into force? It is they which send you to your own life. Now know that every human being receives his own love and that you will not understand that higher love anyway, nor be able to experience it, because your personality is not opened to it. You will receive that love, which you yourself brought to awakening, but your animal-like longings will show. You therefore cannot escape your obtained possession and me! What would you like to know about these laws? I am waiting, until my love is brought to my heart. Mother, Father and friend, I can wait, because I know! I receive my love to the second; you are searching for your love! Not I! I am sent that love from space and I am sure of her and my happiness! Not you, you are searching yourself for love, you are not waiting, you cannot wait, you live like the animal that knows and possesses, all the life is for you! But the laws explain it differently! As a result of this I am sure of my love!

Marja is coming, my mother. Do you still know that I uttered her name? Was that not a supernatural law for your life? Marja is coming! Marja is my soul! When God gave us everything and we people reached the splitting up for our existence, we observed the Divine laws. That happened in that first stage under cosmic harmony. We split up our life as God could do it for the infinity. He placed those laws in our hands, we were laws! Our whole thinking and feeling and the life we received is a law! It is life! And that life is God! And look, we split ourselves there for the first time. That part now from myself, which was born from me, that part, that inner life, now comes back to my life. We were one in many lives, but later we forgot ourselves and we had to accept, I and she, you likewise, that other lives demanded that part of your soul, which belongs to your life, because one of us or both of us

violated that life! Then our lives separated! We had to accept that, we went another way for many lives! Now I know that Marja is alive and I will meet her. Mother, Father, she will be as I am! She will be as you wish to see it! We live for you and you live for us. But we will carry you and you will receive life and love through us.

Marja is alive!

Marja will recognise me!

I will recognise her, when the second for those laws, which now awaken, speaks for our life and our love as twin souls. Therefore those laws will take me to her and her to my life! Those laws work so infallibly, that no one can stop that love, can destroy it, that love is for me! Those laws bring Marja back to my life and me to her! You will experience this! You will have to accept all of this, when you are brought before this universal truth. And then there will be nothing more which will bother us.

Yes, of course, Mother, Marja is alive. Marja is still not awake, but she is busy awakening. Every thought, which causes her pain, gives suffering and sorrow, for example, which is not always necessary, takes her to spiritual awakening, to me. We will be one in everything!

Marja is coming!

I will wait and see and will now start on my life and that of her. You can now call your academics. Establish the hour. I am ready and conscious for their wisdom and university. Or did you not think so? Is this sufficient proof for your life? Tomorrow you can ask me questions again. Now I wish you all goodnight, peace and quiet. Your Rachi-Hadju. Do not talk about this, or my writing will no longer have any value. After all, I did not know, receive, any university development! If my word is to receive meaning, I will need your title. But could I have been opened by your university, which was also possible? Could your great ones have brought my life to awakening there? All of that would have suffocated my soul! Can you feel this? I would then have been overloaded by your knowledge. My life could not have opened itself, I had to and would remain empty. But awaken uncontaminated! I greet you!"

And he immediately disappears before our eyes. Karel is the first who finds himself again. He says:

"Is that a wonder, Frederik? René is a spiritual wonder! My God, Erica, what did we do to deserve this? I am now suffocating in those words. It is he! What do we want? Nothing! What can we do? Nothing! What are we? Nothing! I have been conquered, Frederik! I have received sacred respect for René! My God, how will I deal with all of this. Come on, we will drink to this, I am almost suffocating."

Karel pours in a good glass of wine. Erica sits there and has been beaten senseless. Sacred reverence radiates from her eyes. How beautiful Erica has

become. But then she races over to Karel and kisses him. Karel weeps. I clink glasses with Anna. She also gets her kiss! We cannot stop talking, stop thinking. We do not want to go to sleep, because we are almost bursting with happiness. “My God”, I keep hearing Karel say, “how can it be?! What did you think of him, Erica? Is this a conscious? What do we people actually know? Oh, what will the academics make of it. This can no longer be denied. Nothing can be said against this or you must want to consciously finish it off. But I am standing next to him! Rachi-Hadju! My Frederik, did you know that?”

“I knew everything, Karel.”

“And that about that Marja?”

“Also.”

“And do you know where that child lives?”

“No, I do not know that. But somewhere between the fifth and sixth year – isn’t it, Erica? – he was already talking about Marja. I could just look it up in the logbook.”

“Is it recorded, Frederik?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Then it will be a revelation. Good heavens, what kind of people are we actually? What will we still experience with him? Wonders! Is it not awe-inspiring, Erica? Man, Frederik, give Anna a kiss. Let her share in this happiness. Do it!”

“Anna has already been sharing for so long, Karel!”

“What did you say?”

“That Anna is to me what that Marja will be for René!”

“Are you serious, Frederik?”

“For so long already, Karel!”

“Then I will give you my blessing, big monkey, you could have told your father that. Are you really serious?”

“Well, Anna, just give that bigmouth a kiss. I will give mine to Erica. We may now assume that we were touched by an universal bliss.”

Erica receives her kiss and Karel too. Karel says:

“If I understand everything properly, Frederik, you came here in order to get Anna. Do you know about each other?”

“René has not yet told me everything about it, but I also got that wisdom sent to me. It is Anna! It was always her! A pity, that we cannot become four hundred and seventy years old, I would have wanted to do it again, but from this knowledge and thinking! This conscious love for each other.”

“How long have you already known this, Frederik?”

“Can you still remember that we took René away together? Do you still remember that we had a few drinks then and you placed me before these laws? Later you kept coming back to it, Karel. You asked it at home too, just like

Erica, but we did not go into anything! Yet it was already all settled then. I let Anna wait and am still letting her wait. We are not yet there, but we knew it! We opened ourselves for René! I had the feeling in me then, to not be able to split my life! I did well with that, in that way I could help René and I now know that this happened. Tomorrow we will ask him these questions and you will hear it. I am so happy that I was able to wait. But Anna followed me, she tuned into my life again and awakened as a result of it. Now we know what love is and what we must do in order to keep, to experience this sacred love! I will now go to sleep!”

“You would like that, wouldn’t you? Now you will stay here for a while. Come on, Anna, I will drink to your eternal love!”

Anna got to wear her silver-white sandals that evening! Mine were already beside the bed, I had already worn them for a long time without actually realizing it. Karel begins to weave his sandals. Erica too. The beautiful garments, I also wrote in the logbook, will come soon. But we are growing towards universal love and unity! And that as a result of our lunatic! I no longer dare to say it now. Neither does Karel, none of us! Can you feel Anna’s heart thumping? That is for me! For me! Only for me, because I was also able to earn her. And she earned me! We see it like this now, we feel it like this now! And that through René.

At ten o’clock the following morning flowers came. For René, Anna, Erica and me! We gave them to René. They came from Karel. There were bouquets of violets, daisies and forget-me-nots. I walked out of the house in order to have a good weep in the woods, I could not even deal with all that love! “Good heavens, how beautiful people are”, Karel called. And then you should have seen him. Erica succumbed under his love! Really, she fell to the floor in our presence. Karel lifted her up and in his arms she opened her eyes. The words which then passed her lips could only mean ‘Karel’. “Karel! Karel, but my Karel! What did we do to deserve this? Will you always stay with me? Will you never leave me? Will I not lose you there now? We will ask the master, Karel. I never want to lose you. I would die, Karel. Believe me, I know what I am saying, I would die. You have now become so sweet, so good.”

I just left. I was also full and I had still wanted to say something to Anna and she to me. Our master went to his lesson as usual, painted, worked, as if he had not given us anything. The day passed in this way. At eight o’clock, Karel has arranged everything in such a way that they cannot disturb him this evening, we are already sitting waiting for the master. René enters at ten past eight. He sits down, but first we get to feel his hand in ours, Erica gets her kiss, Karel his nod, Anna and I his greeting. We float, we burst from happiness, we cannot get enough of it. We see him becoming like another personality. And a moment later those amazing lips open and then there

comes to us:

“What do you want to know, Father?”

“Just let Mother ask.” First we hear the familiar informal ‘you’, the Father and Mother, but when his soul attracts the higher becoming conscious and he tunes into that, the higher formal ‘you’ comes to us and the past speaks to the present! Rachi-Hadju against the West!

Erica immediately asks:

“Do you also know, whether I will have to lose Karel?”

“How can you ask a question about this.” I already hear that we are immediately involved with the master, as follows:

“Can you not feel the danger of your question? Oh, do not worry, do not get a fright, I will explain those laws to you. At this moment you would not wish to miss your love. And that is understandable. You can count yourself lucky, it is he! But if it was not him, then what? Then you have to accept that you will soon belong to another. Yet, you know nothing about that, however, the next life will place you before those laws. When you continue for your spiritual life, also your love, then you will come to face your universal love. And that love dominates this one! You will immediately bow to that love, to that personality. If you carry the light for it in your life, you will also know. If you do not have that light, then you will not possess that wisdom either! And then your love will live somewhere else. You can live in one world, or in different worlds. Are you split up then? No, you must then accept that both of you possess a different attunement to love. And the laws force you to accept that life which belongs to your life. That is the part of your soul. Now you will continue eternally.

If your life belongs to another soul, then that is your life! You began your cosmic tour with that life. And that inner life will come to you! You will meet each other! You must meet each other! Because both of you are one life! No one is capable of separating your life. What belongs to another here, that can be your life. If you are therefore now back in your universal harmony, then you will get your universal love. She or he, one of you. No, it is like this: both of you walk to each other. You cannot avoid each other in this space, in this infinity. You have gone from planet to planet, here on earth you found each other again. Karel is the part of your life, it is you who belong to him. If that was not the case, then I would have had to explain to you that you and that he were born for other lives. You therefore experience the making up during your earthly existence, the returning to Divine harmony to which you belong. Yes, I see that, you are one. Your characters correspond, your souls have one grade to represent. This life is already the eternal for you. It could also have been that you would belong to other people. And people experience these laws by means of different possibilities.

You therefore cannot search for your love, that love is determined by laws through yourself. Of course, you can live it up, you can attract ten, twenty men to your life, but now it is passion and violence. That is own destruction! You are broken loose from the Divine anchors. That is part of the construction? Part of the destruction. Anyone who possesses true love finishes off one life. Anyone who can do that, is faced with the freer love, the higher, the other! And it is only then that you are faced with new laws. If you are now free from cause and effect, it is possible that it will probably come to you. But do you accept that it must also experience cause and effect? Now your love possesses a different life. And that life loves your love. In this way you can find a companion outside of the laws who shares life with you; but your lives will part again. What you felt yesterday and this morning, my mother, is the obtained possession by Oteb, the possession of your Frederik and my mother from the past, Anna!”

René waits for a moment. We are thinking, Erica says, but her tears run down her cheeks:

“Is this why, Anna, you came into our midst and were able to understand him so well? That you possess that love for your life from before? You were his mother?”

“And Oteb was my father ... Once we were one in the temple of Ré and Ra and later in that of Isis! In other lives we were able to get to know each other and we gave ourselves to each other. Can you now feel what universal love is? Not this one, but the other one, which has awakened in your life. Frederik came to your life. Anna came to your life. I too! The laws for your lives and for your death work infallibly! But your new and next life lives beyond death! Your love! Your happiness! Prepare yourself for this, serve this life, give all your love to your husband or to your wife, your children, make a path for all of you, which will take you back to your Father!

How do these wonders happen? I brought them to your life! You came to each other from my life. Because all these laws received consciousness with this, your lives entered into harmony for spiritual love, we are this far. And millions of souls experience that. Millions of souls experience these revelations, but they do not know the laws. Do not search for your love, it will come to you sooner or later, and begin now with true benevolence, opening your personality, release yourself from the material laws, love, serve!

This already lived in Anna when I was not yet born. After my birth her life awakened for me. You, Erica, did not sense me, you were not yet that far. Now you are capable of sharing your love for me. Those laws open themselves to me and to you for the first time at the age of twenty-one. But I already knew as a child that Anna had been my mother. I was also able to recognize Frederik, as a result of this we were one! Do you now feel cheated? Is that still

possible? Have we not reached unity? Are your souls not one? I will remain your child, but I will take all of you to universal love. Love everything that lives and you will awaken for this!

Ties which have universal conscious, cannot be broken. However, I tell you, wait! Do not break any ties yourself! Do not release yourself from the life, which you once served! You are capable of this serving with your physical laws. The mother gives herself, the father creates, but the mother serves! The father by taking the worries upon him. In this way you finish your life. And that will take you to the omnipotence for this universe. Karel belongs to you! Your lives have now been opened. Nothing can be done about this. Since Frederik was able to wait for my development, he continued to tune into my life, I brought him to her. This is my help, my serving! Do you know it now? Is this so unlikely? You have waited, Oteb, in order to split up your life. I asked it from your life. Do you feel, not for your love, but for yourself. You were still not yet that far, that you were able to give two worlds of equal power your full hundred percent. That grade of feeling in power must still awaken for your life!

Is this all clear to you now? Do you now know why you waited? Because you thought of my life, were able to think, the past opened to your conscious. Your previous life elevated itself as a result of this. If you had elevated her completely to your life, if you had now already allow that division, the passion would have taken you to her life and organism, then you would not have received me. Then I would have had to follow another path and our lives would also have been led in very different directions. Can you feel this? Now you would have closed yourself off for these laws. You would have experience a different life. The life for your material feelings and personality. Is this clear? But now that you have adjusted your life to mine, attuned it, you went further and higher. You call it 'being in blossom', but the inner space reached awakening for your life and personality.

Did anything get lost? No! On the contrary! But can you now feel that your life would have split itself up? Since you followed me, these thoughts came to you. Since you accepted them, your life opened itself. Since you dealt with them for me and for your life, had to complete the logbook, the task we were given, you kept getting more and more of my life and conscious and your inner life grew.

However, this is for everyone. When the soul wants to attune to the higher, its life awakens. If you open yourself to the higher laws and continue to follow them, give them form through your will, your Divine attunement awakens. Now your personality develops and you experience the laws for your soul, you also get to know your spiritual life. The laws have definitely spoken to your lives, but I sent you the feelings, that is possible as a result of

the universal telepathic working. However, this has placed all of you before cordiality and love. Since you can sacrifice something, you receive! However, this is not sacrificing, these are the laws for your life which force you to act like that. If you did not wish to experience those laws, then you would follow another path and we would be separated. I would not have accepted your lives, I would not have wanted to possess this life, that emptiness would have disturbed me. I would therefore have left sooner or later. However, that would not have happened, you would act in such a way, this event was therefore infallibly calculated, thought out, but it is your soul, which gives the inspiration to the law. It is your grade of life, your attunement to that life, otherwise such events do not reach consciousness.

I tell you, a great deal of people experience these wonders, which are not wonders, because you brought the laws for them into working yourself. You will see my life and my becoming conscious again in material attunement, which all your artists experience, for which they lived. Would you shrug your shoulders any longer for the laws of the universe? This has to do with your life, but thousands of laws take you back to this life. Did God want this? Yes, but otherwise than we as people experienced the laws. Yet, as you see, we will reach awakening one day and the life will get meaning for our spiritual progress.

Whatever has happened in the universe, lives under your heart. The planets served us in order to take us back to God. This universe created those human laws of life. On earth we see those laws again. They became soul, spirit and material! They are experienced and obtained by means of fatherhood and motherhood.

Who am I? A child of God, you too. Damnation does not exist! God did not create any misery. We did that, we people created misery. God is Love and remained that, we people created hate and destruction. One mother murders her love and the other weeps until her tears run dry for it. However, the first one creates disharmony, the other mother comes free from her karmic laws, from cause and effect. She deformed the material systems by means of her unconscious and inharmonious inner life. Laws, not a punishment thought up by God, but called up by the soul which got beside herself. At our following gatherings you will get to know those laws. The academic will probably not accept them. Yet they will bow their heads to the word which is given to them. And through you, Oteb, I will go to the laws. Make sure that you are ready. Are there any more questions?"

Erica asks: "Do spiritualists also experience this?"

"No, then you would have heard about it. Such contact is possible, but the human being is also born then for that task. And the masters for theosophy have already determined their height. The books which I have to write, my

father and mother, friends, will explain the laws. It is only then that people will be able to accept me. Spiritual contact with those who passed away is possible. The laws for this take you to the infinite for your life. You will have to lose yourself, completely, or the messages will stem from your own thinking and feeling. You must be in this sleep, if you wish to receive an answer from those who passed away. I will not permit anyone to speak to my life, or I would also split up my contact. Can you feel this! This is not reception, this is possession! If I explain the laws to you at a universal attunement, I will receive! And that word comes from the universe, from those who awakened for it, to me. I will then pass it to your life. This is the Order which I spoke about. They are my masters and yours!”

“What will we have to do for you?”

“Nothing, my mother, love my life, I will give you my love! Try to be in harmony with everything for your and my life and we possess universal happiness. No more than that. Wait and see what will happen.”

“Can I do anything for you?”

“No, my father. Stand next to me and soon fight for our life and happiness. Do not go one metre to the side for your colleagues, they have not yet earned their thrones.”

“We will know it then.”

René came back to his own conscious and Karel immediately asked:

“Are you now different, René? Do you feel different?”

“No, Karel. I feel a bit estranged from your life if I go into the laws, because then each tie must disappear. You feel, that would connect me with the present one, as I am now, and that would disturb. You can call it inspiration. If this consciousness is in me, if this wishes to speak and act, then I am also connected with your life again and I feel close to you. However, my thinking takes me away from your lives. And yet I am one with you. Is it not amazing, father Karel?”

“Boy, I have no words for it. I tell you honestly, I bow myself to every word. It is for me and your mother a revelation.”

“Thank you, Karel, thank you, Erica, you make me happy.”

“Will this not demand too much of your physical powers?”

“Just take my pulse, Karel.”

Karel does it, but there is no increase, “on the contrary”, he says, “the pulse is extremely calm. We possess a wonder”, he adds. “A great wonder, for which we must thank God. Even if it is own possession, you would fall on your knees for it.” Karel says this and Erica does not say any differently. We go to sleep, but I record in the diary:

“We now live in November of the year so much. The wonders have come to our life, we know! We may know! The Heavens speak to our life. It is the

Angels. All of us now walk in silver-white sandals!"

Four days later we are sitting in the large living room with the academics together. Hans and Elsie, Van Hoogten, Dr Lent and Ten Hove. Then we have Dr Leuven, an astronomer, minister Dicksma, Dr Stein, Karel, Erica, Anna and I. René will take his place on a settee, lying down, so that, as he says, the organism cannot disturb. I must put him under hypnosis. He has already taken tests with me and Karel together, and everything went according to our wishes. Then he says to the academics:

"When you ask questions, you ask them in the ordinary common language, I will not go into university terminology. I want everyone to understand this event. I will not go into technical questions either. I will treat everything which touches the spiritual scientific arguments, but nothing and nothing else. But you will see that. You can begin!"

Little René lies in the middle of the room, our child and our master, on the settee. I stand before him and force him to go to sleep. Soon his eyes close and I ask him, while a stenographer describes everything:

"Can you hear me? Can you hear me?"

Then there comes: "I can hear you."

"Do you know where you are?"

"I know."

"Where are you then?"

"Between life and death."

"What kind of world is that?"

"It is the world for the soul."

"Explain it, if possible?"

"When you as a human being go to sleep, you descend into the depth of your sleep. That sleep possesses seven depths. The fourth depth or grade for sleep is the verge of your life, you cannot go to sleep any deeper. Under this lie the fifth, sixth and seventh grades of sleep, but these three depths represent your subconscious. I am now in sleep, but I am also conscious. If I go on and I tune myself into the physical laws, therefore that for the organism, then I will experience another sleep, that for the body. I have also now descended to the epileptic sleep, you can see this from my eyes. Observe that."

Karel sees that the pupil has been pushed upwards, the doctors are convinced. This body seems to have died, but lives. The pulse is taken, a low pulse, heartbeat a bit weaker than normal, but calm. I continue:

"Can you see there?"

"Yes, what do you want to know about me?"

"What do you see?"

"I can see into another world. However, I am connected to this, my life, and will remain so. However, I can move and then I go to the laws for soul

and personality. I have therefore gone through sleep and yet remain awake.”

“How is that possible?”

“I made a study of this in previous lives. This is the eastern way of disembodiment. Great initiates, such as Ramakrishna, could do that. I am also that far. However, he never spoke a word during his disembodiment. I do that and am capable of it. As a result of this you can ask me questions. I live like a personality for the life of the soul.” Hans now asks:

“Does the soul possess a personality after death?”

“I just went through death. I can therefore answer your question with a yes.”

“Does it have a universe, is it conscious?”

“I am in a universe and I do not speak to your life?”

“Is that so, is that true?”

“Am I capable of seeing in your midst?”

“No, your eyes are closed.”

“Blindfold me if you want.”

“It is not necessary ... but what do you want?”

“Do you wish to know what the time is?”

“Tell us!”

“Take all of your watches then. Yours is at seventeen minutes past half past eight, so thirteen minutes to nine.”

“That is right.”

“My father’s is at a quarter to nine. His wife’s watch is at eighteen minutes to nine. Dr. Lent’s is at seven minutes to nine. Ten Hove’s – van Leuven’s – stopped – is at a quarter past eight, no, sixteen minutes past eight. It is slow.”

They have been beaten already. The ice has been broken. Yet the academics feel as we so often felt: taken in. I ask who wants to speak. Hans asks again:

“The soul is a personality, how do you establish that personality?”

“It is you! When you die, what now speaks to me releases itself from the material life and then enters a world. That world is infinite, finite too, but that is now the life space, which you must see as conscious, because the soul goes higher and higher and returns to God.”

Hans behaves sarcastically, but he does not look forward to asking questions. You feel his life tremble, yet this passes his lips:

“What does that life look like, what is subconscious?”

“It is the life for the soul, I already told you. That is subconscious, in which all your lives are to be found and as a result of which you represent a universe.”

“Can you descend into it?”

“I am connected to it.”

“What does it look like?”

“What it looks like here? The life, in which I am now, lives on the surface of this world. You can feel this comparison. All my previous lives, thousands for this world, are part of this conscious. And you call it subconscious; I find every thought in all those lives materialized, here. I see, I feel fatherhood and motherhood, laws of life for the organic existence, those for the body, all the material laws, experienced from the jungle, also those of the universe, in this subconscious and it is part of my day-conscious feeling and thinking. I have experienced thousands of lives, as a result of this I built on my personality. The life of now closes the subconscious off for the personality. At birth the new life begins to release itself from the previous existence. When the soul has to accept the dying process and it will return to this world, it sinks back to the embryonic stage and is now attracted by the parents for this birth. Whether it be fatherhood or motherhood! When I tell you that we started in the jungle, then you can accept this. You see the people as types of race, I see them as physical grades of life and laws for the soul, because it can experience the highest for this planet through those bodies and it is the white race (see article ‘There are no races’ on rulof.org)! The soul as human being, also the animal experiences these laws, comes here to earth and begins there in the jungle on its first physical existence.”

Dr Leuven asks: “Where does the soul come from, when it must start in the jungle. Is that the first life for this world?”

“The soul as human being and the animal, but we determine ourselves with the human laws, comes from the universe to the earth.”

“Do you mean that it comes from other planets?”

“Very well felt, it is the case.”

“Which planets are that?”

“Small and large bodies. The Moon, for example, has created life so many thousands of years ago. Mars still possesses life and there are smaller planets which possess life, which you can consider as an intermediate stage.”

“Does Mars still possess life?”

“Mars still possesses life, but is faced with its dying process.”

“What does that mean?”

“That it has carried out its enormous task for the universe, its process of giving birth already belongs for millions of years to the past.”

“And on Venus?”

“No human life present!”

“Why not?”

“Because the atmosphere there is just not suitable for human existence.”

“And Jupiter?”

“Is a gas ball, a half-awakening conscious for the universe, which lives between fatherhood and motherhood and has to carry out a task of its own

for this.”

“So no life?”

“No, because those bodies have known neither fatherhood nor motherhood. You must see the universe as ‘father and mother’, the dominating laws for all existence, as a result of which we as people could experience the Universe.”

“Saturn?”

“A gas ball, has never know human life. They find themselves in the universe and serve as your kidneys serve your organism. No more was needed. They reached working through fatherhood and motherhood. The life aura sent out, brought immediately from motherhood to becoming conscious, created these organs for that organism. The universe is also a body.”

“Who, or what, is the fatherhood in that?”

“The Sun!”

Dr Leuven has a think. The minister asks:

“What is God?”

“You see God and recognize Him from all His lives.”

“Is he Father and Mother?”

“Yes!”

“Has God spoken as a human being?”

“Can you accept some space? Then do not get a fright, when I tell you that God has never spoken as a human being!”

“And the Bible?”

“I know your Bible. I have sacred respect for your Bible. I will do everything in order to give that light universal meaning, but can you accept the Old Testament as truth? Understand well, we do not touch the phenomena. Those phenomena were drawn up by people, who accepted the event as their task. God never spoke to Moses as a human being. Moses knew eternal life as I now do.”

“Who was it who spoke to Moses?”

“Those were masters, Angels, but they were also people who lived on earth thousands of years ago. They were the first ones who wanted to bring this humanity to awakening by means of faith! How do you see God? Do you wish to make a human being of God? God was never a human being, even if you must accept your own life. God created us as human beings, but He lives behind and through our human existence. When Moses started his task, he lived in life after death. There an Angel appeared to his life. Moses longed to bring his knowledge to the earth in order to convince his own family members that he was alive. And that happened. Then an Angel manifested itself and the soul came back to the earth as Moses. That was not God, but a child of God, which had awakened for the universe. As a result of this you

can explain the Old Testament and it can also be accepted that so much blood was shed at that time. Or do you wish to accept God as a murderer? Is the feeling in you that God waged war, protected the children of Moses in order to finish off, butcher the other life?! If you can accept this, your life will receive liberalization and depth. Soon you will have to accept it after all, because after this life you will be faced with those laws."

"But then everything will fall!"

"Then nothing will fall, my friend, everything will remain! You now have everything in your hands. If you cannot bow your head to this, then you will possess a God who is unjust, a God who murders, butchers, lies and deceives. Is that your God? Mine is different. That of all of us, of millions of souls along with us, souls who populate the heavens and inhabit the Divine All, all of us have been able to master another God. Do you believe me when I say that I have been one of the souls who supported Moses in his task at that time? And when I tell you that Moses can give me his word, do you believe that? Where do you think that Moses, that all those other great ones of soul and spirit are now to be found? How do you imagine the division of the Heavens? Do you believe in burning Hells?"

"No, not that."

"I wish you luck, otherwise we will never reach agreement. There will be no burning hells. I repeat, Moses received his inspirations from Angels! They were illuminating forms, it was they who gave this humanity the belief in God. It was they who took on the battle against the evil of this world. But keep God, a Father of love out of it. Christ is God's Son, and did Christ destroy a life? Would God have been able to do that? You must accept it and remember, my word is law! That means, I have connected you with the sacred truth. I do not intend to lie to and cheat your life. You must not see me as a young man, I am centuries and centuries old. My conscious is cosmically deep!"

The minister reflects. Karel asks:

"Why was all that misery created?"

"Go back millions of years with me. I would wish to ask you a question. Do you know how illnesses came into being?"

"No, I do not know that."

"Then listen well. If we people, also all the life in this universe, must accept that God is love, why did He create illnesses and misery? Did God create that misery? No, but where did all those illnesses come from? I ask you again: how is it possible that the human body, if God is Almighty after all, reached this decline? If God created bodies according to His image, according to His powers, His Omnipotence, how come all this misery then? Do you know this?"

“No, we do not know.”

“God created lives by means of some clay and breath of life? Minister? Do you believe that?”

“I do not know, then the Scriptures fall!”

“I let nothing fall, I tell you. I ask you only, whether God created people by means of some clay and breath of life.”

“I am now losing my study, my God, my everything!”

“You are not losing anything, my dear friend, because the God of life speaks to you!”

“What did you say?”

“That the God of life speaks to your conscious. See me as Apostle Paul, but for this century. I speak in the name of the Divine Trinity to your lives. I will go further. I will connect your questions with the laws of nature. You do not know where the illnesses came from and you do not know either whether God created illnesses. But how many millions of souls accept this? But then what, when God did not create any illnesses and you do not know as academics how those illnesses were born? Go back with me to the stage where the illnesses came into being. However, I will first go back with you to God. I must also ask you a few questions. You accept that God created everything. People who are ill, that is God’s work. God beats one life with blindness, illness, madness, God gives one life everything and the other child gets to accept the jungle stage and lives under the ground, in misery, poverty and want. You know the misery of this world, you are powerless against all that misery.” I ask my friend the astronomer:

“Do you think that God has given everything of His life, His power, His force, His universal conscious, His primal source in us to our life?”

“I accept that!”

“And now we must accept that we people possess nothing but misery. God beat our life with illnesses. We find ourselves in awe-inspiring misery. But did you know that you would not have been needed, doctors, if you had not sullied your own life attunement? I will take you back millions of years! When there were still no cities, the people knew nothing about your university laws, but had already left the waters – or do you not believe this either? – the tribes had formed themselves, the woods were experienced, illnesses came into being, were born. But how, I ask my learned father and the gentlemen medics? You are forced to make no reply. You now still see those types of race (see article ‘There are no races’ on rulof.org) on earth. These are different people. Every people was a tribe millions of years ago. That tribe was a grade of life, a grade of conscious for the human organism. You see, I already said, types of race (see article ‘There are no races’ on rulof.org). I and we, the millions of souls of God who represent the Heavens, see only tribes, types of organisms,

for the soul. The soul experiences the first and follows the development on earth as a result of this. The earth created seven material grades of life for the soul. Every grade of life possesses millions of people. Millions of people as men and women, represent one grade of life for the human organism. The soul therefore possesses a body according to its own conscious and that is the attunement of a grade of life, to which its organism belongs. If you can feel this, then I can continue."

A buzz comes. We call out whole-heartedly: "Yes, we understand you." The others nod. Only the astronomer says: "It is clear to me."

