

Signs from the Nearby Cosmos

original Dutch text copyright by Jan-Anton van Hoek, 1983
with addition of *The Grail*, 1983 (unpublished manuscript)
translation copyright by Dirk Gillabel, 2020

Introduction (by translator)

Many years ago I found a very interesting (Dutch) book called "*Tekenen uit de Nabije Kosmos*" which literally translates as "*Signs from the Nearby Cosmos*". It is collection of writings from a man, Jan-Anton van Hoek (1936-2021) (in The Netherlands), who was a gifted psychic or visionary and has received information from a previous world civilization, along with other interesting spiritual information. It is important to keep in mind that he writes from what he spiritually sees, hears and remembers. It is a book that stands out. He writes from a spiritual level, with full mastery of the Dutch language. In my opinion it is a work of high quality, but not always easy to read for mainstream readers, as some spiritual background is required to understand many of the concepts. Some of the sentences are a bit awkward, and I have kept it this way with the translation, in order to keep his literary style.

When I met him personally, he was happy to give me the rights to translate his texts and put them online.

I have made an Explanation of Terms (below this introduction) as a handy reference for the many unfamiliar names he uses.

Signs from the Nearby Cosmos is a collection of texts of different subjects. Aside from a few personal comments, his own personal memories from these ancient times, and visions, these texts are actually "cosmogenic" texts, as he calls them. What are "cosmogenic" texts? Jan-Anton van Hoek tells us that he is able to contact those texts as they exist in the cosmos. Maybe one could say that they still exist in the Akashic Records. He is able to hear them in their "cosmogenic" state, or sound state. He says: "I have tried to change as little as possible to the stylistic style of the cosmogenic texts. Their final form is as authentic as it is possible, without making it incomprehensible. For example, the following phonetic sounds "Fr'ts rm-rm al neio" will mean nothing to the ordinary person. Fr'ts means unpleasant-shrill; the growl sounds rm-rm indicate chaos, and neio means new. Thus this sentence translates as "chaotic new Universe"." He calls it a psychotranslation which does not happen consciously.

Signs from the Nearby Cosmos is an important collection of texts for the spiritual seeker. The present chaotic time deemed it necessary to translate the most important texts. You will have to read with both your physical and your spiritual eyes. They are meant to transform you.

I should mention here that the period of the events described, is a long time ago. How long? In one text Jan-Anton mentions that Hoetan, the emperor who came after the reign of the four Immortal Emperors, existed more than six thousand years ago. He says that it wasn't possible to date the Civilization of the Four Emperors or where exactly it took place. I personally think that their Empire must have been in the vicinity of present-day India, judging from the many Indian sounding names, and that part of the people emigrated north and west, becoming the Aryan people of Northern Europe. Jan-Anton says that many of the issues in the texts corresponds partly with lost civilizations of Atlantis, Mu etc. (this is at least 12,000 years ago). "The history of these civilizations is a mixture of first: the culture of Perk'oedagh, second: the one of the Old Empire of Arya and third: of many other civilizations that came and went." This also does not exclude many other civilizations that existed even before those.

One should keep in mind that from several esoteric sources we know that this Earth had seen many emigrants from other planets, establishing civilizations all over the globe since the beginning of the planet. The texts you will read here give the account of one of these civilizations. The most important aspect however is the spiritual message it carries.

I have added a few notes which are between square brackets[[]].

I did leave out some sections of the book:

- Three pages in the text of *Arya*, an interlude of extreme poetic text about Jan-Anton van Hoek and his relationship with his spirit brother Rudolf during the period of western Aryans, that even in Dutch is difficult to comprehend, and is too difficult to translate.
- *The Law of Arya*: a text explaining the imperial laws of Emperor Noer.
- *The Twelve Songs of the White Emperor*: poetry impossible to translate.
- *The Signs of Hoetan*: who gave the natives of the land of Fire and Ice a kind of rune script, that might have evolved in the later northern runes. With possible explanations for certain rune signs, and some history.
- *The Twelve Songs of the Sun*: originally made by certain spirits, and not to be understood literally, but psychic awareness.

Explanation of Terms (by translator)

The **old World Year and the new World Year**: The old World Year has just ended and the new World Year has just started. These terms refer to a cycle of time, and the transition of one into another. Many values of the old World Year are ceasing to be valid, and are transforming into new values proper to the the new

World Year with its changing and transforming consciousness. For example, established religious systems will disappear and man will rely more on his own inner spirituality.

Rudolf: Jan-Anton van Hoek sometimes mentions Rudolf, sometimes calling him his brother. From what I can gather, Rudolf seems to presently be in the spirit world, appearing in Jan-Anton's visions and relaying information. Apparently Rudolf and Jan-Anton seem to have been close friends since time immemorial.

Per refers to the Divine. It is not personified, it is beyond the All. In Per we are all the same, in Per we all share our being. Per is the goal of our evolution. It is the ultimate we can achieve.

The **dhagh** means world/planet and refers to the planet of **Perk'oedhagh**. The last survivors of its destruction came to Earth, established an empire and civilized the people.

The **Cikivani** (singular: cikivan) were light emperors (connected with the spiritual world and with the Divine) and thus in flesh incarnated Gods.

The **Mûghal** and the **Bird-headed One** : these beings have bird-head like appearance: the Mûghal and Tças'hir, the Bird-headed One, who would later call himself Arya. From what I can gather from the sparse information in the texts of Jan-Anton van Hoek, the Mûghal are like bird-like humanoid beings. They were intelligent and were loyal to the emperors on the planet Perk'oedhagh. The head must have been predominantly bird like, while the rest of the body might have been more human like.

The **vaja** were the aristocracy of Perk'oedhagh. They ruled in the provinces.

A **marl** is the term for magician.

The **Nearby Cosmos** means the spirit world, as it is understood in shamanism, or the spiritual worlds in general.

Demons in the texts of van Hoek are a class of highly spiritual, close to the Divine, and very powerful beings. More can be found in the Book of Spirits.

The **All** is a term used to encompass all world, physical and spiritual, including the beings who inhabit these worlds or spheres. The four Immortal Emperors were beings who had control over the All, that is, over all these worlds.

The four Immortal Emperors: These are the first four emperors from the civilization that came to earth from the planet Perk'oedagh. They were exceptionally, spiritually evolved, wise beings who were familiar with both the material and the spiritual worlds (in this book called the Nearby Cosmos), and had a direct connection with the Divine (here called Per). They were thus called World Rulers. They did not die a physical death; they were able to transform themselves directly into the Divine.

The four Immortal Emperors were:

1. Arya, the Bird-headed One (formerly called Tças'hir)
2. Soerya, Lord of the Law for the Nearby Cosmos
3. Noer, Lord of the Law for the Earth
4. Goedân, the White Emperor

Hoetan was the first mortal emperor who ruled after Goedân.

Signs from the Nearby Cosmos

Chapters:

Meeting in Ancient Spaces

How people on another planet destroyed themselves and escaped to a new world, our planet Earth.

Arya

The account of the rule of the four Immortal Emperors in their Empire Between Both Seas.

The Book of Spirits

The Book of Spirits as it was written by one of the first immortal emperors on Earth. It is a description of different kinds of nature spirits and other spirits.

On the Threshold

A collection of visions regarding demons, giants and an elf.

The Germanic Book of the Dead

This highly spiritual text is about the transitory human life and body, and the right attitude towards it.

The King of the Earth

Short but important text about a being largely forgotten.

The Book I

A text written by the White Emperor, explaining the spiritual essence of man.

Reflections on the old and new World Year

The necessity of changing the spiritual values with the end of the an old cycle of time and the beginning of new time cycle.

The Grail

This is an additional manuscript that never made it in book form. This text gives the account of the White Emperor who made the Grail and threw it into the spiritual world where it still rests and can be contacted by anyone who wishes to. The text has a spiritual depth more rich than the apparent words, for those who have eyes to see.



Signs from the Nearby Cosmos

Meeting in Ancient Spaces

[Note from translator: *The texts of Jan-Anton van Hoek, especially 'Meeting in Ancient Places' are not easy to read. Van Hoek's use of language (originally in Dutch) is not always easy for a common person. He is well versed in the literary sense, but he also writes from an exalted state of mind, and he writes about concepts that are often strange for the uninitiated. Please read slowly and use your intuition to fill in the gaps of your understanding. I am not going to interpret what he is writing about. You have to find out for yourself what is in these texts. In the age of TV and internet where the attention span is only a couple of seconds long, these texts will bring you back to spiritual depths and expanded consciousness.*

Jan-Anton van Hoek starts talking to his friend Rudolf. As I mentioned before, Rudolf is in the spirit world.]

Unforgettable is the hour when you approached me with outstretched hands, when we allowed our fingers to be touched, our hands palms sliding over each other, until the finger tips moved the little depression at the wrist, and the shout of joy expressed our friendship. The heavenly gaze in your seeker's eyes, as it was so much part of you, had made room for an ironic clearness of knowing and of having forgotten what is not worth to remember.

I knew you from innumerable cosmic years, that you and I have seen going by, even before the misery arose on the earth world which you had already left, and on which I still wander around.

Far from being a dry preacher, that you became against the wishes of many, you have always been a seer, more than it was visible from the letter of your earthly language. And far from being a cynical skeptic, that image was attached to me, I have been an understandable person and translator throughout the ages.

Forget for a moment the norm to which we are subject: The demands of the shortcomings of our language; the demands of smoothing the words; the demands to be a support of superficiality, where vulgar wisdom is already enough for satisfaction!

In an instant our universe-flame was stirred. Our stellar fate, having been sealed millennia ago, started to fulfill itself: what you lack I have, what I don't have I find in you.

Are you Hod, I am Baldr. Once you killed me with your branch of mistletoe. Now, after the night that followed the evening of the Gods, you are seeing, and I -with my light drained, for all beings to shine- have been reborn in order to recreate

the Grail to truth with you and all of our Circle, and also to soak all who are born of the spirit with my thankfulness and opinion.

In these sentences, Rudolf, we will meet each other. These sentences are the mother's belly of our emotional sound. That what will reach the ears of man, must be born of good origin and nurtured by the dream, the dream which is truth and which strengthens all righteous values. Thus your seed is my egg. My rain makes the germ, which you sowed, burst open. Without my sun, your plant cannot grow or bear fruit. May its foliage bear heavily its buds of your clever spirit. What for you is a question is for me an answer, but many things withheld from me -withheld by the flesh- you will communicate to me. We are part of each other as spiritual beings in this and in the other world. The dust of stars from which have have been made, prevent us from temporary illusion. Thus knowing, we are a beacon. If one of us is a buoy, the other is the light beam for the ships. We cannot continue like this. The temptation is too great to exploit the possibilities of language. Writing in alliterations may be purely vanity, but it wouldn't matter much, as long as the words translate that which we both have to say.

After what I could call the ecstasy of what I could call our meeting again, images glide by by in my spirit. Images I don't see in dreams, but which I see in full and waking consciousness, and express as an eye-witness. Maybe they hold a message, maybe they are just evocations.

We have in common the art of exploring past times. We are connected without interruption with that nourishing source. Because we have similar thoughts - relying on that great Underground which is the origin of all spiritual life- we must again express this in words, or at least approach it. We must not withhold this nourishing source from the thirsty people of tomorrow.

We penetrate and transgress through the Times from the One to the One. The first One is from long time ago, the last One is what will be, that is, Light after the last grain of dirt, dried to dust, will have fallen down, without hinder, and merged with the reflection of the light that it sought to cloud.

The first reasonable civilization of higher people which have existed out in space has never been equaled, we both know that. The emigrants who have survived the terrible catastrophe of Perk'oedhagh, have fertilized the human race, but were able to civilize it.

The super race -corporeal and multiplied 'super-I' - has never existed on this earth, as the Higher blood, in its small supply, lost itself in the massive artery fluid of slaves and their brutal oppressors. The holy Drop of golden monarchical blood became a myth, the ideal of ancient cultures and a topic of interested writers like Couperus, whose enlightened spirit could imagine the mystery of the gold Drop and partly translate it.

Nothing may be further away from me -as a book writer- than any sensationalism. However, I do feel that -by the fact that these sentences will appear under the eyes of man- these words may be explained wrongly and that this will often be the case. It cannot be prevented. Science fiction is not my

business, although I do not lament science fiction. Parapsychology is not my way of expression, although I don't know what to call it.

One can blame me for whatever: deceit, illusion, a writer's cleverness. I just have to take it as it is.

But now we talk about Then! Understand it who can understand it, and may the Gods be with us. You my Brother and I will lift the veil of many a big Secret that has been the Holy of Holy throughout all the World Years. And let it be, in this Last World Year that is dawning, a revelation.

The four dynasties of Perk'oedhagh were like four seasons. The fourth season was like winter, because when the civilization of of world emperors was decapitated, the ruler of the cosmos held his breath and doom descended on each crown which would be carried in the milky way. Ah, Perk'oedhagh -smashed into thousands meteors, even the myriads of mûgal birds disappeared into the ash! Race-depopulated, perverted by the underbeingness, lost, with a gigantic explosion after centuries of gasping erosion. Your life beings dispersed throughout all directions of the universe, not able to reunite, irretrievably expelled, justified or innocent! Rudolf, you understand this, you can see, you know Perk'oedhagh, whose upper vicar you were when my scepter went down in the doom of the hordes. The four part sonata of Perk'oedhagh, with the mystical patterns of this great and noble musical form. You inspirator: it probably will be one of the monologues from my mouth, filling this book, but I am secretary of both of us. The first dynasty of Perk'oedhagh was founded by him who is called "God", but who was simply called Per: from him we don't know anything. The times were icy, and it wasn't until the thirteenth emperor that the climate became milder. What does it matter if this statement has been written down in annals or that it is legend?

The emperors, who had the title of civikan, should be seen as models of many forms of Gods that the emigrants presented to the inhabitants of the earth, and with which they soon would be personified. Their names are still loud cosmic resonances, and he who is able to listen, can hear them.

Especially the last cikivani of the first period were the founders of the blossom of the civilization of Perk'oedhagh. Monarchs of spring who laid the foundation, under whose rule the foliage became green, the blossom got color and the fruit started to bud. When the last emperor, after a rulership of several decennia, died without leaving any children, the vaja -the eligible aristocracy of Perk'oedhagh-choose one of theirs for cikivan. With him, the full blossom of the Holy empire started, the time of art and science, of civilization, but also the subjugation of other people on the inhabited part of the dhagh.

It was during the ruler ship of emperor Tcikhank'oe, that the 'marl' (=magician) Hcaimng foresaw an invasion of the hordes: unspeakable wild, in human being incarnated destructive forces present on the dhagh.

Knowing that it was not possible to control these hordes, he spoke to the emperor: "Let the Cikivan call the birds formed out of clay and light, and feathered by the wind! Let him order me to call them to our rescue!"

Although he didn't understand it, Tcikhank'oe complied, and Hcaimng traveled to the Blue Mountains, and called to heaven: "Oh eternal hungry Birds, I am your food! Eat me!"

Numerous big birds landed around him. Some were like eagles, but fair of color, those were the leaders. Others were white and tufted, those were the intellectuals and priests. The ones which were fair-red and bristly were their warriors, feared in war. The artists and dancers were long feathered and golden colored.

Hcaimng spoke: "Who is your queen?"

At the same moment a white bird of unusual beauty landed near him: "I am their queen".

"Eat me, so I can perish and rebirth myself, feeding your subjects," the marl said. Thus it happened. After Hcaimng had fed the last bird, he rebirthed himself and said: "Now I am in all of you and I have conquered you. Now, you are my servants."

