



week later, Johannes and Philippe were sitting together again in the meeting room, but this time they were expecting their closest co-workers, one might say their friends or perhaps even their brothers and sisters...

First to enter was the old Indian master. He had been the leader of this institute in the Swiss high mountains in the past and after the encounter with Johannes, who at that time was still a professor of internal medicine in Amsterdam, he had decided to make his entire spiritual school available for the path in which Johannes could point to the goal of earthly development. If you wanted to give a name to that goal, you could say: love. But for the human being of the Occident that love has to be achieved by the way of wisdom. That was the nature of Johannes and ever since then he was in charge of this wonderful school of spiritual thought in the Swiss high mountains. The Master was called 'master' by everyone and so he was. He had been initiated into Buddhism and he was a very disciplined person with a great all-embracing love of nature and the cosmos. He was small, had a head like a lion and a great grey bush of hair surrounding his beautiful features. Usually he wore a grey suit, sometimes black, which gave him a priestly appearance. And from an outer appearance, he was definitely the most striking figure in the whole environment. His personality was characterised, on the one hand, by the deeply active reverential surrender to everything worthy of admiration, and on the other hand, by being straightforward, not holding back his judgement, which was formed in surrender, and sometimes frightened people.

He lived in a chalet on the grounds with his partner Marie, whom he had met in the Netherlands. In the conversations about singularity and transhumanism that they had recently had with Raymond and Els in the spring, the Master had been most direct in his horror about this and had not concealed it from Raymond. Yes, he had even reproached him directly. He had blamed him for the fact that a man as gifted as he was could be so stupid as to fall for this nonsense. Another characteristic of the Master was that he never regretted such a sudden attack... When you saw him, he seemed gentleness personified, but he could be seized by a frightening wrath.

Johannes had had frequent disagreements with the Master in the early years, but afterwards their relationship was imbued with harmony, and

they felt united in the best and most beloved friendship that can only be among people. Philippe had joined this company in the mountains many years later and the Master had received him with great admiration and caution. Between the Master and Philippe there had probably never been a word of discourtesy. The Master looked straight through the people and always encountered shadows and resistances. With Philippe he had not...

They greeted each other warmly and the Master sat down.

“Tell me,” he said, “what exactly are your plans? How do you think you are going to make them take shape? In the holy nights, between Christmas and Epiphany, we had already decided to listen to both of you this summer, to what you have to say about humanity’s development towards the future, so that we would experience it together in a closed group. Then in the spring these two young people from Amsterdam accidentally ended up here” – the master laughed, because he knew of course that there are no coincidences, “and I can completely understand that they belong here. I think it is extremely important and also interesting that this young man, who has so much talent, should get to know the spiritual side of what I consider to be an idiotic development, but of which, I am of course well aware, there is a dangerous and also a real side. If we were to succeed in ensuring that this young, gifted man, would be able to think about and adopt a different vision of the future, it would certainly be of world importance.

Els, who will be his wife, is gifted in another way. She has a certain mastery in directly recording the facts, whether they are sensory impressions, or people’s thoughts... She absorbs them as they are, and in her comes the truth as it should sometimes be seen as an addition, but in most cases as a counter-image. That is a remarkable gift, and it is a miracle that a woman who is so gifted lives beside a man who plays havoc with his gift. It is horrific for that woman to live in a constant inner contradiction with the man she really loves.”

Philippe said:

“But by doing so, she saves him too!”

“Certainly...” admitted the Master. “Imagine, however, that you have to listen to this nonsense day in, and day out, or have to live in it un-said, and that your inner self is such that it blossoms truth repeatedly

– and that you have no choice but to retort incessantly!”

“He does have a great respect for her,” said Johannes.

“Of course,” said the Master. “Otherwise, this relationship could only fail. I can see that this is a very special couple, not only her but also him. And that we should be thankful that it started to rain when they were here on holiday last time, so they looked for some distraction...”

Johannes laughed and said:

“That distraction must have got way out of hand!”

The door opened, and a sunny young Italian man entered the meeting room. He walked towards them with his arms outstretched exclaiming: “Buongiorno signori!”