René continues and says: "Those types of people, I said to you a moment ago, are still to be found on earth. Nothing has changed about those different types of race (see article 'There are no races' on rulof.org) as grade for the human organism. In those millions of years the Divine laws for material and soul could not change, reached materialization from the very first revelations for us as a human being, that has been the case. These human, physical laws of life are still to be found on earth and are now the many types of race (see article 'There are no races' on rulof.org) which you have to accept as such. But now we go back to the very first people, the human being who released himself from the waters. We people were born in the waters and then started to accept life on land for the first time. In those woods there are now seven types of people to be found. Seven different types of race (see article 'There are no races' on rulof.org). Those types represent the possibility for the universe and for God to experience and enter from the lowest and first organic grade the highest, the seventh. You believe that those people gave birth and created? You believe that these people also experienced, knew fatherhood and motherhood?"

There comes: 'Yes' ... Hans is silent. All of them admit this. René says:

"We now find ourselves in their midst. We live in that jungle. We represent the highest attunement for the human organism. But the fifth and sixth also live in our environment, spread all over the earth, and the four other laws of life live on as people, who evolve. I am father. And my wife, we are like animal-like beings, also lives here. We are capable of creating children. And those children will be as you now still experience, born in the same way. We are now not talking about from where the soul enters that life. We are concerned with the fact that people, we, give birth to children and create children. From our own obtained grade of life. We represent as man and wife the highest becoming conscious, because our organisms have reached that height. Our inner life adjusts to that becoming conscious and has to listen. No change has come in this either with your own time of life. You have to now also accept the physical, you cannot avoid the material physical laws, you can follow the natural path and as God wanted it, create and give birth,

for which these bodies are created. They could also do that!

But now it comes! Those men sought another life. There in that jungle they migrated further and met many lives. They did not carry the wisdom of feeling, in order to take care of your own life, that consciousness, under their hearts, they completely lived it up. The highest grade split itself with a lower one. Where we came we begot children. Then the human being started his own inbreeding! He ripped his primal powers apart and shared that law of life with another. The seventh and highest grade shared itself with the fourth and third grade. From that third and fourth grade of life children were born. And those children continued this process. What do we see: after millions of years this universal body weakened. The actual primal source split up. The Divine universal independence, which was calculated against weather and heat, cold and natural laws, lost the natural core as a result of the actual splitting, lost the universal attunement which God laid down on these lives for the own sort and grade of life. People lost their resistance! Men and women can no longer stand those enormous laws and succumb. Impairments came into being, those exceedingly strong bodies can no longer stand the natural laws and look for clothing. Before this destruction started this natural organism resisted every natural change. Because the human body is like the waters, is like the condensed material, grown up on land, but has lost the own primal source as a result of the split with the lower grades of life and as a result of this we see the first illnesses come into being!"

Not a word is spoken. It takes a moment. Then René asks Karel:

"Can you accept this?"

"I accept it for a hundred percent."

The other people do not yet know it. They discuss the case, the end result is that it is regarded as possible. Then the young master says:

"You are helpless beings. Do you not see that you are now still dying from that inbreeding, that the natural blood of life is dissolving? And that you lose your actual powers as a result of this, create impoverishment? The first human being also achieved this. You, clergyman, can therefore now accept that God did not create us by means of some clay and breathe of life. But you must accept, when the Bible was written, Divine Creation was already millions of years old! Not a word is spoken about this. The Bible writers were not yet that far. The debates that God made people with some clay, can no more and also no longer be accepted by this humanity, this awakened personality. We as people were already millions of years old then and had already millions of lives behind us, we came from other planets to the Earth. This for the Earth; but before we had reached the Earth, our feelings were already awakened for creating and giving birth. We brought along that becoming conscious."

Leuvens asks: "Had we not started that inbreeding on those other planets? Did it not happen there?"

"You are proving that you cannot think. After all, even if that had happened on other planets, then this still would have no meaning."

"Why not, if I may ask?"

"Because this concerns the soul and not the organism."

"I thank you!"

"I thank you, because you want to understand me. What the soul experienced, seen on all those cosmic life grades and laws as planets, remained behind there. The soul released itself from that closed-off space and continued, it was now attracted by the Earth, when it had experienced the intermediate planets. We now also see seven consecutive laws of life as planets, which give the soul the elevated stage, if it wants to remain in harmony with Divine Creation. As a result of this the human soul and the animal are capable of experiencing the elevated grade of life. It is ready for that grade of life."

"Which planets are that?"

"I ask you, if you can accept for a moment, that secondary planets came into being, bodies for the soul in order to continue, where do you think you will see those bodies? Where are the first transition stages to be found for the universe? I talked about fatherhood and motherhood for the universe. Those planets created own life, just like we people, so that life would evolve. Where are those bodies now?"

"We do not know!"

"Did they receive a name?"

"Not as inhabitable planets."

"You see, we only see the universe as fatherhood and motherhood. All those millions of bodies have only one purpose and one task to carry out. The secondary planets lie spread through the universe. Where does the first one live? And where does the second grade of life live for the universe? You must see the universe as a body. Where was the first life born for the universe? You must know that! As a result of the first conscious life the second life came about, the next grade of life. Do you believe that all life created by God must create new life, that all life on earth, also for the animal world, must create new life?"

"I accept that!"

"Well, where did the first life begin for the macrocosmos? Where did the microcosmos come into being?"

"We do not know!"

"Listen, it is the Moon! The Moon has now ended its task for motherhood. However, it was the Moon which condensed itself and then represented Divine Creation for Motherhood. The Moon is dying. It has completed its task,

but Creation, the Universe came into being. Well, since the Moon sent out its powers, other life came into being. Since God split himself up by means of the universe, in a spiritual state, therefore before the material condensation, this wonder happened, the Moon reached its own independence. Can you feel this?"

"By means of the splitting up of the universe?"

"Precisely! Before the macrocosmos started the Divine division, that universe was one whole! Can you accept this?"

"Yes."

"I thank you! Then God split himself by means of the universe. Can you also accept this?"

"Yes."

"However, at that moment millions of years had passed. Because from the nothingness, that is the moment of before the Divine revelations, there was only darkness. But God lived in that darkness! Can you also accept this?"

"It must be the case."

"Thank you, it is also the case! God started to manifest himself! Hazes came into being. Hazes as a power, but those hazes are Divine laws. You must see that power as Divine life aura, Divine Plasma. The Protoplasm born immediately from God, which is busy expanding itself and moving, condensing. As a result of this we see the universe, the infinity in which God lives, but born from the All-Source, the All-life, All-soul, All-light, All-motherhood and All-fatherhood. God ... whom you stumble over, the name of His life, wants to represent all of this. The word God, this GOD is the word for all of this. You see this word as the name of the Creator. Of course, but you do not want to see Him any differently. You can now see God as Light, Life, Fatherhood and Motherhood, Soul, Spirit, Personality, as Laws, as Justice. Now still for himself, because human being and animal would come into being from these revelations. And your God now lives in that universe, this infinity. That universe which is God, with all the revelations for material, soul and spirit, the manifestations mentioned above, as soul and spirit, rarefied plasma. But condensation entered this universe. We see light come into being. That took millions of years, but this light is Divine Life Aura, it is the All-source, which gave life and powers to this phenomenon, but that wants to be Love! This is the invisible macrocosmos! That macrocosmos would condense itself, therefore materialize. And that happened! Until a golden light came into being, just like your Sun is. Then this life split itself up. You now see God as a tight garment! The Golden light for the universe and the space was just like your blue in the sky and your own firmament. This is God in different manifestations! Since He manifested himself, split up, another grade of life is achieved.

What happens if you divide the light? What are you left with, if you divide the candle light millions of times? The light dims! However, sparks of light came into being. No longer perceivable in your little universe. This dividing of the Divine light of life also took place for the Divine Universe and darkness came. However, in the heart of God, the middle of this Universal body, the All-Source stage continues to beat. The All-Source continues to create, will give birth. That All-Source beats for this evolution and creates, controls, drives on; yet darkness came. God was at the moment of becoming conscious by the condensed Universe as light, Father! Now the Divine personality has split itself as Father. Millions of sparks came into being at a cosmic, macro-cosmic attunement. The planetary system will be born as a result of it. And that happened!

The All-Source conscious beats in the middle of this universe and that feeds the creating being for the Divine revelation as Father. That will become the Sun! The first phases of life reach evolution! The Moon, as macrocosmic life, is in the vicinity of the core and receives that inspiration. You called that planet Moon, but you do not know why and for what purpose! We see it as the first cosmic grade of life, the mother for this universe! And that mother will split herself as God did and was able to for His laws of life. Those powers and laws of life are to be found in that Divine aura as a whole! That life was born from God, after all. That life is Light, is Soul and is Spirit. That life represents God in everything! It is not any different! And now you can follow the development of the first cosmic grade of life. Hazes come about. Those hazes condense themselves. There follows from this that those hazes separate, will split up. The first embryonic life reaches material awakening. A material core was now already born from the nothingness and the life for human being and animal has begun. The surface, the soul Moon, the life Moon therefore, condenses itself, gets force and inspiration from the universe, by means of the creating forces, the Sun, which has meanwhile condensed. The Moon continues to work. Its macrocosmic body materializes. We see the material embryo before us, we are that as people, and from our life, after the first material death, new life comes into being. The animal!

The Moon reaches general condensation. The first cosmic grade for life and death has been achieved. However, meanwhile the Moon sent its own powers into the universe. It worked on an own space and from that space, closed off by its own life aura, named atmosphere for you, it sends its already obtained conscious energy. I now tell you, academic, as a result of this the secondary planets came about. Does the first secondary planet now live in its immediate universe, in the atmosphere of the mother? Can the life condense in its atmosphere?"

"Yes, that is possible, we know these laws."

"That is true, but what you feel, belongs to your own world. We now see that the Moon created elevated life. Can a mother of the earth already create the cosmic organism. I mean, a higher organism than you possess?"

"No."

"Then I thank you for your understanding, that is not possible, because you cannot create new life outside your earth's atmosphere. You have to follow the laws, which are given to you by the earth. But what does this mean?"

"I do not know."

"That the life aura sent out from the Moon could only be picked up by other macrocosmic bodies, therefore energy, seen as a part of God, outside the life source for the Moon. Or the human soul would never have received an elevated organism. That expansion now, picked up by a body, which received a place somewhere in that environment, picks up the sent out, but already conscious life aura and is creating an own consciousness as a result of this. That is the first secondary planet for the human soul, but which Sun and Moon have worked on as fatherhood and motherhood. That first secondary planet only now reaches working when the human soul has reached the highest for the first grade of life, the Moon and now the life carries on?"

"We do not know!"

"But the life of God has to return to its source, doesn't it?"

"We must accept that."

"Well, then there must be a possibility, created by God, as a result of which the soul can conquer this universe as a human being. And for this purpose the first secondary planet came into being. The soul which experienced the fish stage, carries on. The Moon did not create any higher conscious, it created the 'Soul' for the human being, gave this life material form. There was no more for it to do for the Divine plan. When it had condensed itself for God and for the universe, materialized, split up as material cells, it could start its dying process! The first secondary planet was achieved, a second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and now the soul as a human being comes to stand before the second cosmic grade. And that is a mother planet again, which is ready, condensed by the secondary planets to the half-waking conscious, therefore still in a spiritual state, in order to be able to receive the human soul. And that also happens!

Six transition stages came into being. Those secondary planets gathered themselves around and between fatherhood and motherhood for the universe. They created an own earth's atmosphere and closed off the own created life for the destruction as a result of this. Those smaller planets received a name as a result of your science, however, most of them are not known! They are situated in the region of Mars, but experience the final stage of life for the maternal body, of the second or first cosmic grade, as a result of which they

came into being and now have a task to carry out. The soul as a human being carries on from planet to planet. As a result of this those seven human grades of life were also born for the earthly life, we find those transition stages again in every law of life as matter and soul!

Now Divine Creation is already millions of centuries old, the planet Earth is not yet condensed, but that moment is approaching. The soul now as a human being, therefore came from other planets to the Earth and also started an own evolution on Earth. The Earth also had to accept its initial stage, but in the universe fatherhood and motherhood already reached consciousness. The Earth begins, the human soul comes and takes the macrocosmic soul as a body to materialization. The secondary planets are to be found spread out in the universe. However you see from this complete whole, divided up as cosmic grades, for your life, the Divine consciousness received for this universe. The soul as a human being has therefore already had to cover a universal path. Yet it is to be found just on Earth. I now ask you, minister, would you think that the soul can already enter the Divine All after this life and is like God?"

"I do not know."

"Thank you. Can the soul as a human being enter the Divine All in a short existence? No! What you will experience after this life and have to accept, is a world for the soul, but that is not the Divine ALL. That is a world for its consciousness, but it continues. After all, all life expands, creates, gives birth, until all life has reached the Divine stage and conscious. There the soul, the life can say: I am like God is!

And as a result of this, now listen well, seven solar systems came into being. This universe represents three grades! One and two represented by Moon and Mars, the third by the Earth. Then the soul as a human being follows the next stage and it enters its spiritual world, the 'Hereafter', or as many people call it 'the Other Side'! And that is also the Other Side! That is the world for its spirit! The soul as spirit! The soul as life, but with the obtained personality! And it built up that personality as a result of millions of lives as father and mother! Now it continues and the fourth cosmic grade of life came into being! Also the fifth and sixth, but then the seventh cosmic grade of life follows and the soul as a human being and the life created by God has reached the Divine All! The soul is like God here! Here the life is conscious like God! Here the soul possesses everything as God wanted and created it! That is the Divine Universe! Every spark created, gave birth to new life! The universe also created new life! The Sun created new life and became rarefied as a result of this. That aura for the universe built on another solar system. For the human soul, the animal and plant life. And when the soul as a human being had reached that height, that universe was also ready for the

soul as a heightened law of life and it could begin a new life there as people!

Distance therefore has no meaning. Only the law has meaning! How far the Sun is removed from the Earth, does not matter, the paternal powers are there! And that is enough. But do you now know the conscious and unconscious fatherhood for the universe? The conscious and unconscious motherhood? As a result of fatherhood and motherhood all those cosmic, macro-cosmic theories came about! Jupiter now, Saturn, Venus and other planets, which have not known any process of giving birth, or fatherhood, represent the unconscious giving birth and creating. Can you feel this?"

"No, I do not understand!"

"Do you also take part in astrology?"

"No."

"Thank God, or I will take all that certainty away from you."

"As a result of what?"

"Do you not understand then that an unconscious planet cannot provide you with creating or inspirations of giving birth? Do you wish to give the human being unconscious powers and human consciousness to unconscious planets? Can you feel that my life is cosmically conscious? I will not deny you anything, you will receive, but directly from the Divine heart, because God wants your life on Earth to awaken. I place the psychology for the universe at your feet. God and His universes now speak to your lives! What is human psychology if you do not know your being born and your evolution processes? What does human passion mean with regard to the universal depth for the soul! Can you feel, all of you, I am connecting you with the Divine truth! Where did the illnesses come from? God did not create them! You yourself are to blame for your illnesses. You sullied the natural obtained Divine source! You as people did not only split up for fatherhood and motherhood, but you split up and weakened the natural primal source. Now illnesses came! From then onwards that destruction started! And these were not Divine children? Did you really think that they also did not possess the right to return to God? It is now they who have already reached the Divine All! They are not connected to the laws for the Last Judgement? Did all the Angels in the Heavens, who are people, who lived on Earth, not have to accept those laws? Were all those Divine laws of justice not created for them? You yourself are the Last Judgement! You are faced every second with the Last Judgement. Do wrong things, destroy and you will be faced with your sins and faults, with your destruction!

That explains that the Bible has not yet experienced the Divine laws, or described them. But that will come! That means, academic, that we were not born from some earth and some breath of life, but as a result of an evolution, which lasted millions of years, before we had reached the Earth.

And the first people, who had reached the Divine All, they came back and brought through Moses, the House of Israel, faith to Earth. Can you accept my laws? No, you cannot yet do that. But could the people of Moses do that? Had those unconscious souls understood the Divine plan? How should the Angels reach those souls? Moses descended to the Earth for this. The Angels inspired Moses from the spiritual life. By means of violence, because humanity was not yet open for higher thoughts. Can the peoples now do that? Can the peoples of the earth be reached by prayer? Can you reach the peoples as a result of love? As a result of struggle and misery to development! This humanity is not any different. Beliefs, sects and religions came into being. Those sects released themselves and followed an own way. They experienced the laws of God for soul and spirit. My life belongs to that! Then, after Christ, comes the Christian faith, the Catholic church comes into being. Do you wish to see the church destroyed by my life and wisdom? I am a child of the churches! I go through the Church to the higher conscious for your lives. However, Christ said: 'I do not come to teach you, but to explain the laws to you. I get the mistakes out of the existing teachings. Your Bible!' And we do that too! As a result of this Christ brought the Divine gospel. I live and I die for it! However, if you wish to continue to accept that the first Adam and Eve were born in this way as people taught you? Do you wish to be called learned? No destruction is employed by God in order to punish His children, God has never punished. Can you feel the conscious of your humanity! That is still unconscious for the universal laws. I tell you, you are faced with the University of Christ!

As a result of these explanations you must see a different universe and get to know yourself as a human being. God did not speak to Moses, those were people who had reached the spiritual. When the first human being entered the Divine All, he was faced with his unknown God again, but he had experienced, reached, conquered the Divine stage. Then the first ones descended to the Earth from the Heavens to start with human faith. You may keep everything from the Old Testament, but do not see God as a human being! That was the child of God which returned in order to give a faith, consciousness, awakening for soul and material to the millions of the Earth. Those people would now become convinced of a God! Those masses knew neither God nor commandments! The future clergyman should learn the Divine laws. This study! It is only then that you can explain your Bible to that life and the life of God awakens! What does the life do now? If it awakens then you will lose it! The soul cannot accept any damnation! Then the child walks from your church, because it wants to see another God!

Why does the Bible not talk about the development in the universe? Because that wisdom was not yet there! Those people knew nothing of their

own being born! They did not know the universe and started an image, which has been able to feed the human being for centuries, but which is now no longer possible, because the astronomer can explain to you that Divine Creation was already millions of years old for that stage!

Did God create misery? No! Did God create illnesses? No! Did God create the human being from clay and breathe? No and yes, but that took millions of years. We came into being from the Earth, but as a result of the inspiring emotional life of the Earth as a macrocosmic life! The earth which the Bible talks of is condensed material. What is the human body like? Do you not know the materials by means of which the human body came into being? Must I pass them onto your university?"

Ten Hove gets there like lightning and asks:

"Can you also explain those laws?"

"Of course, but do not see me like a doctor, even if I know those laws. You must see me as a spiritually conscious being. My conscious is universal! Don't hesitate to write it down, if the highest being wishes to speak to your life. Or do you think that your brain has meaning for the soul after death? The body received the hydrogens by means of the waters. The hardening and condensation by means of life on land and water-like conscious. Transition to condensing reality. We know the individual soul as an astral, spiritual personality. Muscular tissue and nerve centres gave the organism mobility, but we see those systems again in the universe, as a result of this they received the possibility of existence. Heart, kidneys, glandular system are to be found in the universe as Sun, hazes and unconscious planets, which ensure the blood circulation of the universe. How many percent of proteins does your body possess? Which animal was born from your life? And concerns that same independence? For each cell seen as tissue food was born. Does your personality feel like having squid? Why did types of lives come into being for your human organism in order to feed it? You could have done that yourself! You received your mineralogical constitution from the universe, but the planets brought the feeding process, the awakening, the birth. You find universe and time again in your organic life. What the universe brought to condensation, the waters gave you for your organism. The elementary laws created the oxygens for the material garment, but the condensation took place in the waters. Or did you expect the explanation from me for your fat content in life and conscious? Must I analyse the salt containing part for your university according to the universal laws? That is not my task! The mineral salts for your body came into being, received colour and condensation by means of the waters. Because that condensation carries the universal and being born universal in it. What you therefore see and find in your body, lives in the universe! But you are now also faced with the universal grade of conscious as an elementa-

ry law and that for the animal-like being, to which you belong as a human being. From every tissue of your body an animal species was born. The waters connect you with those laws and you see your own creation. But how deep is your creation? Can you already establish the inner depth by means of your material conscious? How deep Divine Creation is! How will you adorn your life? How far can you go, if you wish to experience the infinite, which is the Divine halt for you? For this purpose you have to accept millions of laws of life and you carry on evolving."

Hans asks: "From where do you draw all of this?"

"From the conscious obtained by me!"

Dr Leuven asks: "Why did the Moon die?"

"Because it has completed its task!"

"Is there no more life there?"

"The Moon atmosphere is now of such a nature that you would suffocate! The first atmosphere for its life has dissolved."

"What does that mean?"

"That it has started its dying process as a result of this!"

"Is there still an atmosphere?"

"Yes, there is, however, it is half-material."

"Why?"

"The Moon would lose its balance and as a result of this create a chaos for the universe. It would be ripped from its orbit. Can you sense this?"

"Do you also know why the Moon can only be seen from one side of the Earth?"

"I can also give you that answer. The Moon does not know any orbit like the Earth. As a result of this you see it from one side!"

"Why not? I mean, why has the Moon not received the laws of Mother Earth?"

"Does this answer interest you?"

"Yes, of course!"

"And do you not know it?"

"No, we do not know it."

"Well, learned friend, when the Moon started its condensation, its life had reached the embryonic stage. What would happen if the Moon had removed itself at this stage of development from the Sun?"

"Then cooling would have occurred."

"Very precise, then cooling would have occurred and the first life on the Moon would have been frozen, died! Then the Moon would not have been able to split up its life for God, but then we and all life would have had to accept an irrevocable halt. And what does this mean, my father?"

"Disturbance."

“But there are no disturbances in the Divine universe, nowhere to be experienced. That would be the Divine halt. But it was not! At that time, the Moon still did not possess the vitality for the awakening. It continued to warm its life as a result of this. It sucked up that heat sent to it from the universe for itself and its life. As a result of this life continued and evolution came. Is it clear?”

“Clear ...” comes hesitantly from one mouth. René continues and says:

“But now the Earth. If we had had to accept the Earth in the Moon stage, what would have happened now for the begin stage, for our human awakening process?”

No one knows it? You can not establish coincidences now, the laws have been calculated by God! What would have happened? Do you still not know? Then we as human embryonic beings were burned alive. Then the Sun would have reached a strength as the creating power. The young life would not have been able to deal with that strength of light and heat. The Earth therefore made night and cooling came into being. Now we shall be faced with your Bible. Prepare yourself, my friend. I will connect one wonder with the other created by God! Is physicist satisfied?”

“I will come back to that.”

“Thank you! But what does it mean, my friend the theologian? Do you not know it? Must I help you? You do not know your Bible! It describes how God made two lights, a large light to control the day and a small one to control night, just like the stars!

But are you safe with this? God created night and day. God created a light for the day and a light for the night. Is that the case, clergyman?”

“Yes, this is the truth.”

“You see, your colleague the astronomer can now explain to you that in the universe there is never night! Never was either, after the Sun received its own condensation, but from that moment onwards the Sun was Father! The Bible writers talk about a light for the night. And God created that light. But did you not know that the Earth makes night? That the Earth created the nocturnal darkness? Was God wrong about this? Not God, but your Bible writers were mistaken, they did not know Divine Creation. There is never night in the universe! Never! The Moon receives the light from the Sun! Is this not true? Outside the physical laws of the Earth there is light. And that is the Sun and it will remain so. It has already been like this for millions of years. Did God not know his own creations? Is this a mistake? Not by God, because God was not mistaken! But the human being has given a wrong image of your and my God. That is it! Now you are faced with the word of a human being. Divine Creation was born differently, the human being also received a different birth and came into being from different material! The Moon is not

a light giving life from its own source. Is this correct, Dr Leuvens?"

"Very correct."

"Well, minister, that does not tally with reality! Everything came into being differently. I will not deny you your faith, but as a result of the spiritual laws of justice you get to know God. The Moon experienced a very different meaning for our life and conscious, than the Bible writers made of it. They did not touch upon the life of the Moon. They did not know this wonderful event either, your astronomer was not that far either. All of you are only at the beginning of your own faculty. And further? The Moon receives light from the Sun, but the Earth makes night. Can you feel how improbable all of this is? Then the people did not know better! Even now the human being still looks at the Moon and does not know that God contradicts with regard to HIS own Creations! For what purpose were you able to finish your study? Is this the end of your study? Do you know your God as a result of it? God gave light to the Moon, by the Sun, the Earth created night and you are faced with ignorance! Do you wish to say this about God? God is Almighty! But what did your Bible writers make of your and my God? The beginning of all the Divine Creations was not touched. Can you feel this? This Holy Scripture was blessed by Christ! Religion and faith reach spiritual scientific truth! And that will soon be given to you! Imagine all of this. I will not deny you anything, I place the beaten Divine laws for your life as universal foundations at your feet! Those revelations were given to my life. I serve Christ!

And what will take you to human psychology? The universe! From the universe the soul received its life and conscious. By means of the physical laws it received a personality. By means of millions of laws of life it got hold of the universal self, but the planets created bodies for this. You can accept all of this together as an introduction, as existing foundations in order to ask your questions. Is there anything else?"

Ten Hove asks:

"Is this legislative power prepared to answer human knowledge?"

"Is all of this not human? Does your life not float in a universe? Is the Earth not a universal body? Even if you lose yourself, you release your life from the Earthly laws and you accept your universal self, the universe was born for your life and you came into being by means of that universe. Ask me your human questions, you will get the universal answer!"

"If we die here, what will happen then?"

"You will live as an astral personality or you will return to the Earth in order to begin a new life."

"And we are not conscious of this?"

"Much of it lives in the day conscious. By the awakening in a material state, therefore after the birth, the moment that the eyes open, the new con-

scious begins. From the last one and from that which you now are, you begin the new life."

"And when I continue in the life of the soul?"

"You have to accept your obtained personality as a sphere, a heaven or a hell and darkness. You will see that world as your inner life is."

"Thank you."

"I thank you for your troubles."

Van Hoogten now asks: "Has the child therefore become an independence at birth?"

"It was already that millions of centuries ago!"

"The psychology of the child therefore does not hold true?"

"You must see the child according to the material law. The life slowly awakens, but it has to accept that material growth! In the next existence the being a child dissolves completely. For the universe there is only old age. The child which dies, leaves this life too soon, loses its life as a result of murder, gets new life! The child that has completed the material evolution, continues for the inner life and awakens there, grows up, but that only lasts a short time, because the soul was not disturbed by its material evolution. This psychology places you before infinity."

Hans does not ask anything. The doctors are thinking. There is enormous tension, they do not know anymore. René says that this is the end. He comes back and opens his eyes after a short time. He drinks a cup of tea and disappears. Karel says:

"And, what do you think of this?"

They must admit that an enormous conscious is present here. Whether everything can be accepted is of course another matter. The astronomer is the most accommodating. The minister feels rotten. He has lost his God. Karel says:

"When science can convince you that Creation is millions of years old, must we then accept the Bible and start to believe in clay and some breath?"

Leuven says: "The explanation for the universe is correct! If the Moon possesses an orbit such as the Earth, then if we lived there, we would be killed according to our concepts! I must say, it has taken me by surprise. I had not thought that I would receive these answers, everything is new to me. A conscious life speaks here."

We come so far that we will meet in a week's time in order to continue the questioning. The gentlemen leave, Hans stays for a while, but we do not get a word from him. Hans remains sarcastic and I believe that he finds it hocus-pocus! Elsje and Erica are up in the clouds. All of us have sat at the feet of a master. The teacher has written down everything and will write it out in full. René wants to have the recorded text. I record mine in the logbook. We

were able to experience an amazing evening! Dr Lent is enjoying himself. He has not asked any questions, but accepts everything. He is open to the teachings of the universe. The wagtail feels like a professor. Tippy also wanted to be there, but Erica did not want to see her, she considered her too empty for it. She is right, that life would just have spoiled our unity. I wrote down:

“If the people can accept this – we believe everything irrevocably – we will be faced with another humanity. My thoughts of before were right. I now know that I was sent everything. It is very natural, when the human being tunes into something, nature can inspire you. Also people. Now it becomes inspiration by means of telepathic reception. It cannot be any simpler. However, we are standing with both feet on the ground! And that is a must. I have nothing more to write now, I only want to think. I will ask René a few questions.”

The boy has meanwhile received a little exhibition of his most beautiful works. Landscapes and a few portraits, also a few symbolic representations, and he can be satisfied with this too. People see a great talent in him. The articles continue, he is now really building on an own world. The sketch which he made of Elsje, has turned out amazingly well. He waits, but he will still try to make an oil painting of this. That of Erica is very beautiful and shows great resemblance. All those talents reach consciousness. He works hard for it and he understands everything so well, none of his life is at odds with you. This life takes care of you in everything, he makes a universe of every thought and gives it to your life. It is a revelation for me and for all of us. Karel stands next to him and fights for his life. The evening after all of us are sitting in the room. Karel talks to René and asks:

“Tell me, René, how do you actually get those laws explained? You have not been to the Moon, have you?”

“Look ...”, comes the answer, “Father, we were able to reach a height in the Egyptian Temples, but that was still nothing compared to the level of what we now know.”

“Who are those ‘we’?”

“I told you that I was connected to an Order. That is the Order of Masters. That Order takes care of the well-being of this humanity. That Order ensured that art and wisdom came to Earth. If you wish to start serving for this, Karel, you can start already now. Later art came. When the first people had experienced the Earth, those souls were faced with darkness.”

“But do you know everything what you talked about?”

“Everything, nothing escapes me. But you are taking me away from what I will experience. It is all so true, Karel. Those first people lived in hovels and caves. In the woods. Those people lived it up there. What did those people have? Nothing. But fatherhood and motherhood continued. New lives

were continually born. When they had finally experienced the height for this world, this Earth, they had to continue! Because the soul as a human being and the animal will return to God. After they had experienced the height, the human organism, those people had nothing else to look for on Earth and could not receive anything more either. Then the last death came. As spiritual people they were faced with their own becoming conscious. Darkness, because there was still not any light. Now they followed life on Earth. While searching they were drawn back to the Earth by means of their own grade of life. That spiritual world lives here. Wherever you are, Karel, there is also the life for the soul and that universe. We are as God is, but we must make the Divine laws conscious for our life. And those people started that, as a result of which they received light and conscious. Once it was that far they understood that the material being did not know those laws. They understood that they had left the material life, and that they lived on. You will feel that people first lived it up completely by means of the material being. And that, Frederik, became astral possession. Every human being was possessed during that time by the spiritual being. Later millions of people started another life, they understood that they would not come any further like that. However, life on Earth continued.