The birth could not deny that this was the case. They followed the marl to the court of the emperor.

"I have brought you numerous help, which will serve you in my name, oh cikivan!", Hcaimng said, "Feed them and they will help you to dispel the hordes." Thus the emperor did: he conquered the hordes of men, imposed tribute, and lived in peace thereafter.

But Hcaimng died before the end of the battle, because he decided that his body had suffered enough. He was only able to prevent his pain by being in trance. Emperor Tcikhank'oe build a holy shrine for Hcaimng. In later times, emperor Raihi'kwoth declared him a divinity.

Since the deed of Hcaimng the birds, which are know as the Mûghal, formed an integral part of the history of Perk'oedhagh.

A remarkable story is the one that was considered a legend already during the Holy empire. According to this account the Mûghal queen Seppeth would have mated with Tcikhank'oe, and she would have born him a sun, who had the body of a man and the head of a mûghal. His name was Tças'hir.

Another story speaks of him as the founder of a whole series of Bird-headed people. The last of their descendants was also called Tças'hir. This one led the emigrants away from the splintering Perk'oedhagh. Both figures were both confused with other and often identified with each other. The last source also dates from the time on earth.

Again the images become confused. Again I concentrate in order to weave together the pieces, with your friendly help - in order to disentangle the knots and separate visions from illusions. At such moments I have to stop writing and distance myself from this work.

Bedazzling is sometimes the similarity between the history of Perk'oedhagh and its four dynasties, and the four worlds, respectively those of the Demons, Gods, Nature Spirits and Monarch-men.

Let us beware for such literally "truths"! You know as well as I do that this can give way to nonsensical and even hysterical "spiritual knowledge". Nobody and

nothing has any value with a "parallel history" or a "complementary history", even more so because by themselves they don't contain any lesson. I do not want to fill the holes between cosmic happenings and written "history" -that would never be possible. That is not why I want to write down the digressions about Perk'oedagh. I do because there must be a causal link between the Original and the Following. Thus I want to avoid the mistake of parapsychology -pseudo-empirism. Thus you and I have decided a long time ago to build our reports organically.

Some generations after Raihi'kwoth the second dynasty of Perk'oedagh died. From a female sideline -the Holy people only knew a limited patriarchy- came the third house of emperors. This third House was a fine, refined race in the higher circles of the empire. This was the time of deification of the imperial dignity. Although the cikivani were light emperors and thus in flesh incarnated Gods, their dignity now became a certainty amidst their subjects, but also in the eyes of the tamed people and the slaves. Even the hordes did not doubt the divinity of the cikivan; one must honor and obey them, and it was undisputable to subjugate one's spiritual and worldly decisions and commands. This was not seen as a sign of inferiority. The best example of this dependency was the vaja, the "pairs" of the empire, who very close in power to the emperor, but who would bend without hesitation to the emperor's dignity. The incarnated majesty of the cikivani was that strong in the third dynasty.

On the dagh the following structure existed. In Scaiçoên the emperor ruled; the vaja ruled in the provinces; in the subjugated areas autochthonic rulers ruled under the supervision of an Iwa, a procurator appointed by the cikivan. Only the hordes were truly anarchistic. They only had a vague tribal sense. The rapacious gangs were held in check by their magicians and family elders. Their superstitious belief made them pay tribute to the Xidiborüng, the name they gave to cikivani, meaning "the Lord of the Birds", since emperor Tcikhank'oe subjugated them with the help of the Mûghal birds.

For this purpose they visited Scaiçoên each year and gave the imperial treasurer beer, kbing (a kind of wild sheep), dried fruit of the fields and cultural objects like fossil resins, metals, mlëng (coral) etc. The cikivan gave audience to two of their ral (the heads of the caravan). Then the emperor received ten women as a gift. In exchange he gave the ral his blessing, one by one, and gave them a golden staff and send these wild people, shaken by superstitious fear and adoration, back to their tribes.

All this sounds a bit idealistic, but emperor Mrihjamvic from the third dynasty was heavily offended when the hordes didn't pay him tribute in a given year. In the couple of hundred years before certain forces seem to have broken the anarchism of the hordes to have founded a protopolitical tribal connection -although temporary- by which certain tribes chose a hrix (=a chief). This hrix -his name is not known-, acted on his own behalf. When the tribute didn't happen a second time, Mrihjamvic gathered the troops and marched to the lands of the hordes. The mûghal, who were great in numbers, punished the hordes in such a

drastically way that nothing of them was left but clean picked bones.

The good emperor Mrihjamvic was very sad about this, and cried. Kai-Hídam, the general of the mûghal spoke to the emperor: "May the cikivan not shed tears, but let us build a dam that the hordes cannot cross, because they will seek revenge, and they can pay their tribute at the entrance of the empire."

The cikivan relied that this would raise new hate and reproached Kai-Hídam. But Kai-Hídam blew fire through his nostrils and said: "By Seppeth who linked us once to you: I am advising you honestly and as a real and only friend!"

The emperor understood and he decided as Kai-Hídam had advised him. By this a long lasting peace was established.

The hordes called themselves Mrihjamvic -by this obtaining an identity- in remembrance to their hrix, who, after the course of the rebellion, was convicted to death by emperor Mrihjamvic, and he was burned between two bronze plates until he died. By the new measures of tribute the hrixin stated to alienate themselves more and more from the court.

Doom announced itself for those who were able to understand.

Pünt'ch, who was marl during the reign of emperor Rangkoe'at, did not loose any opportunity to shout conjuring sounds in the emperor's ear, but it was in vain. Anyway, who would have listened? The power and wealth were unequaled, and technology was far ahead of anything that had ever been!

I am seeing it on your lips, my dear friend: it is for sure a question of mentality, which makes the technology of the earth "of today" so destructive. You are surely right!

When we look at Perk'oedhagh at the time of Rangk'oe'at and his successors, then we do not see anything about exploitation of the planet into the absurd, no adoration of technique, no monetary or ideological power games around the technique. Technology had to serve mankind of that era under the patronage of and to the glory of the emperor.

How far has mankind degenerated, compared with those ancient times. Ach Rudolf, do you know, do I know? What do the earthly devils want with the powers they unleash! Oh yes, on Perk'oedhagh these powers were also unleashed by fallible beings, but they acted on behalf of their wise emperor, who commanded them a "pull back!" and led their consciousness. They were penetrated by a total cosmic importance instead of by self delusion and greed, and this put the heaviest weight in the scale.

Don't curl your small lips, oh brother! You know that this was the case, we both have seen it ourselves. Technologically, Perk'oedhagh reached it climax during the third dynasty. Although many inventions were improved in later times, and new amazing results would see the light, the great Equilibrium between technology and nature that existed during the autumn period of the Holy empire, would perish completely after the end of the dynasty. Never would there be a similar technological civilization in any world with similar inhabitants. I don't want to fall into fantastic looking revelations. I will limit myself to the fact that each technological problem that has existed or shall exist on earth, had been solved on

Perk'oedhagh before the end of the third dynasty, and was never reported again. The imperial scientists were able to stabilize the humidity and temperature in their empire, thus creating a reliable, healthy climate, in which both man, animal and plant thrived.

Hunger was an unknown concept, even outside the empire, because the subjugated people, and even the hrixin (the hordes), took advantage of it, because they received the rich surplus in exchange for all kind of natural products. The symbiosis between the people of the empire and the subjugated people reached a climax in this era.

Closely connected with this period of prosperity in the empire is the name of emperor Hmarsisin, whose reign ended the third dynasty at the height of its splendor. However, doom started to show before the eyes of the marl Kanhic'ci during the fourth dynasty which lasted a couple of hundred years. He announced the last generation of emperors of Perk'oedhagh: " Oh hear with hearts of grief: Cikivan left behind the fleshly coat of his divinity, and no descendant will reign after him, thus we will choose a new cikivan. The autumn period of our empire has rung its last sound, now the winter will start! Be strong in the disaster!"

How many have understand his visionary words? The people mourned according to custom for the dead emperor, and the vaja choose a new one, who founded the fourth dynasty. When the mourning was over, the new cikivan was inaugurated with a lot of splendor. The leaders of all the subjugated tribes were present, full of admiration, and so were the hixi of the Hordes who had brought brown-white chaï skins, prepared with honey (chaï=a kind of giant marten) to lay at the feet of the Xidiborüng.

I now see only dark times ahead. Apparently the fourth Empire also flourished but it was already rotting at the root. It is difficult to look back, you and I, to the awful fate of this last civilization.

Nor you, oh Rudolf, nor I, have ever had peace after that. Not one of us has ever been able to use the pen, because in the previous World Year it was taboo to mention it. But now, in the New World Year, our hearts and tongues are free and we will not be silent anymore. You are saying it, and I am repeating it. I proclaim and you confirm, my brother!

Let the word be spoken, truth! Let everybody hear what had been cosmically hidden for numerous years, and it will be written by me, openly: the story of the last Emperor and of the last High priest of Perk'oedhagh.

The rapidly deterioration of the imperial authority led to awful situations during the fourth dynasty, and certainly from approximately the middle of this period. At the end emperor Dhrahicin succeeded to unite once more the entire dhagh and the subjugated tribes under his Holy scepter. When this cikivan died, he was succeeded by his weak, indolent -although very good willing- son Dink'aihoe. He was the incorporation of the approaching doom of the empire. He wanted to be Emperor, but at the same time he was too good. The empire had already been corrupted so much that only a strong hand could have prevented the all encompassing disaster by pricking the sore spots of the imperial body without

hesitation. Even then he would have needed the support of a wise, resolute dâmarl, the Supreme High Priest.

Nor the cikivan, nor Dígihan, the dâmarl, were suited for the task.

What do I remember from this disaster of disasters? And you? Once united, then estranged? Now again thinking together, reflecting like over ancient Greek amphorae from a sea excavation. How old? How much covered by seaweed, and pocked by the sea? One needs to sweep away the web from the eyes, slowly; and slowly, as if unwilling, images come alive, images which one would not like to behold anymore.

Where were the overly inbred, degenerated mûghal when the empire entered its doom? Where were their mass numbers, compared with the small number of those who remained Pure among these birds? Everything stood in the sign of decomposition of anarchy, in the sign of violence and destruction. Ah, when Per in his wisdom will once give me the sign, then I will write down the history of Perk'oedhagh in all its details, for the learning of humanity on the planet of magma, but that time is not ready yet. But this does not prevent two things: first we have to paint the demise of Perk'oedhagh, without thinking of the pain caused by remembering it. Secondly, both you and I have to confront the fact that we have to follow the settlement of what once happened, wherever it leads. One should not take into account that for me the history has once repeated itself on this planet. The only difference is that in Perk'oedhagh there was no court-physician and the end was more gruesome, but I won't give any details here. I cannot and will not go into details about the demise of the Holy empire, the gruesome murdering of the imperial generation and the splintering of Perk'oedhagh.

Therefore I limit myself to the main points, de-personalized, leaving it to Per to once let me describe the Great Fate into the details - which I am capable to do. In the twentieth year of Dink'aihoe's ruler ship the hrixin (=the hordes) flood the Empire. The degenerated mûghal did not offer resistance but stayed with their porcelain eggs. The good mûghal of the old generation had to withdraw. The old order was shaking. The vaja were unreliable; they already had withdrawn themselves too much from the imperial authority. The Iwa (the heads of the autochtones areas), although loyal to the cikivan were able to master the subjugated rulers of the subjugated people, but not the uprooted tribes themselves. Thus they were slain and killed, one by one, and also the rulers who still remained loyal to the cikivan.

The entire catastrophe, coming forth from cosmic disturbances, clouded the entire dhagh. The emperor yielded his throne, but it was too late. The Hrixin flooded his palace and he was cruelly killed before the eyes of the empress.

Then the hordes killed the entire imperial family, nobody escaped. From the Old Order only you remained alive, you who escaped to the Blue Mountains, to which also the great and good mûghal escaped.

You spoke to the mûghal: "I am Dígivan, the dâmarl (=Supreme High Priest), listen to me, o great good mûghal, because Cikivan has been murdered under the

split hoofs of the Hrixin, and nothing remains of the Holy empire. Thus, gather yourself and rescue the Holy inscriptions of the empire. Then we shall leave the dhagh with the xelta-hüdin and their vehicles".

Since long ago, the xelta-hüdin were the Imperial supreme servants, freeman in service of the imperial house, and architects of traffic ships from the dhagh. Tayhâhral, the lieutenant of the surviving mûghal, and he said to you: "Oh Dígivan, Oh dâmarl, wise are your words, but look at us! Death is our emperor the damûghal. Betrayal came from the wicked among us. Ashamed are the people of the mûghal, humiliated after so many centuries of loyalty to the cikivani of Perk'oedhagh, since Seppeth and Tcikhank'toe. How shall we, whose wings overshadow the dhagh, transport your people from dhagh to dhagh? Oh how pitiful is the race of mûghal!"

The noble Taykâhral shouted to the heavens with sorrow, while he entangled his feathers, and his followers did the same thing.

You answered: "Thus the eye of the dâmarl sees: the righteous, the few, will leave the dhagh, be it the ruling people, the Iwa obedient Hrixin, man or mûghal, but those who will not come along will perish. Thus, oh noble Taykâhral, send a messenger to the Cleft of the Double People, and ask the tank'oe of the Bird-headed people if he supports me in my council, because heavy and late is this hour, and the evening is falling over the dhagh."

The mûghal leader took five of his trusted people with him and ascended. They also took an escort to defend themselves from traitors. They safely left and returned. With them came, seated on the back of Taykâhral, the Lord of the Bird-headed people, Tças'hir. He bowed his head to you and spoke: "As you spoke, it will happen, oh dâmarl, but now go in peace, as I will lead the people out of here."

You closed your eyes, fell of your riding animal, and a couple of moments later you were in endless spheres.

Tças'hir however organized the rebellion against the terror, and together with the great good mûghal conquered a base from which the Boat of the Saving-seekers could leave, and he let resound his call over the dhagh. A couple of thousand grouped around him. Many ships filled, they finally left the sinking ship, whose captains were already dead.

The last thing Tças'hir saw of Perk'oedhagh, was its wild shape of red, waving hair, the yellow eyes, the blue cheeks and the black purplish beak. "Goodbye!", Tças'hir shouted, "and be cursed. You will splinter in your deserved ingratitude!" Was it already rumbling in the dhagh? Soon she would perish, pulling her corrupted population into a destruction they had caused themselves.

Tças'hir however shouted with joy in the Universe: "Now I am alone with Per, and listen! In His name I will be called Arya, the Man, and from my loins will arise a race of leaders of a new world, and it will rule over this world by the desire of the race, into times of light." Thus the tide ran: the flood that washed away Perk'oedhagh, would also taint later civilization.

[note of the translator: they arrived at Earth. What happened next is told in the text Arya]

Arya

Arya, who helped the righteous to escape the destruction, was indeed the father of all that is human. Not only did he lead the faithful to their salvation, but he also ordered the civilization of the new world, and transferred the ancient knowledge to many areas. He fully knew that that this would be watered down, but also he knew that its essence would remain forever, and never die, at the most it would slumber.

With him a period of spiritual and at the same time worldly emperors were seated in the Mountains Between Both Seas. Arya and his descendants ruled over an ordered empire. The rulers divided the land; they had come as subjects and built on the land as free people. The hordes who voluntarily had traveled with Arya became merchants. The autochthon bloodthirsty wild people were subjugated and since then became the masses of work people, who were well taken care of. The hand of the Emperor brought peace, safety and justice. Up to then the natives were cruel cannibals with characteristics not unlike the hordes from the earlier world that perished.