Because Johannes was a doctor, some of his meetings with important people had taken place in medical circles. For example, this sunny Italian, born in South Tyrol, was a surgeon working at the hospital in Milan. He worked three days a week to spend the rest of the time with his friends at the institute in the mountains. His wife Chiara was there sometimes and at other times not. Beato took a seat. He had met Johannes at a congress in Leiden where they were both participants. From the very first meeting there had been a warm recognition of each other’s being. An important period in Beato’s life had been the meeting with a remarkable Dutchman, Gerrit, whom he had ultimately surrounded with medical and spiritual care, until his death here at the institute in the mountains. Beato was remarkable for his outward beauty, his truly masculine vigour, his openness, and his balance. He had an extraordinarily rich inner life and much was achieved in the Institute by the questions he always knew how to ask his colleagues so that he, in particular, had persuaded the silent and withdrawn Philippe to come more to the fore. This initiative, too, to reveal some of the occult knowledge, had come about because of Beato’s request for it. The time would certainly come when he himself would come forward with spiritual experiences, but he did not think that time had yet come.

The Master said:

“I asked, when I came in, to tell me what these two gentlemen have been discussing, but we haven’t got around to that yet - and of course we have to wait until the others are here too.”

The door opened and a new colleague entered. He was also a little older too, maybe about 60. He stood out because of his healthy vitality.

You could immediately tell that he had a choleric temperament. He had black eyes, pitch-black eyebrows, light greying hair... But it was in his posture above all and his way of moving, that you could see and suspect, a concentrated will power that could occasionally erupt. He worked as a doctor at the outpatients' clinic, they had opened here on the premises – years ago – and which was especially popular with the tourists in the area. He was an experienced doctor with a thorough clinical view, he never made a mistake in his diagnosis due to his great intuitive ability to know immediately what was wrong and whether it was something serious or not. He maintained good contacts with the hospitals in the neighbourhood and a fruitful collaboration had developed. He had an enthusiastic interest in the spirituality of Johannes in particular, but he himself was too restless to make any real progress in his meditation, which he practised. In the years, however, he had changed from a rather aggressive, hot-tempered man to a more contemplative type, and it was as if his anger power had transformed into an unshakeable reliability and loyalty. Eva, Johannes's wife, the only woman in the company for the time being, entered behind him. She worked as a doctor in the small clinical ward they had where mainly chronic patients, who were looking for alternative treatment, could be admitted. She had a rich spiritual experience. She had lived with Johannes for decades, had given him children and shared his meditative journey, it was as if he took her on his inner journeys, and she drew her own inner spirit and self-confidence from them. It was difficult to estimate her age. She was around fifty, but she could also have been ten years younger. She had something girlish of a heavenly beauty about her... The most characteristic feature of Eva was that she was never artificial, that she was a woman who spoke and acted with complete truth – in an apparently effortless way. She was simply like that.

After she had greeted the others, she said:

“Sophie can't be here today, she has another concert, but she'll be here tomorrow. Someone has to fetch her at the airport.”

“I'll do that,” said Beato. “It will be nice to see her again...”

Johannes spoke and said:

“Good, then we'll give a brief overview of how we'll proceed. We're going to start next Sunday, and we'll meet here in this room for at least an hour every day to discuss the theme together – and that will

mean in the first instance that Philippe will speak and that I will join in. At Christmastime, we decided to do this now in summer. You have all made yourselves available, so that we can actually do this – and, as you know, our new friends Raymond and Els are coming from Amsterdam. They give our undertaking an extra dimension. At Christmas we envisaged that it was important here on earth, in this world where spirituality, the very essence, is hardly to be found, to pronounce the development of mankind, from the moment that the human being has essentially become that which is born and has to die again, to the moment and beyond that period of birth and death. That will be the focal point of our consideration, the answer - in as far as it is possible – to the question: How will the human being be conscious, perceive, think, know, experience, communicate, learn, when he no longer has the resistance of the physical body? In what kind of metamorphosis will life and death then be, what are the differences between life on earth and life in the spiritual world, when the boundaries between earthly life and spiritual life no longer have that sharpness which they now have because of the phenomenon of death? And how can we contrast this vision of the future of human development with the vision of transhumanism and posthumanism, whose representatives believe that this phase will begin as early as this century, although we recognise that it is necessary for the development in the biological body, with the phenomenon of birth and death, to continue for millennia? This is the dimension that has been added by the arrival of Raymond and Els, and which gives this undertaking great topicality.