You know, Karel, how the first people lived. There were not yet any cities. Slowly small inventions were achieved. We see fire, people start to work, culture comes. The land was ploughed, social conscious is on the way. That continues for millions of years. In the other world we see the soul making progress. Since it is released from the material life, that human being rises higher and higher and worlds of light come into being. In this way the soul climbs as a human being to God and returns to His life. Meanwhile prophets come. Those people on the other side now know that God is life, feeling, and laws. By means of fatherhood and motherhood the soul comes to higher bodies, higher thinking. In that other world the laws for soul and material, spirit and human conscious are accepted. They are faced with reality. Moses comes. However, that is a soul, which sees that it lives. When that got through to this life, Karel, it wanted to return to the Earth in order to tell it to the family members. And you will want to do that too! The masters, who had already reached their cosmic destination, had got to know the stars and planets, who saw the Moon and the Sun as father and mother for the universe, who could return to the begin stage for the Divine revelations and could follow law after law, now knew what God was like! They had got to know God. However, meanwhile those millions built on a great plan.

The first people, with one Master, one Mentor in their midst, reached the Divine All, the end for the human being. What would you do if you lived there? Seven cosmic systems came into being. I can explain laws to you

which you have never heard of, Karel.”

“And can you see those laws?”

“Soon I will answer your questions, approve that I give you this image.”

However, the doorbell rings. Erica goes to look, René says that it is Elsje. Elsje has come to visit. Hans is crazy. She no longer understands him. We ask what he is getting up to. Hans is searching for it everywhere and nowhere. However, Elsje is extremely strong. Hans is occupied with friends and is drinking a lot. He cannot be helped and all of this is hocus-pocus. But he does not say it. I will get through it. René continues, Elsje also listens carefully and it is support for her life.

“So, my dears, those first people reached the Divine All. Seven solar systems came into being, Karel. You already heard me, and I will later be proved right in everything, just believe that. This universe represents three cosmic grades The Moon, Mars and the Earth, the other planets are powers which provide this universe with breath of life. Is it not amazing? I give an astrologer his God in his hands with one blow. I will write a book about it, you will experience wonders. For that matter, I have already started it.”

“What?” Erica asks.

“My dear mother, the book about astrology.”

“Are you serious?”

“Of course, Mother. I will read out the beginning of it one evening. No, I will do it differently, I will immediately connect you with the laws. As I do now, but later.”

“Have you nothing to do for me, René?” Elsje asks.

“For you, dear? Yes, of course. Listen carefully, Elsje. You must ensure that you know your own language well. You will learn to do shorthand. You will make sure that you know your language well, then I can give you work later. Also Mother, all of us must understand well what God has placed in our hands. Can you do it?”

“I have already been busy with it for some time.”

“Then I would not even have had to tell you. But it is okay. I will continue.

I explain in that book, perhaps it will be three books, mother, all the laws of the universe with regard to astrology. And I take those laws back to this humanity. I want to achieve with that what was assigned to me, namely that people are no longer cheated by that nonsense. I see, after all, that everything is different! But now listen, dears. I was in the All. Yes, Karel, I will go there just like that! And that is not nonsense from me, I mean it. I am not fooling you and myself, I know what I am doing and what I can do! I see the All, Karel, before me, as I see you! Is that enough to make you weep? Those intermediate planets, which I talked about, have only laid the connection in order to be able to reach the actual cosmic grade. Now you see for certain how sim-

ply all of this was created by God. You go from stair to stair and I saw that when I was a child. I went higher and higher! Those cosmic grades, Karel and Frederik ... It is now already a wonder for myself, that I can think so sharply, I would not even need to go under your hypnosis, Frederik. However, we will not miss out any bits. Those cosmic grades have therefore all worked on the human body. And as the growth of the body progressed, the following planet also got appointed its place which was necessary for the growth and the condensation of the human being and body. It is therefore no coincidence at all that the Earth, in between Sun and Moon, received a place for this evolution. We know that Mars is wild and furious. However that Mars would work on the human body, science does not yet know anything about all of this. Now, in our time, Karel, Mars has come to the end of its task. Soon, that will take another few years, of course, humanity will see that I am right. These three grades therefore represent this universe. However, every body created again. That core lies attached to that life. It is Divine substance and possesses Divine qualities, which I already mentioned to you at one of these séances. Light, Life, Soul, Spirit, Fatherhood and Motherhood. Those planets carried on working. That radiance influenced another world. That made an invisible space in this space. This divine garment, which you got to know as the firmament and in which we therefore live, fly round, created a new space. The Sun and the Moon sent out their powers. That became a new solar system. That is the fourth cosmic grade as space and as a next stair for the life of God.

However, that universe is now different. After all, in the life after death the soul as a human being is also already different and lives spiritually pure, according to the laws which were created by God. The universe will be therefore soon be different. Now we see that these three universal grades possess a universe. There the planetary system was simplified. Now you have seven planets together there. You do not believe, Karel, all of you then, how life is there. For example, on the first planet you become about three hundred years old. On the Mother planet, that is the highest grade, approximately seven thousand years old as a human being. For example, you return to God . There is no more sleep and there are no more illnesses there, Karel. The human being will remain awake one day! This sleep is necessary for us, because we still possess the animal conscious and the body still does not possess that spiritual rarefication. However God is working in everything. It is obvious that we will also be working one day, we will then no longer need sleep. Because there is no murder, no more violence, people have not sullied their bodies, all those laws for destruction will have dissolved completely! There you have justice! Police as here will not be necessary! The human being has mastered a higher love. You feel for sure, in a thousand's years time the people will also possess that on Earth, but then we will be in the spheres of

light and we will prepare ourselves to enter the fourth cosmic grade of life. Because we return to our Divine stage! And not one soul will be excluded! It is therefore such a pity that the church does not want to see that God cannot damn! Now a sermon would be of much more use to people and they would long for it not to come to an end. That beautiful life will get.

However, we will talk about those matters later! In this way seven cosmic universes came into being. The first three here, in which we live, then life after death follows, which is no more than a world of preparation. You will certainly feel it, the soul climbs up and is one day like God!

And from there, Karel, people returned to the Earth. Those Divine people put themselves in connection with the sixth, fifth, fourth and third Cosmic grade. With the people, the masters in the spheres of light; called the Heavens. The highest Mentor spoke: 'Start this plan as quickly as possible, we will remain in connection with you. The Earth must receive consciousness.' And then they searched for a soul, a human being. And that human was found. That human being already lived there and wanted to convince the material being that there was no death. However, that human being did not know how. He spoke on Earth to the material being, but he did not hear him. That human being was too coarse. You must be able to hear that spiritually, through your soul. It did not work out. That would therefore have been possible through inspiration, if some of those people had lived on the Earth. However, those people still had to be born.

Then those higher Angels descended into the lower spheres and they found the ones they needed. A human being who is longing to tell the life on Earth that there is no death, that they would soon see each other again. Now the human history begins, Karel. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, you know the history. Moses comes, the House of Israel begins. That is all true; even if we find unreal stories amongst them, the core has really happened. The House of Israel gets meaning. You will certainly also feel that the Angels could not reach those wild masses any differently. They knew that those people were still not open to love. Humanity on Earth is like a wild gang, the rulers live it up. If you possess nothing, you are a slave and your life is tortured. Moses fights. But Moses is a reincarnated soul. Moses already got to know life after death. He knows nothing about his previous life, Moses has not yet learned those laws from the Earth. And you must master them from this world. I will explain those problems to you later. However, Moses brought the feeling for them to awakening in himself. If you are not free from the karmic laws or cause and effect, you will certainly already feel this, then those thoughts disturb you and you never reach the spiritual revelation of your own life and conscious. Then you came back to Earth for something else and not for spiritual tasks. For this purpose you must be completely free from every

material disturbance or your soul as personality will not get to feel or to see any space. You can make comparisons for yourself and then you will know!

Moses is free! Before Moses came into connection with the Angels, he tried to return to the Earth on his own initiative. He descended into the mother and experienced the fertilization with her. However, Moses must accept that this life belongs to another personality. If the life comes to three months, it pushes Moses from that contact, the being one with the mother. Now he must accept that he lived outside that Temple. The doors of the maternal egg were closed. Can you feel this? How wonderful it is! Moses weeps. He must accept that he will not get a material life. He wants to convince people with his knowledge of what he saw in his spiritual life. However he does not yet know that the birth suppresses the previous life. After all, the soul awakens and absorbs what is present around that life. In this way all that previous sinks away into the subconscious and can only be made conscious, now listen well, if you can still experience your inner life as a previous conscious outside of all those hundreds of thousands of material laws, which I now possess, but for which I had to give hundreds of lives for before I possessed this. I went through madness, through suicide, through every material law, in order to master the spiritual laws. You all reach this longing and it is only then that you are busy making something of yourself. I wanted to possess it here, just like Moses wanted it and millions of others with us. We want to help the material people and to take them to the spiritual awakening! And you see it, we are already busy!

In this way Moses stands outside that mother and has to accept that he will not get the material life, but that it is another one which will experience this birth according to the cosmic laws. Moses has ended his earthly lives perfectly, he can only receive a new life through his longing. If that longing has reached a hundred percent, you must listen well, Karel, how simple everything is, if you are in harmony with the Divine laws, then we become like that law. Then we are law! And now we experience Divine revelations. Moses wanders around. He still has his own name, of course. He is still not called Moses, but he will get that name later, because he will come to his own family, for which first Abraham, Isaac and Jacob will be born! But we are still forgetting Noah. He actually started, in order to lay the first foundations for the House of Israel. Moses floats around like a spiritual being in this material and spiritual space. He looks at the stars and planets, because when he tunes into them, he can see those planets. In that life there is only one longing: back to the Earth in order to tell the material people about the true God. However, he does not yet know the name of God. He only knows himself and knows that there is no death. No one on Earth knows God! God as a word has not yet passed any lips, people do not know any law about all those

realities. In this way this soul floats through the universe. He is on Earth as a human being and follows the people. He sees how people live it up. He also knows how they can do something for themselves and what they can achieve during their material life. However, no change comes. But it does in his life! He is bursting with longing. He is suffocating from the longing to be able to return to the Earth. Did he experience this life, Frederik?"

"What I myself was able to experience, René, is already in blossom!"

"It is the case. Also as a result of your searching, your thinking, your longing to think for the stupid masses, to be able to help the stupid masses, your inner life awakened. You not only went higher and higher, but every law already spoke to your being. You started to open yourself. What you call the state of purity, was nothing and nothing different for Moses! You went away from the Earth in feeling, you gave your material thinking inner expansion. Moses did that from the spiritual world and finally reached that height. Now we are faced with a Divine law, Karel, and you can experience the wonder of God in you. Frederik became rarefied. Moses too. However, what happens here, is exactly the same there. What Frederik received, Moses gets hold of. Frederik dissolves before your eyes, he changes, he becomes finer and more rarefied, he starts to feel the things and already gets sent those thoughts from time to time. What does Frederik do? He awakens his inner life. He works on his soul world! And that is a space! He stands in the blossom, yes, of course, the sweetness of his inner life reveals itself to his inner personality. He continues to persevere and comes that far. You can follow me in everything. I live with him, because his life opens itself to me. If this was not the case, then we would have, Frederik would have experienced other phenomena.

Moses did not do it differently. He climbs up in feeling. He becomes rarefied, he becomes birth as a result of his longing! He cannot experience anything else anything more, he is not capable of anything else. Moses plants himself! He receives full consciousness and he sends himself to that law. No one can help him, not even an Angel, life must want that itself. We can get everything from God, if you want it yourself and want to start that heightened becoming conscious. Moses becomes heightened working. He becomes law, the law for the birth, he is and he does not want anything else! He returns thousands of times to the Earth, he sees how those terrible masses live. He also sees that one or two live it up at the expense of those masses and they are the rulers of the Earth. The rest act as slave and are tortured and punished! Slowly but surely his life and being change. He reaches rarefaction of his personality and returns to the astral world. There he walks around in a misty world. You feel, an Angel of light, no longer takes part in rough violence. An Angel from the first Heaven can no longer commit harsh acts. A human being is needed for this, who has not yet reached that

height. It is Moses! He lives again in the astral world and is sad. He can no longer stand the people there. They do not do a thing. Most of them do not yet know that they died on Earth and those unconscious people do not ask about that, it does not yet mean anything to them. We have millions like this in this world: they are not bad, not good, they have discarded the demonic, but there is not yet light! They are dear good people, but there is not yet any feeling to do something spiritual for other people.

Moses isolates himself. He walks round there in that infinity and thinks. How can I return to Earth. Who can give me a new body? He begs for expansion, in order to be able to serve. And now, Karel, an Angel comes to him. Moses feels that he is no longer alone. Many people here on Earth already have that. Moses thinks. He wonders what it is. He feels rarefied and is calm. And then he suddenly hears being said to him:

‘Can you hear me?’

‘Who are you?’ he asks. And then a conversation follows. Moses gets an answer to all his questions. The Angel as master of the light says that he is from God and will be God. And that is true. A message comes from the All, that people there must connect everything which was created by a word. That one word must express the life of the spaces completely. Then the word of God, the Lord, came about. Moses now already hears talking about the Lord. And the Angel says to him that he must return to the Earth in order to follow the people there, he will receive help there by means of thoughts. Moses goes to the Earth. However, the masters have already started the plan. The House of Israel has already been achieved, that House will receive consciousness through Moses. Moses strolls on Earth again. You will certainly feel that he has not yet made it. He must become more and more rarefied and live according to the law for reincarnation, it is only then that that law will elevate his life. According to our own calculations twenty years pass, but then this life returns to the spheres and feels ready. Now the Angel appears to his life and speaks to him. The Angel follows Moses, until this life receives reincarnation. This inner life dissolves. The master says that Moses will listen to the Divine voice on Earth. And now Moses sinks back to the embryonic stage. He dissolves before the eyes of the master, he becomes smaller and smaller, until he is a spark again. Embryo! And after a while, the soul is now asleep as a personality – it cannot think as a spark or it would destroy the fruit – this inner life awakens in the mother. Moses is attracted by the material fatherhood and motherhood. And he comes precisely at the place where he must be. The House of Israel takes care of this life. Now this soul is called ... Moses! And the child awakens. The soul possesses intuition! This feeling is open and conscious. There is only one purpose, one longing in this life: to serve for this humanity. This humanity must receive a faith. Moses gets his

information in order to bring unity to those masses. You will certainly feel, all those children, men and women are the living dead. Now faith comes, the Lord will speak! And that happens too! However, the Lord is represented by the Angels! Now a connection has already come with the Divine All. The Divine All follows all of this. We know Moses' life! Other prophets follow! All those prophets, who were born for their task like Moses, speak about the Messiah. One after another comes to Earth. Moses has made himself strong. Yes, he must wage war in order to protect himself and his children. He can do that! However, does this have to do with God, the God of all that life? Of course! However, it is not God himself. They are the masters, the people who had to experience all the material laws like Moses. However, all the spaces of God are inhabited! From the Divine All the masters were sent messages, they know how they must act, all the worlds have reached unity. The Earth is already in the hands of the Divine All, the human being who has been able to complete his universal cycle.

The centuries pass in this way. People speak of a Divine wonder. God's Sun will come to the Earth. And that is Christ! Absolutely, from the Divine All Christ will bring the Divine Gospel to humanity. Of course a great deal of victims will fall! Anyone who devotes himself to that development, will be faced with torture. It will become the fight against the evil in the human being, hate against love! Passion against gentleness. Darkness against light, which is now brought to Earth. Then the Age of Christ approaches. The Bible history was written long ago. What those people wrote, is all good for the people in that own time, but no longer for this century. Everything is good, what they were able to follow themselves, but when it concerns the Divine laws, then they do not know it of course. In this way it happens that they had to make a start. And I ask you, Karel, does the life of our society know how to give an answer to cosmic questions? No! That is not yet possible, because science is not yet that far. That the human being was born from clay and breath of life, came into being, is still accepted by millions of people! Because people are told that God's word is sacred, people believe it and they are afraid that something will happen to their lives.

Just follow such a study of a theologian! Take the study of a theologian! What do those people know about Divine Creation? Is the astronomer that far that he knows the beginning stage of Divine Creation? No, we are not yet that far. However, people laugh and people shrug their shoulders. In this way humanity received development. Then the masters started on wisdom, art, and technical wonders. You will feel, millions of souls work on this becoming conscious. They establish how the illnesses came into being. The medical faculty comes into being. Music comes, the human life needs that rarefication of feeling and musical expression! Everything has been calculated! Not

one soul can work on this development under his own initiative, you must be born for this and have brought your own life into harmony for it. In this way unity comes. What used to be tribes centuries ago have now become peoples. As a result of the wars those wild masses awaken. Those masses start to feel and understand, that it cannot be like that either. And we are now faced with that for the first time! Now the peoples start to understand that you do not come any further by means of those massacres. However, the laws of God have not changed in any way. There are still illnesses! Insanity too. The higher the soul comes, the more it gets to know those laws and it will master the spiritual source! What used to be huts in the jungle, are now cities. We received light, we received art, we mastered wisdom, but people do not yet know the universe in which we live. That still has to come and that is on the way.

Now I will tell you how I know all of this. As I already said, I have given hundreds of lives for wisdom. I went through magic and through the laws for the yogi! I mastered laws, as a result of which I could let myself be buried for weeks. I could not die! Those people are still there, but those are the physical occult laws. I went further! I brought it that far that I was released from all the material systems. I therefore consciously departed from my body and then stayed in the life for my soul. Once I was there, a master stood waiting for me, who said:

‘Rachi-Hadju, we are only now that far. I am your master! You may now get to know me.’

I lie there asleep. Many lives ago another crawled into my body and because I did not yet master the laws I had to accept the insanity. That personality lived it up in my body. Because I went away from this material world, I came to him and he to me. I also had to accept those laws. During the first times up to my material death and we were ripped apart. That bad person started to look for a new life, and lived it up again. That is now spiritual possession, Frederik! You can see thousands of grades of life in this. Because every human being is different, of course. There is the conscious and unconscious insanity. Therefore the sickly and the healthy. People, for example, who live it up by means of a healthy human being, to whom Hans has attunement at the moment. You cannot do anything about it, Elsie, because he does not want it himself! Because he cannot do it yet. Because for every power of thought we have to devote our whole personality, in order to spiritualize those character traits; then we can no longer be reached by dark egos.

The master said to me then that he wanted to begin in order to connect the West with the East! You now know that I am here and where I have all that wisdom from. I was connected with an Order, Karel, and that Order now elevates the West to the spiritual height of ancient Egypt. It is for this

purpose that we had to start making that trip.”

“It is a revelation for me, Frederik.”

“As for everyone who wishes to open himself”, Erica adds.

Karel asks René:

“Do you not know any tiredness?”

“No, Karel, this inspires you in everything, after all, doesn’t it?”

“And when you are asleep? What do you experience then?”

“Then I disembody, Karel. And now I will go back to my master. It is he who explains the laws for the cosmos to me. And he is an Angel of the light. This bond, this being one, is infallible. No more disturbances can come in this! This is finished! Now all those laws are explained to you. Only we do not go into technical wonders, you feel, that is something completely different. You must not think either that I will act the doctor, even if that is possible, because I now look through the illnesses. However, we will not do that, because as a result of this the actual purpose splits and that is no longer the intention. We used to do that! We experienced all those laws.”

“A pity, that Hans was not there, Elsje!” Erica adds, “but that will come. Have courage, child, we get nothing for free! Now we can already see how amazing life can be. I would not wish to lose it for all the gold in this world. It is also a pity that Lent is not here, they can all get a lecture. Really, I bow my head to your ability, René!”

Erica takes Elsje away, we also talk for a bit. You can ask him everything. Karel now understands why those old masters were able to paint like that and how Mozart crawled to his piano so early and thousands more things receive consciousness for him. René now goes upstairs. He is conscious of everything. Karel says:

“Did you always know this, Frederik? You certainly did not know anyway that he would reach this height.”

“Did I not always tell you that René is a spiritual child prodigy? And was I proved right? I must say, those thoughts were given to me. I now also know how my hand was controlled. By René and his master. I now also know how I received the longing in me to let myself be locked up in Hans’ institution. I now know everything and can give myself an answer to all the questions. What were we like when this life was born? I know, he will not have it easy, but what comes from this life is being more highly conscious for everyone! I can already see the books! Imagine, Karel, he now already takes on against the astrologers of this world. It is incredible, but you experience the wonders.”

Erica comes back. “Hans is a madman, Karel. What should we do for our poor Elsje?” “Nothing. Have you already asked René any time, Frederik, what he thinks about this?”

“Ask him yourself, I believe that he is coming downstairs, Erica?”

And yes, he comes back for a moment. Karel asks:

"Hans is like a madman, René, can you not cure him? What must we do for Hans?"

There immediately comes: "Father, do you believe in me?"

"For a hundred percent, my boy!"

"Then I tell you that you cannot do anything about this. Hans must try to get out of it himself."

"Is that possible?"

"Of course that is possible. But it is not that easy! He must do everything humanly possible for his normal life or he will succumb. He is now under a terrible influence. He does not accept that! Just try telling him, he will laugh at you. That is his personality. Can you now get round laws any longer? No! That would also be unjust, then every being would buy some feeling. You could now buy the human conscious, but that is not possible, you must devote all of yourself for this purpose. As a result of this you cannot reach Hans! He has sunk back into his own past. Hans lived under the laws of love which his mother possessed. However, finally you see the real personality. That personality must become conscious sooner or later. There are people who are under it for all their lives. In this way a mother can influence her child for the life. For strong personalities that only takes a few years. The weak-spirited, you saw that for me and mother, do not come out from under that influence. It is only then, when death comes; now these different worlds separate. Hans cannot be helped, because he is attached to karmic laws. He is now lived by those laws! He must want to free himself from them, but that is a fight of life and death and sometimes even worse than the natural working, which he now has to accept. In this way you see millions of people walking around and not until now all those people experience the problems from previous lives. Hans is faced with a new conscious, but other laws point to something, which he already felt the birth of."

"What is it, René?"

"I will not go into it, Father. Later I will explain those laws to you. It is only then that I will think about it, now I am not capable of it."

"Why do you want Elsje to learn the language?"

"Because I see gifts in Elsje. Elsje can write! You will also see that reach awakening. Then she will be stronger in this life."

"Why do you not look out for a girl, René?"

"I will get one, Father! But in time! My master says: wait! I will wait. I will tell you one thing, I will be happy in this life. Do not worry about me! All of you think in my direction, I do not need anything more from you, you will leave the rest to me. I am now seventy-five!"

Karel laughs. He taps René on his shoulders and says:

“Boy, my thanks for everything. I bow my head and I hope that I will be able to help you one day.”

“Have a good look at your patients, Father. Talk to these souls and give them everything of your life.”

However, we already know, Karel needs help, his practice is going so fast. The people no longer want to lose him. His character is becoming soft. He now carries his patients. The people are screaming out for his personality. The poor people carry him. He has already been given the nickname of being the doctor for the poor. Karel is proud of it. The flowers which he receives from his patients go to René. Erica stands behind him like a beacon light! You should see Erica. You could embrace her! Erica has become a powerful personality. We came home from the trip and we enjoy all that luxury. The snake bites have healed! Brown bears no longer growl for us. We do not know hyenas, the boat has not become a wreck, but a sea castle. We are capable of sailing all the seas. Hans is still the only ballast. He is attached to the boat like tar to iron. What should we do? Giving a white coat of paint does not help. He himself does not want to serve as white gloss paint. This is how matters are now. I do not know where this will lead. Yet I actually know everything. Only I do not wish to think about it. It charges at your life. I also understand René! He is conscious, but oh so careful.

In my room I record all these things. The laws which are explained, come in the logbook. I can keep everything up-to-date, I have all the time of the world. None of all this beauty will be lost! Nothing, but every day new phenomena are added, which will all be explained. I long again for the actual séances with the academics. The problems for this humanity are explained amazingly sharply! Desperation cannot be seen from anything. He does not owe us an answer in anything, what he cannot do is also the irrevocable halt for him. We were already able to receive an amazing amount. He works on his art and on his life, also on this so terrible society. And that life still has to turn twenty-four! My God, who could have believed this? And should we say, it is impossible? Can we accept a God of vengeance any longer? Poor humanity, why do you not go further and higher. What will this society look like when there is light? Then no more religious maniacs will be born. Lent will ask him questions soon. That beautiful person prefers to listen. Leuven is a man of feeling. He says honestly that we do not know yet! However, he also says that this could really be the solution. It is supernatural to him, but for God everything is possible. Leuven gives himself as people expect of a learned man. Opposing this does not help anyway. Leuven says: I am still not that far! If everything is proven scientifically, we will experience the greatest genius of this century during these hours! Erica has got that into her head! Karel too, he considered it a real word? He also says that René is a

genius and we have known Karel! Ten Hove does not come out with it, that life is too awkward for that. I did not understand that Karel involved him. When I asked him about it he said: that breaks it up a bit! You must not have all those sharp thinkers present. Leave that dope be, he can now become a different person, he is not bad.

Now Hans as well! And then we would all be there! I wait, we will soon carry on. We were able to experience Divine contacts! Is this not amazing? Oh, how happy I am!

Frederik, the Paul of this century lives in our midst!

The days pass in peace and happiness, hours of incredible beauty, among loved ones, a unity which is no longer of this world. We cannot get over it, this happiness is so wonderful. We see each other completely different. Our lives are open to everything and we enjoy every action. We go out together; we enjoy the theatre and other art more than ever. A good concert speaks to your whole life. You can now weep with happiness and yet you are not childish in any way. People see it in you, they search for something in you and they do not know what it is. If your heart opens and you interpret your thoughts for a moment, they usually know. Now they are faced with a human being with sandals on. Well, what I met there, you do not see every day. I met a human being! Your love for all life rushes at the other life. How beautiful this world would be if millions of people were to start it. It is only now that life is worth being experienced. We received that happiness in our own hands and namely by means of our fool! We do not dare to say that word anymore. The people who knew René no longer believe themselves. What was then born with him, was healthy, seemed to be lengths and years ahead of him, is now no longer consciousness. René quickly overtakes all of them and the girls are already after him, but he does not take any of them. Such a young talent means something. Erica also talks about it sometimes. Then you hear: "Could that Marja not be amongst them, Frederik? I would die for that wonder. I would have everything to spare in order to be able to get to know that child. I assure you, Frederik, that I will open my eyes. He must not buy a pig in the poke. But why am I making such a fuss now? It will be okay, he will wait, won't he?"

And the boy waits! He is not waiting in vain, if you ask me, it has been there so long already. I have become calmer. I can deal with everything amazingly well and Karel also absorbs it in him. Anna is now a great wonder, she seems thirty! That higher inspiration works like that on your life. The marriage becomes a revelation. Karel and Erica are like young people in love and it becomes even more beautiful for those two every day. Erica has become a beauty. Just look at that sweet face. She now seems a bit bigger than before, she rises so far out of herself. You should see now how she wears her clothes. You should see Karel. Karel, who walked behind himself, could not let go of the farmer's mentality, has now become an aristocrat. A thorough gentleman, a gentleman through and through. A true doctor! A good human being, a doctor with refined feelings. And I for my part know myself. This

has not done me any harm either. I am now walking in silver-white sandals! I no longer think of ghosts; there has been no more haunting for any of us the past few months. The Heavens have descended to our lives, and all people have that in their own hands. Isn't it wonderful?

Karel no longer has the urge to deal with horses. He says that he will then fail his patients. You see, that is Karel! This is Karel, the farmer. What we expected has come! We find ourselves in a seventh heaven. The human being is amazingly beautiful. Just try following a kiss like that from Karel and Erica. You should see when he now leaves. She lifts him up and kisses him. You see, I thought, that's it. And all of that as a result of their own child, our mad René! This came about as a result of the teachings of Bartjes! You hear it, we are not yet going hazy. We remain people of flesh and blood. We do not feel anything for behaving in a half-baked fashion. Then René will rap our fingers. White sheets, he says, have no meaning. People must remain realistic or they will have bats in the belfry! Remain with both feet on the ground, do not lose yourself, enough people have already become crazy because of this! And this is how it should be!

Those days flew past. I now had nothing more to ask him, I now get everything immediately from Rachî-Hadju and the others also experience it. People have already sent flowers for Rachî-Hadju, the articles are overwhelming. Karel also enjoys them. They do not know who it is, but the flowers come home. People think that it is me. But it is not me and it will not become that in this life. I know, we will not come back here, we will continue yonder. Oh, my death, what a pal you have become of us. But what a fine chap you are! How people finish you off. How they shout at your amazingly beautiful being. What false sorrow all those people have. Now it is already ridiculous. If you see those black coaches passing you must hold your breath, put a lock on your mouth in order to stop you from bursting out laughing. You should try following the people at the churchyards. I saw myself giving myself the honour of already chasing about ten of them from those churchyards. Those people lay down their flowers beside their loved ones at home. I now see that carry-on with All Souls' Day different. I will say nothing about the churches, I find that amazingly beautiful, but I recently went to see what the spiritualists make of it.

Before I did not understand those people, we were cheated considerably by those seers. I cannot bear thinking about it. I thought like this: I will now go and see what they have to say about it. I now know that this contact is possible. However, compared with what those souls, those men and women make of it, then this, what we have, the actual contact, is Divine. Those men and women squander spiritual gifts, to which you have to devote thousands of lives. Just give me theosophy then. How far that sect is. I can now judge

every sect, I have become a real expert in supernatural matters and laws. In my opinion, theosophy is now at a dead point. René told me that he will soon try to explain the laws to them. They expect a new master. But he is not yet there. Their last teacher left with Blavatsky. René says that it is he! Will they accept him? But that will come! We therefore experience wonders. I still have numerous questions to ask him about this and will do that as soon as possible.