Arya, the Bird-headed One, walked and conversed with Per. He married Sün, the Warmgilded One. She birthed Soerya, the Goldskinned One. Soerya was the first one of his generation that had a human head.

When Arya had reached old age, he reached for Per and was taken into Him. Soerya then ruled as Lord of the empire between Both Seas.

Soerya civilized the world and he restrained the shocks that were afflicting the earth. He ordered order in the community of the Spirits. He puts his will on them, but only after an evil uprising against him. When the tongues of fire were jumping him, when the suffocating vapors from the crater of discontent of the people were surging, when the spirits of this planet were sneering around Soerya with scorn from all angles, then he stood up with strength and thundering might, his chest expanded by the force of his lungs, with threatening doom in the chaos; "I tell you: I created you all, I Soerya, I am your Lord and God, your priest and your healer, your ordering lord and your justifying lord, your light and your blood. I, Soerya, am the earth and the sun that shines on her! I, Soerya am, where you are just becoming monsters. Do you want to wrestle with Me, your Lord? Must your bony heads be splintered first before you learn to respect and to honor your rightful master? Dare me! Taunt me! Fire and lightning will easily scourge you like a bustle of straw. I am warning you with emphasis: my patience is at an end. From now on there will be order, also in the Nearby Cosmos. I am the sovereign of all of you! You will not escape my power, because my scepter also moves in the Near Cosmos, and there is nothing that is not under my globe. Reflect! There is still time."

The world shriveled. The animals anxiously sought shelter. Everything human crawled away from the wrath of Soerya, the Sun God, whose benevolence was known as much as his strict will.

The Spirits deliberated and finally spoke: " If we ply to your will and let you order us, o Soerya, as everything orders itself to your eye, will you let us be in our rights and let us serve what carries flesh?"

Soerya answered: "Thus it will be."

Then the Spirits subjugated themselves, and Soerya, the Lord ordered the Nearby Cosmos.

Soerya, the Sun God, the Lord, ordered the All and said: "That all beings take their place: The Gods each in their Heaven, the Demons in their great spheres, the Illuminated spread over the All, the Great-Servant-Friend-Spirits in the Nearby Cosmos, the Spirits of trees, lakes, woods, clouds and deserts and all other places each in their living quarters, the animals in their nature, the plants and vegetation in their humid-breath, man in their work; in short that all beings take their place!"

He took a deep breath, and fragrances arose, and he spoke: "Thus everybody will fulfill his task to support the All, for everybody and for himself and everything will be fine as long as the order will not be disturbed. But as soon as one being claims the right of being unique - be it a God, a Demon, an Enlightened One, a Great-Servant-Friend-Spirit, a Spirit, a man or who else - then the balance will be disturbed and disasters will follow. These disasters will be a call to return to the Order. When this Call is not understood, the disasters will become bigger and bigger and more irreparable, and in quicker succession, until also this earth will perish and splinter."

Soerya shouted from his height: "I advise you: hold yourself to the law and keep to the ordering! I am advising that especially to the human. How strong is the tendency in you to exploit. Think about it: the apparent weak might once retaliate; and that the blessing of Per and of the Gods does not rest solely with humans but also with other beings in the All with or without a body. Therefore, man, you must honor the Spirits, abide by the law and the Holy executers thereof!"

Having ordered the All in this manner, Soerya connected himself with Tê-Khâmi, daughter of P'gama, the Human. With her he had a child, Tsj'rami, the Golden Daughter; and after her he had Noer who ruled after Soerya and who was the forefather of all lords.

Soerya gave mankind, who were now his subordinates, the ability to speak to Per. He set their language to tones. He taught them the art of building diverging walls, but also inclining walls, in order for his temples to point heavenwards and to be many fathoms high, dressed with porphyry and red stone, brilliant in the sun who was Soerya's disk.

He also taught them the art of wet rice plantation. He taught the priests of this new empire the teaching of feeding: " Do not kill to eat, for yourself not to be killed for food. Honor especially the five Gifts: grains for brewing and for bread, olives for fat and refreshment, the blessed long pepper for piousness and stimulation, grapes for power of action and comforting slumber."

Having said this, he prepared a meal for the priests. Soerya set the table with bear and round bread, refreshing and feeding them. He gave them Holy olives, so they became brisk and nothing was short for them. He gave them contused peppers and all what was in their bodies awoke. He gave them figs and they became reflective and strong. He served them wine, and they went into action - and when the dish was full of their action - they sat together peacefully.

After having given all these gifts, Soerya spoke: " Look: I have brought forth a son, who, like my father, like me, and like his offspring, will be named Arya, and who will be your lord, the Lord of the law for this earth, as I am the Lord of the law for the Nearby Cosmos."

Everybody showed obedience to Noer, who then received the Insignia from his father. Soerya however put on a hemp habit, turned around and went into the mountains, where he took the arm of Per and was taken into Him.

Noer, who ruled after Soerya, ordered hereditary succession and justice. For humans he made the eternal law of the groups of people, who he ordered to life with each other in an orderly and sensible way, for everybody to live in fulfilled and satisfying way in his fitting environment. Noticing that his people were healthy and happy, he said: "My father Soerya gave you place and well-being and he is still sending his rays over you. He organized your existence so that the earth might sustain you and so that you may multiply. This is a good thing because the world needs to be domesticated. But look: "we, who are already known as the People Between Both Seas, are more numerous than ever before and this land will not be able to continue to feed us. Therefore: Go and take more land into possession, in all directions, and bring it my law and those of my ancestors, so order and fertility may sprout in those areas."

Thus they left, the generals Kroen, Bártoe and Hall. Kroen made a wagon with swords at the wheels, and ordered the carpenters of the empire: Thus Kroen the General, in the name of Arya, orders: build this in great numbers for my man to fight!"

Bártoe ordered the blacksmiths: "Forge me, Bártoe the General, in name of Arya, plates, coats of mail and bracelets of bronze for all my men to wear for them to fight!"

Hall ordered the archers: "Hall the General, in name of Arya, orders: make me heavy bows to hold with the foot for my men to fight!"

The generals took possession of vast lands for the empire, south of the Land Between the Two Seas. They civilized them and after many years they finally returned to the capital city, where Noer received them as triumphant victors. Being assured of the tributes which would flow to him from the Land of Both Rivers each year -as was the new territory called from now on -, the emperor

made offerings to his ancestors and to the Gods, and gave thanks to the good Spirits.

Standing on the white steps of his palace, he spoke: "Listen to me, O people of Rulers, O freemen, O tradesmen, O subjects: I am your Emperor and your Lord, Noer, sprouted from Soerya and descendent of Arya, the Liberator, the Man! I have kept the blood pure. Behold next to me my Ruler Tsj'rami and my sons from her loins. Truly, the Heavenly have been with us, and they have blessed this land with rich fields and many slaves in the south. All this is at our feet, and it will suffice for as long as it will feed us. I have giving you justice and I have made you fertile. Per does indeed look upon us with a friendly eye!

I now order that the elements of the Empire be divided. The fighters will form an iron wall against evil and jealousy. Therefore they will a separate element, always being led by me, by me who from now on will be called Arya. Thus all rulers after me will be called Arya. I will be and remain your supreme high priest, leading the servants of our Gods. The priests also will form their own element. This will also apply for the judges, the gentleman-farmers, the artists and the officeholders. I will remain the leader of all these elements, and , as Arya, being both responsible and immune."

Starting with Noer, Arya became the title of the Emperor, and would remain that way. Many rulers would be known only by that name Arya, because their own name was not big enough to be placed next to the one of Arya.

Noer, who was great and unfathomable deep in the depths of his spirit, spoke to Per and with Arya and with Soerya, and his knowledge grew into the immeasurable. Thus most of the wise men in the empire and from the subjugated territories stirred the point of their tongue respectfully when his name was pronounced. Having aged, Noer retreated into a pavilion in one of his parks, and connected only with Per, with the elf Sjóer and with the magician Bran-Lagoewho was favorable to Arya.

Then Noer, the Emperor, wrote the Book of Spirits, also this was shown to me. This will also be shown in this volume. Because only a few, Rudolf, know the Book, and most of them known it only partially, not surprisingly, because the Book of Spirits was one of the many taboos of the old World Year. It has to be opened now, still being guarded, in order for only a Person Who Understands to penetrate the depth and the meaning of it. But in this chapter we will put it aside, because there is a time for everything, and without any preparation one can not rewrite or reread.

Noer, having become old and white of hair, went to Per, leaving his throne to his son Goedân, who ruled for thirty-three years as the fourth holy Arya. He gave his priests a rope, saying: "This rope is the string of Pity, in order for you to be able to converse with Soerya, and with Per who rules over the All. This ropes also distinguishes you from everybody else, because you are bearers of the Eternal and you will carry this name through all eras. This Goedân desires, who is the Arya, don't take more than your measure, keep your blood clean and carry the insignia on your forehead; carry this rope and cloth yourself in clean cloths, so

that no impurity may touch you. May impurity not only be far from your spirit, but also from your blood and body."

Goedân, instead of sending his fighters over the whole world to conquer more territories for the ever increasing population, brought most clever resourcefulness in the development of providing food. He left the sword in the scabbard, and he would be the last peace lord (although later there were some rebellions that needed to be put into submission). So many rulers after him would be peaceful, but there always were interior or exterior restless situations that needed a forceful intervention, or they were wiped away from their throne.

During the reign of Goedân strength and quickness were necessary, but the unsoiled blood of Arya was still holy, and it was still felt as such and respected. By this the authority of the emperor was an indisputable fact. The strict modesty and the personal integrity of Arya guaranteed this.

Arya led a life of uninterrupted fulfillment of his responsibility, filling the empty hours with reflections and fine arts. Goedân ordered the twelve Tones, each of them connected to a month and thus arranged in relation to the sun which -in Soerya- was his forefather. When he, seated in his Pavilion of Happiness, touched the strings of his zither, the stars became moved, and over his shoulder The Spirits watched and listened, or they danced quietly around the gleam of the White Emperor, as Goedân was called because of his snow white hair, his clothing and the light that was around him.

The weaving of the sounds of his zither charmed the atmosphere and melted with the tones of nature. It drifted on and disappeared into far distances. Elves and kobolds would stop their reflections and frolics, and listened with joy how Goedân took the spheres in his hands and let them glide through his hands like flowers, sometimes like drops of water, and then again it sounded as if he waves his hand through the mist. Goedân knew how to make sounds and smells to become one, and many butterfly woke up during the night and looked for honey in his sweet appearance.

Other animals too stopped what they were doing, and often one could watch contradictory and hostile (to each other) animals stop their fighting, as they became charmed by the holy sounds of the zither.

The empire of the White Emperor has been the supreme civilization. It has never been equaled and cannot be equaled anymore, at least not on this earth sphere. When his body started to break down Goedân went to Per to be with Him, and let the throne behind for a new emperor.

Goedân was the last immortal Arya. The ones who rule after him could not take Per's hand anymore; they had to undergo a physical, bodily death.

Goedân was also the last World Emperor, walking in Per's light, connected to the immortals, being immortal himself; also being the last of the great legislators, the last [All](#)-ruler, All-teacher, All-father, to whom mankind longed for during the entire past World Year.

Goedân left behind an ideal civilization in which even the slaves were happy. A civilization in which everybody, with no exceptions, could enjoy certainty, justice

and also spiritual light, light from nature. As this light quickly faded away, religions arose. During the reign of the White Emperor there was only Service to the Gods. When this was not enough anymore, the world perished, first slowly, then quicker, into a grotesque growing madness.

It makes one melancholic to look back on the period of the four White Emperors -the empire of Arya. What else followed after this Empire than growing perversion? It was destined that the White Emperor would be the last world ruler. He would also be the one to whom the Understanding Person could turn to in order not to loose contact with the High. This was so notwithstanding that the powers who were derived from one power, the Emperor, thus far, were now dividing into authorities who believed themselves to be self competent: government power, religion by priesthood, and so on.

By itself this division may not look bad, but in reality it led to rivalry between institutions. For example, government led to extortion and religion to superstition and trickery.

Intelligent exploitation of the soil led to overcropping and exhaustion of the soil. The ordering of civilization degenerated into a system of brutal exploitation. Happiness in the empire was gone within a couple of generations. It fell prey to an interior power struggle, while the Land Between Both Rivers broke away and uncivilized people endangered the limits of the central empire.

During the rule of emperor Hoetan the great dissolution took place. Hoetan, endangered in his capital city, left with his faithful people, crossed the mountains of the north and conquered the land of Fire and Ice, here at last accompanied by the core of his fighters: the most brave and hardiest ones. He became the Lord of the Wind and the Mountains, the titanic God of the Blond People.

Hoetan! the violent one, forefather of the Nordic elite, dramatic interpreter of the primal force of nature, heroism and aristocracy of the soul, still in the zenith of all what may be called northern royalty. Hoetan; a pale memory? Is he not reborn in you, Rudolf, and in me? Since we woke up after the twilight of the Gods, Hod and Baldr, both of us are now seeing and being mild of radiation, sharing his heroic throne, the present throne of the Spirit.

Later on we will talk about the other stream of Aryan people, as the people from the Land Between the Two Seas from now on were called, the other stream that went eastwards. Now we will speak of Hoetan's Empire, gathered together by his fist from unruly woods and opposing stones. Hoetan, who called himself Asa, subjugated the autochthones in the realm of Fire and Ice. He gave them his law and his writing, and the signs of the Sun, saying that his empire would last till the twilight of the cosmic day. Then he, like a forest giant, would have been killed by a bronze ax.

He allied with the Vana, The Spirits of the land. Blessed by the White Emperor with whom he was able to converse, after his bodily death he brought about a joining of his spirit force and with the highest of his followers at one side and with the Vana at the other side.

Far from being a civilized country, the Empire of Asa was built on violence and

authority, but also on honesty and a strong contact with nature and with the High. There was no imperial majesty. This northern Primal Empire was rather one of glory of power, uncompassionate as fire, but also purifying. Nevertheless the empire splintered soon: military and tribal leaders made themselves into independent kings; tribal bands choose lawlessness. This did not diminish the deep respect Hoetan and his entourage had: for example Goendar, the Red Thunder Cloud, became patron of the farmers; Oengêr would later be called the King of the World; Boeran, the Lord of the wood elves - how many are there? Just as much as we do not want to discuss modern religion, we will the same with the system of the Ancients: this is not a study in mythology. I must write what I perceive with my senses and especially with my spirit. It is irrelevant if this corresponds with what already has been written because for the truth is not important if it corresponds or not with established conceptions. For the light it doesn't matter what the conceptions are of what it illumines. Apparent refutations, distortions, misuse or changing words does not change anything. If by earthy writing or from earthy mouth a message had reached me, I would not have written it down: these beings are too far away from the depth of essence, even if they do their best. About the clerical who wants to flog us the divine, we better keep quiet. He who can smell would be seized by stench! Thus we take distance of all forms of pedantry. It is completely unimportant for the cosmos if a detail was written down in one way or another. The same is actually true for what is considered the main points, Are there main points? How much imagination, how much repressed fears, how much delusion determines what is a "main point"? Let us limit. O Rudolf, to write down what has come to us by all penetrating insight, and let others decide what is useful to them.

[Note of translator: now follows a section which is an interlude of extreme poetic text about Jan-Anton van Hoek and his relationship with his spirit brother Rudolf during the period of western Aryans, that even in Dutch is difficult to comprehend, and is too difficult to translate. difficult to translate. So I am skipping this section and go to the next and final one.]