That is what we want to discuss with you every day in this circle, here in this room. We cannot say exactly how much time we will need for this. You have all taken three weeks off. There is no need to write anything down because we will record the whole thing – in the awareness that this is not an ideal form of recording and that in fact this content should not be recorded at all. But because of the undeniably special and unrepeatable aspect of this, we have decided to use this method of recording anyway.

Later in the summer our other friends, who are working at a greater distance from us, will come here to us and perhaps we will have the opportunity to discuss this content again on the same or a different level. Just think of Agnes and Maria, of, for example, Tom from Amsterdam,

Paul from Frankfurt, with his wife Helena..., Anna and Jakob...”

Peter said:

“May I ask something?”

“Always!”

“Isn't it possible that Angelique - she is, after all, Philippe's life companion - and Elisabeth, mine, who after all live so close to us, also participate in these discussions? Maybe also Marie from the Master? Chiara?”

Johannes nodded and said:

“Of course, we've already talked about that! They are welcome ... in as far as they wish to.”

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Meanwhile, Els and Raymond were on their way to their rented house in the mountains. He had driven for the first hour, now Els was at the wheel.

“What are you doing on your phone all the time?”

He put it away and said:

“I'm doing some more reading about the spiritualisation of thought.”

“You're so good at concentrating!”

“Yes, but it does make me nauseous, so I'll stop anyway...”

“What have you read?”

“I've read that not only the nature of thinking itself has to change - it has to be transformed into pure sense-free thinking - but also the relationship to sense-perception and imagination has to change. You look into the senses with your shadow mind and thereby bring everything into that shadow area. I know that only too well. Because one lives in it so strongly, one can also accept that it would be possible to replace or enrich the still potentiated shadow thinking of the computer with it. Of course, I can see in the meantime what an impoverishment that is...”

“So what has to change?”

“You have to get so far, through the power developed by pure thinking, that you can let that thinking be completely silent, so that it is not active in that shadow mind without being noticed that it is completely silent and that you then use that power of pure thinking to weave along

artistically with sensory perception.”

“That sounds quite impossible!”

“I don’t know...” objected Raymond. “I think you already have a preliminary stage of that Els. When I read this, I think of you. The way you describe your observations leads me to suspect that you don’t submerge everything in these shadow thoughts, but that you imbue everything you observe with a kind of astonishment and therefore see and hear things in it that, for example, totally escape me. It must be a kind of surrender to the world of the senses, without interpretation, but purely in what you see, hear, smell and so on.”

“I can’t do it now,” Els laughed, “because I really need that shadow understanding now to stay in the right lane! But it is recognisable, yes. Only I can’t say that I can use the power of pure thinking to replace shadow reasoning, because I’m not aware of having developed pure thinking...”

“Perhaps not yet as a force, but as a quality, namely that you can stop interpreting and explaining and combining and analysing. That you simply live with your sense perception. I don’t mean that you let things speak, but that you hear what they have to say while speaking with them.”

Els laughed and said:

“It may be that I have something of that quality, but the clarity with which you can explain it really exceeds it! They should be careful in that institute in the mountains that you don’t turn out to be a spiritual teacher!”

“Well, they know that my thinking is still far too abstract for that. But the door is ajar, I can feel it. In this lecture, which I have just read, there is constant reference to Goethe, and I have already read a piece from Goethe’s writings on natural sciences in recent months. Then you will understand what is meant here. Because he was a master of that contemplative judgment. So, that was not a judgement that is formed by having sensory perceptions which you subsequently arrange and then think about. While you are absorbing something, at the same time, by the very nature of absorbing, you have to know what it is. That is called contemplative consciousness, a viewing consciousness, but also imaginative consciousness. That would be the first spiritual consciousness, which goes beyond pure thinking. Of course, I can do some of that... I

am fortunate that I have learned to play the piano and that I have been able to develop that to a certain degree, so that now, when I master a piece, I can indeed move with my whole experience with what I am doing when I play, but which then results in something being performed where you can be happy with your whole experience, as it were, in the hearing. That is a form of artistic bliss that I have always known in all my abstractness. But now, the last few months since the encounter with Johannes and his friends, that artistic bliss also begins to awaken while I am forming thoughts. So, what I do when I form imaginations goes on, as it were, in shaping the thoughts. I am then extremely surprised myself that I apparently have an inner sense for this, while I have neglected it so much.”