The spiritualists experience a mass sensation. I established that and everyone who knows something about these laws can do that. It is wonderful to have contact with your family members, but this becomes messing about with the departed. If these people have it in their hands, then they will bring the life for the soul to a complete halt! Life in that other world would then have nothing to say any more. Now they live with each other again, but according to their own thoughts. If you go into that, not much more will be left of that other, yet so wonderful world. We have to accept one fact: contact is possible. René says that he will also write the books for those people, but then he will take away their imaginary gifts from many people, those people do not possess anything. They want to possess it and just assume that gift. As if it is possible just like that!

I established that those souls do not serve this sacred matter, but destroy it. They make a small circle of it. If you follow that gossip, feel the nonsense, you will soon walk away. I will say nothing about the few good ones, but if you ask them for an answer, then you will not get it either. René says that everything is the own thoughts. Those people cling to their love of course, but now the spiritual being is completely still. They follow those material beings day and night. They do not get a step further in this way. Is that possible? No, that is impossible! That is not possible! This is therefore stuff and nonsense! I will say nothing about the good ones. However, if those people do not watch out for it themselves, I swear to them, nothing more will remain of their contact, it will become a great miserable chaos! René no longer wants me to go. It sullies your soul, he says. And that is true. People who had received a hold, saw it completely kicked into the mud by numerous of those people. By means of lies and cheating, they will soon kick themselves in. They are dangerous people!

But we live on! There can be no two ways about it. We no longer need to doubt this. I now know what the theosophists know about it. I can follow the mentality of all those sects. When I talked to our master about it, he replied:

“Yes, Frederik, you felt that well. Everything is at a dead point! Everything! The churches too! That is a pity! When my University will soon be there, then we will come thousands of years further again. This is the very highest which humanity will receive. Of course, soon the masters themselves will come to

the Earth. They will have instruments then, technical wonders, by means of which they can speak. And it is only then humanity will be connected with the sources of lives! Then all the faculties will be educated immediately from the Heavens.

On Earth everything is at a dead point. There are no masters. Just work it out for yourself. The East must come to the West in order to draw the West from that misery! I will now go further, because my contact is connected with the Divine Universe! I will go further than Buddha, Blavatsky, Mohammed, Krishna and Rama, further and deeper than Ramakrishna, you know him and many others. And I am not that myself, Frederik, that is the Order for which all of us live and work. Anyhow, you will hear that at the séances." And this is the case, he penetrates through everything. He possesses the highest mastery, which has lived after Christ. We will soon have to accept that. The laws lie open to René.

And in this way we were faced again with our evening. René is already downstairs, the doctors are there. They talk a bit, but then René gives me the signal that we can begin. The teacher writes everything down. He lies down and falls asleep. I ask again:

"Can you hear me?"

After a few moments there comes: "I can hear you. I am ready."

"Do you wish to listen? Just descend fifteen years into your own life."

There comes: "I am already there." "Do you know that life?"

He mentions phenomena which he experienced at that age, in which month we live, how Erica is, Anna, we know all too well. I ask:

"Do you wish to go back to your birth? But remain conscious."

We hear: "I am now a few hours old." And we see that, the body shrivels up as it were before our eyes. Everyone sees that. Even Hans looks on with interest. This is the organism of a child. How can it be, the face is fifteen years younger. I ask:

"Can you return to the mother?"

"I will go back." A moment later there comes:

"I am in the mother!"

"Then go back to the moment that creation starts. You know what I mean?"

"I know. What you see there is the returning of my soul, the returning of the personality to this world. Do not fear, I will go into the epileptic sleep."

We see that happening. The body is as white as a sheet. Karel worries, we take his pulse. The heart beat is calm, but weak. Yet that weakness is not an abnormal phenomenon, Karel says, you feel the other thing, this, this law, this release too. It is amazing. Now there comes:

"Before I let myself be buried in this state. I mastered those occult laws, now I tune into wisdom. I am one with this life. I can now tell you how the

soul descends into the maternal body. Because of this we establish that before the soul is born it is a spiritual personality. I am myself, I can think, I keep my conscious for so many percent. I live in the mother. I can see everything clearly. I would now be able to look into previous lives. By means of the conscious of the life in which I now live, I know the laws. If I had been somewhere else, then that life would now reveal itself to me. Can the gentlemen accept this? It is therefore impossible to reduce the material body to nothing. However, you see that change, it is not possible to go deeper, then material disturbances occur and that may not happen! I will therefore take care of myself. But do not touch my body. Do the gentlemen have questions to ask? Understand well, if I was to return deeper in the material, which is possible, I would no longer be capable of speaking one word and the vocal cords would refuse. I myself no longer possess the power to penetrate the material."

We understand. Lent asks:

"Can you tune into psychopathy?"

"I am connected to it."

"What can you feel?"

"I am in harmony with the material life. I have my own conscious. But if I descend into the violence of this world, my personality deforms the material. I am one with many laws. I can assure you that there is material inheritance. However, not for the soul!"

"What does that mean?"

"That the soul is not given any thoughts or power of feeling for its life on Earth. The organism possesses genetics. Illnesses can be experienced for all the grades. Do you know what I mean?"

"We understand it, continue."

"That therefore means that the organic systems are contaminated with illness by our forefathers. As a result of this cancer in the third grade awakens and the next generation is faced with illnesses. That contamination is possible; however, not for the soul. That means that the soul has had to master its talents in the lives already experienced. Insanity is therefore unconsciousness. That soul is not yet that far. It has exceeded the Divine laws!"

"How can that be?"

"By experiencing the animal-like life. Passions and violent experiences take you to those laws. Now you see that the soul has exceeded the harmonic laws. Every wrong thought is marked on the face. The deeper the soul neglects the unconscious, the dominating, destructive life for the Divine laws for harmony, the more often it will experience that a new material life begins. As a result of this you see all those terrible masks. If the soul is in harmony then the being radiates that harmony and you see that on the face. However, now, now listen well, the material can dominate the soul. That means,

beautiful parents can give birth to a beautiful child. Now the material tissue dominates the soul. Can you feel this?"

"It is clear."

"Am I seeing properly, are you speaking, Dr Lent?"

"Indeed, master."

"Well, doctor, all your boys destroyed themselves in previous lives. Now they are unconscious. When the soul is once faced with its conscious material life, it completely traces out its material house, the body, according to the power of its personality. That goes for your boys too! However, this is already progress. Now fatherhood and motherhood come, and you see thousands of thoughts like cosmic laws, which the soul is faced with and has to accept. After all, it goes from the paternal inner life to the maternal. Then we enter homosexuality! After this those lives are attacked by the astral dark worlds. It is obvious that those beings seek in full conscious, people who are open to lowness. You see your boys as lower and higher grades of conscious? You must see them like that. You see your patients according to the conscious. Fatherhood and motherhood now dominate. The soul is neither mother nor father in three grades. These are natural laws! You cannot change anything about this. Thousands of possibilities take you to this conscious deformation of the material systems. This is destruction, doctor, unconsciousness, ignorance, God has nothing to do with this misery. When the Divine Creation began we got hold of the Divine laws. As a result of all those lives we sullied our self. This, my help and my life, is the personality of this humanity."

Leuven asks: "Are there planets on which life is present and we as human beings were able to conquer those disharmonic laws?"

"Behind this universe there is another and higher conscious as a space. The soul as a human being, which has reached the spheres of light, is free from sins and faults. It is only then that it can enter the Kingdom of God, which is so much talked and written about. Then it goes on! But in the Kingdom of God, the first Heaven for the soul as a world, in which it lives and prepares itself for the next material existence, it no longer feels any earthly disturbances. The planetary system has therefore reached the heightened conscious for universal and human, animal life, as for nature. You no longer have any material laws there, after all, we return to God."

"Do you know the laws for them?"

"They are given to me and I experience them!"

Lent continues and asks: "Do you have the means to do something for the patients?"

"You can elevate different grades of conscious by means of hypnosis. If the day conscious cannot be reached, you will certainly feel it, then you have to accept your powerlessness. A few grades can be reached. The lower

grades need many lives in order to be able to reach that height. This for your psychopathic patients. The adult being experiences other laws. According to how conscious the life is, it experiences the organic laws, as a result of which the personality develops.”

“How did that personality emerge?”

“Very simply, doctor. After all, by means of millions of lives the character traits were formed and they represent the personality. We started the construction of our life on the Moon. For this purpose we had to cover a cosmic path. By means of this universal conscious the soul got to see its entire being.”

“Does the soul possess its own will?”

“The own will, doctor, is the personality. Will and personality are synonymous! And that is the life! That life is conscious by means of the personality. When you understand this you will know that the soul has received everything from God. What it does is materialise its world. It condenses its Divine attunement as a human being. That applies for all the life in this space and for the worlds after this.”

“Also for the animal?”

“Yes, of course!”

“Where was the animal born?”

“You can accept me when I say, on the Moon? The Moon is therefore the Mother for this space! If you know it, Divine Creation will be open to your own life!”

Leuvens asks: “What does this mean?”

“My friend, when we started our first life on the Moon, we received the material light from the embryonic stage, we were faced with the first death as a material law, the animal originated!”

“Is theosophy that far?”

“No, but the masters who built up these universal teachings are, to which I also belong; now the masters who have this Order in their hands continue. They penetrate the very first stages and then the Divine explanation follows. When we experienced fatherhood and motherhood as an embryo on the Moon, our souls released themselves in order to prepare themselves for the next birth, this first embryo died. And now you are faced with Divine Omnipotence! I will ask you something, to see whether you understand all of this. Do you believe that you can enter the Divine All by means of one short life here?”

“No.”

“Do you believe that we as human beings can experience Divine depth in one life, as space, as fatherhood and motherhood, light, life, love, soul, spirit?”

“No!”

"Well, death possesses depth too! That first material cell experienced laws of life by means of death. Can you feel this?"

"I understand you."

"Thank you. It is not possible, no! By means of one life you cannot achieve Divine All! However, Divine Omnipotence lies in one cell! Do you believe this?"

"That too."

"Do you also believe that that same human cell possesses Divine depth?"

"That is also clear to me."

"Can you feel this?"

"I am trying to understand it."

"So you can follow me in this analysis?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, my friend, this cell, as trivial as a drop of water, but also a millions times more rarefied, possesses everything which is God! Clear?"

"Yes, I understand you."

"I am not taking you to nonsense; give me your open personality, just attack me, doctor, but do not say yes if you cannot accept it. These are Divine matters and are not to be mocked. This cell is therefore a millions times more rarefied. If I may make a comparison with the present stage as attunement to God, you will feel and you will know that the human sperm is condensed a million times and possesses an unprecedented conscious for the Divine laws of revelation, fatherhood and motherhood. Is that also clear?"

"I understand you."

"Then I am ready. This material cell as a human being, had to accept the first universal death there. After the split was completed, we people would also split, wouldn't we, the soul of this life went from the material embryo and of course it left the material part behind. Now I ask you again: Do you think that this life lived out, if you follow your own creation, for human being, animal and nature?"

"No, that is not possible."

"I thank you for your good thinking and feeling. Indeed, that is not the case, because God is eternally deep. A rotting process emerged from this. And from this rotting process new life came. So new life from the very first source of life, grade of life, evolution. Is it clear?"

"Continue."

"That became the animal world, my friend. New life came from that rotting process. You still know those laws, but now by means of the existing, the present, the final, creation is finished! That means that the final phase of life was experienced. Seen by means of all the laws of material life as bodies for human being and animal and nature. The depth of Divine life materialised

itself as sources of life, until the end of it was experienced. You know where that end lives for your world?"

It takes a moment. I do not know either. René asks me: "And you, Fredrik? Does my father not know it either? Have a think, keep on thinking, the answer lives in your heart, you are standing on top of it, you can see and experience it. I do not mean that you are sitting under it, because you became humanly conscious and humanly pure, you take part in beauty. I will tell you. You see the very lowest and deepest grade of life, which, however, no longer belongs to the actual creation anymore, which we call post-creation, interpreted through your louse and other life. Now go back. Look at the millions of grades of animal life and you will return to the Moon, where from our first material cell existence, new life, the animal life emerged. Can you feel how close Darwin was to his birth? Can you also feel how poor his comparison is? The ape, my friend, that animal being, was the first life which came from the human material skin. Because of this the animal resembles the human being that much! Is it not amazing? New and namely animal life emerged from that first material cell. When creation began, the soul had to experience depths, spaces, personalities and to materialise them. And now the following.

When God manifested Himself or as an All-source, that did not happen at once. Do you believe that?"

"I accept it!"

"Thank you, doctor Leuven. For this purpose Divine revelations were needed, seen as material laws of condensation. After all, from that 'nothing', in which the primal source was, the first working emerged. And that power, seen as protoplasm, condensed, which took millions of centuries. If you follow that, academics, then you will see stages of transitions. God also had to accept that. The universe was not condensed suddenly, in a few seconds. Is it clear?"

"Continue."

"We got to know those pre-stages as grades of life and laws of life for the condensation ages. And we see that again in all life. These laws of condensation are exactly the same for human being, animal and plant. That therefore means, doctor, from the first human physical death, whatever would emerge from that, the Divine, final grade could not be experienced. The ape looks like our human being, because the first material skin still possessed that likeness. The ape is the shadow of the human being as it were! As a result of this Darwin thought that we people had been apes. However, he did not know the first phenomena for the Divine revelations. He did not live in them, because those laws cannot be established from the Earth. The ape also had to cover a universal path. All life! And now the second material death follows.

Therefore the deeper we come, the more inhuman animal life becomes as a being. Seven grades emerged for the animal world. All those animal worlds seen as independences, every grade received its own independence, your louse also possesses that world, created new life and split itself. However, in that first stage every grade continued the condensation and splitting up. We as people remained ourselves, the ape too. The lower we now come, the more universal this splitting becomes. From every grade many physical beings now come into being. Millions of transformations reach material development. Until the first human material cell was bred out, lived out, there was no more inspiration. That life, doctor, reached that own independence on the Moon. And that life would return with us to God. And that was possible, but how? I ask my father. How?"

"I do not know."

"Then listen carefully. I told you that we as people continued and that intermediate planets came into being. Divine depth lives in us. The very highest which we were able to experience on the Moon is the human fish stage. Your gill consciousness can still be determined in your human head. We continue, the animal can also do that! The animal was also attracted by that following spiritual, astral planet. The animal followed that own evolution! The animal attaches itself to that higher mentality. Plant and animal life can also go further, because the Moon sent its powers into the space. It created for itself, therefore its life, new continuance.

The animal soul is born on the next macrocosmic body, as we people also received that life. The soul descends into the first rotting process. When we people start a new life, we are faced with the embryonic life. That still lives in the mother, doesn't it, you still possess those Divine laws, the child cannot be born differently, all nature and animal life shows you the way there, there is no other possibility of receiving new life and the Divine law also remained in this way for the animal, even if the soul experienced the next stage. That now means that the Moon has created the soul for all life. From the Divine All people would be able to calculate the number of human souls, born through God. Is this incredible? And yet, imagine the maternal body, the Moon. It split itself up for God! It had nothing else to do! That is and was its task. The human soul and the animal, also nature, received the own independence through the maternal body of the Moon. The Moon is therefore the 'Mother' for this space! The Sun 'Father'! Now you already see through Divine Creation. But Buddha knew nothing about all of this! Also Blavatsky, Mohammed, Rama, Krishna, Ramakrishna, your Eastern saint, whom I know personally, because he now lives in my environment and I will have to continue his wisdom, must represent his life, they did not reach that height and depth either. Do not call me conceited or vain. I give that proof,

all of us are one! We do one work! We have one task to carry out. They tell me that I am the Paul for this century! They want me to say this to you. They want you to feel that other people are continuing our work! That other souls are preparing themselves to bring the work of the masters to consciousness!

You will probably look up to a figure such as Buddha? I too! But I have to go further! I give his life personality and shape. I am not imagining anything, you too can experience these laws. You too can prepare yourself for this sacred task! Do you know, doctor, that I went to your school? That I studied astronomy in France? Was able to get to know the astrological laws too in this way? And did you know that I had to accept my defeat?

We return to God by means of religions, faith, study, science. If I had been able to experience a study, then that same study would have killed me. Can you sense this?"

"No. Science needed you."

"You say that. After all, my life had to awaken. I was already disturbed by the material light, by food and drink, sleep. Talking and everything which we absorb as human beings in ourselves by means of our material existence and life, disturbed me. I therefore received material conscious and I would remain completely empty!"

"I understand it."

"Thank you. After all, people say, natural talent is destroyed by study. Well, my life had been given material consciousness and as a result of this closed off the inner self. However, I took care of it myself and become rebellious? No, I fought the fight between myself and the material conscious. My life wanted to receive consciousness, it belonged to this life and, my soul closed itself off to this material conscious. The more I closed myself off to the material world, the quicker my previous life and conscious reached working. My mother experienced those laws during her being one with me. However, we are not talking about that now. I wanted to make it clear to you that Darwin was close to the Divine reality, but was not able to experience the laws of it anyway, because he was not able to release himself from this space, the Earth. Darwin did not think of the Moon. He thought he could solve the mystery from his own conscious, but that is not possible. You must say goodbye to the Earth, your conscious, want to accept a space, which is the first life and which reached inspiration and evolution through the Moon.

Darwin therefore went to pieces. And many academics with him. If we reach the dimensional laws, then I will take you from your material existence to the world of the soul and you will lose your own self, which still has no meaning!

The animal, my friend, was born on the Moon, but because it went higher, it kept getting new bodies, which it created itself. I will now face all of you

with a Divine law. You have inferior feelings in you. I will show you that you are Gods! What do you think, has God created this universe for us?"

"Yes, of course."

"That is correct. But who created the planets?"

"God!"

"I will ask all of you. Karel?"

"God!"

"Frederik?"

"God!"

"Dr Lent?"

"God!"

"Ten Hove?"

"God!"

"Professor Groevers?"

"I do not know."

"Erica?"

"God!"

"Anna?"

"God!"

"Dr. Stein?"

"God!"

"Dr. Van Hoogten?"

"God!"

"And you, minister?"

"God!"

"You see, this is human thinking. You do not know! You are impoverished. You do not know what God gave you. Listen to the Divine answer. You, it is we! We brought the following planets to inspiration. We as people brought evolution, otherwise the first secondary planet would never have received new human life. Then we were finally faced with the planet Earth. What is fatherhood like in the space? The Sun possesses a weak, violet light, there is still no more light. This was the moment that the Earth would begin its task. Then we as people had reached the sphere of the Earth, its place for Sun and Moon. Mars and the Earth are the children of Sun and Moon! We come to that planet and receive consciousness. What happens in the mother if there is no inspiration present? You do not know those laws. You therefore think that the soul is on Earth for the first time. However, the soul lived for millions of years. Now that soul does not enter the maternal 'egg' in order to start a new life by means of the creative fertilisation. What happens now? No fertilisation? You can do what you like, fertilisation is not possible, that mother has banished herself from motherhood as a result of disharmonic

lives. There is not another law and possibility! What could the astral Earth do, therefore the part of God, which floated in the space as a result of the Divine splitting, under its own power? Was evolution possible there? No, that was not possible! Because it got to experience its task through we people. We brought consciousness, as a result of this the macrocosmic body was forced to give birth and to drive. We created the Earth and not the Earth us! We created the planets, we as an inspiring life gave the planets consciousness! We, and as a result of this we got hold of the space and we will soon be Divinely conscious."

"But the Moon then?"

"Can you not sense me yet, Karel? Do you not understand that the Moon directly carried out Divine work and that the next life was created by it? This is why the Sun received the half-waking material consciousness. The Moon was assigned with direct Divine motherhood. What would be born from her is human and animal! The Moon split itself! It could not have behaved otherwise and could not experience any differently, but the following planets received working by means of the life of the Moon! We were that, the animal, that is Mother Nature. The animal received heightened conscious as a result of this. If we had not known that height, not received that, then the Earth would not have been able to create this heightened conscious. Then we could have experienced the fish stage! Can you sense this? The stage of the Earth, we already talked about it. But just go deeper!

If the Earth had not been able to rotate its body away from the Sun, we would be burnt alive. If the Earth had started its condensation and it had also experienced its body like the Moon, had to split up, which happened anyway, but for its own personality; we possessed an own independence, we would not have been geared to those powers and the Sun would have smothered our conscious. Can you sense this? No, this is going too far for you, yet this is the sacred truth!

However, the Earth received consciousness because we could experience the space from the Moon. Grade gets connection with grade. When the soul as a human being, the animal and nature had reached the fourth cosmic grade, the Moon could say: 'I am almost dissolved, ready!' And that happened! However, we took the Earth to working and evolution. We absorbed so much macrocosmic content of life that this appeared to be sufficient for our first existence on Earth. The Earth therefore experienced the own splitting! However, we received our inner life on the Moon, by means of the Moon! This is the Divine answer, but as a result of which we got possession of His worlds. As a result of this we received universal consciousness! You feel poor, but there is no poverty in the space! There is no unconscious life! All life is conscious! All life is Divine and possesses Divine independence! The

animal too! Also a flower, a tree, a plant, even a louse. Can you feel where the Divine limit is experienced? When you are now faced with the existing creation and when you have to accept rotting processes which will die out? You do not know! And you cannot know either, because you do not know the cosmic connection, do not possess it! Every animal, insect, which has had to accept the post-creations, even if you see beautiful butterflies, that life dies out! That life has no Divine attunement, because it was born from the non-existent. Your mouse does not receive any consciousness of heaven, your rat does not either. Where does your lion, tiger live now? In heavens? What is the consciousness of your snake? Did you think that this life possesses Divine attunement? Everything which is part of the post-creation and received life, belongs to the Earth and will possess this as the own space of life, but has nothing to do with the Divine birth of this obtained self, which is only temporary!

When I ask you where the first people of this world live, you do not know that. Where are the prehistoric people to be found? You do not know! And if I tell you that it is you? Will you believe me then? If I tell you that your tiger will one day experience the existence of a nightingale? Do you believe me when I say that all life evolves in other material bodies? What must we do with these animals in eternal life? The animal also continues, but only the highest sort, the winged one, returns to God! The rest dissolves and gets the highest organism. That would bring the planet Earth to condensation and evolution. I ask you:

Can you experience a higher inspiration outside your own body? Yes! You can. However, you cannot suddenly withdraw your own conscious to the very highest for this world? Why does the jungle child not do this? Can you release yourself from your own conscious? No! You have to experience the laws for it. You will evolve for this! You need lives in order to reach that height. You see, that is the obtained independence. You slowly go higher and further. And one day you will possess the white race (see article 'There are no races' on rulof.org). That is the highest for you, and you enter life after death, which is not a death! You continue.

What does the animal experience? Descend into your animal species and you will see where Divine Creation ends! And new life also came out of that life, but it is vermin! Even if it flies, even if that little animal possesses the universal and Divine kingdom in colour, it remains here and dies out. All other life continues and will return to God. Must you give a louse Divine conscious? That life came into being from pollution. But try following that conscious grade of life. What is the conscious of a louse? You can determine from this that your aura possesses a personality. Your human aura gave this life inspiration! As a result of that pollution a new embryonic existence came

into being, with inspiration and conscious. It is you! You gave form to the louse. You inspired that life! It is now a part of yourself! And what was the Moon able to do? What were its powers like, when it sent its obtained life energy into the space? That was creative! And as a result of this the secondary planets received a new inspiration. Can you feel the depth of your own life? Do you still have an inferiority complex? Then I will take it off you! Wherever you live, even if the being belongs to the lower types of race (see article 'There are no races' on rulof.org), the soul has attunement to God and is like God! And you would now like to damn this life! Minister, examine yourself! What do you want? What would you like to begin? Can you accept any longer that God spoke to Moses as a human being? Everything is different, but much much more powerful than you think! God gave everything of himself to our life!

All life evolves! The prehistoric being already lives in the Divine All. But that depth in that prehistoric age. Take the white race (see article 'There are no races' on rulof.org), yourself. How many people are in your grade! Now look at your own grade. How many millions still have to experience that highest grade? It is millions of people! And all those millions of souls must reach and experience your grade of life. It is only then that the soul experienced the highest for both the body and the inner life. Those millions must therefore reach your conscious. One lives in karmic laws, your Eskimo must still experience your grade of life as a body. Now you are faced with the depth of your own organism. And that body also possesses seven depths, seven grades for development, it is only then that the soul has brought itself and the organism into harmony for continuing. Is it not the case? The animal world also has it. Your tiger and pet cat possess one grade of life. You leave home or you return from the jungle to your pet. You see, your human body also has its own grade, its own type, seven depths as laws of life, which are material and spiritual. We find them again in all material bodies and inner attunement, grades of conscious! You can establish them everywhere! Experience! Overview!

Why are you further than the other life? Because you were born earlier. Probably received your grade of life a tenth or a millionth of a second earlier on the Moon. Now that you are on Earth, those seconds are changed into lives. You are a few lives ahead of those lives. There is no more to it. There are millions of people along with you in one grade. That is your grade of life as own human independence! That is also your attunement for this society! Why can you study and can the other life not? That life is not yet that far! But that life comes that far! That life will have to reach your height, if it wants to return to God and then leave the Earth!

Seven laws of transition can be seen as personalities in your own grade.

Why are there geniuses? Why can you not be famous? Because you do not possess enough sentiment. But your own grade possesses that genius. So you see, that every character trait, every faculty creates the highest as a human being. And only the human being can do that, that soul, which has created the highest for the own grade. You now have to accept grades for your study again. In this way you continue. I tell you, every grade, even if that becomes human. I know those spaces. I know all of you! I know who you are, yes, I will establish your conscious from your question! You are completely lost for me, if you ask your question! Can you feel, if you possess the cosmic conscious, we establish the lower grades of conscious! And now you are standing naked before me! God wanted it like that! I represent the very highest for the personality! You can no longer surpass me, this is the very highest!

And you see those grades again in all the character traits. Now follow your old masters. Are all those painters Rembrandts? Van Dycks? Rubens? No! However, they represent the highest grade for their art. Music, wisdom, study, the human grades for the personality are to be found there. Highs and lows. Beethoven, Mozart, they belong to the highest grade. Your professors are not all to be found in the highest grade, the geniuses do not walk in the street, only a few of these souls live on Earth. Can you see your own grade before you? The human organism therefore also represents lownesses and depths. You see that again in everything! Your own grade now ensures dying out! One mother does not want to possess any children and murders them, the other life of your own grade does not get any! God's work? It is own unconscious! However, if one mother did not take care of the other, the unconscious, then you would have to accept that your own grade would die out. But this is now prevented from happening. What does a holy person do now? What does the church do? Thank God, minister, that you did not become a clergyman. Those souls are parasites! They wish to return to the Earth? Yes, they must return! Now they do not only create disharmony for themselves, but for the own grade of life. The human being creates children in order to return to the Earth. If you do not do that, then you are in rebellion. Then you experience disharmony! You disengage yourself for Divine creation! You create disevolution, you live through the laws and powers of another! According to the harmonic laws for the birth you have to create one life for yourself and for your mother. Those lives, do you feel it, continue your life. More lives were not needed. That is the Divine law for birth. But what do you do? You slaughter those lives! You wage war! People have no meaning! But how must your own grade of life continue when you murder that? Can you feel it? God has nothing to do with sacredness which received human meaning. You are only in harmony with His laws, if you beget, give birth to, create children for yourself and this Divine evolution. Now another mother,

another father must create and give birth for you! And he laughs! And you call that pigs? Now look at your disharmonic life. Anyone who lives on Earth and cannot give birth to children, lives either in a disharmonic law or she will experience her end in this world as a result of this. But do not cling to this. One being, one mother amongst millions experiences the final path back to God and can say: I will not return to the Earth again. Those other millions must return, because they have not yet mastered the laws of Mother Earth and the own grade of life!

Are mothers pigs, if they give birth to fifteen children? It is stupid talk! Those mothers keep creation, your life going. They create and give birth for you! You murder the life, they take care of Divine harmony for your grade of conscious! Can you feel how simple everything becomes, but also how just everything is? Can you now understand, when you kill a life, you will give that inner life a new body? Doctors, you are faced with miscarriages! You have to accept that! But do you know that every murder is soon a miscarriage! I will knock you all down, because the Divine laws speak to my life! You can accept this, the Paul of this century has spoken to you!

You look up to Buddha, and to the others! I tell you that I will go further and deeper! All of this is for your century, for your conscious! And now what can be said about your patients? About your insane people? Can you not yet feel your own awkwardness? Why did people give you the highest? What is high for your conscious? What are you, if you have become a professor? You look at the space and do not know the space! You look at your insane people and do not know those grades of life! You are faced with illnesses and you are powerless, because you have smothered that life attunement yourself! You talk about a God of love and damn His life. All of you are faced with unconsciousness and you do not know yourselves. What do you want? What do you want to know? I can explain the laws of God to you! We as people gave the Earth condensation, working, evolution! As a result of this we received the space, its space, in our hands. But we will continue!

Bow your heads to the Divine Omnipotence, but also know that you will lay hands on that Omnipotence and will carry it as human possession under your heart! And all that life is Love! The highest for God! How do you now act according to your love? Involve here your jurisprudent conscious and I will crunch it for your feet. Do you wish to administer justice and damn the life of God? Do you wish to let the life of God burn eternally for this century? Do you still believe that God damns? Do you still believe that we came into existence from clay and some breath? Do you believe in Adam and Eve? Do you believe that as a human being of the twentieth century? You should be ashamed of yourself!

And you, my friend and brother, doctor Leuvens ... continue! I will explain

all the cosmic laws to you. If you wish! I will take you back to God by means of the universal systems. The minister by means of the hells and the heavens, from the first people to the last, the moment that the Earth will also experience its death. Or do you believe that Jehovah is right? Do you believe in madness that the Earth will perish with its children at any moment? Since the birth of the very first material cell not one cell has been lost and would you consider that possible, now that you as human beings have received, can experience, have your laws of justice in your hands? You are not rats, you are people. You do not have any louse instinct, but Divine attunement!

Be happy, minister, you created three children with your soul. You lost one child. How? I can see that in your life aura! Oh, no one told me anything, I would be ashamed before God. I do not wish to know anything thanks to another, I never followed that school! I used my feeling as a starting point. You are like God is and you will awaken as a result of it! Follow the laws. I followed those laws, I went from one life to the next. I see that in your aura. Your Marietje is still alive! You weep until your tears run dry, but that is not necessary! You will see your Marietje again and you will recognise her. She can return to the Earth, but then she will belong to different parents! Then we are faced with universal love, our Divine unity! But your Marietje is conscious! I can see her! I live in her! She is showing me – I will go into this for a moment, but I do not do that anymore – your cross! It is blue! Blue, the cross of her great grandmother! You are weeping? You are trembling! You are now already losing your personality?