The emigration of the eastern Arya has been subject, in historic terms, of many essays, which partly are untrue, because they are supported on historic data, without any cosmic consistency. Scientific certainty, does not mean something it is the incontestable truth, and many untouchable things will never be written down. As the Erian people were sons of one Old World thus there were also descendants of other old worlds. For example the people of the Yellow Emperor, the people of the fertile Delta, the sacrificers of Heart and Skin, those who lived in the Icy Heights, and therefore more impulses of civilizations on this earth which must have been favorable for many emigrants from elsewhere. Add these imperious people to the autochthones who are always and everywhere present, then one sees the rise of ordered civilizations which partly were in conflict with

the Arian people, like in the land of the Indus and Ganges - but partly also cooperated and joined together.

As the empires of Western Arya declined their religious teachings were destroyed. All this has been a long time. Although the civilizations disappeared, the spirit remained all these ages until a new World Year would rise. Then the Spirit of Arya, Soerya, Noer and Goedân, the White Emperor, the spirit of the Nearby Cosmos and also of the Somewhat Further Cosmos will start to spark again, when the false religions will have lost their power and when the false leaders and deceivers of the masses would throw up like a sulfur spring.

The White Emperor told me that water will be poured by the Four Holy Emperor Spirits on the heat of the glow in which mankind would be roasted. All around me I see the word fulfilled of cosmic Sovereign: the chaos; the distortions in the general spiritual life; the desperate drowning efforts of false religions; the rebellions, the reign of terror of demagogues and the horde of their followers. Thus indeed the new World Year starts! With the ill inheritance of the previous one: the senseless destruction, as if mankind wants to burn all ships behind him, in order to be able to surrender even more unbridled to his destruction.

Also, the Spirits will take their power again. The nature spirits too are preparing their revenge without ceasing; revenge because their destroyed living quarters, revenge without actual hate, revenge as a cosmic inevitable law. What always used to be deceit will not longer "help": "Repent before it is too late!" It is already too late. The old World Year is gone, unused, spoiled, as humans do squander everything. The only remaining thing is the vague possibility that the next World Year, depending how long this will last for this earth, will be lived in dignity. For this one must first read the Book of Spirits, because They are the ones that will determine the future.

The Book of Spirits

Preface

The Book of Spirits, from the mouth of Emperor Noer, was inaccessible and hidden by taboo in the previous World Year. But now man's spirit has penetrated all the way to the periphery of cosmic knowledge. Many seers have paved the way for a human ability to understand all these higher things, in accordance with the values of the old world. Much information from the Nearby Cosmos has reached mankind. Nevertheless the dawn of a new era was necessary to bring this Book out again. After ample deliberation, we (Jan-Anton and his spirit brother Rudolph) decided to make this happen, without adding much commentary. First, explaining the text and giving examples can be done in a later work; and secondly -and this consideration has heavy weight- these words are not open to more direct explanations than they already are in themselves, as they are clear for the true seer, who will gain cosmic insight sooner or later after reading the text, and who then will re-utter what the old words mean according to their own language or accent.

It is probably not too much to say that the Book of Spirits is not intended for use as a kind of spiritualistic manual, and is also not intended as a parapsychological dictionary. The text is absolutely authoritarian, without being indoctrinating. In fact, the words are older than this world, because the earliest recorders must have received them from older sources, and in this way nothing has changed since the earliest of times.

The new World Year does not necessarily mean that something has changed in this regard. Only the way of accessibility and therefore understandability has become greater.

In association with spirits, nothing more than what Noer explained can be perceived, but in the text there is a wide area for your own discoveries, with all the advantages -and risks- thereof. In spite of certain secrets, gaining knowledge of the Spirit World is very advisable, because all things derived from it are good, and a lot of messages are waiting for interested people. Nature offers everything man is ready to discover in a very convincing way, and it is the same with the spirit world, which overlaps the world of nature for a great part, especially where there is great differentiation.

It demands a certain mental exercise to learn to value the Book of Spirits, which we shall render in the next pages, to its right value. Only those who will approach the great amount of information in the Book with great sense of self-discipline and at least a pure intention, will be able to also use it in a holy way.

We do not dare to give any measure for this, also because we do not want to wander in the sphere of the subjective: the subject by itself has already been sufficiently disreputed.

Nevertheless it is for the first time that, since the old Civilization perished, that these words are being repeated. With the freedom brought by the new times, they are being widely spread. Rudolf - as one now knows: my spiritual co-writer-

was one of the few who, in the old World Year, felt and at certain locations also predicted, that radical changes would be necessary and would happen on the spiritual level. Rudolf -bearer of knowledge with still partially sealed mouth- : is now speaking through me, thus the pluralistic form I use in this part of the text. Let us now turn our attention to the literal, unabridged text of the Book of Spirits.

The Book of Spirits

Thus Noer spoke in relating to the Gods:

"The Gods are the stadholders of Per and the regents of the Universe. They can be from different origins -coming forth from enlightened human souls, or in first instance already Godhead- and their power can differ, but they are all sovereign over the visible in the cosmos, and also over that what is concealed from the the human eye, unless it is also not observable for their own eye. Gods can lead a human life. Then their body is mortal, without having any influence on their Divine spirit. How different their power may be, it is terrible and fearful in comparison with the weakness of the mortal.

By nature Gods are patterns of security and stability, independent of what cosmic goal they may pursue. They are a refuge for those who seek support, as in their goodness they are relenting for the prayers of the sincere. This goodness is evocable for those who find the right words. Like all beings, of whatever nature they may be, Gods are subject to vibrations of light and spherical density, dependent on the way they are connected -temporarily- to a more or less materialized world.

However the wrath of Gods can be evoked too. Then it is not easy to reconcile and often not attainable during one lifetime. Although Gods live a long time in comparison with many other spiritual beings, their immortality is limited. In their aeon long life span, they attain such a degree of perfection, that they dissolve completely into Per. Their cosmic task will then be taken over by a being previously lower in rank, but that by its increased perfection is high enough in spiritual hierarchy that he can attain Godhead. He would also be able to pass the God phase and go directly into Per, be it not for the fact that certain qualifications make him the perfect candidate to fulfill the Divine office. By this alone he has reaching in so much the centripetum of the dissolving Godhead, that he automatically arrives at his place, without mankind noticing a change in the attitude of the the Adored one.

In outer appearance the Godhead can show predominantly male or female characteristics, depending on pre-meditated, or executive appearance. Also, each male appearance has a female counterpart, and each female a male. In essence they form one unity in as much as one is incomplete without the other.

All Gods and Goddesses are surrounded with a host of acolytes. These acolytes are sometimes but not always their successors. Often it is they who appear in splendor to other spirits and to humans. Not everybody can bear the radiance of the Godhead itself.

In general it is possible for a Godhead to express itself threefold. First there is the Premeditated-Figure: the Godhead as out-of-itself-creating Force. Secondly, there is the Executive-Figure: The Godhead as converting-into-deed Ability. Thirdly, there is the Earthly-observable-Figure, which manifests itself into flesh.

Like many spirits, Gods can incarnate. From the moment that they, as a spirit, attain the rank of Godhead and succeed their predecessor, up to the time they themselves will go up into Per, they will incarnate a certain number of times, the number of which has been predetermined. The periods in between those incarnations can differ widely in duration.

The Immortals and the Gods of Luck in their many forms, in which people believe, only partially belong to the World of Gods. The Gods of Luck generally belong to the nature spirits in as much as they are not connected to the souls of ancestors who have not yet reincarnated. The Immortals -who are actually not totally immortal- the same applies. Nevertheless, some Gods really fulfill patrimonial roles.

Ruler-Gods will become more rare, but a few of them will help mankind to the end of Times, until also their golden Blood will be shed. After the Night of Misjudgment the blood being shed shall make golden Apples grow, which will be eaten by the Seer and the Blind. Then the holy Ruler ship will blossom again for the blessing of the cosmos.

Strong is the charisma of the true Gods: it will conquer all attacks. It will be thought that it has gone, but all the mud thrown upon it will not be able to prevent that the consecration and the splendor of the Gods will continue. Man cannot bring harm to the Gods. After heavy hands of desecration have rested upon true belief into Gods by mankind, man will return to the source of all eternity and of everyone's luck of life, and the Gods will smilingly receive them and provide them with prosperity. For man thousands of years may have passed but for him who is eternal, it is only a drop of one grain into the little hour glass he holds between his feet."

In relation to the Demons or Döwíli the word of Noer goes:

"It can be said that the Döwíli are of many shapes. Appearing to man and influencing his course of life, the human description of them is inevitably according to the distinction between good or evil Döwíli. This depends on if the action of a Döwíl corresponds with the pleasure feeling of man, or if it is the opposite.

Like the Gods, which they are close to and whose orders they often carry out, the Döwíli know male and female forms. They have students around them. For the human eye their appearance can take many forms, what makes an inexperienced observer easily confused, especially because not all Döwíli have frightful appearance. On the contrary, many of them are lovely and even like to take on dancing poses. Döwíli are not able to turn into Gods, but after a while they can dissolve into Per, just like the Gods. Their replacement also happens in an indiscernible way for the human eye. It happens according to a very complicated

schedule, in which there is a distinction between higher and lower Demons. Incarnation of Döwíli is normal business. Just like when they are not incarnated, they will fulfill a certain, more or less detailed task. As there are also Ruler-Demons, it is obvious that, when important rulers of which the divine birth is not certain, in many instances can be classified as belonging to kind of Döwíli. Also the Ruler-Demons can be lovely, but this is rather an exception. Many cosmically necessary blood baths are under their authority. In case of incarnation, Demons can be found in mankind in many different classes, including the aristocracy and the dynasties. Many Döwíli are, having entered the flesh, gifted artists, philosophers, priests, popular leaders, officers and other people who have a hold on the masses.

Their demon nature does not need to be frightful. It is ridiculous to have fear for Demons at onset, although respect and prudence are recommended. Demons are seldom truly blood thirsty or cruel. However it can happen that they attack humans. The outcome is certain. In such a case the origin must always be found with the human who has insulted or challenged the Döwíl, or he has deserved a just punishment because of one or another cosmic misdeed."

Noer is then silent about the demons, but it can be understood that much of what follows about half-material, spherical spirits and nature spirits is also partly true for the world of demons, as it is not always clear what type of spirit one is dealing with, and narrow distinctions between the one and the other category are hardly present in the spirit of Noer. One restriction though that is hardly above the level of speculation: it is best to read the writings of Emperor Noer without being too concerned about these editorial commentaries. Nevertheless we can imagine the smile with which this World Ruler wrote his words, leaving what can be guessed unstipulated, knowing, knowing beforehand. In as much is known: because the Demons are around people, it is obvious that man should not be avoiding contact with them, but instead seek it. It would be really stupid to deny their existence. But we return back to the text of Noer.

In relation to the human-spirits, Emperor Noer says:

"The human body can serve as an earthly, temporal house for many kinds of spirits, but in the first place it serves the human spirit. From this it is clear that not all spirits in a human body are humans, although it is valid for the majority. Man himself, incarnated, can be in an animal or more spiritual phase, which can vary a lot -for those who understand and see- and what is always manifest in its radiation.

With corporeal death, the spirits leave the body. The bodies undergo decomposition as with all that is mortal. The spirits incarnate in other human bodies after passage of time. The Ancestors who have passed over can be subject to adoration, and sometimes with some justification. With those still on earth they are often persuaded to look further into the future than most people in the flesh can do. All this is possible because there can be a considerable time between two successive incarnations. There is also a lot of confusion between spirits of

deceased ones with all kinds of other spirits, even up to the Gods. Some human spirits can become sources of torment. They usually manifest as ghosts, which also does not mean that every ghost is dangerous.

The human spirit is able to attain Enlightenment and then to become a Godhead, directly or by first becoming an acolyte. It is also possible for a human spirit to attain Enlightenment without first transforming into an other Order of Spirit. Man can also become a Döwíl, and there are occasion where he fuses with, goes up into or become functional equal to a nature spirit.

The spiritual types of people can do a lot for the enhancement of their Enlightenment, as the anachoreten (Souls who have withdrawn themselves, like hermits) do. They and others easily become in the sphere of holiness -rightly or not- with their environment. True Saints are usually incarnated higher spirits, like Gods, acolytes of Gods and certain Döwíli. When saints fulfill a certain faculty, then they are clearly -active or not- similar to Gods among mankind.

The spiritual appearance of man can also express itself in magic, nature magic and similar often useful things, and in the magnetism of the preponderance. Many people hallucinate in this, and there always have been swindlers in this area, but that does not mean that true witches and magicians are experienced beings, who often are useful for a good purpose and indispensable in the Nearby Cosmos.

Spirits of deceased can be found as house spirits -in the midst of nature spirits which can also fulfill this role- and as guide spirits for protection and guidance of incarnated individuals.

Monarchs, at least when they are real Rulers, are a different kind of human spirit when incarnated. Their entire personal fate as spirit is usually connected with it. Sometimes incarnated human spirits cause personal punishments, which are executed by higher spirits. In many cases these punishments are a one time deal only and concern the body. Man is then affected by death, disease, and the like, also brain disease, mental disease. More serious punishments are rare and are more likely to show up in the form of an autonomic reaction to man's evil deeds. It is not up to man to make a distinction between humans and animals, especially not concerning the spirit.

It is certain that some humans are spiritually inferior to certain animals. For this reason alone one should limit the killing of animals to what is very necessary, and not eat their flesh. It is for certain that the founder of the world civilization was Bird-headed. It is also certain that Gods sometimes prefer to manifest in animal forms. It is also certain that many other spirits appear to mankind as animals. Animals were not meant to be servants of man, but as co-habitants of this world. In this a certain equilibrium is present, which will be upset by man. Man will also upset the world of plants, the world of the earthly soil, the waters and the air -to his own decay.

The biggest enemy of the human spirit is its own self-conceit, arrogance and delusion, and this will finally cause the body-man's demise. Man will be able to invent what he desires, or to found great realms as he wishes. But those will always perish to the evil of stupid pedantry. Thus, in a certain way, man is the

fool of the cosmos, and nobody will find this tragic.

Noer digresses on a category of partly incarnated spirits:

"There is a group of nature spirits which, under certain circumstances, incarnate in the human body, especially the mountain, water and other nymphs. Vampires and sometimes tree spirits also happen to incarnate, the last ones often in the form of children who never reach maturity. They usually die as children. Although they are not dangerous, they can make people mad by their crying. There is no doubt about the aggressiveness of vampires. Their twofold nature of animal-spiritual existence makes it very difficult to categorize them in a particular class of spirit beings.

About Angels:

"The Angels are heavenly spirits that never incarnate and thus are different from the Gods, acolytes and Döwíli. Because they never take on a body up and until they unify with Per, they form a very reliable source of continuity in the spiritual system. To call the Angels is useless as their appearance can not be evoked. In most cases they themselves do not appear, but their lower spirits -angel servants- do this in their place. It is the rule that these angels servants succeed their master when he dissolves into Per. The forms in which angels and servants of angels manifest, can differ widely. They also can show diverse gradations of light brilliance and color schemes. The idea that angels are God's messengers is not true, because Per does not have a direct relationship with humans, and the Gods do not use angels as their servants, they only use their own surrounding spirits. At the most, angels, or rather angel servants, bring people impersonal cosmic messages, and they also appear as protecting spirits for cosmically important persons.

It is easy to confuse Angels with a related group of spirits, the Kámál-Hjinoe, who have a different cosmic function.