“Dear Raymond, I feel jubilation when I hear you talk like this! For what you say shows that your highly giftedness is not only a physical disposition based on your DNA, but that it actually flows from a higher area within you. Because otherwise you wouldn’t appear to have an aptitude for this higher area.”

“Be that as it may,” said Raymond, “I would enjoy another of your descriptions of one of the other giants up in the mountains...”

“I’ll see if I can do it at the wheel. Who shall I describe? Eva?”

“Fine!”

“Then I must go back to the first real meeting with her. That was when we met her and Johannes more or less by chance at the hotel, where they were having dinner and where we wanted to have dinner too. You would have preferred to leave, but he had already seen us and there was no escape. We then sat down at their table. But you started a conversation with Johannes. I was afraid that it would turn into a discussion, and I would have preferred to run away. I wasn’t sitting directly opposite Eva either, so I couldn’t withdraw into a conversation with her. But that gave me an inkling of what she is like. When I go back to what I felt then, a very deep sense of nostalgia comes to me. I think she is the archetypal image of a girl, even though she is probably fifty by now, and at the same time the archetypal image of a mother, as a mother is ideally experienced. Someone who understands everything, who can comfort, who is completely open through interest, who does not judge - although I think she too looks straight through you - and who can mediate between father and child, something like that. Johannes is a

charming man, but you sense that behind him there is a great severity. She knows how to deal with it and you have the feeling that if you have her on your side, nothing can happen to you. A very strong personality, but someone who has so much self-insight that she keeps that strength in a golden balance. One wonders how someone can be like that... I am sure she will do a very good job as a doctor.”

Raymond put his hand on her leg and said:

“If you go on any longer, I won’t dare face her!”

“You ask me to describe her, and I will. It is the inner side of her that I have especially noticed, whereas on the outer side is a very special beauty. She is slim, but not too slim, she is graciously feminine, she has dark hair, it could be that it is actually greying, I am not sure. She also has blue eyes, just like Johannes, but of a totally different quality. Her eyes never turn grey, and they radiate what I have just described. She wears beautiful dresses, sometimes jeans and a T-shirt. I haven’t seen much jewellery, but she doesn’t need it, because she is a diamond herself... With these people, it is quite easy to look at their being in such a way, because that really becomes visible, especially in the conversations we have with them. But actually, one should be able to do that with every human being. One can imagine that critical people who come to that institute in the mountains make very different judgements about these people. For example, I could say of you that you are a bourgeois nerd...”

“Thank you!” he interrupted.

“Well, you know that, that I think that sometimes.... But I can also very well see and describe you as a spiritually gifted young man, who will show a lot in life if only he finds the spirituality. And in self-knowledge, of course, it is already quite clear! When I look at myself with the eyes of an outsider, of course he does not see the quality that I have in sensory perception and the process of knowing. He only sees my outward appearance, my gestures, hears my words, sees my profession and so on... Then it will depend on the circumstances of the moment, how the verdict will turn out. That is what I wanted to add, to put my praise of Eve into perspective.”

“Yes,” Raymond said, “it is a wonderful combination of areas of life that we have ended up in. I have been very busy in the last few months preparing my work for the university, writing an inaugural address, fa-

miliarising myself with different contents – that on the one hand, and on the other hand, I have been engrossed in what we have called ‘that other thinking,’ which has something in it that looks directly at the truth. I have become really enthusiastic about that and I also feel that in a way I want to dedicate my life to that, although that may sound exaggerated. But at the same time one feels that in doing so one is also saying goodbye to the life we have had up to now, which seems to be a unity, which consisted of that which is accepted in the world as science and art, far from all religion, and that by doing so one is in a way making oneself a laughing stock for that world. For some reason I do not care, it is probably because of those giants there on that mountain, who also made such a choice. With them, it is clear that they are not exactly suckers, engaging in this content and these metamorphoses of soul and spirit. But you do in fact stand with one foot on land and the other in the flowing water and just try to keep your balance!”

“We will learn that,” said Els confidently. “You too can feel joy surging in your heart when you think of the coming weeks, can’t you?”

“Yes,” said Raymond. “I feel it too.”