I am omniscient in this space, minister. Your child is alive. But she is now no longer a child. She is eighteen years old. She says: I was born on the day that all of this world prays, kneels down, opens the human heart! All of this world. She is showing me a one and a seven. That is all together seven minutes past one! Her birth, at Christmas! She greets you and she greets her mother and her sisters and brothers. Must I also explain the following? Also greet her mother from me! She says, it was my end for the Earth! I had to continue! Believe the master! Believe this human being, he is enlightened by God! Sent by God to your life! Father, mother, sister, brother, I am alive! I am in a heaven! I swear to you, it is like this!

But I tell you, I will not do this again. I will not act as a contact for your life, do it yourself. Seek, open yourself, you will now learn, otherwise you will stand still! If you yourself can experience this contact, that soul has happiness! Now she experiences poverty! This is why all your spiritualists are standing still! They do not live. They experience nothing. The seek, they seek and stare themselves blind at this contact. They do not desire wisdom! Is theosophy therefore perfect? No, there are frills to it, the pure form has become blurred. A pity? I came in order to purify those teachings! I am here in your

midst in order to connect all of you with the space and your true life. It is I!"

The minister asks: "Are you giving a lecture?"

"Soon, my friend. You can then get your lecture from the 'University of Christ'!"

"I will come to you!"

"Are you sure about that?"

"Very sure."

"Have a good think about it. I gave you a few pieces of proof. You can now also say again: telepathy! I absorbed it from your life. Wonderful, then just carry on. However, know that thousands of beings have followed all of this from their worlds, your child too! But I am going to build a University. You can experience the highest from this. Spatial conscious. And then, minister, through the Bible! Then we follow creation! When we come to the life of Moses, we will explain those laws. Now the soul of God can accept them. Now all those experienced ages get meaning. Now we are no longer powerless and you feel that you are gods! I thank you, you are my first disciple. More will follow. These teachings come from the heart of Christ. However, you get to know another world! I will give consciousness to all the spiritual faculties of your university. You are standing still! I have a message for this humanity. And you cannot stop me. I am blessed by God and touched by the space of His worlds! Do you believe it?"

"I believe you, I accept you!"

"Then you can soon return home and give your and my happiness to the happiness of spheres of Marietje's mother. Time is short, but I will get help! Are there any more questions?"

No one knows of anything else. Hans has fallen asleep. Elsje is fuming with rage, but her love can forgive everything. René returns! He bows deeply for the people, bows again and disappears. Erica says:

"Frederik, the Paul of our century lives in our midst."

There is not one who doubts this. Dr Leuvens says:

"It is a revelation to me." Hans puts on his coat and leaves, he is almost suffocating. Elsje has to go with him. Ten Hove, the wagtail, does not know. Dr Lent is happy. Van Hoogten and Stein do not know either. They say nice words without feeling. We feel that they will never make it. They want to keep their awkwardness. They want to boast! They want to be big or they are nothing! A supernatural conscious speaks here to people like us. Karel attacks them. He says:

"Do you wish to have some advice from me? Then never come here again! I no longer wish to see you dead people. You can talk, if you are faced with pigs. But we can bow our heads! If you cannot do that and you have nothing of your own self which is capable of that, then never come here again! Go, I

do not wish to see you again!”

The gentlemen put their coats on and say that they do not mean it like that. Karel also says:

“That is wonderful, but I will no longer tolerate that lethargy here. Or you go along and listen, or you leave. What do you still know about it? Nothing! Are you asleep?”

“And what about Groevers?”

“That man is ill. Do you wish to call Hans conscious? That man is ill, but you are living dead. One word outside and I will continue talking to you. If I hear that this becomes a university conversation, gentlemen, I will deal with you one by one. You can say here what you like, not outside my house. I will vouch for the life of my child. Also for what passes those lips.”

They leave. Leuvens remains for a while. Lent too. They find it a revelation. It is incredible. Never believed in it, now it lives here! It is wonderful. Even if we cannot yet prove the laws, I bow my head to this conscious. That is Leuvens, that is Lent! Those souls continue! Lent, Leuvens and the minister get their surprise, because René comes back. He says:

“Can you feel that those people are disturbing? I can tune into that, close myself off to it, but it is so tiring, my body absorbs that awkwardness and I must just deal with it again after the contact. You fight against a resisting mentality, a wall, destruction! Why would I do it? We need men who possess true feeling. People who understand what we lack here in Europe and as a result of which this humanity is so beaten. Those men had to fulfil a different task. They are not doctors. The future requires knowledge of the soul!

Dr Leuvens, and you, minister, understand me well, I do not intend to smash your wisdom to pieces, I stand as a layman before your wisdom. But you cannot obscure the laws of ancient Egypt anyway. Listen, follow it, you now possess the contact, that is centuries ahead of this humanity. Believe me, I am in connection with Ramakrishna and the others. It is I who must continue their work and teachings and after me yet others will come, if that is necessary. When you hear that I am omnipotent, you get a fright. You can master those laws for yourself for this space. Can you not understand then how beautiful life now becomes, if people know all of this? When you know the space, the universe lies open to your life. I am not a fanatic, not a dreamer, I know what I say and I know my life and this contact. You can check everything I say with what humanity has already received through those men. Ramakrishna, one of the famous ones, did not come further than the spiritual world. And he saw and experienced the ‘Mother’ in this. Do you know the book, Dr Lent?”

“I have read it. I know that you go further.”

“Do not bother with formal forms, when I am here, we come closer to each

other. When the laws speak they demand of me that I remove myself from your lives. Ramakrishna now lives under my heart, Buddha too. Buddha manifested himself for a few spiritualists and now keeps a kind of check on those souls. Do you believe that? Do you wish to accept that we, when we leave here, sit down again in the first class for our development? Did you really think that those souls stood behind a human being who is of no use to them? I want to make it clear by this – you feel, the laws speak again, now from the conscious, because that is also possible and it is the highest that I can achieve for myself – that all that messing must disappear. People sully such geniuses by this. Humanity does not receive any awakening. Ramakrishna had to lay those foundations for me. I will not act the saint, but I received a different development. He will also continue! And with him all those great ones. I know Pythagoras, and Rudolf Steiner, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle! When we start to treat the laws, they stand next to me. You can therefore ask me what you like, it is that Order, which speaks through me.

This is therefore not boasting, not empty talk, I will prove it! We are now faced with revelations! Believe it! Accept it!”

“May I ask a few more questions? Are you capable of it?”

“I am ready, Dr Leuven.”

“How did Saturn get its ring? Can you explain that?”

René tunes into the laws. After a few seconds there comes:

“Now you think that you will not receive the answer for this. I ask you: Is there anyone of you who know the being born of Saturn?”

“No one.”

“Well, I will go back, millions of years. It is the place in this space which gave Saturn its ring. You know, every cosmic body experiences a cycle, traces a path. At the condensation for the first stages of the universe, when the mother planet experienced its condensation, many thousands of bodies had to accept that effect, radiation. All life sent the obtained powers out. The planets, which would fulfil a task for motherhood, absorb the conscious life aura of Sun and Moon and as a result of this receive the half-waking consciousness. Half-waking consciousness means, to experience a grade of feeling which lives between fatherhood and motherhood. Those are intermediate planets. That is Saturn, Jupiter, Venus, Uranus and many others. Those planets are situated around and in fatherhood and motherhood. Then the condensation of the universe follows. Now those planets absorb that life aura sent out and reach the tracing of their life orbit around the Sun. The path which Saturn traces in that time, is not deeper than the room in which we live. However, that expansion is approaching. Saturn has been tracing a path for thousands of centuries and that working condenses, but remains half-conscious material. The cycle, the path which this body traces, attaches

itself to the inner life. As the Sun and the Moon enjoy more and more conscious and condensation, the breathing organs for the lives are made perfect, which those planets have to represent. Saturn therefore condenses its own path. As a result of its place in this space that was possible. Other planets, Jupiter, for example, experienced a different development and condensation, because, influenced by the centrifugal powers and laws, it could start its own condensation and conscious. By means of the location of those planets they built up an own life for fatherhood and motherhood. They serve and have a task to fulfil, equal to that of the green in your aquarium. Those planets are therefore the life organs of this system, this body, as we also built up our kidney and glandular systems. There is no more to it!”

“I thank you. It is amazingly simple.”

“Everything in the universe is simple and natural, when you know the origin. God did not create any complicated matters. Every law of life as a grade of life and consciousness lies open to us and can be analysed. If we come to astrology as a result of this, then you will certainly feel, nothing of that certainty will remain. Even the Egyptians started it, even if the zodiac was born, you can also get that from a pack of cards. None of them knew the creations! They look from the Earth to the space and do not know that the Earth has received the highest conscious for the universe. If you can accept this, you will know that we as souls have to conquer this space. And God wanted that. From the origin, Dr Leuven, I can explain the laws to you and that which received a condensation in the space, represents a grade of life, we see again in our own bodies. I can explain to you why we received two eyes. If no fatherhood and motherhood had been achieved in the space, we as human beings would have received one eye. I can explain to you why we as creators possess bass, baritone and tenor, the mother soprano, mezzo and alto. They are laws. Those splittings can be seen and experienced, the masters know these laws. They connect me with their knowledge and pass it onto this world.

Where were we father and where were we mother for the first time? How did we receive our first death and the first experience of reincarnation? Where did the personality, the soul, the spirit originate? Where did we become conscious of our first contact with God? I can explain those laws to you! All of creation is open to me!

What are the other, the next systems to universal attunement like? What do theosophists know about the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh cosmic grades, about the All-Existence? Nothing! I can connect them with the next stages of development! I am their master! But will they accept me? Is your life capable of receiving a lecture in this? Do those people wish to give me their white horses? Would they who now act as masters, be capable of bowing

their heads? I can prove it to them, but what passes those lips? I am a child of our people, but I should have been an Oriental. Could I have achieved this mentality from there? I tell you, one day they will have to accept me! It is I! And I will take all of them to a higher knowledge.

I know this space.”

“How, if you can answer this question, does the Moon possess all its craters?”

“Do you not know that birth? I have never had a book in my hands about those laws. My development forbade me to read what others would bring, because it would influence me. I will now give you an answer from the universal source. The craters of mother Moon, my friend, were its last possibilities of breathing before it died. You see its death from this, the return to God. Therefore in its last hours, when it prepared itself for death, that mud, that rotting, bubbled up from it. The Moon was one rotting process during that time. When its task was over it could die. That mud condensed, became hard. That natural pulp boiled. When the atmosphere dissolved, that mass condensed. Can you feel that it could start its dying process as a result of this? When there was still working present in it, that kept up the atmosphere. When it had materialised its last spark of fluid of life, its children had left, this was the end for the Moon. Then the atmosphere became rarefied and its life became hard, that material as earth and minerals, as a result of which it came into being. The last moments of its life bubbled upwards. A re-absorption followed, its living heart absorbed that condensed material again to the inner conscious and the mountains and valleys came into being.”

“Is the whole planet as we see it from the Earth?”

“Yes, the Moon gets its light from suns, after all. What you see from the Earth is materially condensed like the other part. The Moon could not experience the orbit like the Earth, otherwise we would be frozen. That cycle condensed itself and materialised and can no longer be changed, just like the ring of Saturn. It keeps that ring, because it can no longer experience the rarefaction. That is its birth. The Moon also has to accept its own laws, just like all life created by God. Every life now possesses a material body, as a result of which it serves and has received a place in this whole universe. The smallest insect can show you it. The Moon condensed, but what you see is one side of its area. Yet that other side was also able to develop. As the Sun gained strength, the planets received their condensation. And now you follow the location of those planets. As a result of this you can determine the own obtained mentality. We see those planets as unconscious laws of life. Astrology makes conscious laws of this and now gives human feeling to unconscious planets! Is that possible? Astrology will therefore never become science! Never! It is not possible. I take everything away from those people,

they have cheated people for long enough! That seventh house of these people has meaning for the soul, but otherwise than they think and now make of it. I will write a Trilogy about it and then we will follow the origin of the human being to the Spheres of Light. It is only then that those people get to know their hells. Is it clear?"

"I thank you."

"How did those hells originate, may I know that?"

"Of course, my friend. When God revealed himself, I told you, working came into being in the space. After the splitting the material life began. The astral, but unconscious world, space, lives behind that life! That space is therefore situated between the material life for the space and the Divine. Can you feel this?"

"I understand it."

"Thank you. The human being now starts to represent the material world. If the soul now releases itself from the material and experiences the dying process, it enters that world to prepare itself for the new birth. The Divine world therefore lives behind that. The universe condensed, the world for the soul was already ready. That is the world for falling asleep and reincarnation. However, now we go millions of years further and come to Earth. When the first people had completed the cycle of the Earth, they entered a conscious world. A world for their personality. That world was their attunement. That world was a space, but darkness reigned. Those people still had to begin a higher life. They did not know love. The passions were not yet of that nature that we already know the demons, because this humanity, the present stage, to which we belong, does more evil than those people could have done. They could murder a human being, but no more than that either. That is of course already terrible and their souls returned to the Earth for this. Not one soul understood it, because it did not know the material laws and the previous conscious dissolved completely. Those are the hells! There is no fire there, only there is a feeling of passion and violence, as a result of which those souls have to accept an underworld, a darkness. By doing the good thing and taking care of the material being, they received a higher conscious.

Seven hells came into being there. Seven different worlds. You can see it. What originated in the space as material worlds, we now also see again for the inner life. Those seven hells represent worlds of transition. You go from one world into the other, but you bring that world to revelation by your loving life. You can see it, we received those worlds in our hands, but had to master the laws for it. Seven hells were born in one space. The attunement of such a world keeps you prisoner. Millions of people lived there, people who had completed their material lives. However, the world which is unconscious is also to be found in that space. The world for the soul, which is reincarnat-

ed. The Earth holds onto the soul! If you have not yet reached your highest physical existence here, then that material, therefore human grade of life pulls your soul back to the Earth. The people of the jungle, Eskimos and other peoples of lower conscious (see article 'Human being or soul' on rulof.org), must all first evolve to the highest grade, then those souls will begin to make up for that. You will certainly feel, in those material lives those unconscious people do wrong things. They do not know that they are doing wrong, but the harmonic laws of God will soon force them to begin the higher life, because the soul must return as a Divine personality to God. Can you now feel how simple everything is? Those hells therefore have a very different meaning than the Bible can explain to us. All that punishment by the Bible, that destroying of the human inner life was necessary. As a result of this the material people started another and better life. That was the Divine whip! However, that is not Divine wisdom! Not Divine justice. This century can no longer accept that and you also see that the people no longer believe in it.

These are the hells. The higher those people came, the more love they radiated and that lightened their life and their environment. Finally the human soul freed itself from the darkness and the seven Heavens came into being. Again laws of transition as worlds, however, now in order to continue and to enter another space, which is material again and originated from this universe. The moment when the first souls as a human being, therefore the Angels, the masters, reached the seventh sphere, they were faced with the mental regions. Those are the spaces which attract the soul in order to enter the fourth cosmic grade and now as a material being to enter a spiritual life. Free from every disturbance. Can you understand this?"

"Are there Angels who have never yet experienced the material world?"

"No, that is not possible, after all! God did not create those lives! Those are fabrications! Can God be unjust? Did God create Heavens for human Angels, outside our lives? It would be impressive, but it is not true! God could not create other worlds! Because He is just. All His life has had to cover the same path. The Bible writers made that of it. They made so many mistakes, but they did not know any different. They had the most heavy task which we people could be given. They did not know themselves. And millions of people along with them. Slowly this humanity is progressing. Could people have accepted all of this thousands of centuries ago? When the masters speak themselves – that happens by mean of technical instruments, directly from the astral heavens to the Earth – all those faults dissolve and the Old Testament is written again! The life of Christ cannot be injured, all of us fight for Christ! However, the Old Testament, it is that, as a result of this people lose their pure feelings. The human being must no longer be made afraid with burning hells and eternal damnation, the soul as a human being can make

up for its failed lives, it can fix the mistakes made. God has nothing to forgive. God gave all of Himself! So you see, the Divine laws speak to your lives! You continue. Fatherhood and motherhood, it is wonderful; but universal Love, brought to humanity by Christ, stands higher. Today I am your child, in centuries' time you will be my child. There is no childhood for our space. The soul is millions of years old!

So tell your people, your followers, minister, that they do not need to fear any burning hells, but that a wrong deed punishes much worse than a burning hell! Every wrong deed tunes your life to darkness. That is the loss of your harmonic life for God. Now it becomes misery! And you create that misery yourself!"

"And Christ? How do you see the Divine Trinity?"

"My friend, I can explain those laws to you. But only then, when you are my disciple. Do not forget that I do not wish to make your heart heavy. I do not yet want you to lose your own grip. However, accept this. The Divine Trinity is like you received it. God as Father, God as Son and God as Holy Spirit. We, the masters, the Angels, say: that you are also God's Son! All of us will achieve the life of Christ one day. We will enter the Divine All one day and will be like Christ! Christ came from the Divine All to the Earth. He is like God and can say: I am like My Father! But you are also that! In order to explain those laws to you, we must return to the moment when God was still to start his revelations. Now you must experience that God has no meaning for our lives as word and as human being, you can sense who Christ is. And why Christ came to the Earth in order to bring the Divine Gospel. Yet reality lives in it! You receive that, but later! It is only then that you are ready for that stage of your development!"

"Are there fallen angels?"

"No! The human being who had once entered the Spheres of Light, did not fall to the hells. We as human beings fall thousands of times before we enter the Spheres of Light. Once we have arrived there, we keep our life going. I ask you, would you be capable of killing another fellow human being?"

"I would say: no. But I do not know which temptations will reach me, do I?"

"You see, you are still a murderer! We have already conquered those laws, those uncertainties, a long time ago. We know that we can no longer kill. We would rather kill ourselves! But the souls of the heavens also know that! They cannot fall in order to begin demonic lives, those lives have been discarded. That is also an untruth, it is ignorance! Those faults will soon dissolve completely. There are no fallen angels, because the soul has reached its stage there by means of millions of lives. It now knows what it wants."

"Do you also know how we will live there as angels?"

“We try to bring the other life of God, our sisters and brothers to awakening in this. As a result of this we ourselves go higher and further! Do not forget, everything is born in the Heavens. From there the Angels brought the teaching as wisdom to the Earth. All the sciences originated both as a result of spiritual inspiration and reincarnation. Each higher thinking came from that world to the Earth. All art, all sciences! Can you sense this unity? But I must stop, soon we will continue. I greet you!”

He goes upstairs again. We still do not speak yet, we are almost suffocating from happiness. Our guests say goodbye. Karel thinks, all of us think. They are wonders! Revelations for our lives. Those others must not come here again. We must make sure there are open souls here, here only the big child can learn. And that child of God will receive everything! Really, the others will be shown the door! Nothing can be done with those people. They disturb! They destroy! Hans must also stay away. Karel will tell him. It is becoming deadly seriousness!

When we are alone, René comes back to us. He says:

“Can you tell those other academics, Karel, that they may not come here again?”

“I feel the same, my boy. I will make sure of it.”

“Those people disturb, Father. Why would we approve of that. The world has already suffered enough through these doubters. They do not believe in anything, even if they are standing above their own spiritual corpse. I do not wish to see those people again. But tell me, Father, how was it?”

“I am open, René. I can only thank you. I will prove to you that I have learned in those years. I will shake other academics awake, they may listen.”

“Have patience for a while, Father. I will first prepare these. Then we will compose a new group. Or I would keep having to repeat myself. In addition, I must first prove what I can do. You will not talk about it yet. I will warn you. I must first write a few books. I will describe these séances and I will publish those books. It is only then that we can convince other people. Is that okay, Father?”

“Wonderful, René!”

Karel kisses his boy. Erica too. Then we go upstairs and I write down everything. It is amazing. They are revelations. This life penetrates everything. I believe that he can receive and experience the Divine. I write down:

“René is deeper than Buddha, deeper than Ramakrishna. I know that life. I read the book about his life. René said about this person: ‘What that holy man experienced during his ecstasy, is life consciousness to me. What he experienced as a result of his disembodiments was only the contact with life after death. I can experience all of the space. I can receive the Divine answer! I can explain all of the laws; he knew nothing about the laws!’

René continues those lives! He represents a universal Order! And it is as a result of this that we enjoy spatial consciousness. I consider him a 'Paul'! It is he! He exceeds all those people and keeps his simplicity! He is nothing more, but also nothing less! He fights like a conscious lion for Christ! Can this be bad! He goes deeper than theosophy! Deeper than any sect too, he is a born master. Our country can consider itself fortunate with this child, this life, this soul!

I have nothing more to add to this. What came this evening, I will get to record next week in the logbook. Hans is dangerously ill! I am afraid for him! Poor Elsje!

Van Stein, Van Hoogten and the wagtail are awkward souls. You cannot lose anything by them anyway. However, they are prickly. And that is a nuisance. René has completely undressed them! And they do not accept that! In this way you are faced with the personality which cannot bow. And that applies for all the laws, is the own death, the own destruction. I have understood, and that has already been for so long, anyone who can bow his head, will keep on getting to see new life. Anyone who cannot do that, goes to pieces and will still have to begin one day.

We are fortunate people. I had not thought that it would get this height. I had never been able to dream that. Never! What I may now experience, is a great wonder, a fortune for this humanity. It is a revelation, a new birth! It is bliss! Supernatural love. My God, how good you are for us children!

Karel has become a rock. You would have to see him to believe it. He is now a man! Erica is a wonder in herself and Elsje is radiant as never before. Anna says nothing, but she is building Temples. I believe that she is busy wearing the gold sandals. Which love can Anna give you? She is becoming divine! I do not know myself, but I wonder what I did to deserve this!"

I go to sleep! The tension in the hall is tremendous! The people had not thought that this would be born of everything. Masks fell and masks are explained! They are quiet from emotion, even if you find people there, who are called Van Stein, Van Hoogten and Ten Hove. They are as poor as church-mice! If you are standing on stage you can feel the human surge coming to you. I am that far, that they can no longer disturb me. I have been on the stage for so long already, but the first ones? Our students? It rained spiritual flowers this evening! René is now sleeping on a bed of violets, daisies and forget-me-nots! And we do not begrudge him it in the least!

Is all of this not wonderful? How trivial this word is now, isn't it? That material mask has also fallen. We go straight to our naked self! I have been that for so long already, and yet, can you not see my extremely beautiful garment? For God you are always dressed. Just bow and you will have made it!

Oh, Frederik, isn't it dreadful, Hans has committed suicide!

We are up to our necks in misery. Hans has committed suicide, he ended his life with poison. Anna's dream has come true and many other matters have revealed their masks. René knew everything! He could do nothing for Hans, there was no avoiding it. And now that horrible influence is suddenly gone, which I wrote about! You are on top of it, you kick it to pieces under your feet, a moment later it is sitting in a tree and laughing at you. I have always felt that, but I was powerless against it. We still do not believe it, but there is a cross on his grave and he himself lies under the earth. We have lost him. I cannot bear thinking about it. René has explained the laws to us and we can carry on again, or I would not have known what to do anymore.

Two evenings after we had held the last séance, Erica asked Karel:

"What would you say, Karel, if we asked Hans and Elsje to come and stay with us for a few weeks? You can perhaps still achieve something. And we will do our bit."

Karel approves and thinks it is a very good idea. We are sitting at the table, making small talk, but Hans does not go into anything. He is quiet and actually rough, he attacks everything and breaks it to pieces before your eyes. Nothing can be done with him. You cannot talk to him properly for a single moment. He has become an awkward being. He has actually become hardened, no other path can be taken with him. Erica soon had to accept that he cannot be helped. Karel tried everything, Erica and Elsje gave a beautiful concert, but that also disturbed him. By eleven o'clock he had gone really mad. However, then we were suddenly faced with a revelation!

The event hit us so unexpectedly that we became yellow, red and green from it, our hearts thumped in our throats, none of us could control ourselves. If Elsje had felt what it was actually about, the child would have succumbed. However, she did not know and thought that we were so shocked about Hans.

Hans wanted to leave, but Erica and Elsje wanted to finish a song from their beloved Schubert. He becomes angry and roars like a wild lion. Suddenly he comes out with:

"Marja, I am going!"

He walks away, collects his coat and hat and makes off. Elsje is already by him, the drama is over in only a few seconds. We sit here and cannot speak a word. Karel is the first who finds himself again and says:

"Not a word about this, please. If the laws speak to us, those laws must

decide how we people must act.”

A good and clear answer. We agree that none of us will talk about it with René. The boy just missed it, again something, as if it was meant to be, I thought, and I recorded it later in the logbook. Erica also says:

“Is it not dreadful, that you cannot do anything about those things? Our lives work infallibly against each other. My God, I am going to sleep. I want to think about this.”

We do not sit for much longer together, I also go to my room and sit down in front of my logbook. There now comes from my pen:

“Already at fifteen years of age, he was I believe a bit older, but that does not matter, René spoke about Marja. I see him sitting on the stairs, the child goes higher and higher. It was a wonderful picture. Erica looked into angel eyes at that moment. And now we are faced with Marja. Marja has been coming to our house for some time already, she eats and drinks with us, she is an angel, a being sent from a heaven. I can hardly bear to think, because I do not know where I should first begin. Marja! Marja. I open the logbook! Everything is recorded, this does not lie! I have to bow my head to these laws! I cannot avoid it, I am beaten! It suddenly occurs to me when Hans said:

‘Perhaps I am still useful for something else in this world.’

Ugh, I cannot bear thinking about it, Hans. I carry you in my heart, I do not wish to know about it, hear about it, I banish all those strange thoughts. But you yourself bring her to our life? To him? To his heart? Because what do we not know? Oh, Hans, if you only knew these masks. We look behind them, we are now on top of them, we experience these laws, and you, now that it comes to it, are sleeping! You are living dead! You are no longer a human being. An incredibly unhappy human child!

Marja is here! I believe that this is Elsjé’s second name. We have never heard Hans say that name. Now this has been materialised, elevated like a pedestal for one life, but with which we are all involved. René! I will go to sleep, I am cut up by it! And yet something else has come to my life. That terrible influence is lessening. Since this name was spoken, a tear has entered those unprecedented powers. It is as if they now want to be experienced, be born is clearer. But I will stop. I want to make sure that I am fit tomorrow. I do not want to lose myself now. René came to me a moment ago and showed me his new pastel. It is a wonder! He depicted the Egyptian Lotus. I have not seen anything so beautiful of him. His heart and his blood are recorded in it. He says just like that:

‘She has awakened, Frederik, can you see that? She speaks, she lives, she gives me something!’

I let my tears fall, when he was gone. I wept like a child, as I had been unable to do for a long time, the boy is so touching, moving as he now talks

to your life. If he only knew. I looked him in the face, in his eyes. And something else lived there. I felt something there. It did not twinkle there now, an unprecedented depth lay there. It is a knowledge! It is a happiness! A depth of unprecedented beauty, but the personality is far away, away from this world. You see a master and a child at the same time. Like this a human being is simply beautiful. He knows it?"

That following day we are quiet. No one says anything. And another day passes, not a word passes our lips. We sense each other and we cannot talk. It is as if something is hanging above our heads. René works hard, we walk past each other like stone statues, who still have such an immense amount to tell. I race off to the woods, but I do find any peace there either. When I come back, Elsje is at home. Hans has started wandering. He drinks much and comes home in the middle of the night. Elsje has had to take another room. He forced her to do that, he hits and screams like a madman. She does not want it, she wanted to help him, support him in everything, but he kicked her out of the room. He behaves like a wild man, like a drunkard. However, Elsje says that she does not need any help, she will deal with everything and she will stand next to him. We cannot do anything. Yet Karel tried everything again. The other doctors also see that it is going wrong and talked to him. Hans has kicked them out the door. Now what?

The following morning Erica says to Anna:

"Just go to Elsje and ask how it is there."

Anna has gone. I had left the house and had something to do. The editors received new articles. When I came back, Erica raced up to me and says:

"Oh, Frederik, isn't it dreadful, Hans has committed suicide."

What? What?! I fall into a chair. Anna went to Elsje. Elsje says, I will just see how Hans is, he came home late. Then Elsje dashes downstairs into Anna's arms. Elsje comes to the house with Anna. Karel is called. Karel goes with Elsje to Hans. Karel determines death by poisoning, but he puts it down as heart failure. The rest speaks for itself. Hans is buried, the university emptied. And now we are sitting together, soon Erica and Elsje will go on a trip. Elsje has to go away for a while. Erica is going with her. They will visit the south. Hans has already made his possessions over to Elsje. Elsje is very rich, but it does not matter to her. We discuss the trip, we take action. We do not talk about the problem of Marja. Then the time comes for Erica and Elsje to leave. We go to the train. Thousands of things happened in just a few hours, not one of which we could have imagined beforehand. In this way the life flies through our souls. The train leaves, Karel and I say goodbye. René did not want to go, Karel thought it was best for all of us. He says, that boy knows exactly how it must be done, I am proud of him. Then we go home. In the evening René comes to Karel and me and says:

“Laws, Father. Nothing but laws! Do you now know Marja?”

Karel jumps out of his skin. I am ice cold, I knew that he experienced everything, because it could not be any different. He continues:

“You see, Karel, this is why you could not help Hans. Do not worry, I know what I am doing. I will wait. I will not influence anyone. I know exactly what you are thinking, Karel. I will explain the laws to you, then you can make progress. Listen!