Kámál-Hjinoe are present in groups of twelve. One of them is always the highest in rank. For many people, their sight is already deadly, or at the least it leads to madness. That awe-inspiring is their immense and usually martial appearance. Usually Kámál-Hjinoe work together for one cosmic purpose or another, often in relation to an earthly happening or development. They are typical spirits of the Nearby cosmos, which does not mean that in more distant cosmic systems no similar groups would be present. Each Kámál-Hjin has a characteristic color in its form, sometimes also a mineral appearance. It is normal for them to show up with other spiritual authorities. These spiritual authorities can be many fold. Kámál-Hjinoe are not servants of man. At the right time also Kámál-Hjinoe will dissolve into Per. As with certain other spirits, their servants -a kind of Intelligences of high nature- succeed them when they go up into Per.

Kámál-Hjinoe are spherical spirits that never incarnate, like the Angels. Their area of interest however is different. Their role can be decisive with small or greater

fate of the world. If an incarnated God is influencing the fate of the world in lesser or greater way, it is almost certain that is surrounded by Kámál-Hjinoe who are working closely together with him.

In human terms the power of Kámál-Hjinoe is immense. As they are easily irritated, it is advisable never to mock them and always approach them with respect. An angry Kámál-Hjin is one of the most dangerous beings in the entire cosmos, and even the Gods respect them. Kámál-Hjinoe from their side respect the Gods and work together with them loyally and continuously.

Kámál-Hjinoe are spirits that have a very strong sense of honor and a great capacity for affection. They can be very friendly and have warm means of expression. Those who have their friendship are truly their friends and are protected against any attack or danger. But when their anger has been raised, nothing but misery can be expected, what is especially true when their friends have been mistreated. They are worthy of praise!

In short, Kámál-Hjinoe are the best of what the cosmos has to offer to spirits. In rank they come immediately, together with Angels, after the Gods.

One could also count the not-to-the-earth-bound spirits to the spherical spirits, that is, the stratospherical spirits, the dance spirits and the spirits of sound, in as much as they are not bound to the earth. In essence they nevertheless are not that different from the nature spirits, only their location is different."

Apparently Noer did not find it necessary to give more information about these spirits. One can assume that one can find more information when reading about nature spirits, while stratospherical spirits may be similar to many nature spirits, dance demons with dance spirits, maybe partly with elves, and spirits of sound with earth-bound sound spirits.

About the rest of the spirit world, Noer wrote:

Many spirits have a well defined task to fulfill. Sometimes their outer appearance is connected to this. Humans with the second sight usually can observe spirits visually.

Light spirits come in many categories depending on the place and time they like to manifest. There is a certain relationship with elves and cobolts and also with true aerial spirits. However the light spirits distinguish themselves from these three kinds of spirits by their much bigger size and the fact that they are much more subtle. the same can be said of dance spirits and sound spirits. Sound and dance spirits are extremely susceptible to vibrations. They are beings for whom higher aesthetics are very important. Disharmonious sounds, clumsy movements can upset them and even anger them. their importance should not be underestimated, because they can send out strong vibrations that have a lot to do with the fate of man. In general, one can say that he who is clumsy in sound and movement, should not count too much on cosmic luck. By his own behavior he himself disturbs his aura, by which good vibrations have more difficulty reaching

him, and thus he is exposed primarily to the anger of sound and dance spirits, but he is also a willing receiver of strongly negative forces. He who wants to live in harmony with himself and the cosmos should consider this.

Spirits which are strongly connected to place are empire spirits and city spirits. They are connected to a state, a power, a people. Sometimes their influence is limited to a very small area, usually a gate, a tower, a path. Many tribes adore these spirits as if they were Gods. This is understandable because their power can be immense, and a ruler must take that into account. If no respect is being paid, they can be very angry or retract in bitterness, neglecting their area of influence. If they decide to punish an area then all kinds of things can happen, like epidemics, wasted wars, bad harvests and so on. Usually they are happy with modest offers, although many of them demand clear recognition of their power, and they demand decent respect.

Related to them are servant spirits, which usually are beside the ruler. It is obvious that their function is parallel to that of the empire spirits. While the empire spirits are primarily occupied with political matters, the servant spirits are concerned with the well being of the ruler and his family. But there are more differences. Servant spirits are similar to guide spirits in function, but they belong to the order of nature spirits. Rulers who are in disharmonious connection with servant spirits, do not rule well. The ruler also has to take into account that his rulership is supported by his servant spirits, and that the empire can only be maintained by the work of the empire spirits.

For the flora, fauna, soil life and tasks connected to this, a category of nature spirits exist which are the elves, alvers, gnomes, kobolds, fees, nymphs, mountain nymphs, water nymphs, aerial and water spirits, tree spirits, and finally giants. Elves can be connected to water areas or to plants. In relation to these objects they show a certain similarity to guide spirits. In general, elves are gentle. Their existence is relatively subtle, as they are closely connected with the object. Man should leave all these nature spirits undisturbed rather than adored. Their ruling task is important, and disturbances are handled badly. Their shortness of appearance does not mean that they dissolve after their object has disappeared, but rather that they can be placed somewhere else.

A bit more aggressive than elves are the alvers, who mostly dwell in and around pools and who are not really nice to humans, although it has to be said that this attitude often has a good reason. Alvers have magical power and a strong consciousness, and can attack humans in a powerful way and destroy them, but their power is usually limited to a very small area. An atmosphere heavy as lead is usually a characteristic of their presence.

Gnomes are also not fond of humans. They are usually short of stature, in contrast to the elves and alvers, who are much more ethereal. Gnomes are often extremely gruff, and if they expect a weakness they can be aggressive. As it is well known, they occupy themselves with minerals and the like. There are also forest gnomes who are occupied with a kind of sylvan garden work, and they are also as distrustful and grumbling as their subterranean counterparts. their stature

varies, but almost never more than two and a half to three foot tall.

Cobolds are immensely more playful and subtle, and also much smaller. They belong to the most friendly beings in nature. One could say that they are childish of nature, but also helpful and cautious: Per's smile, incorporated in a nature being that although subtle is very well perceptible.

There is less to tell about fairies that one might think, because most of the forms of manifestation that are attributed to fairies are not at all fairies. They belong to any group -often appearing in female form- of benevolent spirits. A real fairy is a being related to the elves, but it is more inclined towards humans and animals, and with a distinct magical meaning. Fairies sometimes act as a kind of guiding spirit for magicians, mostly women.

There are many kind of nymphs, as was mentioned before. Their meaning as nature spirits should not be underestimated, although their power of action is very localized, as with all nymph-like beings. Good examples are mountain nymphs, water nymphs and forest nymphs. Light spirits and water spirits have a male aspect; the nymphs are female. Aerial and water spirits have similarities with alvers, but their radius of action is greater, especially with the aerial spirits, and their power is in keeping.

And finally, giants, they are similar to gnomes, but they can have impressionable dimensions. They like to inhabit primal forests and mountainous regions. They are very short-tempered and dangerous, but they are certainly not the most intelligent beings on earth, although there are exceptions, among which are some striking ones.

A man of stature can rule over giants, but a weak person will be destroyed without hesitation. Giants are very material and can be easily perceived by those who have the second sight even in the smallest degree. They have a tendency to be carnivorous and they enjoy noise. They are scared of experienced magicians and of certain scents.

A subdivision of spirits appearing in animal forms is composed of werewolves, weretigers, wolfspirits and similar spirits. It is generally known that these are extremely dangerous to humans. A strong will is necessary to keep them at a distance, even for someone knowledgeable in those affairs, or for an experienced priest. Were-spirits are aggressive and apparently evil. However, the enormous energy they can generate can be put to service by an experienced magician, and then used for good things. Furthermore, some were-animals guard graves and they prevent dishonoring of women. All this is dependent on time and place.

The rest of the spirits are to be divided into plant spirits, tree spirits, water spirits, aerial spirits, fire spirits, earth spirits, mountain spirits (no nymphs), swamp spirits, house spirits (non-human), ice spirits, building spirits, cave spirits: in short, spirits inherent to relative ephemeral forms of expressions of nature, whose importance and power are relatively place dependent.

When associating with all spiritual beings, it is better for man to have a respectful attitude, and not be too daring, especially not with less patient spirits. Being

careful is always necessary, as is a great degree of understanding and discipline towards the sphere of existence of the spirits.

This is recommended for the solitary who is destined to survive, because after centuries man will affect the soil he stands on in such a manner, and affect their surrounding world in such a degree that the spirits in the affected areas will retreat grumpily in growing numbers. When the situation will reach a point of intolerance they will fight back with disastrous consequences for mankind. They also will be the ones who will at last destroy the planet when man will sufficiently wreck the planet. In the wood stripped areas heat will rule as if from twelve volcanoes, or chill as if from dozens of ice fields. Quakes will penetrate the earth crust, which shall crumble and collapse. Trees and other vegetation, left by their spirits, will dry up and break apart. Subterranean vapors will rise up through cracks in the earth and suffocate every lung or gill. The sun will be blue, the moon fiery red, the stars will be pale dots, and the sea will steam and boil in a deadly chaos.

The spirits will grasp all the stretched out hands of Per, but those people who will not be worthy to be taken up in time, will not see these Hands.

All vegetation will be shriveled, like all life curling up in cinders. Per's burst of laughter will sound over the self-conceited civilization of man, like a clay object broken into pieces. Arya, the Bird headed, will jeeringly behold what will happen: continents will break apart, mountains will cave in, oceans turn into mountains and lakes into cliffs, clouds into avalanches of stones, trees into clouds of descending trunks, while the earthly mass is like a rain of scorched black soil. What once was fertile is now barren and singed. Sand covers the ruts of what once were cities. Vapors, almost tangible, suffocate what is left of life. A hand encompasses the equator, and squeezes the last drop of life out of this unfortunate sphere that was once the earth. Laughter resounds and barren pieces of earth scatter into the universe.

He who will be taken away on time will experience doom. therefore honor the spirits because it is the gross arrogance of man that will introduce this disaster. Let this be a lesson given by an old man and ruler."

This is the end of the Noer's Book of the Spirits.

On the Threshold

One night, when sleep was not mine, I had a vision:

A three-eyed human head appeared to me, with a smoke plume as body. Now I know that there are demons who can take such an appearance if it suits them. I was not especially intrigued by it, at most curious if something of importance would follow this apparition. When after a few moments a static state of consciousness started to manifest, just looking at each other, the demon looking at me and me looking at the demon, I decided to raise my glowing power in order to call up more demons, while my Djinns were around me (these Djinns are the same as the Great-Servant-Friend-Spirits with Soerya and the Kámál-Hjinoe, from the Book of Spirits by Emperor Noer).

Cosmic life is by itself with risks like any small life form, but when supported by twelve Djinns with whom one can cooperate, and also under the protection of several Gods, one can feel safe in such circumstances.

Instantly the entire atmosphere was filled solely with demons, all of them three-eyed in manifestation but otherwise completely different of appearance and of color. I assume that an unprepared spectator would have died from fear; indeed, such an apparition is especially impressive. Human imagination is too small to digest everything one beholds with such a demonic "visitation". It demands a certain measure of cosmic experience with business of this kind to stay completely sober. If this has been achieved, then what remains is the interpretation of such visions and their meaning. This does not happen with a kind of dream dictionary, but with necessary individual occult contacts, which are Powers, not individuals.

One could accept the three-eyed demons as symbols and go on to an interpretation, which is certainly the most easy method as one can omit a difficult part of the clarification. But it was clear to me that the demons in my vision were not purely symbolic. They were without doubt tangibly present, and thus I had to pay attention to the now-and-why.

Summa summarum: I see a great deal of demons of various forms and color, with one common thing: three eyes, the third eye mostly orderly on the forehead, but sometimes in other compositions. They are not threatening, but are wandering among each other in a dancing manner. The atmosphere is sulfuric, what would certainly be food for Christian devils tales! It is this simple, it all shows in complete silence.

This lasts a while. Than a light green sphere appears, which originally is left alone by the demons. Then it is being divided among themselves, although this does not happen with a knife, but by means of a procedure of picking, like a chicken. A kind of roar sounds, the sky turns red, I hear somebody laughing; a low voice. For a moment my head appears among the demons. It has two eyes but there is golden band around the skull. The the vision fades and ends.

Of course, the third eye of the demons in the vision denotes clairvoyance, at least according to tradition. However one must be very careful with this interpretation because in the new World Year many of these formulas have lost their value. The body with a smoke plume is a symbol of detachment. Thus we have here an image of pure spiritual beings with great inner power, and gifted with cosmic insight. It is clearly about demons, apparently benevolent of character. Compare this with what has been said about the Döwili in the Book of Spirits. The raising of glowing power (psycho-physical heat) by myself points to an active vision: I have conscious participation in the vision. The Djinns around me points to the fact that there were more spirits, at my side, who were involved and were protecting me. The care I was in, of the Gods, points to the cosmic significance of this vision. As the atmosphere was purely filled with demons, this does not mean that the demon had called for reinforcements. These kinds of circumstances do attract the attention of other demons. The light green sphere, originally neglected by the demons, is certainly the world of the earth. A short time later the demons attack and destroy it. The roar is fitting and also the red color appearing in the sky. The laughter could be from the Initiator of this final disaster! One could say it looks apocalyptic. The appearance of my head between the demons, with two eyes and with a golden band around the skull, is more a spiritual announcement. Conclusion: It is about the vision of what will happen at the end of the scarcely beginning new World Year, that probably will be short compared with the previous one. The physical destruction of the earth. The demons are probably symbolic for the nature spirits, which will certainly be involved in the process.

[note of translator: this vision might also be symbolic for the end of the old World Year and the beginning of the new World Year; the demons showing that the Earth has to go through a thorough transformation.]

It is very interesting what is mentioned about giants in the Book of Spirits. With the same stupidity man of the previous World Year has in regards to other nature beings, as for example elves, kobolds, gnomes and so on, he considers the appearance of a giant usually as dumb, lazy and cruel.

That is a dangerous way of generalizing, because there are several types of giants. Once I saw a giant, standing on a mountain flank, seize a flying machine out of the air, like a cat seizes an inexperienced bird. The results were clear; total destruction. The machine was thrown against the rocks, an almost classic model of air disaster. One wonders: why did the giant do this?

Giants in general are irritable. They see the high regions of the mountains as their special resort, in as far as it goes about mountain giants. It can happen that they just don't allow intruders. This is rarely foreseeable. Even the giant who fundamentally is tolerant, and those are very rare, is still quite capricious. The phenomenon "human" will never be completely accepted by a giant, although it is quite more common for a giant to curiously follow a man into his territory instead

of carelessly throwing him in a ravine. In mountain areas there are things that man does that are irritating to a giant. An irritated giant is an extremely dangerous being!

Mountain climbers and their expeditions always make a giant nervous, especially when they take soil samples. Giants also hate the noise of radios, motors and so on. Sounds from an airplane, even more so since the introduction of jet engines, can drive a giant insane. When a giant loses his self control, anything can happen.

Usually giants do not react that violently in the lower mountain ranges. This does not preclude that when they are in an angry mood that they tend to throw rocks, resulting in naturally disastrous results, even avalanches. He who sees a giant might easily get heart failure as giant are literally very big, massive and wild looking! With the use of the term "giant" in as far as eyewitness accounts go, it is advisable to question if they indeed saw a giant. The same applies for nature beings, because confusion is easy. The perception of a spiritual apparition naturally leads to the conclusion that one has seen an elf, a kobold, a giant. But a demon or even an angel servant can also manifest itself in a nature environment, and these kinds of spirits, and I am only naming two, can be of enormous proportions.

Emperor Hoetan said that the giants would be involved with the destruction of the world, that also is written in the Edda. [**note translator:** *The Edda is a collection of Old Norse poems from the Icelandic mediaeval manuscript Codex Regius. The Edda is the most important source we have on Norse mythology and Germanic heroic legends.*] I became aware that with the term giants Hoetan implied earth forces who would retaliate and destroy nature-hostile humanity. This is not limited to giants; the most insignificant kobold then throws away his playing nature and becomes a spear point, aimed at the chest of mankind.

But the manifested giants, not their souls, are perishing with the earth.

In the new World there will giants again, as friends of Gods and man: serious, wise spirits and guardians of the order on the new earth, building on prestige and authority.

How different than giants are elves, not to be confused with the generally cunning, hostile to humans, alvers, who, despite their dimensions and power, are near to to giants!

I know an elf in the fens of Brabant (=province of Holland), who is showing a kind of affectionate melancholy. When he is feeling well, he is sitting underneath vegetation overhanging a tree at the edge of a small pond where he lives. When I saw him for the first time, he let me feel that his name was Anspar.

When he doesn't feel well he withdraws and then he is just visible between the twigs of the overhanging trees. When he feels very bad, then he jumps on me and tightens himself to my chest, like a young ape to his mother. Then he is much

smaller than usual, and completely melancholic. Spherically, this is not without oppression. By way of speaking he is sucking the compassion out of someone. But it has to be mentioned that Anspar also gives a certain insight. From his elf hugs, which only last a couple of minutes, I have learned more than years of study of all kinds of standard occult works could have taught me.

Besides Rudolf, Anspar is my friend, this melancholic elf, who is sad about the noise in his environment, about the rackets, and who does not understand that I cannot make an end to it in one gesture. Ah, Anspar! If people were more like you, my green transparent friend, who sometimes is hanging so heavy on my shoulders, you, lovely and pure being.

What will you do when people have made your little living environment unlivable? Do you then die the elf death of pining away; do you ebb away, or do you flee to more healthy regions? I will miss you, my good elf friend. I won't forget you, as you too will not forget loose me from your airy memory.

For you a hymn of praise, patient, still bearing Anspar. However I fear that your departure is near. With this in front of me I know that an elf can be one's brother.

Per always was, from the beginning of the universe

And Per will always be till the end of it.

Is Per invincible? No he is not.

Per is imperishable and without any other name.

No being is without Per that wants to be in Per.

Does Per execute laws? He does not.

Does Per avoid laws? He does not.

Per is without laws and without double will.

Per rules over all that wants to be right in reason.

Does Per regulate? He does not regulate.

Per's name is endless and detached from the All.

Per blesses everything that wants to be showered with light.

Does Per have desires? He does not know himself.

Does Per distance himself? He does not deny himself.

Per always was from the beginning of the universe

And per will always be till the end of it.

Not everybody is mortal

But everybody will once go into Per.

Only: when is that Once?

The four Holy Emperors grasp the hands of Per;

Many Enlightened Ones dissolved into Him.

The wretched will be alone in His night:

Then He is not, and no All is there anymore.

But after even this night there will be a new All,

And the wretched will go into Per.
 Going into Per is the highest grace;
 Going into Per is being-light-oneself;
 Going into Per is supreme knowing.
 It is the pulverizing of the last barrier;
 It is being-blade with the grass;
 It is being-Per-oneself in taking part of Him.
 That is at the end of the road,
 The proud road,
 The proud road of lonely climbing:
 The grasping of the hands of Per.
 The four Holy Emperors grasped them!
 Why could you or I not do the same?
 He who is not holy can become holy:
 A nimbus already circles my head.
 Almost detached, I am looking at his eyes,
 But the eyes of Per do not see,
 Because He is Per.
 Once everyone will go into Per.
 Only: bring that Once closer!

Why am i writing this work and not somebody else?
 In all my previous lives I came as ruler,
 And often as a priest-king!
 My good will was persecuted
 By doom and dead sometimes
 But often also by blessing;
 There was no regularity in it,
 And cause and effect only perceptible
 By those who read the signs.
 Sometimes there are things
 Which even a reader of signs does not except.
 And more holy men are there who would do better.
 It will be fate,
 And apparent a big deal - but very small nevertheless.
 Before Per's appearance it is not even a bread crumb!
 I am sitting and writing - a sleep walker;
 Sometimes my speech is from ages old,
 Sometimes it is rough.
 I hear, perceive, and write accurately.
 Who says that words carry laws?
 Those laws worn out in the new World Year!
 They still serve the evil forces,

I do not want to hear sounds from those enslavers.
 If it must be, I do my plight
 And write, even as my existence passes by -
 Am I a hero then? - Ah, no,
 I am hardly aware that I work,
 But I am sure that it must be.
 And without Per, who is blind in regards to Justice,
 I would not see from both of my eyes.

How unequalled are dragons as forms of appearance of the highest cosmic Demons, embodiments of universal power and regulators of law!

This new World Year is not anymore one of religions and sects, but it is one of independently becoming human. It is not anymore one of the so-called "world leaders", but it is the World Year of the reborn Gods and Demons. This is the era of the Holy Dragon.

He who has rested between the toes of the Blue Dragon of Universal Knowledge, he who has flown on his breath, whom he held high on his flames, he has seen and must tell what he saw.

The Holy Dragon encircles the earth: his breath is her soul! The sight of this respectful being is beyond comparison. In majesty there is little to compare him with, the holy Blue Dragon. His enormous mouth is bigger than the earth; his body is longer than the Milky way; his roaring and is like the thunder of hundreds of volcanoes or as the roaring of an ages old storm.

Who bears his imposing appearance, whose eye does not get blinded, who does not fall down with dizziness, whose ear does not get death?

Wisdom and knowledge are only allowed to those who have seen the Dragon in all his might. He is the key to all Higher Knowledge in the cosmos, and one must have returned to earth with undamaged skin and unburned hair.

Each spiritual mandate, each worldly power for ruler ship comes from the Dragon. All others are mirages or falsehoods.

The Holy Dragon does not wish and does not demand. Therefore one must not adore him as a Divinity from the old World Year. The immortal Dragon is a given, not an idol.

The road to the Dragon begins in the personal experience and in the wish to follow this road too. One walks on this road alone. There are no guides. One goes blind. Along the road there are signs. The only thing to do is: to not see with open eyes, and thus not to be led astray. One fills his ears with wax in order not to hear the voices one can expect behind oneself. One does not know what is behind him.

But when one hears with awe the roaring of the Holy Dragon, then the moment is there! Remove the wax from the ears; open the eyes and approach without fear the exalted being that lives at the end of all dimensions. One shall feel how to pass by the threshold to the new knowledge. Then it will be understandable how

in words nothing can be transferred from the Beingness. Therefore the role of teachers, interpreters and priests is over; that real or so-called holy books have no more value; and that this book, that you are reading now, is not a learning-of-life-book, but a gaze into the distance.

The Germanic Book of the Dead

[note from translator: This text was written by the inspiration of the Germanic goddess Hell. All this sounds sinister, but it is the opposite. I will let Jan-Anton explain all this himself in the Preface to the Germanic Book of the Dead.]

Preface to the Germanic Book of the Dead

A book of the Dead in the "classical" sense, as it is the case with the Egyptian or the very different Tibetan Book of the Dead, does not need to be rewritten for the new World Year: that which is eternal in these Books of the Dead can not be improved - that which does not apply anymore has already lost its power, without the need to refute. The Germanic Book of the Dead is not like the other Books of the Dead. It is not a guide to avoid reincarnation and it is not a manual to avoid judging justice: these concepts are not a focus the Germanic Book of the Dead. The Germanic Book of the Dead has its name because it relies on what Hell -the Goddess of Death- visionary has revealed. Of course, the term "Germanic" is of no other significance than its connection to the Northern European pagan concept, that in its esoteric meaning goes back to the times of emperor Hoetan (the first mortal emperor). Her message is intentionally intended for the New World Year and will be of cosmic importance for a long time. When reading it, do remember that many who read a mystical treatise will try to compare it to others which they deem similar. It may be that disappointment will be the result. Hell's words are clear, concise, and sometimes even abrupt. The Goddess does not lose time, although she has time in plenitude.

Hell herself? How many times did I not see and do I still see Hell, who speaks without even one word and lets me know everything I desire! As she appears, light brown of hair, with helm like crown on her head, wearing a purple attire, her smile lightly mocking and her green eyes lightly closed; her power is tangible by surroundings of by acolytes and demons of death of many appearances, [note translator: Jan-Anton van Hoek does not use the word 'demons' in the classical sense; he calls demons a particular class of very powerful and highly spiritual beings which by their appearance or actions can be frightful], also surrounded by dragons and monsters. Her irony does not mock anybody but is simply above time, and in so much as the wriggling of mankind is or could not be anything more than just wriggling. Of course, Hell should not be confused with Loki's daughter Hell from the old World Year: it is the same spirit, but now, after Ragnarok (the twilight of the Gods), she has been purified and is one of the most positive creative forces in the cosmos; which also applies for the giants (now guardians of order), the wolf Fenris (guardian of the All, and servant of the Holy dragon), and the serpent Iörmungandr (priest of Eternity and First servant of the Solar cult on earth). It is there that one of the first seeds of the resurrected esoteric Paganism is. Even in the old Word Year, Rudolf the Wise One [note translator: Jan-Anton calls Rudolf his brother whom he has met since ancient

time, and who is now on the spirit side and in contact with Jan-Anton], could trust that a dying religion could brought back to a new life. But now the verdict has been made: that impasse is over; the word is for those who posses esoteric knowledge and are able to bring it out into the open, and this is definitive. How cosmically inspiring is the thought about Gods, about their holy imperturbability! How blessed is he who is able to feel their power and feels himself connected to them!

Hell's inspiration is within me and is leading the creations of my spirit. The fact that her name -as with many of the Gods- has been changed for the worst, does not affect her name: a precious stone can be covered with mud but it remains the same precious stone. One can imagine Hell's laughter about this all: "I am Hell, if that pleases you or not. It does please me." Finally this: I cannot say that this Book of the Dead is my creation. It is by Hell's power of inspiration that it was written on paper; in this I am nothing, no mystic in the classical interpretation, even not a medium in the parapsychological meaning of the word. I simply know that Hell wants to communicate this - it is not explainable how. And I am passing it on. May the Germanic Book of Death give comfort and understanding; when understanding has been achieved, comfort is not necessary anymore. May it be a contribution to the learning of mankind: the learning of being born, living, dying, living after dying, and everything related to it. Nothing more than a contribution! Our book shows, but it does not teach, that man has to conclude and act by himself - now that he has the freedom to do this. Death harbors secrets for sure, and those are twofold: first the secrets that one can only find by himself, and secondly the secrets that can be written down and that form a passport of life and after-life and at the same time are reflections of both existences of life. Because what is called "life" or "death" is nothing more than a door between two rooms of the House of life. Regarding the style of writing, the subject seemed to be sufficiently poetic to let Hell's concise inspiration-sentences to be as they were. Thus I have avoided as much as possible the style of an essay, and I have given the preference to a more poetic approach.

The Germanic Book of the Dead

Birth is not; life is not; dying is not;
 They are not: they form parts of a Whole.
 He who is born from the womb into the life of flesh
 makes one step forwards;
 The he makes another step;
 Then a third one-
 And he already leaves the corporeal shell.
 With the first step who will not think about the second one?
 And though, who dares to think about the third one
 when he is making the second one?

He is vain, suddenly to want to be blind.
 It is foolish to cut the threads
 which run through the phases of existence.
 Existence: from becoming physical
 to becoming un-physical.
 Who, when breathing in, hesitates to breath out?
 Why fear, oh man, to breath out to becoming un-physical?
 Everything you perceive is both mortal
 and immortal:
 Shells die off, like a coat wearing out
 of sometimes also being torn: a new shell follows.
 But does one wear a coat
 When one lies down for a rest?
 One time, for any who suffers from the cold,
 If he wants; the time will come when cold will not have any hold on him anymore,
 And without a coat he becomes happy and satisfied.
 As long as he cosmically shivers, he will need shells
 And with his earth bound gaze
 He attaches himself to them as it was so heavily important.
 It is vain, to want to be that warm.
 It is foolish, to adore the shells
 which guide through the phases of existence.
 Shells: from materialization
 to dematerialization.
 And when attaching oneself to others:
 How easy it is to see their shells for humans,
 How easy one thinks the breaking of their eye,
 Is the breaking of their soul!
 How easy:
 No one is the property of the other.
 One does not feel bereft,
 Because also the coats of others
 Fall like rags from the shoulders.
 Only he who lives in detachment
 Really lives:
 Nothing is your property, and you are nothing.
 Your coat has been loaned to you
 Until it drops down when worn out.
 That is the way to go
 And always direct attention to the goal.
 Then one can enjoy the material the most:
 One profoundly knows the boundaries.
 Is it not the best laughter
 which underlies the tempers of melancholy?

Only the four Holy Emperors are immortal
Their body sublimed
When they grasped the hands
Of Him who is incomprehensible.
After them, everyone shed their coats
And it shall be this way in the future.
The last breath escaping from the chest
Makes the seams of the shells pop
And the fabric disintegrate.
The chest collapses,
The belly rattles,
The skin becomes like wax.
You who ascends through the narrow,
Protected by your guides,
Who beholds your fear with wonder:
This is the third step
Called dying,
But dying it is not.
Only he who is detached
Goes from the one into the other.
Him the tunnel is awaiting,
Him the gate is awaiting,
Him the meadow is awaiting;
But he is not dazed!
He shall see them all,
The volatile spirits,
The demons he shall see
And maybe the Gods too.
If his eye is not glued
He shall see.
If his ear is not glued,
He shall hear.
Clarity will be with him in laughter
And he will not distinguish anymore
Between seconds and aeons,
Between miles and fathoms,
Hundredweights from grains.
Tight he felt when he came out of his mother's belly:
That tight he felt again when leaving his shells.
But now he is light and playful
And he does not cry like last time.
He left behind on earth
The threatening authorities of eternity

Together with their suffering soul.
 The majesty of the transition
 Elevates a soul who gained nobility
 And gained in noble fight!
 Fear leaves you: great is your luck.
 Like moon crescents Hell stretches her hands:
 The light thereof is shining your unearthly path.
 The angled cross is turning around,
 Ever calm, but inevitable.
 Seeing it makes you learn many things
 And makes you experience the turning of the All.
 Then you will perceive your task with awe
 And silently you will acknowledge your fall
 And you will hear that you have risen,
 resurrected from the deep indignity.
 Then, stirred, grasp with both hands
 Your fate and help decide your aid
 Which will be your dwelling after the spiritual world!
 All who honor the Gods, who acknowledge the All in respect,
 May claim such an unfolding.
 Calm he may be he who grows without attachment.
 He may hope to come here for the last time
 before the shells would cloth him in another earthly attire.