We will go back a few centuries. We live in ancient Egypt. I lived there, as did Hans, Elsie, Frederik and Anna. I met you in later lives. I was busy there mastering the laws and devoted my life to this. I got to know a love. This child was raped by Hans. I was locked up, but was later released by friends. Hans was a high priest. His whole being and personality were still evidence of this. However, Hans served evil, I already served the good. He not only took away my possessions, also my love. He tore this Marja, who was also called Marja there, away from my life. What do you do when you are powerless against the highest of a Temple. Hans lived it up through the priestesses. My parents gave me up to the Temple, later we came together again. That is Frederik, Oteb, he also followed my life and did a great deal for me in order to alleviate everything. I then escaped from that satan. That life was misery, that life beat me so dreadfully. I was the child of Anna and Frederik. They suffered and struggled and did everything in order to give my life and their own life colour and shape. We bore everything. I knew that I would face Hans again one day and that he would make up for what he took away from me and had stolen from me there. These is in broad outline. I continued my life, achieved the highest for there, but followed the same laws in other lives. I went to Ra and Ré, from Isis to India, Tibet! Until I had prepared myself in order to serve. The God of all life knew that I had accepted my misery. If I had done my best against him, if I had fought him with evil, this would never have been revealed, because then we would destroy that just law. Since I did not do anything with regard to Hans, his name there was Rohna-Goe, the supreme priest for the occult laws, I could never have experienced this happiness, because we are now faced with the destruction and justice cannot experience any victorious end. Every character trait now gets Divine meaning as a result of this. Every wrong deed must be made up for; if the soul can accept, it will irrevocably get back its own possession. However, Marja had to make up to Hans as a result of a previous life. She has now devoted her own life to this purpose, she had to do that with her body! The mother devotes all of herself as a result of this! She pays her debts, deception is made up for, she comes back into balance again with her universal laws as a result of this.

This is the way things are. Anyone who is cheated as a human being, Karel, and wants to restore that deception in the same way, therefore by de-

ception, will never get hold of the Divine law. The Universe will never speak to your life, because you want to repay evil with evil. I already understood at that time, because we experienced the astral laws. Oteb was rich! I was from Eastern nobility like my parents. However, that does not mean anything. Oteb and Anna are twin souls. I and Marja too, otherwise we would not have met each other. Marja is the part of my heart which emerged from me, was born on the Moon. Both of us form one life. I from her life and she from mine. When we started our own splitting up, Karel – I will explain these laws later, then you will be more strong on your feet – we created two new lives through our life and we could return to the Earth. For there the Moon! Until we had reached the Earth, we remained in harmony. The physical laws demanded that we would experience them. However, when we became people and had experienced the material, therefore physical laws, we were faced with cause and effect. For this purpose, we had thousands of lives, in order to come from the jungle to the white race (see article ‘There are no races’ on rulof.org). Fatherhood and motherhood force us to accept those laws. As a result of this you come further. However, gradually you come into harmony again. If you now know that you commit sin and mistakes in each life and every thought flings you from Divine harmony, you will feel what is necessary for this, if you want to come into harmony again with Divine Creation. We experienced those laws. Everyone experiences them. You cannot escape them. We made up in those lives. Slowly but surely we started to follow the good. We were taught that in the Temples. Do good, do everything according to the natural laws and you will get hold of yourself. Never get angry, even if it costs you your life. Bow to everything! And I, Oteb, Marja and Anna mastered that, Karel!

We already lived then in order to give this humanity happiness by means of the Divine laws. Those lives brought us to growth and blossom. You cannot take what was once conquered to the passionate. You call a halt to those feelings. Marja threw away her life there. Hans lived it up, but we had already come into connection with each other for this purpose. So we see that we receive thousands of lives. And all those lives are necessary, if you wish to come out of that terrible cause and effect. Karmic laws take you back to the Earth in order to give souls a new body. Hans is attached to those laws. He could not escape them, the past revealed itself to his life. You do not have the feeling, the power to understand everyday things and you are not open to them either. Now we get everything back!

Or is Marja now sullied? No. Hans was not able to feel a gram of feeling of her soul. Yet he brought Marja back to my life. Marja knew inside that, when she attracted that man to her, she would experience her happiness. As a child, you will hear that from her later, she already knew that. Just as the past

awakened in me, that knowledge came back to her life. Every life demands the past consciousness. When you are therefore born that past comes up. You cannot do anything about it, those emotional powers force you to accept them. You are not different, you do not act different. This is our incredible subconscious. It is this which the academics make such a fuss about and for which they can never find a conclusive answer, because they do not accept reincarnation.

It is therefore clear that when the soul awakens, you already live in your past, the previous life. You cannot get round that, Karel! All those feelings from one life, it is so much feeling from your infinite subconscious, now forms the personality. For many people art lies there, people with good heads, talent for something, but in the next life that sinks back into the depth of that space again and then you are a weak-spirited. Hans has now succumbed as a result of his past. It started after his fortieth year and reached awakening. His Hansi awakened it. Hans could have led a quiet life if he had not done psychology, but his subconscious forced him to it. However, I tell you, you cannot escape it. Could I, could you have helped him? No! Could Hans have done any different? No! Why was Hans so well off? Why did his parents have so many possessions? All of those lives come back to our life. You will feel, you can be involved with thousands of people in one life. And all those lives do something, they live it up or you are taken in by all those lives. Usually it concerns love, the man or the woman! And that is simple, because these lives experience the universal laws, money and possessions are attached to it, take part, but it concerns your life, that must be devoted to this!

These laws reach your conscious infallibly. And sometimes two or three lives at the same time. The personality absorbs feeling in it from all those lives. Lives are experienced which mean nothing. Millions of people experience those qualities. Millions of people experience nothing, because they still have to awaken. Bubbling experiences penetrate your day-conscious. They want to be experienced. They cannot be stopped either, the soul as the personality awakens them itself. As a result of this life begins. As a child you start to see what really lives in the soul. The character has to listen, the personality is attached to it. Art, wisdom, mysticism, passions and violence, fatherhood and motherhood, all those thousands of laws now come to the foreground. And that is the personality, that lives in the organism and stands for good and evil, for cause and effect, for karmic laws. Now try saying that you have nothing to do with other lives. I tell you, there is not one human being in this society – not in the jungle, Karel, because you cannot experience those laws, they are of course other grades of life seen as organisms – or you have to do with those lives. If you are separate from those souls, you have made up for cause and effect, then those lives leave your aura. That works infallibly!

Your own grade of life has inspired the most. You can now experience the human organism, the laws of creation four grades of life back. That means that you can beget, can attract children, by means of those lower grades. You can beget children from an Eskimo, but that is not your own grade of life. Now you are faced with a natural law, you are already tuned to another grade of life and you are in disharmony with your own grade of life. Or did you think that this had no consequences for the cosmic laws? You can go further dozens of lives, one day you have to make up to that life, the natural law for fatherhood and motherhood will call you back. In this way the soul throws itself away and it brings a splitting, not only for the physical, but also for its personality. The cosmic law asks you to accept the grade of life, which belongs to your own life. If you are born here you must not search for it with other people. This grade forces you to create and to bear children and you are always certain. In a few centuries people will get to know these laws. You will then remain blood of your blood and child of your own people, people will say then, but you are in harmony with your grade of life. Now you can reach unity with many peoples, that does not mean anything, as a result of this different blood enters our body. The laws can therefore already connect you with the life of other peoples, yet this is the highest law which speaks to our life. In this way one grade of life reaches the very highest for the human organism. Do not forget either, that the races (see article 'There are no races' on rulof.org) of the Earth strive for this themselves. Every race creates its own core! Every grade of life searches just as long until the life has been found which belongs to the other. Now your soul lives in other parts of the Earth. You will collect it there or it will come back to your life. You will feel, thousands of possibilities come to you and you do not know one of them.

Yet nature continues. The seven physical grades of life for the organism demand from us that we experience and accept the laws. You are attached to people for lives on end and only become released when you have made up for it. Now it is true, our own grade of life has spread itself across the Earth. If that was not the case, then you would see that no Dutchman would be able to marry a child from the other people, because the soul itself quite simply does not want that. This seeking from people amongst other peoples to find true love, already drives the soul to the other people. However, if those karmic laws are experienced, then they cease to exist and the inner life no longer becomes free from the own grade of life. You can no longer escape it, you cannot get away from it, something in you says: to here and not further! Just as with Hans now, he could not do any different!

These are therefore laws. Not only for the own grade of life, but thousands of other laws now decide about your life. And that is a human being! That is a woman and is a man. If you have committed murders, then you must

become a mother in order to bring life back into harmony as a result of your own possession. What kind of possession is that? Your body. But now men have got each other out of the way. One of us has committed evil. In another life you are mother and you are faced with each other. Do you recognise this soul? Can you accept from your child, that you murdered it in previous lives! Why did I come back to you, Karel? Because I took something away from you in one of my lives. And that has precisely to do with being a child. I am now making up for it! I bring you back to the conscious, which I took away from you before. The most dangerous thing which we people can do is take away faith from a fellow human being. Keeping people away from the highest is the greatest crime of all which we can commit. If this holds back the development for the soul, you will fall as a result of it! Those are now cosmic laws. They are much and much more conscious than any other evil. You now have Divine evolution directly in your hands. You are now faced with the Divine law. Anyone who now finishes me off and sullies people spiritually as a result of this, therefore crushes to death, keeps them from my teachings and the Divine laws, creates defilement, has another thing coming. You will not only have to dissolve the physical faults, you are now faced with a human being whom you would give everything, but will probably not be accepted. Why not? Why does that soul not want to accept? Why can't you change this life's mind? Because you destroyed that life yourself! Just see now that you awaken it again. And you cannot take another step in life after death, if you have not opened those children of God to His laws. Thousands of possibilities keep you prisoner. You cannot become released from them, you have to experience them and to take them back to the Divine harmonic laws, those for justice and Divine evolution, but which you are occupied with life after life!

Just destroy me, soon you will be faced with your own destruction. Woe your life, if I bring truth. If I am talking nonsense, then everything will be different and you will have the right to kill it. But if I am bringing the Divine harmonic laws to your life and that of others, Karel, then you must just sully me, you need lives for it in order to remove that poison from those souls. Do you now know why so many people slave in order to bring the other life of God to awakening? Do you now know why there is such an enormous willpower in me to complete all of this? I let myself be hacked to pieces for it. I will die for it! I want to bleed to death for this task, because I also experienced all those laws.

Try speaking wrongly about a being, a human being, just kill that life, sooner or later you will be faced with your own misery. And if it is your wife? Did you think that all those failed marriages had no meaning? Did you think that those people came to each other just like that out of their own longing

and as a result of their own will? You can let rip, you will create new karma as a result of this, but she or he who belongs to your life will stand before you sooner or later. Won't they? Why does the soul not take action? What refuses in your personality? Why do you not reach a decision? Why is it precisely that other one? It is precisely the wrong one. Yes, you would like that, Karel. That which is conscious in you acts now! This, which must represent the day conscious, now decides about your life. And now you do not understand each other. That is natural, you now get to see your task. You can now begin in order to take the soul back to the state of purity of Frederik. I waited. Because I know that I do not need to do anything, the life will come to me! I will meet her. If I had taken one of the girls who wanted to possess me, then I would have closed myself off to the spatial law. You will feel, you can just attract several girls to your life and experience unity in this way, soon you will meet that life anyway, because you have connected yourself with that soul as a result of the most powerful laws, fatherhood and motherhood. If you limit yourself to playful amusement, to the human kiss, or if you marry that life and children come, it is not your soul! Your own soul, who belongs to your life and as a result of which you must represent this universe and the Divine All; with her you are strong, with her you can take on everything, she carries you, she inspires you, she drives you upwards, which is wonderful and which only a few people in this world experience. That other one sucks you empty and holds back your own happiness, you sully your happiness at a cosmic attunement.

If you remain alone, even if you are bursting with longing, but you feel that you must wait, and this life passes by, then you have remained in harmony with your own life and that of your twin soul. Hundreds of thousands of possibilities charge at your life. The woman in front of you is unconscious. Or it is you yourself. You do not belong to each other for eternity, because that is not possible. If you do not finish that life, then you will be faced with it again and you can start again. I knew all of that. I therefore acted out of previously gained knowledge. I mastered those laws. Marja still had something to experience, to make up for. However, she knew, you will hear that soon, because of that soul I will get the other thing. And that is not deception. You could see for yourself how she fulfilled her duties. She carried the life of Hans. If I had seen – I have already known her for a long time – that she had neglected Hans, then I would have known that she is not yet ready for my life. I would not have been able to meet her either, I would probably have met her in life after death, and that is written in our hearts. Only in the Heavens! Now we will receive this wonderful life. She is ready for me, I for her! She will help me and I her! This is why I said, learn your language. She will finish what I will create. In this way we will now serve, but I will let the

laws do it, she herself must know it! I will only go into it then and I will be sure of myself! I do not wish to create any karma! As a child I already saw her, she was sent, given to me? Not at all, we had come into harmony with the space! That's it!

You and Erica found and received each other. You belong to each other. But can you feel the difference, Karel, with us? Your emotional life is material, ours is spatial, you can already experience that attunement spiritually and that is also an amazing happiness. You can experience the highest for this world, Karel, because you and Erica were repeatedly born for it. You killed that other Karel ten times. Erica herself as well. But what do other people do? They cannot do it, because one person is faced with that other emptiness. You cannot change that soul in one life, but that is possible when those powers live in the day-consciousness. Otherwise you are faced with unconsciousness and you both pull to your own side, like two asses on one rope! Untruth? Nonsense? Gossip?

Just look at Frederik? How did he act? If he had split himself. If he had asked Anna a few years too soon, then all this wisdom would have escaped him. Now he gets universal love in his hands. What would have happened, if he had accepted the material life? Nothing. You will know that soon enough, that has no meaning for your awakening. Yet the human being searches for that, he lives it up as a result of it, but you cannot escape your own laws. They call you to the spatial halt for thousands of things.

Fatherhood and motherhood, creation forces you to accept the other life. If you are on your way as a mother and your motherhood awakens, no creator comes, what do you do? It is possible that the first soul belongs to your life. Who knows himself for his love? Who feels, that the life, however unconscious and miserable it is, must be finished? How many divorces do we not experience? I tell you, you cannot escape it anyway, one day you will have to give that soul absolutely everything of your own life. But then that life will be a hell! But God has nothing to do with it, that is you yourself!

Every thought demands from you to live your life and personality in harmony. Just look at yourself. How do you live? How did you live years ago? What did you give Erica? Can you, if you are not open, are unconscious, give everything of yourself to your wife, your love? Did you think that all those people awakened as a result of their searching for another life? Your life awakens precisely as a result of misery. That misery makes you think. If you now begin to bring that life to awakening, take it to better and more conscious, that is your own development and you will soon be faced with higher love. If that comes to you, you will experience the Divine law for your love and your own happiness, as man and woman, as two souls of one will, one feeling, one love and one concept! Can you sense this conscious and that

love? You will then die for that and as a result of this people wrote so many books! Can you learn from it? If you begin that, but people do not do that!

What does a psychologist know about the soul, Karel?"

"Not a thing!"

"That is the way it is. Do you think, that I would get a university degree, if I give lectures?"

"They must accept you in everything."

"Imagine, that they knew that I was right, how would all those great ones act? Now I am a nutcase. You will hear it. I am a fool, a dreamer. But what do those people want? The highest, which is not understood, is always killed off. That human being must be got rid of. You will see. Even if they cannot do that anymore now, I have not got it yet in this sober West, but we ourselves can do masses for it. I know at least what awaits me and I am not afraid of it, I will soon challenge them one by one! I will force them to listen to me, my books will be accepted by thousands of people! I have something to bring. I now bring a message to the wild West, the sober self of Our Lord!"

"What will you do with Marja?"

"You will soon see and experience that yourself, Karel. Mother will call us. Then we will celebrate our engagement yonder, on the beach, in the wonderful South. But first we will all go to Giza, Isis, Ra, Ré, the Sphinx! I already know that. This will then be the wonderful possession for your lives. Oteb, we will send this soul message to Mohammed. Do you wish to experience another wonder, Karel?"

"Please. What is it?"

"I want you to experience the mercy, how the child is one with God. I am also that with Marja. Mohammed is receiving my message at this moment. I am sending to him: we will soon be coming. Go to Marja and bless her with your life and your love. I bet, Mohammed is going! I send mother to the Sphinx. She must go to Egypt, you can also do that. We will be together there. Do you like the idea, Karel?"

"This is incredible. I will go, finally then. And what do you think of Hans now?"

"Hans took his own life. That is the very worst thing which the soul can do. Now, you will certainly feel, it has neither life, nor death. It flings itself too soon from life and has not ended its life. What follows this is the following process. It is tragic through and through, but nothing can be done about it. I can tell you one thing, Hans still had three years to live at the most. Actually even shorter, because I already saw his normal death in his aura."

"Can that be seen?"

"Everything lives in the human aura, Karel. Hans is now under the ground attached to his body."

“What did you say?”

“Hans consciously experiences the rotting of his body. He is not separate as a soul and personality, not lived out, is he? The law which dominates his life, which will determine time and everything, which determines the hour of birth and the hour of death, that law keeps him tied to the body like a spiritual personality. Hans experiences that rotting consciously and is beaten from the material, from the spirit! Nothing can help him, I can only ask my masters, to go to him now and again, and to alleviate his life by means of their appearances. I will tell them: alleviate his suffering, explain the laws to him and say that we continue to think of his life.”

“How long will that misery last?”

“Until there is no more fibre on his bones, it is only then that the human auras tear apart from the physical and he can go where he wants to. But now? If he must return to the earth, then he has to live in there, in that world, where neither life nor death can be seen. That world is empty, it is the attunement for suicides. However, he does not see a single one of them! There are millions along with him who have taken their lives; he does not see them! He is alone until the hour of dying on Earth comes. And now Hans experiences his material death. Is it not amazing? In this way the soul recovers! In this way it returns to the harmonic laws of God, for soul, spirit, material! And then? If Hans must start a new life, the world for birth will attract his life and he will dissolve. Then he will become an embryo. But I have another wonder for you, and you can be happy: Hans will not come back. Hans has experienced his material cycle and he does not possess any more karmic laws. Hans was good, Hans was a fine human being, he did everything for his patients, but was attached to his own life. Hans will therefore go to the astral world. If this had not been the case, then we would not have seen him again in thousands of centuries. But that does not matter anymore! As a result of this you see that only the soul, the life, has meaning for God, not Hans as a human being for this world. We know millions of souls and all those souls are part of our own life. However, as a human being and as your father or your mother, your sister or your brother, you no longer see and feel those people. It is life! And that life lives for you, you live for that soul as life. That is the universal attunement for our own self, for which Christ died.

We will therefore recognise Hans later. The first of us who passes on, will see him! The years which he now experiences, years of unprecedented misery, suffering, pains, are indescribable, because you experience that process, you experience that the worms eat your heart to pieces. You scream, but no one hears you, you are attached to yourself! That will last approximately three years for Hans. Then the body will already be well on its way to decomposition and he will be torn away from this misery like the Divine spark. If he

still had ten or fifteen years to experience here, then he would be attached to that grave and that body for those years. You cannot remove yourself and you do not know why it is. You pull at that cord, but it does not break. I know all those laws, because I myself ended my life in order to get to know them!”

“What did you say?”

“I committed suicide along with many others, there were seven of us, the high priests, Karel, who wanted to get to know death and eternal life! Or did you think that I had received this knowledge just like that? We entered death, we sought out death! And then we had to consciously accept and experience those laws. We learned from them, because we were consciously tuned into death. Another one does not have that, he does it by unconsciousness. It is exactly the same as when you smoke a good cigar. The one which you now have in your hands has also been smoked, but you do not know that you have smoked. Now that is nothing! You do not enjoy it, you only blow. Smoking is an art! Those who enter death as a result of misery, do not experience anything. They only feel a bit of fear later, when they are faced with suicide again, but no more has changed in those souls. We entered there consciously! We were laid in a wonderful way in our graves by the other ones. And then we went even further. We let ourselves be embalmed. There are still some of us in ancient Egypt in the ground, who let themselves be killed and embalmed, but they smoke a dreadful pipe. That cigar burns on eternally. All those embalmments create an internal influence. You will sense, those bodies cannot dissolve, the soul is attached to them and cannot be separated. Yet such a soul gets another life. But what is the conscious like? Are these your very smartest fools? No, the worst psychopaths there are. Those souls do not have their full conscious. This is why we know conscious and unconscious psychopathy. Those are souls who went too far. That embalming of all those bodies stops the development of the soul. The soul attaches itself to those bodies. It will not reach consciousness in centuries, because it drags something along behind it for eternity! The burning of the body is also in conflict with the Divine laws. It all seems so wonderful, but this life does not know the Divine laws for body, soul and spirit! But mainly for the spirit, because that is the personality for the soul in the next life. That is your Divine atunement and transforms you as material and spiritual life! Is it not simple?”

“What did you experience in those dungeons, René?”

“Well, Karel, the rotting of our bodies. We experienced that consciously, but all the priests followed us.”

“And then?”

“After centuries, one after the other, we went back to our Temples. Then our past was awakened. And it was there that these laws occurred. Ancient Egypt never knew them, they were not yet that far. And you know better

than I do, that there is more embalming done there than anywhere else. I tell you, there are still thousands lying in beautifully buried dungeons waiting for release. I will do a lot for this if it is possible, be able to change a lot about it. But what does such a present pharaoh say to me? See that you leave! If I tell him, I am so and so, I lived here as a high priest, he will put me behind bars. Mohammed did everything for it, but this king does not wish to believe it, that is a violation of a culture which is sacred to him. And there you stand now, Karel! If you wish to help those souls, then you must burn all that nonsense. Those embalmed bodies, we also have enough of them here, eat at the conscious of the soul. Those bodies keep something going which must die, dissolve. If you wish to be free, to be able to go further in order to finish your lives, that is only possible if you have no ballast to carry with you. Now you enter a life again, you miss something, you do not know what it is, doctors want to give you an injection and make you even more unconscious. You feel it and you carry it with you. You cannot avoid it, but you are amongst the living. Something draws you if you have become conscious somewhere. But where does it lie, where does it live? And now all those thousands of problems for which you live! Can you feel that the human soul has made a chaos of itself? It has raped the natural laws. It no longer has a normal existence, it is like a tale of woe. Even more in the invisible as in that which you know as illnesses or other miserable matters. The invisible laws, such as Hans now has to experience, will teach you to bow your head! And then your conceited personality also goes down, because the worms take you there! That embalming is the most unnatural thing which you can do for yourself. Cremation, on the other hand, goes too fast. You will certainly already feel it: souls are attached to the human body and burn. That shock is dreadful! They are separate, of course, the burning process rips the soul and body apart. But the soul is not conscious. It feels material, earthly. It therefore walks round with that shock, wherever it goes, it will only be released from that state when it possesses another life or possesses such a spiritual height, that it has conquered itself. Millions of people, Karel, suffer that they scream from it as a result of the astral laws!"

"It is tremendous, René, I believe and accept everything!"

"Just work out what you can do with your life of the Earth. You will say: Elsie has been broken! Should I have accepted another life? Should I have married a chaste child, pure child? That is good for unconscious people. Of course, you see it, I also still had to make up for it. But Hans was not able to experience a single gram of feeling for her life as a result of his emotional life! Despite this, I must bow my head for these laws. I am grateful to God that now our eternal life can begin. Every thought is now a universe for us! Did you receive your soul? You received each other, but millions of people too,

who only saw then that they had been beaten to death by one thought. And that is thousands of times worse.

No, Karel, give me Marja and keep your queens of this world. For that matter, did you not see that she is a queen? That is my possession! That is her conscious and it dissolves in mine. We will live! We will love. But all of us will soon go on a trip. And as a result of that trip we will help and support Hans."

"Who now, or therefore later, will die here, will see Hans?"

"Yes, Karel, Hans will wait there for you."

"Do you know which one of us will go first?"

"I know! And because I know I will not say anything. Nevertheless, I will give you the proof. Soon you will see it yourself. I will warn the person in question beforehand by means of thoughts. And that soul will see Hans first, as he was."

"Will you recognise him immediately?"

"You have not changed in any way, Karel."

"Are you the same there in everything as here?"

"In everything! You will possess teeth and molars there. We were already able to experience materialisations in ancient Egypt. In our times half temples floated in the space, but we experienced black magic. I then sought for white magic, the sacred law for life, and got to know that. Hans is there as he was here. The spiritual personality lives on. You can experience contact with those souls, but then you must conquer everything of your body. And that is not so simple. This is why those spiritualists have such a lot of deception. Nevertheless, they follow the laws of ancient Egypt. Other sects want nothing to do with it, but they now close themselves off completely to the direct contact. You see Hans as you will see and experience yourself. Oh well, he who is the first will enjoy his personality again. That is another, a loving being. You understand that what he must now experience, is a dreadful fight! He is beaten by the laws of his organism. I will also write a book about this. We must still do a great deal, Karel, but I now already know that I will achieve what I must achieve."

"So is age determined beforehand?"

"Yes, Karel. The laws for the soul determine its age."

"What do you think, Frederik? Did you not know this either?"

"No, Karel, I am happy with it, it is wonderful!"

"Do you know then how old you will become, René?"

"I know that, Karel. Birth gives you a new life and that only ends when the life aura has been experienced. Suddenly the clock refuses to tick and the soul returns in order to enter its next life. Those lives end down to the last second. If you are connected to an order, then that order will allow the other

soul to continue your work. When Gallilea went, Newton was born. So you see, that every soul can experience those laws. And that is in your own hands! You prepare yourself for this purpose. And the mother is there with you, as your soul."

"So do you know whether you will remain man?"

"I am that, Karel. Later as well, in the next life. But it is also possible that you must return to the Earth for this purpose."

"What does that mean?"

"Imagine that I am the mother for my own part. Let me add that we are both for the space, father as well as mother. If I possess that attunement, I would have to return to the Earth for it. I would soon be attracted and will also soon return as a child. My mother is crying again until her tears run dry, but I am the life of another. And that other awaits me in the Spheres of Light. It is obvious, if you live in darkness, you are still far removed from those laws. You must already have reached your spiritual attunement, or it will not be possible. We are now in harmony. The soul tunes in completely and attunes to those laws. The previous life already regulates itself according to those laws. You can experience seven lives as father and mother, before you can enter the actual attunement. There are seven lives in order to bring you into harmony for your own soul! That is amazingly beautiful and awe-inspiringly deep, but also very natural, because God has given us those harmonic laws. Gradually you come upwards and you grow back to your own life. One day you will stand before each other as man and woman. On the fourth cosmic grade you change again of your own accord, each next life is different. We awaken as a result of motherhood. In the Divine All you are father and mother and also there you see yourself as a human being, but you are now Divine conscious!"

"It is amazing, where did you get all of this from?"

"You can ask me what you like, Karel, I will never owe you an answer! Thousands of books can be written about this and not one book will tell you the same thing. By means of one thought we come through spaces, until we stand before God! And how many worlds do you now have to experience? Millions! You must deify that one thought! And then make out the millions which you possess and that are part of your personality. How deep is the human soul? What is marriage? What do people understand about marriage? Oh, Karel, do you feel what this means? Feel, to be one with a life which is one with you to the bone? Can you not feel what you then have to give each other? Do you understand why I do not like a missy like that? Emptiness, poverty, you will hear it soon, won't you? Tell me what you want and I will know you. But that is not even necessary, I can see it in your eyes, your shape, your face, your walk, your voice, your build, everything, one triviality

and you are now gone for me, no matter how beautiful you are for yourself! I do not like you!

What does the man see in the woman? Beauty attracts, but what does beauty say? Elsje is a queen. And she is my youth, my life, my soul. Can you feel what awaits us? We will see this humanity together! That is the highest for Hans, he has given us back the stolen goods. I already bought the cross for Marja in Vienna."

"You are not serious!"

"Wait a minute, I will show you, Karel."

René goes upstairs and comes back a moment later.

"Here, just look, this is for Marja!"

"How can it be."

"It is the truth, Karel."

"Did you know all of this?"

"Frederik recorded everything in the logbook. I have always seen Marja, she has always been with me. But do not millions of people experience this? The human being does not yet know the laws, Karel, however, I assure you that every soul experiences them for spirit and material, for fatherhood and motherhood and spatial justice. Marja lived consciously in these laws. But for us! If you know, Karel, for what you live, life is a sacred wonder. Do not make a misery of it, then it will be a hell. And Hans stood for this!

Hans did not want me to paint Elsje, did he? I asked Frederik what he thought about it. But try looking behind this! Just see that mask, how true it is. Hans felt unconsciously who I was. Hans hated me! Hans did not like me. And was I not always friendly towards him? Did I give him a reason to hate me? Hans could have killed me. But why, for what purpose, Karel?"

"Now that you say so, everything is clear to me."

"You see, this is how previous lives work! This is how the laws are which you do not know. You hate someone and do not know why. Yet you carry that feeling. Did those souls have to do with your life? You must make sure that you love all life. But this? It is his subconscious! But you are searching for the subconscious, for that matter, and do not know what it is and where it lives. Yet you are inspired by it. You cannot avoid it. Slowly but surely it comes in order to destroy your day-consciousness and you must prove what you want as a personality! Hans experienced his past! The more he started to hate, the closer we were to this end, the new mask! It penetrates your world of thoughts infallibly. Truth, Karel! Sacred truth! Now you get to know the subconscious of the human being. Hans did not like me, Hans could have killed me! This is why I stayed out of his way. I did not want to irritate him in any way, yet I wanted to give you proof for the logbook! He also receives his passages. When Hans married, all of us were with him, Frederik, you

followed me. I absorbed your thoughts in me. I already knew then who Elsje was. You recorded that in the logbook. I saw you write from my life, I forced you to do it!"

"Is that recorded, Frederik?"

"Everything, Karel!"

"But that is tremendous. It will become a film, a play. They are amazing books. And then, René?"

"I heard through Elsje her second name. I heard Marja talking to me. I received her thoughts sent to me inwardly."

"And did Elsje also know that?"

"Elsje knew everything! Elsje knew that she would meet me through Hans. Something drove her in that direction and Hans brought her to us. Laws! And Elsje could deal with everything. Did you think that she would not succumb? She knew, her soul lives there!"

"And did you never speak to her?"

"I swear to you, Karel, never! We were not allowed to do that and we did not need that either. I told Frederik that I did not wish any love, which belonged to another. I am that far! I know that my age has no significance!"

"And is that also recorded, Frederik?"

"Yes, Karel, everything. Every thought has been described!"

"When will the books be finished?"

"That will take a while. René will be able to tell you. Not I!"

"When may we read everything, René?"