The detached ones do not return;
 The attached ones remain bound to the earthly cycle.
 They help to choose the mother's belly which shall give birth to them;
 They determine their fate;
 Their fate is always suffering.
 He who has left behind everything;
 He who is death to preaching of penance;
 He who goes his path undecieved:
 He will be detached,
 Will be free,
 Will shake the cycle from him
 Like a dead snake.
 The chains falls off: the spirit stands free,
 Disconnected from any compulsion
 And already half blessed in Him who is home to everyone.
 If his eyes don't wander,
 He will not get under any spell!
 His innate being will evaporate
 And dissolve into the being of Him.
 But if he looks behind,

His heart is moved with compassion!
And already he decides to rescue
Who just was sheltering himself.
His eyes are radiating throughout the All,
A string is offered to him,
A string of taking pity, rich
Of so many beads
As will be his return to
The earthly realm of need.
A God dissolves,
His task of Lord accomplished:
His place determines the fate
Of he who freely and fully
With majestic benevolence,
Makes the earth vibrate
With his golden foot.
He will not be given a lot of gratefulness.
He already it knows well beforehand
And unwavering he traverses his cycle.
No other need pressures him
Than his holy pledge,
As he has already ascended the earthly bonds.
Out of free will he takes the heavy cane,
Bearing the backpack and the heavy boots.
The body around him pays its toll
What silently needs to be paid:
A Great Spirit does not stagger and bides his time.
He knows how long his candle will burn
And is ready, to extinguish himself the wick at the end.
That which man believes to be his luck,
He does not care about: he knows it already
And knows man's illusion.
But shall he really snarl from his high post,
Or only allow his body, to despise
The wriggling of the lusting brood of man?
He knows very well, how many times he has left
Passing through this earth again.
The burden becomes heavier each time
He takes it upon his shoulders.
Then, bending through his knees during the last time
He knows he will ascend into the Will,
The only one who always prevails
And who he knows as Something, with nothing behind.
That 'absolutum' is only granted to him

Who escapes from the cycle by way of offering:
 The others dissolve,
 The Godhead, being free itself, knows.

Has the old World Year gone
 And the new One arisen,
 Even than the Law does not change.
 The biggest things remains true to their selves.
 But at the end of it:
 Many will go the path
 Through the tunnel and the gate
 To the meadow.
 Very many.
 Very Many.
 How many among them
 Will be detached
 And free?
 He who is not, will wake,
 Wake in the Night,
 The Night of All,
 That comes
 And lies between All and All.
 Who will ascend into Him
 Behind whom there is nothing?
 Woe!
 Woe!
 Wake o man, now the time is here
 That you will not wake
 And lonely try
 To drown a System that does not exist anymore.
 In the need of loneliness
 Until a grim day dawns
 Of chaotic new Universe.
 Breathe the breath in;
 Breathe the breath out.
 Be your own master,
 Your own priest,
 Your own religious lord!
 Free yourself!
 Very many will go,
 Few will reject themselves.
 Sharp be your gaze-
 The Law never changes.
 In the Night of All,

Do not wake!
Then you are not supposed to be anymore;
Be in Him, until at dawn He
Splices Himself again, evaporating
And throwing away substances of soul.
Purify yourself of strange contamination
And listen to the voice in your soul,
The rustling of your spirit.
In there every answer is present.

The King of the Earth

In the new World Year the time is arriving that he will appear, who, since the Birdheaded One, carries the title of the king of the World. He is the responsible planetary spirit of divine origin in who's hand the earth turns and who will be the driving force at her destruction. The Holy Four Emperors already paid honor to the king of the Earth, because their soil and their people were in his hands and he is worth of honor. Therefore they ordered rituals in his honor and made him the future, fifth and last immortal Emperor, who, after fulfilling his task, will take the hands of Per and will go into Per, as did Arya, Soerya, Noer and the White Emperor. Of all these high spirits the King of the Earth is the most impenetrable. For as much as his existence is interwoven with the planet, he equally is so unearthly as a spirit. For as much as he is shaped by his task -chained by the earth -,he equally is free and separate of it: characteristic of his form, incarnated or not incarnated.

The King of the earth can be frail and almost transparent, or as a giant that heavy! He has many forms and his eye can have any radiation. Rightly so emperor Noer does not describe him in the Book of Spirits. The King of the Earth is indescribable, and it makes no sense to try because the ability to understand is not adequate for any definition.

Strangely enough, there was a secret cult for him in tantric-buddhist areas, especially in Mongolia. But these cults have lost a lot of their power, now the new World Year has arrived, and for as much as their followers haven't been murdered by the communists.

If one wants to investigate the figure of the King of the earth and its cult, then one needs to investigate the Tibetan codices, but also to concentrate on the role of the Great Spirit in the new World Year. It is also advisable to go back to the previous World year to get a feeling of what role the King of the World fulfilled in the evolution of our dying planet, what role he has now and in the future.

When investigating this, I had at my disposal sources discovered in mystic ways. First there is the Ritual of the Green Year: this is a description of the spring rituals at the time of Arya. Second is the Hymn to the King of the Earth which dates from the time immediately after the White Emperor. Third: The Complaint of the King, from the environment of the King of the Earth. Fourth and last: The Song of Shattering, in essence the apocalypse of the Great Spirit.

The Book I of the White Emperor

[note translator: The Book I (I is i capitalized, and is not the number 1) was originally written by the White Emperor, who was the last Immortal Emperor. The term "I" is used here in the third sense. The Book and the terms used in it stand on itself, but for purpose of the reader one could equal the term "I" with what is presently know as the Self, the true inner divine being present in all of us.

This text is not always easy reading. Therefore read slowly and also read with your spirit. It demands flexibility in your ability to understand concepts that are so simple that for modern man it might be difficult to grasp. Nevertheless it is very important reading material as it concerns understanding about who you really are.]

The Book I

Any sovereignty is I, and in I is present in all rulership. Per [note: translator: Per is the name for the Divine] is sovereign over All; All is sovereign over the Cosmos; the Cosmos is sovereign over the Nearby; the Nearby is sovereign over the Outer; the Outer is sovereign over the Inner. All these ruler ships however are present in the own I, and this I is part of the I of Per, as well as Per's I has part of the I of every living being of any kind, be it in the flesh or not.

The I only tolerates one ruler ship, and that is the one of the I. The I encompasses the All and is in Per.

When one says: "I am", then one speaks with empty words. When one says: "I is", then one echoes the truth. When one says: "I have", his language has been worn out. When one says: " I has", then his language is full of blossom. For the eye, I is reasonable and limited - for the Vision it is unlimited and all fulfilling. I is present in the inner Being, and not outside of it. I is in unity with I: The Outer with the Inner, with the Cosmos, with the All, with Per. There one sound is present - the sound of I. There one vibration is present - the vibration of I. Pure being in I, is hearing the echoes of the spirit like drops of water, falling in a basin of rock. Pure being in I, that is mystical knowledge. And mystical knowledge is the All-encompassing knowledge of the measure of things.

I is inconjurable, undiscussable, undeceivable, because I is I, and is own and free of slavery. I is unenslavable, indestructible, untorturable, because the own I is free from slavery. It is I, free and sovereign, from Per to the smallest living beings in the All.

It shall not be said: "thus is I", because the I is not discussable, not determinable. Nothing that is sovereign, is determinable, and the I is unspeakable; nothing is impossible for the I because the sovereignty of the I by itself contains a limitation: therefore the I, within sovereignty, condenses itself to immeasurable and all-penetrating power. Therefore I is at the same time limited and unlimited, it remains within itself and it penetrates the All at the same time. He who undergoes his sovereignty, is reaching further than those who exercise it,

because the I expands its own right the best and does not want to be hindered. Does the I not stretch itself to the outer limits of infinity? A zither's tone sounds longer than a sword's blow, how necessary this last one may be. Swordsman's fight and zither's play are both in I, because I is all-encompassing: does it not contain the Unlimited? Embrace is more permanent than strangulation, and it brings forth life.

In its multiplicity I is unlimited, but in return it determines the Unlimited, because of its freedom of will and choice: free not only from all the rest, but also from itself. In I is concealed all the rest it is present itself in the Self. It is in essence Self: a crystal of All-I and of Per-All.

Who realizes I? He realizes I who is present in the own I, because he is carrying the key himself, and he knows how to open doors. Therefore: he who handles the key, realizes I. On him rest the smile of the Gods and Spirits, all in I, all are part of him, and he of them.

He who realizes I, will know I: ruler ship will rest with him and he will be sovereign and one with the Inner. Therefore he shall take part of the All and he shall be I in the I of Per.

The power of assertion is in I: at the lower end it leads to tyranny, at the higher end it leads to sovereignty. Tyranny turns against the ruler by force, and corrupts the I: the I becomes filthy and closes itself off. Sovereignty is the help for the true Lord, and it keeps the I pure: the I blossoms and it opens.

Therefore: one has to lead to drive to exert oneself through high sluices. Avoid bad foods and drinks; bad company; bad hours; bad smells and sounds - because those path the long way. Choose the right things for the mouth, the nose, the ear and the skin, and choose well time, circumstance and company, because well chosen paths form the elevated path.

As the ruler correspondingly wakes over the Empire, thus man should wake over his family and have it penetrated with I, in purity and with reason; from this the force is derived to strengthen the I. As each person holds the own I in the All-I, thus he preserves the own I and does not let it wane, nor let it be absorbed by the sum-I of others. I is I, and it is a right! Thus one holds a temple for the I in one's own being, and one does not let it be entered unless by the own spirit, because the I demands its deserved offers, and those one brings in the protected loneliness of this temple and not outside of it. Be it a temple with open gates, that nevertheless does not welcome anyone but its own.

Because the I is not in what is concealed but in the purity of spirit, guard and protect it, so the I can be guardian and protector; it is not the eyes of the seer which want to profanely peek in it, but it is always those of the blind, with desecrating stare. Then be priest of the own I and chase the perpetrators from the garden, with commanding raised hand and with flaming look! The temple of the I must be preserved undamaged, but he who fails and tolerates desecration, must purify the temple of the I and if necessary to recreate it completely into a holy unity of own identity and will.

The higher will is indeed from I, the lower will is from the negation of I. The higher will only serves the perfection of the I: to penetrate the All into Per. The lower will subjugates other lower wills, or it subjugates itself to other lower wills; both activities can be its object or one of both. The higher will does not serve, but it is sovereign, because it is from I, and I is not a servant of the true ruler.

Thus I demands its toll of the caretaker of its temple: unlimited recognition and absolutely protecting the Own. I demands true renunciation of the limitations of society, because those are not related to the I, and they are never a goal, and they are very seldom a virtuous means to obtain any goal. I does not count gold pieces, words of praise or rank in society! Even earthly civilization is outside I. For the I, society is worth less than a pack of wolves: the fiction of the necessity of life is lacking in the clarity of I.

The Emperor has I, but every other person, even the slave, can possess the I. Even the criminal who has been convicted to death, on the point of being torn up by horses, can possess the I. Everybody is able to have the I if they have erected a temple and maintained it, because this temple service is the first Quieting, leading to the Own Sovereignty, and to the All and to Per. Thus even the most miserable person, on the threshold of the transition, or even after that, will be able to learn and cherish his return to the temple, and act accordingly.

Who possesses I? He possesses I who has gained I and has guarded over I, because, having gained he knows the value and the power of I as the ever purifying source of greatest and highest self perfection into eternity. He who possesses I, shall know from I and from all of which its path goes through I. He will be a ruler in the Cosmos and an adept in the All. Therefore he will be in concordance with the I of the I, with Per.

Undesirable is the anti-I, because it seeks to crowd the I. The anti-I is never the I of an other being, but it is the entirely fictitious "I" that arises from the collective. Collectives are the enemy of the own development, yes even of the own identity. The fictitious "I" of the collective is not I, but it is the anti-I. It is a danger, that must be observed calmly, and be fought.

Having respect for a roaring lion shows that one has insight. Having respect for a gang of a thousand mice shows cowardice. Nevertheless the anti-I is ruling clearer than the I. I is ruling from the pure, blinding many; the anti-I is ruling from the troubling, causing sleep.

The nature of the collective rocks to sleep. It provides for a pleasurable sensation. But appearance deceives! Man is lonely, and will strive and progress lonely. Every negation hereof is self-deception: no collective can bring salvation. The tiger roars in loneliness, wild dogs bark in their pack.

No anti-I will remain upright; only I will survive the times up to their last phases. Anti-I numbs; I stimulates. One should not join any community if one wants to perfect the soul, and be free and strong.

One should not be influenced by any "master", if one wants to perfect oneself and live in un-bound power of spirit.

One should not be part nor master of any collective, be it large or small. One should be oneself in his multiplicity be it a collective and be master thereof. Then I blossoms, and anti-I is silent. Anti-I will shrivel and fall off from the plant of life, like a sick leaf. Only the unity is important: only the unity can possess spirit power, and spirit power is undividable.

Only the unity has Will; collective "will" is an illusion. He who breathes and sees and observes, knows the Will. He knows that nobody else will breathe his breath, will blink his eye and perform his observations. Who else will do the breathing, seeing and observations than he himself, for himself? Is he not his own Self and his I?

The subjugation of his own I in its inner being to another I is also not a matter of wisdom, because I must be free in order to be able to judge and to go the path to perfection.

The maintenance of I is necessary, without preventing its melting into Zero. No Zero is without I, but Zero is at the end of everything. Then I will not be anymore, but only Zero. Therefore, in the end I is Zero, and Zero is in I. Is not the fullness of things their emptiness? Zero is in Per, and Per is in Zero. And I is, throughout All and Per, in Zero, at the end of all the All.

Reflections on the old and new World Year

In the previous texts it was obvious that many laws from the old World Year has lost their validity totally or partially in the new World Year. This does not mean that they are without influence at the beginning of the new World Year; such matters are always a gradual process, and the new World Year has only just begun.

Nevertheless it is important to consider the question that what is taken for granted today will continue to be right, despite the fact that justice and righteousness in general, even within the time frame of one World Year or part thereof, are dynamic concepts, which easily can shift in their appearance. The spiritual - as well as the social code of conduct that one grants oneself, is strongly depending on this. From the point of the cosmos there is no re-evaluation of all values - the accomplishments of the old World Year remain accomplishments. It may be taken or granted that, in the light of the more penetrating, at this time not so secret anymore, Knowledge of the new World Year, these accomplishments will acquire a different appearance and especially a different significance. This does not necessarily mean that it has a deeper, more noble meaning. On the contrary: many a concept from before the Threshold, is of little influence after the Threshold. Most of the philosophical and religious systems have a certain form of messianic ideal, and only few systems emphasize self-salvation. This is mostly related to the repression of Paganism, that in its highest evolution does know self-salvation, and in which the Gods fulfill a role, as it is also present in the Book of Spirits. The new World Year will prove that a messianic ideal is not valid. The concept "Soter" (Savior) does not relate to anything else but the latent self-liberating power of the Self, independent from the fact that this power will come to full development or not.

This primal concept in itself brings about that at present the messianic religions have already lived out their existence: the savior-idea as light image appears to be nothing else but a self projection, from the Self-nucleus, which is already seen as purified. When the Christian God "offers" himself, then this is nothing else but a symbol of self purification for the benefit of the Self, and of his fellow-man. Making one step further and the ideal of bodhisattva has been reached. Only the understandable, but not less the unnecessary fear for the Self, for the High Loneliness and for the required courage and alertness, that the idea of a savior seems plausible. Hereby, the appearance of the savior is irrelevant, although some have been more perverted than others by its followers.

One must free oneself from the paternalizing of saviors and subsequently of similar religions and systems, in order to discover the true Soter in oneself. This Soter is called Freedom, is called Cosmic Width, is called Universal Seriousness, the three elements which together form Wisdom.

No wisdom is in him who is not free within himself, because he is a thoughtless slave of others, who think in his place or at least pretend.

No wisdom is in him also when he is deaf and blind, who believes what others see

and hear in his place or pretend to do so.