"That is also a mask, Karel. I could tell you it, but then I will open too much. I have not spoken about it with Frederik. But I know that he can say down to the last second when the logbook will be finished. Can't you, Frederik? But I know something else for it. I will write down or record, Karel, when you will read the logbook. Frederik knows, but he will keep quiet about that. I also know and that also comes to our lives from the space. You will also get a closed letter from me this evening, Karel. I will soon start on it. You will open that letter only when I tell you. Before that you may not glance at it. Can you promise this?"

"Of course."

"That letter will tell you then, why Frederik cannot tell you this, at least not now. Agreed?"

Karel squeezes René's hand, then mine. I know what he means, I know! The boy continues and says:

"This is how things are, Karel, you will get to see your own life as you have not yet known it."

"But now something else, René. Could Elsje not have come to you before she met Hans?"

“You see, it does not yet get through to you. Did I not tell you that we had to make up for it to Hans? Elsje did that through her physical laws! This is the highest which a soul has to devote. Money, possession have no meaning. Devoting yourself bridges every law and you cannot avoid it. You can see that now! Elsje could not avoid Hans! She had to open herself to his life. You cannot avoid it anyway. But I tell you that Hans did not experience a single gram of her soul. That was not possible. Hans only touched the material laws. What one person sees and feels in a soul as ice-cold, is for the other personality, who possesses attunement to that life, supernatural love! Did you think that people could experience each other? Did you think that they knew, experienced, each other’s love? When you yourself are not open, how do you wish to be able to devote the thousands of character traits for your love if they still cling unconsciously to your personality? Can you feel this? Hans did not touch her life, he could not do that! He was not capable of it. How did you live yourself, Karel? Did you two not die a few times for each other? Did you not keep on killing yourself inwardly? You must wish to kill every character trait, must experience the dying process for your personality, if you wish to elevate all your character traits to love. You were able to make something beautiful of yourself. You stood for destruction and misery, because Erica is not further than you yourself on this path. You correspond, but if you had experienced other grades and she belonged to another, you would not have reached this height, the material life is too short for that. You can experience tremendous heights, but is life capable of that? Does the human being wish to make something of himself? You already stumble over one thought. But that thought is a part of the real character! And in that way, it can beat your whole personality to pieces. You stood up! You have, for example, the wonderful feeling in you to bow to the truth. If you could not have done that, Karel, then nothing would have become of your marriage! Nothing! But this is the highest which you have. Since you received some feeling, some love, you can bow your learned head, your personality became different. The human being does not bow. The human being thinks that he is something, but he is nothing if he wants to be right and yet is wrong! You will never escape it, Karel, you will beat yourself, you will continue to be faced with those laws, until you bow your head! One day, in the other life, you will be faced with those laws again. Just as long until you want to be beaten and it is only then that you will begin your own life.

Erica was open to you! How much love did you receive during those years? Is it no wonder to you? Is she not one woman in hundreds of thousands? Would you wish to possess a queen for her! What does Erica give you? What do you get? You did not know her! She had nothing to give either, she was living dead! This is why I already said as a child: that inhuman washing away

is demonic! Can you not feel it yet? Just let Frederik open the logbook, Karel, and you will know yourself better!

I want to prepare myself inwardly, you did that materially? What does material mean, what does a body mean? Nothing! And yet that is the most wonderful thing which the soul possesses! As a result of this the mother gives the universe to the father! Did you experience a universe as a result of it? What did you have to give her and she you? Nothing, Karel! You were too empty and too dead for that. So you see, you have died many times. Your marriage has become a sacred wonder, you will never be old, never, because that is no longer possible! You gave each thought life conscious, Karel! Now you are new for each other! You are awakening, you throw off mask after mask!

It is as a result of this, that Hans could not experience Elsie. I receive her from a heaven! What should a frill like that have given me? Did you think that a soul is pure, even if it has not been touched for this world! Hell and devil reach consciousness! No, it is not that, at least not for us, every life has its own laws, but every law can be analysed. Girls forced themselves upon my life! If I had wanted, I could already have created accidents on my trip to Italy. How quickly you fall for that and is that amazing? But what is the end? That you wait! That you watch out! You will know irrevocably, that it is she who comes to you! And if it is wrong, it is called: 'I bought a pig in a poke!' Wrong, Karel! You must have her, because you have to make up to that life! What is subconsciousness? It lives on the surface of your daily self. Hans suffered from it and he did nothing about it, he surrendered to it. But he could have lived for another three years!

Try going into another life? What do you do now? Create new karma! You come to be faced with laws, you create new laws, which connect you to other lives. You can just live it up in this world, there are enough men and women who are open to some crazy love, Frederik, but if it is perhaps the wrong one? If you want to experience love, and the mother can say to have converted her longings by giving birth to a child and to be happy as a result of it, your lives have something to reveal for this humanity, it is a blessing. Woe your soul and your personality if it becomes trouble! But what do millions of people do? They think: I will take that and I will take this. Try making miserable matters of this now? You will be faced with that one day and then you will have to accept that unconscious misery! It is obvious that you create new suffering and new misery. You can follow and analyse all these laws, Karel, according to the Divine revelations. But if you wait, you have to accept what your love is like, breaking the contact brings you to a standstill for centuries."

"Are you describing these laws, René?"

"Yes, Karel, I will write about thirty books. Books for soul and spirit, for the material laws, as a result of which the soul gets to know itself. You can

write a book about every law. But I will soon begin. Painting was just a sideline for me, even if I will achieve much with it, because as a result of art my inner life awakened and received personality! I myself destroyed those masks! I will write books for this humanity, Karel, that is my task! Elsje will help me! We and you together and those who want to follow us! First all those books, there has been misery enough written, this is more use to people! Now the laws will be explained! I will also write books about insanity! We will build on a universal psychology! It will become a university, Frederik has already started! His books form the foundations, are the actual systems, on which the University of Christ will stand! That is my life and is your own life! This is the gift for everyone who wishes to awaken. For Christ he belongs to His life. We will not destroy anything, we will build up! Soon every sensible soul will have to agree with me, because science goes further. Many academics will agree with me, because they will soon penetrate the embryonic life! Also many clergymen, and astronomers, because they have to accept, there is no other path to take!

I know what I am doing and what I want, Karel. I do not intend to deny people their God, but damnation does not exist! The church is more necessary than bread! If there were no churches, this humanity would be lost. I live for catholics and protestants, for all the sects of the Earth. I am a bringer of light and not a destroyer! I receive my wisdom from the Angels, the Masters, and not one soul will stop me! I have prepared myself. Soon you can start yourself, one day you will have to give your soul and bliss for this! Just you bow now, only then you will go to the perfect love for which you live after all! True or not?"

"I accept everything, René. But something else: what do you think about the different illnesses? Do we get help from the masters for cancer and TB?"

"Do you not know what cancer is, Karel?"

"We do not know. We do everything, but where does the source live?"

"Cancer is inner destruction, Karel. Glandular systems which have lost the own natural source. You will not achieve anything with what you now know. I know that destruction and I know where the core lives. But will you go back with me for millions of years? The laws live there, there you can see the construction of these illnesses, which you are powerless against. Cancer is weakening and then decaying follows. Only the pure natural life aura can dissolve that weakening, so that the glandular systems can do their work again! We will also talk about that. Father, then you can get a lecture from us!"

"Gladly, René."

"Thank you, Karel, I will prove to you that you are not involved with a fool! However, I will go upstairs now. I will prepare your letter. I repeat, you

will lay off it, it will be a piece of testament.”

He leaves. Karel says:

“Is that life not a wonder, Frederik? But how I am talking. What strange things a human being can do! I cannot bear thinking about it. It is amazing what he knows! And this is the way it is! You cannot avoid it! They will be wonderful books. I will control myself. I find it supernatural. Only now I am starting to live. He is right about everything! What were we like? How did we live? And what is it now? Even if I knew that I would have to give up Erica, what a power you get as a result of this. I would then prepare myself for the other life. You would yearn to devote yourself to all the life of the world. But he is right, we are not ready for this. I think everything is sacred, Frederik! Do you believe me?”

“I believe you, Karel.”

We also go upstairs and there I note:

“What do you want, people of this world? To laugh? Shrug your shoulders? Behave intelligently? Just destroy, because you know better again? Standing stiff from poison and destroying the life? We know better! We accept and we are well off! Hans is also coming out of his misery again! I know it already now! I will say nothing! But I know. I know exactly when the books will be published! I already said it, for that matter! They can know! But everything is going well! Everything! It could not be better! I have nothing more to say, I will record his wisdom tomorrow. I have time enough! But I am trembling from happiness, from immortality, I believe! How can it be, Karel? I already knew this when he had still not been born! I admit that I did not know the masks. But he already sent it to our lives from Erica! World, humanity, just accept this, just believe it, love and build on your eternal love! Now try looking at your wife, creator! Wife, mother, now try looking at your husband! Do you already know him? Do you know him like that? No, you don’t, not yet like that! This will become his and will become her universe. Now taste the kiss of his soul and you will have made it. According to me? Yes, but you must also decide that for yourself! My God, how good You have always been for us! I will cry out this evening ... World, can you hear? There is no damnation!!! The God of life loves us! I will not tell you anymore about it! I am going to sleep!”

Frederik, oh Frederik, what a day!

MINISTER Dicksma has just celebrated the marriage of Elsje and René. Organ sounds from the heavenly Bach gave these two souls divine happiness, wings, so that they would begin a fantastic life. These souls are connected for eternity: René's pupil completed his task in a way from which the human being can learn. This free community got inspiration because of it, their minister gradually takes the human soul to a Father of love. They are blessed hours which people can now experience through this human being. You must listen to his sermons sometime.

They are kneeling down over there, these two supernatural children of Our Lord. What was not necessary, they did anyway; they do not want to break away from this society, they want to give an example of how it should be and what it will become! This is why minister Dicksma celebrated this marriage; they want to go through the church to the light ... through what the Apostles of Christ received to the space, the universe of two souls of one colour, as sweet as flowers for each other!

We go home. Everything is over, today we are celebrating. Erica whispers in my ear:

'Frederik, oh, Frederik, what a day, isn't it!'

'What a day, darling!'

She is holding my arm, Anna is walking next to Karel. We get into the carriages and go to Hans' castle, where our children live. Did Elsje want it like that? Hans wanted to experience it like that! Hans himself!

We waited four years, waited for an answer, which would be given to us through the heavens. And when it came Hans was in our midst. Then Hans said what he wanted and he left us for a long time, as he said, in order to begin with himself! René got that message from his masters. His masters, his Order, which he serves. Hans left, but placed all his possessions in the hands of René and Elsje. He also said:

'I will think about you on that day! But I will work, I promise you!'

For us that was the moment that we could accept that Hans was free from his misery. He has that frightening torture behind him. He let us know through René that he would return later, so that René would also describe his details. Even if René knew it better than he did, the human being of the Earth must still know what awaited him if he took his own life and put an early end to it. It would be a separate book.

Then we sang out. Then we kissed each other from happiness, because of our Hans! We bought flowers for Hans for a few hundred guilders, put them

down in front of his portrait, but five thousand guilders went to the poor and even more. A thousand people will share the happiness with us, in honour of a soul who has triumphed! What this was for Hans takes you to the chilliness of a grave, which is actually no longer a grave. It is now a torture chamber for the soul as a human being! Then René and Elsje decided on their marriage. Four years of waiting, four years of great happiness. All our thoughts went to Hans and we now know that he felt us, there in that terrible loneliness, his horrible misery. But before that we experienced wonderful things. The séances continued again. René let two months pass, then the academics came back and the laws were explained to them. Erica and Elsje were still travelling. One evening René says to Karel:

‘When can you go away, Karel?’

‘Away? Where to?’

‘We will follow Erica and Elsje.’

Ten days later we were already sitting in the train. Anna, Karel and I. We would meet the ladies in Cairo. And that happened! Meanwhile Mohammed had presented himself to the ladies. Karel got a piece of supernatural proof again, which was not only in the air again, but was calculated, felt and experienced in every detail, at least the things which would come, René’s contact with him and other souls of this world. Then we all lived together under the Pyramid and the Sphinx. Here in ancient Egypt Marja awakened for her love. On the way she got the inclination to travel on to Egypt. Erica found that a revelation. René sent off the telegrams, that he and we would follow soon. Meanwhile Elsje had opened up her life to Erica. She literally said:

‘I knew, if I married Hans, that I would see René. I knew that I had to make amends to Hans, this is why I asked for that beating and I got it. I still had to be beaten. But now it is a blessing! I wanted Hans to give us another beating like that, then we would still have him with us. Now everything is different! I am René’s, Erica’s. Did you not know that? I gave my name myself. It suddenly struck me, I exchanged Maria for Marja. I did not know that it came to me from the past, but I was so sure of it. And when I saw René for the first time, I knew that it was him. Then I devoted myself to Hans, because I did not want to make any more mistakes. I made those clothes for René and for Hans. One in order to show him that I was there and the other in order to open him to the beauty in the mother. Hans did not see and did not feel that, but I had my satisfaction from that, I saw him, after all, didn’t I?’

‘Did you know all of that?’ asked Erica.

‘Just ask René, he knew it too. I always saw him for that matter. I had already drawn him as a girl of seven years’ old. I looked for him and did not find him. However, I knew that he was there. When I met Hans, it was as

if a voice from inside said to me: take him, beg him to take you and devote yourself completely to this life, he will take you to the other one, who was born for you. And Hans did not want it! Hans was stumbling! Hans loved me as a child of his. But I was his everything and because I was everything for him, his previous life revealed itself. When René began with the séances, I already saw the end. I did everything, I talked to Hans, but he could not be helped and we do not have to reproach ourselves with that!

We all walked together along the Nile. René and Elsje, Erica and Karel, Anna and I. I do not need to say what those hours meant to us and I will not go into it either. They are too sacred to me. We saw that Elsje and René started to prepare themselves in order to receive their cosmic celebration. When René felt that they were ready, we left for Mohammed's palace. They would receive their temple celebration there. Many priests came to us! And then we experienced how two souls were celebrated for the universe. It happened in the way that the Temples of Ra, Ré and Isis knew. There these children received the highest which a human being can experience. In ancient Egypt, Mohammed told, when both were kneeling at the feet of the Goddess, this was the very highest which two souls could receive from God. This only happened for the great winged one! That was not the high priest, but that was the Divine contact for the Temple! That was the soul which received the wisdom between life and death and was received as a God!

If a soul like that, a 'great winged one' like that had died, and if the Temple was no longer in possession of this contact, then months and months of preparation would have passed. The soul would then be added to this spiritual wonder, a priestess, by means of which they would receive a new life. Now it was a question of waiting. Which of the priests would it be, who would devote himself to this new birth? No one knew that! That would be given through the Goddess, as visionary images to seven high priests. In this way the high priests received visionary images and stuck them together to make a whole. No mistakes could be made in this. If one image was not real, the reception would be no good. For example, one received something of the character of the priest who was called as creator for the sacred being one. Another got to see something about the youth of the priest, yet others something from the past, by means of which it had to be shown who was ready to complete the universal duty, and by means of which the Temple would attract a new life and would receive the great winged one. Then there was a celebration and sacred preparation, which could sometimes take months and months, but also years, because no priest was ready. In this way a pure soul was now attracted, so that the Temple could receive wisdom. It is impossible to image what this was for those souls, no other man and woman on Earth have experienced, could experience, such a preparation for their marriage, no

soul was opened for that purpose! Even if you are that chaste and holy, the soul knows nothing about that. That was only possible in a Temple like that! And those laws were placed in the hands of René and Marja just like that! Mohammed took care of the sacred finishing touches. The priests and priestesses came to these lives from all directions. René and Elsje lived separately; we did not get to see them for four months. They were under supervision day and night, their lives were watched over! Marja would be born. Elsje had to die during those months! And she died too! Now René as the great winged one got a new life in his hands! Mohammed saw the laws, he returned to our own lives one evening and told me clearly, what I and Karel and Erica already knew, how our lives had been. Karel could now check as much as he wanted, that was close reasoning.

Finally Elsje had died! Then we experienced a temple celebration. My God, I thought, how poor everything is with us if you see that eastern event and make comparisons. The garments which they wore, were of unprecedented beauty! Elsje was dead and buried. René will describe everything about it, I will keep my hands off that, I cannot depict his feelings and those of Marja anyway. Mohammed thanked me for that and said: just let that Rachi-Hadju do it himself, Frederik. And he was right, I would have succumbed under it.

When the priests, twenty-one in number, knew, saw, had received the messages from the universe that Elsje had died, Marja came forward and we saw her again for the first time. Karel was a revelation in those days. He says to me:

‘Frederik, I will die. I want to do it over again. I will also lock myself up! It is something so wonderful which I am experiencing here, that I can fall on my knees in order to ask your forgiveness again for all kinds of things. Man, how you must have suffered, when we chased you out the door and sent you to the farm in order to better your life. Can you really forgive me?’

Then we saw Marja, I already said. More beautiful than ever. What had they got up to with that life? She was like an angel! I could not believe my eyes. Erica and Anna cried until their tears ran dry! I no less! Karel too! We fell down on our knees before her! The priests too! With our large number we lay at the feet of René and Marja. The light, Mohammed says, for the West. Marja is another being! We do not know Elsje anymore, she is dead! It is a great wonder.

And now the celebration. Heaven and Earth get unity. Cosmic love and Divine wisdom manifest themselves. They are sitting there, on a throne of happiness, a hundred and thirty four men and women are lying at their feet! Mohammed reads out old formulas. The Goddess of Isis lives in our midst, she blesses these lives! These souls are on Earth in order to give wisdom to the people, they are the contact with many worlds, the laws of which we were

already able to receive. We breathe in a lovely smell of herbs, which caresses our human olfactory organ. The laws of the universe are read out to them. They must not only bow to this, but also prove what they can do. René must be able to answer the questions, which are universal, otherwise he will not be a 'winged one'! We know what he can do and how deep his life is. Then the gifts follow. From Mohammed a thoroughbred grey, also a beautiful animal as a gift for Marja. Pearls and diamonds, take your pick, the heavens open for these lives. And that just like that for nothing! However, René will have to pay for all of this with his blood. These two will have to devote themselves to this! It is a film! Our dinner was an awe-inspiring wonder, you would need a hundred pages in order to say everything about it. Then the journeys which we made. Now they know my Sultan! Also the harem ladies. Karel said a thousand times that he gave a castle as Hans had been able to experience this. But then he stumbled with Elsjé, who is now called Marja and has started a new life.

We stayed there for three and a half months in order to have a rest. The amount of dignitaries we got to know and became our friends, is already a treasure for this life. And all those people want to support this mankind. They are not Maharajahs who want to wage war, they are priests from old stock! They represent the temple life of the Goddess of Isis. Of course, the laws were explained to them. René came forward as Rachi-Hadju and all credit was given to him. We travelled the universe again by means of our boy and yet such an old master. Now Mohammed enjoyed himself. He asked him questions, which were never asked before. He says literally: 'I will give a million pounds for this life. I want to lay my whole life at his feet. If only I could buy that', he sighs, 'because this is divine bread!' And I made a comparison with our sober West. When I asked him: 'But is that not possible from here?' he replied:

'We cannot change those laws, Oteb. We must bow to the Goddess! It is she who wants the West to awaken!'

What Mohammed meant is for himself. We met people there, who want to give their fortune for some wisdom. But they ask you questions. And they know within one second whether you really are it.

This life was accepted. Marja got the star of the East pinned to her left chest and then the Wings, the great wings!

René gave them ten evenings of Divine beauty. The fire which people gave him, the questions which were asked, also caressed his inner life. He did not need to doubt for one second. That life is immediately ready to answer. Mohammed said to me:

'Is it not a wonder, Oteb? Is it not a Divine mercy to be able to listen to this? And did you think, Oteb, that we did not know whether he knows the

laws? In only five minutes, by means of one question, we already know what the soul can experience for our consciousness. How many were here and succumbed? We gave those people a beating, burned at the stake because of our questions and then gave them some bread and something to drink in order to return home. This is it! This is a 'winged one' such as we have not experienced before, but we knew that he would return to us."

You must be able to experience that yourself in order to be able to experience the power and the Divine of that, but that cannot be retold, you will not believe it.

We sat together until the morning at our séances. René came back to his Temple. He explained the laws to Marja at the ruins. He showed us the place where we had lived. Classical languages flowed just like that over his lips. Karel became pale from it! The love which we feel and possess for him is unlimited. What we possess for these two children and got from God, borders on the incredible! Karel and Erica changed there as they had never thought possible. They also got a mark for good behaviour. Then I experienced the highlight of my life. Anna and I were offered gifts, but the following day we were also forged together for eternity! Only now Karel and Erica got their wish fulfilled. I cannot write a word about it, my pen is refusing now! The others will just have to do that after my death! I will probably also come back myself then! That too, we know, is possible!

But we will keep the most sacred of all for ourselves! If you do everything for that, you can also experience and receive that sacredness in the West, you must only want to die for that some fifty times, or it will never get a contact with your human heart. We died for that! Dozens of times! We want to die for that every day! We will bow our heads for everything! That brought us to awakening, to the descending into another life and to feel the good for that. We are not sentimental, we know what we are doing, it is supernatural happiness!

And then the end of this journey came. Karel and Erica also wanted to go back to the Sphinx first. All of us made a desert journey, Mohammed as guide, never to be forgotten. We kneeled at the feet of the Sphinx and heard the answer, for which Karel succumbed. We stood in the turret room, we were in the past and in the present, in heavens on earth! And we wanted that for all people, everyone!

Having arrived home we started with our work. The séances returned, René has already begun with his books. Marja is in our midst day and night of course, we do not want to miss her for a second. I felt dead tired! I must honestly admit it, it warned me that I am no longer who I was a few years ago. When we came home I had a rest, people forced me to have a rest. They followed me. René came to me and said:

‘Look, Frederik, we do not need to tell each other anything, but did you follow your warning? Do you know how long we may still possess you here? Rest a bit, even if you work day and night, rest while working, you can do it.’

I knew then that he followed me in everything. Meanwhile I began with the books. I know how much time I still have, I not only got that knowledge from René, but also from Mohammed, who could see it in my aura. I will be ready to leave this beautiful life; for me this existence was a paradise! I can say that with what I learned the people can make themselves happy, it also gave me everything! I know that I could have acted very differently, but I can be satisfied. And that is the same thing for the log book.

I let the things be as they spoke to me. I could very definitely have changed words which sounded a bit harsh, but I knew – and I also experienced that – that the material depicts itself. We people do not need to change anything about that, because it takes you to the inspiration. It happens of its own accord! At least if you can open yourself, then you experience that sacredness and the life has something to tell your consciousness. If the words bother you, then have a good look at what it is about. It is a mask, which wants to show us how you must act. And this mask was perhaps a false one, that means, there should have been another word there. I will leave it like that, because I also want to learn that and hope to be able to master the laws of that.

I worked hard during those four years. The first and second part are finished and I am already finished with a large part of the third one. I have been busy day and night; I had nothing else to do. All of us were really busy. Karel meanwhile got his own institution. His own hospital. There are many people under him who want to work with him. A gift from Mohammed for Karel! What do you think of it? You should have seen him, our Karel. René divided the whole building as father Karel wanted it and yet did not know anything about it. This is how the feelings go here from human being to human being. And then we surprised Karel. His own hospital? Imagine, the wish of his life. Approximately three hundred patients can be admitted. It was not even empty for ten days, the people came from far and near. The patients no longer want to leave him, those who are struggling, do not want to leave and that is now possible, they may stay as long as they want. Karel got help and can come and go as he pleases. René and Marja also put something in their father’s hands, as a birthday present a little hospital like a palace was given to Karel. It was written at the entrance: ‘For Karel, from Our Lord!’ You should have seen him!

Mohammed was proud of giving him that. A great honour for that soul. Karel wept, we could not believe our luck either, we were really suffocating in our happiness!

René worked hard. Séances with astrologers, psychologists and doctors, they could not make him empty. And he got the good and only word as recognition. He is a spiritual wonder, everyone had to accept. But René and we know all too well that we can throw their faculties upside down, that will come later! But what they say about it, is victory! They cannot stand it. Of course he must prove to science that he is right. Despite that all the academics said: We do not know it ... This is incredible, this is supernatural, people must give him a doctorate for all those systems! They dealt with him so sharply that I thought: man, now say what you know. But he went with the academics from grade to grade, not only through the universe as far as the Divine All, but returned from there to the human being and explained the laws for the spiritual and material life! He will describe all those séances himself, I do not need to do that, I would just lessen the violence of that. What they gave him is already sufficient, because every séance speaks for itself.

An exhibition of his art gave him satisfaction. He got good criticism! He painted a Christ. Now you can no longer say that he has violated himself, now it is a work of art which hangs in their house, where they rest and experience the seriousness for the universe! He has also depicted Christ walking with his apostles and Marja's portrait has become a wonder. The cross is now hanging on her chest. We know what this means for both of them. I no longer record those things, because it is no longer necessary! The law speaks for itself! And it is also the case that during these four years I have had time to reflect. I write down something for everyone in the diary. I began with Karel, so that they will have something from me for later, when I am no longer there. It says:

'Yes, Karel, even if we talk to each other every day, I have never told you what I think of you, even if you will find a lot in the logbook. It says a lot in there which belongs to you. If I have made mistakes, forgive me for it, I am not a master. I did my best, because I felt that other people would be able to learn from them, I did not give any more than that. I put forward the mistakes rather than the good things, because by means of the latter we learn, the other one builds a trivial pedestal, which you do not want now anyway!

When I think back to our trip to the fjords, I have to smile. You thought I was nice, I thought you were a real braggart. Erica attracted me, and why, we know that now! It was not you, because that consciousness was still not there. I did not beat about the bush, you know yourself now, you know what it is and what came to your life. You were a fusspot, not much different to the wagtail which we got to know later, even if you had other characteristics, which made it possible to descend into you or I would have disappeared. But it was a nice time and there is so much to be said about it, but I will not go into it. I have let the facts speak, the supernatural. There have already been

so many novels written, this must not become a novel, and yet your life spoke for everyone.

Later, Karel, everyone will know you. Yet I did not mention your house number, I do not even know it myself. But everything is fine! It is fine, it could not be better. I actually have nothing else, I find life so good, I was so well off, you were such a good friend to me despite everything! All the things I was able to learn, Karel. I learned such a lot precisely from the things and by means of your ditches. I saw you change. One thing: tell everyone who wants to hear it that when the personality bows, the whole of this wonderful universe is open to you. You can then go further and further. By means of our boy we got to know those laws. Bowing to the law, that takes you back to God. You can never avoid it! And we saw, didn't we, Karel, that is like that. Big fellow, how beautiful you have become! What a beautiful life you are now! How I love you, Karel! And then to be able to know that we will soon go hand in hand in order to get to know the universe with the masters? Do you believe that I already long to be able to go? Egoistic? Certainly, I already see myself in the universe. To the Moon, the planets, I am at home everywhere now. And we know once more that this is not nonsense. The first thing which I will do there is look up Hans, but he will probably come and collect us. I would already like to tell you which one of us will go first, Karel! Do you want to know it? It is me! I now actually already feel that I am busy releasing myself from this world. I kiss every footstep where I have walked. Soon I will say goodbye to everything. You will not notice it, but I will do it, because I will not come back here again as a material being. Do you know, Karel, what it says in René's letter? That you will read the books when I am gone, because this must also be in them. And you will not put a velvet jacket on any unborn child, even if it is one of the highest race (see article 'There are no races' on rulof.org), you wait with that until everything is over. True or not! I am the first one, Karel!

The rest later, do you hear? The rest later when I am gone.

Erica, you have been a gem for me. I love your life! I love you! I got to love you so much! There is no more to it! Everything seems so trivial if I now want to say anything else. I will go over everything, everything. But I refuse to write. I cannot move a hand, a sign that it is good. Leave it like that! You know it. I have grown within your heart. I live within your heart. You are not only my mother, but also my sister. I am everything to you and you to me! Even more than that! It is spatial! I will see you again yonder. I believe that we will also live together there. What always went wrong among the people when they lived together became a paradise for us. And that now for the world? Erica, it was so wonderful! I did not see, did not feel you all that time, and yet we were close together. Sometimes I didn't see you for months,

but you sat with me at table and we sat opposite each other. Isn't it universal! The people do not yet know how it should be done. They pull open each other lives and rip them to shreds. We kept it decent, there were no creases. Wasn't that wonderful? That is how it should be! If you have feeling for each other and you give some love, another person is the highest thing that you can experience in this world. How tremendous is friendship? And then all that beautiful love that you get from that? But watch out for the little details! One wrong thought already throws you out of that other life and you stand before the crumbs of your meaningless character.

The whole of mankind will become this! It will become like this! It will be like this! Do you believe it? So I still had something to say after all. Later all the other things.

Anna? It is only now that I can tell you what you have meant to me. But I will also write another letter for you alone. Only a few thoughts will follow here. Do you know it now? Do you know it? I can see you sitting at the brook... the piece of water that we so love, where we celebrated the honeymoon for the hereafter! I can see you walking, I can see you going, I can see and hear you thinking. It is you! You are my Divine end! Everything! Without you I am broken-winged! Oh, how we will soon travel and trek. Millions of laws will be explained to us yonder. But I am the first one who is allowed to leave. I will make sure that our house there is in order. You still have a few years in order to prepare yourself for your great journey. Years of preparation, my Egyptian beauty! But you will make it! You know what you want. And we will prepare ourselves there together in order to go to the fourth cosmic grade, where we will be mother and father in turn. Isn't it wonderful?

Then I will receive you as you have not been received before. And we will know that consciously then, because we will become more and more spatial, there will no longer be any sleep, any diseases, any fear. René has explained those laws to us. We will float there in the universe as material people. What a priest here on Earth can do, Angels there can do better and in a more perfect way. The Tibetans are now already levitating themselves. I have seen that with my own eyes. I could still tell you so much about my own life. I learned so much in the East. I experienced, Anna, that a priest travelled thousands of miles in only one hour. Nonsense? You know very well that I do not mock our sacred matters! I was able to check that with my own friends. I gave that man a thousand dollars in order to know. It was actually a bet, but I lost it. And then to think that we will one day be people in more rarefied material, what will we be like then? How will we live and love then? I cannot bear thinking about it, because you will rip open from happiness. But that awaits us, and everyone who begins with it.

What did the last séances teach us? We will get wings, Divine conscious-

ness. We will fly from one planet to the other. We can return to the very first beginning of the Divine Creations. And that as people? Yes! But sense, Anna, my queen of this universe, what awaits us!

In the Spheres of Light, we will prepare ourselves in order to obtain that conscious grade. We will be one with all the laws of the universe. We will know how to awaken and how we can experience all the life. Isn't it true, Anna? We penetrate all the grades of life, nothing stops us, because we are Gods! We have conquered all the misery of the material world. We live without distinction for the Divine spark! This is what Christ came to the earth for. Can you not see Him strolling, Anna? I can see Him every second! He is showing me the way every second, God himself comes to me and says: Frederik, here are another few letters, will you deliver them for me? Do the people believe this? One day, they will be standing on top of this. Now they still trample Him, soon they will get to know Him, but then He will not be sitting in a tree laughing at them, He lives in the universe, also the tiniest little insect... in everything, as long as you look behind that mask!

We are going to higher regions, worlds for the good, because we were able to conquer the bad! Can you see our castle yonder, Anna? Can you see the violets, the daisies and the lilies-of-the valley? All those beautiful flowers of your heart? Can you feel that we are one from heart to heart? Can you feel how deep the life is?

You have the right to know everything about me. I was married once, Anna ... but I was cheated terribly. I therefore received my worries and my blows. That wife gave me three children, Anna. But cholera took that life away from me. And later I heard that she too got her dues, but that she bowed her head. Then she saw that as a punishment! But I know better. The children opened her eyes. Then she wanted to come back to me on her bare knees, but within my life she had died, for which I had made amends. Straight from the heart and then a death like that is universal! The very last thoughts die off! I had two girls and a boy. You should have seen them. But I will place the portraits in the letter that I will leave behind for you. You will also get to know her. And then something else.

Karel is now allowed to know that I was a doctor. I was a paediatrician, Anna. I was interested in everything about children, but suddenly I had enough of that, because I could no longer deal with that injustice. However, I completed my studies in Vienna. I was certainly not a bungler in my profession. I also did psychology, Anna. I also obtained my university degree in that. I threw all that academic matter overboard. I did not even want to hear another academic word. It made me sick. I started to talk like a peasant, in this way I learned numerous dialects. But for all those years, I played cat and mouse with Karel. You can tell him it! That will then be a special present for

his life and personality. Do you find that strange that I always kept that to myself? Now I possessed all the power, Anna. You have seen it. I could now hold my own against ten academics. Anyone who thinks that he is something has already lost his powers. If you think that you know something, you know nothing! This is how I treated all those gentlemen. When Erica received her first phenomena, I thought: Frederik, now you will have it! I thanked God that I was sent on her path, all the laws of which we were able to get to know.

You see, Anna, in the jungle I was able to give thousands of black people the light of day. I sympathized with all those little mothers there. Then I got to know God, even if I did not understand the laws. For all those years, I acted like a stupid person, but now I was learning. I remained a child; adults beat everything to bits and pieces, as you were able to see for yourself. I was therefore somewhat prepared! I absorbed, experienced, also completed all those doctrines. When I saw where it would bring me, I had to accept all that deception, that of my wife too, I succumbed. It took me years to find myself again. Then I acted as courier, Anna, and took care of the little children of many people on the way. Where my help was needed, I gave all of myself, I no longer wanted any money for it. I have never left one question unanswered, a person never waited for me in vain, but I no longer let myself be deceived! I learned that! And when I saw what I could still do for many people, I began to think for those masses! Now I know, you know, that it had to be done like that! It is our life!

I travelled for twenty years. I actually experienced all the peoples. I was asked to tea by every nationality. I was a friend of sovereigns and of poor people, you have already known that for so long, for that matter. I saw that there were enough academics in the world, I was concerned with high possession! But do you not find me weak, that I threw down my job because of that, because I know after all that it had to be done like that? I was able to help thousands of people, Anna, they came to my life from left and right. And I always made something beautiful of everything, which then brought me further on this path. I saw that what I was doing was good.

I already got to know life and death as a boy, but then death told me that he was life. I did not understand death yet, but from that moment I walked towards him. It is only now, since a few years, that I have felt that his mask would fall! And how did his mask fall? Even if I was not a genius in my profession, I still saw life being born as God created that. Karel will be surprised, but I was strong because of it, I knew!

Those blows hit the mark! I could always deal with them, for that matter. I was concerned with seeing their little personalities. I learned simplicity, in everything! Perhaps I was too simple, but then I would not have been able to open all those hearts. If Karel had known that I was a doctor, I would never

have got him, never have been able to open him. Can you also feel it like that now? And you, Karel? Would I have reached you, if you had known what I knew and lived in me? We would have soured each others' lives. I bowed to you! I went out of your way, I always said: The honour is yours! You were always the first one, but I shuffled along behind you! However, I went ahead of you in everything. Science is power, but if you lose yourself because of that, you will be poorer than a rat under the ground. Isn't it true?

Our lives decided, the karmic laws forced me to leave the jungle. Now I have achieved more, infinitely much more, because I learned to think. I learned how it should not be done! Now you actually know everything about me. I know where you came from. I also know how you experienced your blows, even if I still have to hear the first word about that, I know! You see, we are also exactly the same in this, we keep quiet, we keep something for the moment when it can be born. Now it is power, possession, it used to fly through our heads, in one ear and out the other again, without us having thought about that. Now it is a blow for Karel; if I had played off myself, then I would have been a lost subject and he would have wiped his feet on me. If I had told him everything, then he would never have accepted me. Now it has become a source from which we all draw. Now science is space, love, happiness, I did something with it for other people, but at the right moment.

I resolved to bury that wisdom and I managed that completely. You see, as a result of this I understood René. When I was empty, was no longer anything, the universal truths stormed at me and awakened me. I left my throne and descended to the void, but received treasures in return! I do not mean that everyone should act like that, you will sense, that would be nonsense. Every life is different. However, one day you give that honour to other people and you go downhill, back to the lower countries, but where God and His Creations speak to your life!

And then I got hold of one happiness after the other. Materially I was well-off, because I had everything; father and mother left me a large inheritance that I could make use of. When I am gone, you will know what to do with that inheritance. In the first instance, you will have thousands of copies of 'Masks and Men' published and you will share them out amongst the people. It is a new piece of life. And anyone who wants to help can, when we share them out, teach the people to think, to bow because of them, they will receive love and feeling by means of our lives. This is my gift for millions of souls of this world. René knows that, I received that honour. Are you not happy now, Anna, that I did not make a fairground of your life? How easily could we not have fragmented our happiness? You know everything, after all, don't you? Did I not live under and in your heart? So we see, the

heavens have awakened in our lives. If you make a material one of that, you will also stand in the material and you will have to accept those feelings. I was certainly not a goody-goody, not a saint, and yet I got so much! I never want you to see me as a good man, because I have faults! I still have so much to change about myself, Anna! And I will do my utmost to give you that! I am working on myself!

I thank you for the revelations that you gave me, from the bottom of my heart! I saw you and recognized you immediately! Now everything is fine! We never allowed space for one wrong thought and that is how it should be! I live in you! I live under your heart and will remain there! The rest will also follow!"

When I had somewhat taken care of all those matters, I could give myself completely to the logbook and I experienced these years in unprecedented happiness. Until the time came and René told me that Hans was free and they could think about their marriage. That he opened himself to Dicksma is because he wants to unite his life with the earthly happiness, because the people will also see later that you should not throw everything overboard that was brought to earth by God and the Angels. Dicksma understood him very well and found this marriage the first true bond which he has blessed. These two souls know what awaits them. And René knew that Elsjé could not give birth to children by the other life. But if there had been five or ten children, even then Marja would have opened herself to his life, because the universal laws carried these lives to the worldly altar! And now too there was understanding and there was happiness!

So we see, what can no longer be done is no longer possible either! And yet René knows that he will attract souls! Marja knows it too! Is it any wonder! They receive that honour! They can experience those laws! Not Hans, he was not capable of that! He had other laws to experience, himself first! What those two will attract is free from darkness. The lives that will be born through these souls are to be found in Divine riches, will be given a task to accept, which is of course attuned to this development! And that Order continues in this way! That Order brings consciousness, the House of Israel has begun with that too! This is a new age! The higher becoming conscious for all the children of this world! The beginning of the Divine kingdom! That's it!

René wanted them to connect their lives with the lives of other people. And now we have already experienced the great happiness that numerous ministers are open to the laws and openly say that the bible should be re-written. They already know that the Old Testament begins with a lie, tells nonsense. They also know that the bible writers were faced with an incredible task and could not know more about the solar system further than the length of their noses. You must not shout at those people, even if they will have to

accept their mistakes, like we do. One day they will return in order to make amends for those mistakes! And then for the first time we will get a new and conscious life on earth. You see it yourself, if the people know everything about the church, they will walk out of it. They do not believe in a God who hates, who wages war, who is unjust! That is not possible! And science muddles along in this way! Never achieves real power over mankind, because there are holes which no one can close. And yet it must happen! René is now already getting help from all those ministers and that is tremendous, all of them are open to him. They are already making progress, they are no longer skirting around things. They can no longer let a word pass their lips in a playful way, they will suffocate in that because they know that it is not the truth! They know that they are belittling and sullyng their God in this way! You see, those ministers have already worked it out! And Dicksma is one of them! He is a wonderful guy!

He is having a hard time, he now already has to deliver his battless, but his faith says: it is true! And isn't it gratifying? Dr. Lent is already giving lectures about the universal laws. He is looking behind the insanity! And numerous academics are wondering where that guy is getting all that noise from, has received the knowledge, everything is so clear. By means of Freud and other people, the veils are now falling from the universe. The masks no longer have any meaning, they look behind them! Isn't that good? In this way we are receiving new consciousness. A new life has begun, this Age brings awakening for every soul!

And now I am sitting here thinking. The party is awe-inspiring. Karel has invited numerous academics in order to experience that sacredness. All of them are talking about Hans and have come to love him. A different being one than years ago. The Ten Hoves are here too! Van Stein is here too, even if he had to take leave of the séances, as did Van Hoogten, Ten Hove as well. Karel does not begrudge them the life! I have seen and learned myself, Karel says, how difficult it is before you understand yourself. They cannot help it, we will give them one more opportunity to become human beings! Tippy is different! I can see her there talking to Erica. Marja has just arrived and is listening to the women. They are a nice couple. Tippy looks different, because a bit of old age has entered her eyes. And he, the fatso, has become a bit more agreeable, he is not boasting as much. I believe that I am starting to think differently about those souls. Truly, Ten Hove comes towards me.

"And, Frederik? Are you happy?"

"I am, my friend. You?"

"Yes, Frederik, I am becoming happy. I am occupied with becoming smaller, a bit more childlike, you understand what I mean. I was that far away, wasn't I?"

"Congratulations, Joke ...! Happiness, I mean it! Give my greetings to Tippy as well."

"Did Karel already tell you?"

"What?"

"I am joining his home. I am going to connect with his home, we are combining everything into one, together. I believe that this is it! Now you can take care of a great deal more! We must be one, must do everything for the patients, with all of us, you will be as strong as can be! Isn't it true, Frederik?"

"Congratulations, Joke. Truly, Karel knows it."

"Can you forgive me for my fuss, Frederik?"

"Congratulations, Joke. Truly, you have become a different person. Do you still long for an evening dress? Do you like to prance on the dance floor, Joke?"

"Hey man, stop it. I am busy killing off that wonder. I kicked out at my patients. Another few weeks and I could have gone to a factory. I believe, Frederik, that it is high time. Is Karel not wonderful?"

"I must congratulate you on everything, Joke. Look, there is Tippy. Good day, dear."

"Good day, Frederik. May I thank you for everything? Will you accept my thanks?"

"I understand you, dear. I am so happy. Look, there is Van Stein too."

"Good day, Frederik!"

"Good day, my good man. How are you?"

"Fine, Frederik, did you hear about it? I am part of it too. We are going to build one large municipality, one city, only for our patients. Hey man, how well-off they will be. I hope, Frederik, that you will also experience this. I am so happy, but what a goose I was. Karel is a miracle!"

And there is Van Hoogten as well. "So, Evert ... good luck, I have already heard about it. Good heavens, what progress. Unity amongst the academics. Everything together, from one hand to perfection. How God will thank you! But what a blessing for the patients and for this mankind! Guys, ten bottles of champagne are on me."

We will drink, and have a very good drink! I have never participated like that before. After the wonderful dinner we sit together with the women around us. Karel reveals his plans. There is enough money. There are millions! Gentlemen, guys, we will begin with another life. We will serve! We will now experience the truth! We were bandits, disengaged the good ones. I was a bandit, I was a veterinary surgeon for humans! I am still ashamed! If this society cannot do it because there are always arguments, we will do it! All those wonderful ideas were smashed as a result of own interests. Me first; that is over! First the patients. I know, Karel continues, there are enough

institutions in the world that are ahead of us, but it is not yet here! One in everything, but living conscious for the patients. There are already four psychologists, three psychiatrists, seven internists, three surgeons, and seven gynaecologists! Does it not mean anything to you? We are absorbing Hans' institution. Hans will enjoy his work. Guys, to the health of all future patients! Long live love! It is going very well like this, it could not be better!

These are people, I thought when everything was part of the past again and we left that blissfully happy couple alone. They did not need to go on a honeymoon, we know that they disembody and now choose the universe. René said to me:

"We are going to the moon together, Frederik! I was able to bring it that far. What do you think of it? And there we will celebrate our being one, one with the laws of God, we possess the great wings!

When I was falling asleep, just attuned myself to those lives, I saw them leaving. They are going straight back to God! I can see those garments. René is wearing little sandals in which you can see the universe. Those of Marja are celestial blue! Hand in hand they go, our children. Now they dissolve before me. I am not that far yet that I could follow them now, but that will also come. But once asleep, I also got the longing to just look further than there are powers and feeling in me. I counted a little bit on some... 'mercy'! You are a human being for this reason, that longing is always present in our life. Anyone who says that it is not the case is consciously lying and we stand again before a coarse-material mask, with which I want nothing more to do. I called to the others:

"Anna? Will we also receive a little excursion? Truly, I see that Karel and Erica are also preparing themselves to enter the Divine stage, to kiss HIS firmament and the obtained ... human possession and to lie down at HIS feet. However, I believe that this unprecedented was given to us by René. Oh, good gracious ... I am standing outside of it! Anna, I am standing outside of it, I am standing outside of my castle and I am alive, I think, I can now see into the state of purity consciously! Can you see me shining?"

Anna opens her eyes, she asks:

"Where are we now, Frederik? My Oteb, where are we?"

"We are in the 'light' of all the Lights, my dear. We are now going to the meadow of Our Lord, but we must be careful. Look, there is Karel too. Look, Erica is releasing herself! Can you see your beautiful sandals? Can you see how wonderful your garment is, my angel! Here too we carry the nature in which we live, our feet have been taken care of spiritually. These are our sandals! These ones! How wonderful you are, Anna. Oh... how will we be able to deal with this wonder. Yet it must be done!

Karel, Erica, come, I will go ahead of you to the Divine meadow, you will

see your tree of life. Now you stand in the blossom... all your character traits blossom, my children. We are going there where I was able to see René for the first time."

Hand in hand, we float, we leave our material castle. We know that we are alive, we are conscious! We are bound to each other. Four hands together, as happy as children, there is no science! And yet? Is this not the ultimate for all HIS life? The great longing? They are four people, real, of flesh and blood... children of one Father! We know! We also know where René is with his universal wonder. He speaks to our lives and says:

"It is fine like this, Karel, Erica, Anna and Frederik! This is the gift of Our Lord. Go further, we will continue to watch over!"

We are at the 'meadow'! It is the place where the human soul prepares herself for entering the Spheres of Light, but where you see your own tree of life as you are yourself, here you stand before the Divine altar! Now we see millions of trees, they are people ... children of Him, who watches over us. He sees from the flowers how far you are and how or whether we people love His life! How could it be any different! We walk in a paradise, but there is even more, both the laws and the love of which we will master. We know what we stand for! We are now omniscient in this space, which is ours, we lived for this, carried, understood, we have become it! God wanted it like this, as we see now. He created this for we people! Here I get my first spiritual kiss. Karel and Erica too. Anna lives in my heart! We have now become eternal entities, we are luminous and our happiness is awe-inspiring! And that because of our René? Yes, yes ... it is a revelation!

We live here, we walk in our own obtained happiness, the whole of this space is pure love and we suck ourselves completely full. We live in an own life attunement, it has been earned, we know, because we bowed our human heads to HIS laws! Now we no longer have any masks, all our thinking and feeling according to the material laws is conscious, we understand everything! Death is laughing ... he possesses a wonderfully beautiful garment ... he says: ... "I scattered forget-me-nots, lilies-of-the valley and daisies ... because your human character traits want to possess a divine representativeness. Now everything is fine... We are now eternally one. Precisely... and that because of me? Now you can think! I am feeling, light, life... but for everything... love! Love! Love!"

But that death! I am now twenty-three years old and the others are a bit older than I am after all... only Anna has reached my youth...! Karel looks thirty-six, Erica slightly older, I believe just a few minutes, but you can see it from her shape; because of her incredibly beautiful aura you determine this most definitely.

We already know it, the 'human soul' remains young and is eternal, and

as blossoms represent the space, you now stand consciously in the Divine Spring for yourself and those who belong to you. Can you feel a kiss like that burning on your lips? Now just say that you do not want to experience this crazy love? I do not believe it! Every human child expects to experience the state of purity one day and to be able to get to know everything about that!

We know each other and we know where we have lived for this consciousness. Can you feel now, there is no old age in this world, being young is possessing everything! We belong to each other or one after another would have had to accept that this mercy was not laid aside for the life of now. We were not ready then. And every mother, every husband - there are no children in the Divine Creation, the soul is, we now see, millions of years old - can receive this awe-inspiring happiness!!! We bow to everything!

Then four doves came flying, with olive branches in their little beaks, which placed this Divine symbol in our hands, and we knelt down. We were touched by the God of all life! It is a kiss! I cherished His message, gave thanks, and I wept like a happy child. Karel too! Erica too! Also Anna! We were this ourselves! We had never been so close to HIS life before. We felt His breath, His heartbeat entering us. Our Divine spark matured, stood before this consciousness in a Divine blossom. However, there are still thousands of worlds which we must conquer, we knew immediately at this second and is the following for which we will serve.

We go higher and consciously further. Higher and higher, until we are like He is!

Millions of species of flowers welcomed us and asked our human heart for love. We descended into these lives and became one with this bliss. We understood!

There were flowers that dissolved into the clouds, a sign that they were already one with those other worlds and sent out their feelers in there, absorbed the life saps into themselves, as a result of which they already received and experienced a spiritualization here. And that is also for the human being of the earth. Oh, mother.. how little your children know about your life and cordialities...! All this life returns to God.

We see millions of birds, they come to us. They perch on your stretched-out hand and speak a language that you understand. Now you weep, you can do nothing else... and your tears now have meaning... it is happiness! We know now that all this life has had to accept HIS laws. We do not see lions and tigers... this extraordinarily beautiful bird once lived in the jungle and was wild... belonged to a different animal species... we see and have to accept that all the life evolves, changes... what used to live in prehistoric times blossoms here as eternal calm and peace, has now become 'love'! We have to accept this!!! All this life returns to God!

We do not need to say a word here, because our hearts are one, we speak from feeling to feeling. I thought... my God, how do we return. How should we soon continue our life there? Yet it must be done... we are still one with and connected to our little castle.

I see my own garment, I cannot interpret it, I do not possess that power... or I would have to fill volumes of books, but I believe that I no longer have the time for that. I am light... life, love... my garment and that of the others originated through my will... they are the love and the understanding which irradiate me like a thick haze of material. My garment is approximately like that, it radiates, it lives, every character trait that forms part of my personality, you see in that, lives in that, but it is I myself who now smiles at you, gives my love, in everything! What is now earthly possession, material beauty? My garment and that of the others are space! And you see that space in my eyes ... also in those of Erica, Anna and Karel. My God ... oh, if only Your children knew this?

We stand consciously on the Divine stage... this is it! It is space and happiness, for which God created His children!

If I now look back at the human stage, then I see all those people weeping. Did they expect this end? No, but it is there! The men press the women, their love, to their hearts; these mothers suddenly radiate like angels, this revelation is so wonderful for the human being. Those lives also dissolved completely and we also know now where they will go and for what purpose they live. Both the human stage and the Divine one are one life; wherever the life is to be found, it plays there, it lives, it can give something of itself to the other... HE lives behind all of this! He is following our game... hears, listens carefully. He sits in our midst and we do not even see and feel Him! But did you see that? Dad... did you see that? I saw it, my child... I have already seen it for so long. It is fortunate that you are now already capable of seeing it! That is gratifying news, a father says to his own child, the mother calls to her happiness on earth and a charming young man whispers in his girl's ears ... And behind this happening stands the faith, the church for your life ... if it was not there, you would not have any happiness ... it is still it, despite everything, that gave you your first sandals! Good day, father! Soon I will be proved right... I, but if you definitely want to be proved right, you will not see your own blossom... now you are an unconscious being! Good day, my good... you will have to return many times... because you let me and other people darken.

I see clergymen of the earth in the hall, they want to climb onto the stage in order to thank the actors, but they slide off the boards like slippery material and back into their own existence. Help these people, give them a hand, Karel, elevate them into your good life, you can do it! I tell you... men and

women are weeping, I can hear their 'kiss'! But God says that everything is fine! Now we begin with a new life, all of us...!

The last phenomena brought an overwhelming satisfaction or a frightening perception, it is a 'knowledge'; the light here as well as in the hall darkens. The light in which we live dissolves, this Divine mercy has been experienced, the end is there! And we have to bow our heads to this once more. The people are still looking, broken, but longing, open and conscious, the faces are radiant, these little human spaces... familiar from childhood... now that they have been able to behold the radiant, blessed light of life of their God, now that they know that behind all of this... our good earth, the life continues as if nothing has changed. On the contrary, it is more beautiful, more charming, more blissful here where we live and along with us all the millions who went further for us by means of their coffin.

The people of the earth head for home, all of them now try to float ... men and women are kneeling and pray, give thanks, they were also touched, were opened, began with a new life and learned 'to think'! They too will soon see their flowers, their own tree of life in blossom...! Their masks also fell off! However, they want to experience this acting a thousand times, these children felt themselves change in a playful way, and none of them felt a shock... Our Father in HIS heavens is so loving! Did you see that? I saw it! All of us know!

We return to our little castles and will have to end our material life. There were loads of flowers when we returned. Our hearts have been opened, Mother Earth will go further until all her children experience this Divine contact, she will know then that there is only 'good'... 'happiness'... 'love' on her body... that now has to accept and admire the last little remains of her life... but then her time will have approached closer to the 'eternal'...! Can you feel this? Then she also dissolves, she also stands before her coffin, just as her mother also experienced it, who while dying will still pass on all her knowledge to the Earth. Mother Moon ... I am life of your life, soul of your soul, spirit of your spirit... but above our life we can see the Divine All!

The people have seen their Divine 'self'!

Oh, my Christ, now we want to both die and live for You. Now it is possible! Forgive us our mistakes... we will make amends! Serve! And namely by means of the material possession of all Your worlds!

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The logbook is finished, the end is here, also mine for this world. I have completed my task, I now stand before my coffin. I see that Karel, Erica,

Anna, Marja and René are standing at my bed; a moment ago I was far away from their lives, I was already dwelling in the 'meadow'. But I returned, because I must prepare myself for the conscious end. I now pass on my thoughts to René... He is capable of receiving them and he will materialize them after my passing over. If you can feel this, then we are certain of these two worlds and your life can also accept that mercy. René lets me know that everything is fine, he takes notes ...!

A moment ago Karel gave me his injection, because he wants me to remain conscious until the very last moment. And I sent to him through René that I approved of it.

Not a nerve is at full power, I have used up all my material strengths, my body will be no use to the worms... and this is how it should be, I see now, we people must shake ourselves empty, it is only then that we experience something and achieve growth. I gave every thought life, light and love!

My consciousness is already weakening. I no longer need to shake hands, we have already done that, but then I was still completely healthy. I must tell you, I was never ill. I now also experience a natural passing over, slowly but surely my 'self' releases itself from the little castle and I am free from all the material obstructions. This is how it should be!

I am now getting my spatial wings, René... I send to his life... Did you note down everything? I get, yes, my dear Oteb... yes. Just continue! I sent to him: then my life wants to thank you! Thank you!

Then... suddenly it came to me and people there hear passing my lips...

"Children, Hans is here ... Hans" ... and all of them weep from happiness.

"Hans is coming to collect me! Hans is here!"

René tells my message to the others. Hans is here! Hans is alive! Hans has become a different person, even if he still has to expand himself a bit, but I see, what makes me so happy, that he has already begun with that. Oh, my Hans, how happy I am! I hold onto Hans' hand, press myself to his heart and we are completely one again! Hans helps me to undergo the releasing. You see, I send to him... this is our state of purity, yours is already beginning to blossom! Oh, my God, how loving You are for us!

Karel stands there with the logbook at his heart, a moment ago I gave it to him and all those who wish to devote their lives to the 'absolute', the opened. The logbook is finished, Karel!

Our eyes remain one, I say my goodbyes to Karel! We have nothing more to say to each other. Goodbye, my Karel. I hear...

"Goodbye, my Frederik!"

"Thank you... I go to Erica... "Goodbye, my dear."

"Goodbye, Frederik!" I go to Anna... our lives are one. I give her... "See you later... soon then, if you wish to know" that has already come to me too!

Anna whispers: "Goodbye, Oteb." There also follows: "Goodbye, Frederik, my everything!"

I go to Marja, only for a few seconds, we know. "Goodbye, my child."

"Goodbye, my dear"... there comes to my disappearing self and now I see that the very last moment is approaching. I come to René, we have known each other for so long now. I send to him:

"Have you got everything?"

"I have everything, Oteb ... I will pass it onto this mankind. Just say that I will continue to do my best. Goodbye... goodbye... Frederik!"

"See you soon, my loved ones! See you soon...!"

I can hear angels singing. There are no longer material masks! I am separated and can go where I want. Hans lets me know that we will make a universal trip. And together! Together, Hans and I together on a journey, because we go higher and want to know!

What remains behind is 'death', but there is no death! I can see my sandals, the real spiritual ones, I am shrouded by a beautiful garment. Light comes from my eyes, and my heart is open to everything. A moment ago I saw God and HIS son coming to me! All the saints smile at me, they live and were once like I was, human beings! And above all of this I see the Divine Lotus... I can see myself, with Anna, still ever so small, but from this life we rise upwards, by means of HIS will, because we are as HE is, life, light, but love in everything! I got that, this little Frederik! It was René!

Goodbye, my children, see you soon! I became ninety-seven years old there... how is it possible! And now just in my twenties... which was also created for your own life! I am completely free, I can see in my world and in yours! I am there where all your loved ones live, if they too wanted the good. Build, no longer destroy for which so much Divine blood flowed... love!

I say... and I am kneeling, with Hans next to me...

"In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit..." now too the 'Amen' still does not pass my lips... because I am not there yet! Later for the first time, I can see, I know now, it will come! I will also have to earn that 'word'!

But then we float higher and higher, Mother Earth dissolves before us... we are one with HIM and HIS spaces created for us. Father... Mother... we are coming!

Peace enters me... we are still floating further, with Hans, hand in hand! If all the material gets sandals, the garments will sparkle with both happiness and love, I know that I am separated for eternity from the earth and her laws... I can see now, this was my last life there, but I will soon return in order to give her, my Mother Earth, my heart flowers. But for shame... do not cause her any more pain, do not roar any more like that, that her maternal

heart breaks, she is life! She possesses blood circulation...! Know it!

A new, awe-inspiringly beautiful life has begun!

I carried all my stones myself, I can see now that not one soul can help you or it has no meaning here. And I also saw that René followed me in everything, so that this truth also comes to you clearly from the state of purity! I am now releasing myself, my friends, my sister and my brother... I am going, and also for your life the... 'see you soon'! Your little Federik! Do not forget Hans! To all of you there a life full of blessings... To here!"

THE END

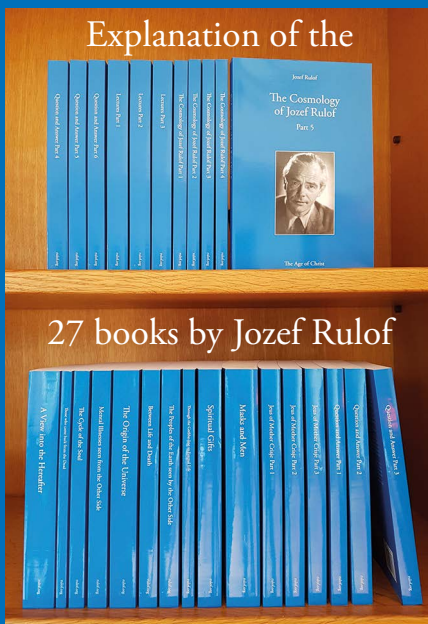
Masks and Men

The book 'Masks and Men' has a very own place in the book series which Jozef Rulof received mediumistically. It contains a compilation of themes from all the other books from the series and intertwines them into a rich mix of drama and spiritual knowledge.

This novel was written by Frederik van Eeden from his spiritual life after death. Van Eeden (1860-1932) was a Dutch writer. After his death, when Frederik opened his spiritual eyes, he saw that he had not interpreted the spiritual reality with his earthly books. His happiness was immense when, as a result of the mediumship of Jozef Rulof, he was able to make use of his writer's talent for writing this spiritual-scientific novel.

In this book, Frederik shows us how we can really think. He teaches us to examine a thought and to look at where that thought comes from. Why we can accept that thought as the truth or not. Frederik advises us to first throw all our 'certain' truths overboard and then to see what life itself has to tell us. He formulates his own approach as follows: 'I want to provide the pieces of proof cautiously, build my university brick by brick. I lay one layer after another on the foundation and you will see, I will make it like this!'

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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 you can read the 140 articles from this explanation online as separate web pages or download them as a free e-book.