No wisdom is in him neither who is frivolous to the All, because he is a spiritual fool, who leaves his responsibility to others, who pretend to fulfill the cosmic plights in his place.

The path that is open, is not the one of the least resistance. In stead of other thoughts, enlightened or not, one has to think for oneself. In stead of echoing other people's sentences, one shall have to learn to speak from oneself. But above all: in stead of going to promised lands of eternity as if being part of a traveling companionship, one shall have to oneself find the answers to cosmic questions, and to find the spark in order to alight the innate eternal Light. The era of belief is totally over; the era of Cosmic Knowing has started.

The Grail

Pagan primordial myth of a solar symbol
by Jan-Anton van Hoek, 1983

[note from translator: The Grail texts by Jan-Anton van Hoek, is not part of his book "Tekenen uit de Nabije Kosmos" (Signs from the Nearby Cosmos). It is an unpublished text.

As the Grail is getting renewed interest, I am giving a more lengthy introduction to this text of van Hoek.

While opinions vary as to the original inspiration for the idea of a Holy Grail, it is widely accepted that a grail, or graal in old French, (serving dish or bowl) first appears in a work of medieval French literature, Perceval, le Conte du Graal (The Story of the Grail), written in the late 12th century by the poet Chrétien de Troyes. Here a young knight marvels at a radiant dish emanating light that he sees as part of a procession at a king's banquet. Awed into silence, the knight fails to ask about the stunning object, but later meets a hermit who explains that the dish holds a single Mass wafer that keeps the crippled father of the king alive.

Not much later, in the early 13th century, Robert de Boron writes a grail story called Joseph d' Arimathie (Joseph of Arimathea). This is the first explicit depiction of the grail as the chalice or cup used by Jesus at the Last Supper. In the story Joseph uses the chalice to catch drops of Christ's blood as he is preparing his burial. When Joseph is imprisoned, the legend says that the grail helps keep him alive and his descendants eventually bring the revered chalice to the West, where it becomes the fabled object of knights' quests.

Other texts described the Grail as a chalice, a stone, an emerald.

Where the idea of a Holy Grail originates has long been the subject of debate and varied theories. Many scholars believe the notion of a grail imbued with magical qualities comes from a pagan Celtic legend that told of a cauldron of plenty, or vessel, that was a source of endless nourishment and regeneration. The Celts came from a group of immigrants called the Battle-Axe folks. They immigrated into Europe from the steppe lands of Southern Russia. As you will read in the texts of Jan-Anton van Hoek many geographic names sound very Indian, India being south of Russia. Steppe lands are also mentioned. However the time period in his texts is more than six thousand years ago, when the Grail was created. It is important to know that Jan-Anton van Hoek wrote these texts down as he heard them in a cosmogenic way. One could also say that these texts exists in the Akashic records of the Earth. The texts were probably once books written down about events that actually happened but slightly changed into a myth also. It is important when reading these texts to keep this in mind. Also important is to be aware that the physical and the etheric or spiritual world are not two separate

worlds. They are both in the here-and-now and interpenetrate each other. The etheric world is a world of energy forms and beings who create and maintain the physical world. When we read that the Grail was thrown into the ether and is still there, we need to understand that the Grail can be contacted by everyone with vision. As the forms in the spiritual world change according to the seeker's belief system, the Grail may appear to him differently than to another person. Thus many Grail stories have formed, and they are all true. As a spiritual seeker you must understand the nature of the world(s), the creative energies and the nature of man. Only then you will understand that the different Grail stories are not conflicting.]

The Throwing of the Grail

The Disappearance of the Grail is the subject of the following essay. It details the throwing away of the holy Chalice by the White Emperor, and the finding of the Grail by one of his successors who provided the Grail with a lid. Hereafter the Chalice remained in possession of the line of Emperors, until Hoetan threw away the Grail again, but now inscribed with runes.

The White Emperor created the Grail and pondered the future of the Chalice, knowing that it had to be thrown into the Universe in order for the Grail to do its work. Thus he asked himself: "From where shall I throw the Chalice, for each place on earth to have equal chance to receive it? The mountains in between the two seas are high, but they provide not enough vision nor throwing distance." He called his councilors into the Great Audition Hall.

"Give me advice", he ordered, "where can I find that point, from which I can oversee the earth, and from which the arrows from my bow can reach the farthest corners?"

The councilors and the masters of ceremonies didn't have an answer. Thus Goedân dismissed them. He withdrew into his quarters to reflect the matter. The empress approached him, bowed and offered him fragrant wine in a golden chalice.

"What is on your mind?", she asked, while her fingertips touched his sleeve. Goedân smiled.

"Most Beautiful Woman, these are difficult matters, of which not even my councilors know the answer."

Agya, the Beautiful, said: "Thus my Lord has made the Chalice, which has received the luster and salvation of the Three Fathers, from the Birdheaded One, from the Sun Emperor, and from Noer, father of Your Majesty. Would my Lord, who has made the Chalice from lifeless loam, have knowledge of what flows forth from the building of the world?"

"You are questioning me deep, O Empress", the White Emperor answered, "infinitely deep. How do you view the world's building?"

"The world, o highly Goedân, has been built as a house", the Empress said, "and

every house has a roof, this one too. If you want to look beyond the house and throw far, than you must go on the roof. Thus, you my Lord, will go on the roof of the house, the Roof the World. There you must go, and from there you will throw the Chalice in the direction of cosmic destiny."

The emperor understood that she was right. he stayed with her that night, but he had decided to act without delay the next morning.

The next morning the Gong of Arya, held up with logs, sounded through the city of Rayipoer. This meant Great Council. Immediately, couriers jumped onto the saddle to speed to the sovereigns of distant and conquered areas. They had to send their councilors to the Court to advise the Arya. It took the length of a moon until all of them arrived at the Great Audience Hall to answer the Lord's question of how he should travel to reach the Roof of the World.

Many councilors dissuaded the emperor of the long and fatiguing journey it would be. After all, none of them could answer his question. Then the word was given to the councilors of unfamiliar rulers who were also invited into the Hall. One of them, Maguhari, ambassador of Soedar, the king of Munsdar said: "As the Lord of Righteous has decided to travel to the Roof of the World, may he know that from Munsdar some of our priests have undertaken journeys to the Roof of the World, and that this destination is reachable from my country. When Your Majesty travels to the lands north of Munsdar, he will approach the Roof of the World."

Tayin, ambassador of the lord of Gelen, the land of silk, whose name was Oeiti, bowed and said: "Thus the ambassador of the mighty Oeiti knows: from his land a caravan trail leads to the lower part of the mountains south of the Roof of the World. If Arya follows this road to the areas described by Maguhari, the ambassador of the king of Munsdar, soon the road will be open into the mountains and leading to the Roof of the World."

"Your council is good, and one is similar to the other. How do I move into the mountains, and even more: how do I get through them?", the emperor asked.

Nobody knew the answer to this, not even Maguhari, the ambassador of Soedar, or Tayin, ambassador of Oeiti.

The Reshid spoke, leader of the Hamâni, a tribe of traveling animal breeders, east of Kôrsim, the Eastern Sea. He was at the court as representative of the leaders of herds people in that area.

"Lord", Reshid said, "the mountains are dangerous and inhospitable. Traversing them is completely needless and superfluous ordeal for your company. Follow me: sail over the Eastern Sea, land on the shore, and ride through beautiful virgin lands until the land rises and lead you to the Roof of the World."

"The road through the Lands of the North is as dangerous as the one through the High Mountains.", Tayin said.

"Yes," Reshid answered, "from your country! Because you must first travel through the dessert of the Dry Sea. But before we arrive at the coast thereof, we change direction to the south."

"The cold will be harmful for the well-being of His Majesty." Mughari said.

"The cold in the High Mountains is stronger and the journey through the

mountains takes longer."

"The horses will not survive this journey to the Roof of the World and back," Beloen said, the Supreme Guardian of the Solar Seal.

"Before the Roof of the World will be visible, we will change to ride on mountain animals. They will bring Arya and everyone else safely to the Roof of the World and back. When we come back, we will change again to horses."

Goedân stood up and said: "Thus Arya speaks: Reshid, leader of the Hamâni, ambassador of the people of the steppe, accept Our trust and take charge of the preparation of the imperial caravan, because We will leave for the Roof of the World without delay."

Reshid bowed and said that he would need six times six days before the caravan of the White Emperor would be able to leave.

Goedân gave him his blessings and dismissed all present.

Reshid send messengers to the other leaders of the steppe people in order for them to organize a great caravan of camels, dromedaries, horses, donkeys and other animals, with tents, food, wine and everything that was necessary to undertake a journey to the Roof of the World, and in order for it all to be ready at the other side of the Eastern Sea when Arya and his company would land. The leaders brought together sixty camels and dromedaries, six times sixty horses and as much donkeys and other animals. They took care of other needs, both for Arya and his company, because they themselves came with six times hundred people to accompany the Supreme Lord.

Reshid send other messengers to the lords who ruled in the areas between the eastern steppes and the Roof of the World to announce the arrival of Goedân in order for them to receive the emperor and his company in a hospitable way and to feed the animal riders.

The White Emperor gathered his Small Council and gave orders about how to rule the Empire during his absence. He summoned Tura and Dünar, his sons, made them kneel before him and said: "Rule the Empire in my place, you princes, and think about who you are. Let yourself be advised by the empress, your mother when compassion applies, and by Beloen, the Supreme Protector of the Solar Seal when severity applies. Send me messengers weekly to inform me accurately about your ruling. Use the Eastern Hall of Audition and not the Great Hall of Audition. Be seated on the marble seats of princes and not on the Imperial Throne. Use the princely insignia and not the imperial one. You, Tura, my oldest son, will wave the golden whip of justice, and you, Dünar, my youngest son, will use the gold basin of alms."

Goedân gave his sons his blessing and send them away. He went to the empress' quarters to greet her before beginning his long journey. When her spouse was announced, Agaya the Beautiful was spinning golden flax and she radiated brilliance. She stood up and said: "That the Gods may lead my Lord, but also me and our sons who will rule the empire in his absence."

"They will be guided by you, beautiful Agaya. In you I put my peace and trust. Let the musicians and dancers come, let food and drink be served and let us enjoy

ourselves, because it will long before we will be reunited."

The empress gave her orders and they spent the evening together in her quarters.

In the early morning, the bronze gates in the outer walls of the imperial palaces opened. Goedân was carried in his palanquin and blessed the ecstatic kneeling people, being high above his surrounding company, slow but driven to the small port where his ship was ready, staffed with well fed row slaves, the skipper and his man looking stern for the slaves and humble for their supreme lord, who soon set foot upon the ship and who blessed once more his capital city. The ship left and the oars moved in unison through the water, through the river followed by escort ships. For a while the emperor watched the harbor disappear, then he turned and went to the bow to burn incense for the River God, after which he conversed with the skipper.

Around midday the small fleet arrived at the Eastern Sea. As soon as the ships entered open water the skipper had the sails hoisted and had the oars retracted. The slaves were now able to move freely within the allotted space. Now the deck sailors had their work with sail and rope. A favorable wind blew the ships east. The White Emperor enjoyed the beautiful weather. The skipper, who had not been comfortable in relation to the well-being of his supreme lord and passenger, now relaxed, as the River God had made them arrive into the open sea and as he saw that Goedân was joyously making offerings to the Spirits of the Sea.

The fleet steered course to Yoerti and entered the harbor without difficulty, after which the disembarkation started. The city council had appeared at the port to pay respect to Arya, and the people were already lying down on the earth when the White Emperor came by in his palanquin. Goedân gave thanks to the Gods, the Spirits of the Sea and the western wind in the temple of the harbor, and he gave alms to the needy. He accepted the gifts of the city council and the priesthood, and he had the gifts sent to Raipoer, his capital city. However, the edible items, like dates, olives, pastries and wine, were added to the caravan. Goedân spent the night in the palace of the city curator. He refused the recommended festivities, and ordered the hour of awakening at one hour before sunrise. At sunrise the imperial company would be leaving to Kirwanapoera, the encampment from where the caravan would undertake the journey to the Roof of the World.

Having arrived at the encampment, the emperor summoned Reshid, the leader of the Hâmani, ambassador of the leaders of the herds people eastern of Kôrsim, and said: "Your knowledge of this area is greater than mine. Tell me what is the best we can do!"

Reshid kneeled and answered: "The first areas of land are still your Majesty's, After that there are the steppes of the Hâmani and of six other tribes. Reshid was born over there, as son of Hatik, the eldest son of Reshid the Elder. He grew up there, until Hatik sent him to the Court of Arya. When Hatik died, the tribal elders choose me as leader, and I became ambassador for the seven tribes at the court of Arya. I do know the open steppes and its tribes. The Spirits of that place are

favorable to me, because in their eyes I am a conscious and devout man, and I know the needs of my tribes. I am not worthy to lead the caravan of Arya, to order where Your Majesty orders. But if you, O Emperor, require my guiding services, I will obey."

The Emperor was pleased with the Reshid's words, and he trusted the caravan to the hands, eyes and nose of Reshid. Reshid immediately organized the caravan with great agility, dismantled the encampment of Kirwanapoera, divided the weight, built up the escorts and divisions, and sent scouts ahead in order to be able to estimate and guarantee the safety of the caravan.

Everybody mounted their riding animals. The White Emperor was riding a beautiful chestnut colored horse with gilded leather harness. At his side was Reshid, who rode a beautiful red brown horse, and at the other side was Goedân's personal servant Ram, son of Lelly and Maliken, on a black and white horse. The sun shone down on the caravan. The caravan was shining in many colors and metal, a large army, which did not come to sow destruction. Ram offered his lord a golden chalice: how this faded in comparison with the Chalice Goedân had in his saddle bag! The emperor drank the wine and offered the remains to the earth and gave the order to the caravan to leave. The caravan slowly moved.

The journey through the eastern areas had the blessing of heaven. The rain was such that the ground was green without being boggy; the dust remained on the roads without turning to mud. The sun was guiding the White Emperor on his journey to the Roof of the World. The caravan passed through the areas of Seven Tribes. One of their leaders, Reshid, leader of the Hamâni accompanied the emperor also being the guide of the caravan. The other leaders joined Arya and brought him honor tributes. They invited him into their royal tents, offered him food and drink, and he gave them his blessings.

Subsequently the caravan arrived at Noega, whose tributary king payed honor to Arya. The king of Soejoe did likewise. Then they arrived in the areas of the non-tributary kings. First the king of Kolcha, then the one of Goecha, then the king of Chima. Finally they arrived at the lake Achumba. The king of the land around it was called Sarchin. He was the last king before the Roof of the World. He also paid honor to the White Emperor; likewise did Panyin, the special ambassador of Oeiti, the supreme lord of Gelen, who had traveled to Sarchin's court to pay honor to Arya. He said: "Let me accompany Arya to the Roof of the World, where I have been before on the order of Oeiti."

Reshid said: "O Emperor, allow him, because he would be a better guide than Reshid."

The emperor gave the authority to Panyin, Oeiti's ambassador, who organized the change to mountain animals and the preparation for the journey ahead. Now Rashid rode behind the emperor and Panyin at his side. The caravan moved slowly, but the hoofs of the animals were finding their way with certainty. The mountains winds calmed down and the Spirits of the Earth enjoyed the company of Goedân.

The Emperor studied the messages his sons Tura and Dünar had sent with

couriers. The messengers told of the most important events in the capital city. The emperor was satisfied with the princes and the affairs in the city Rayipoer and the Empire. He read the epigrammatical letters of Agaya his spouse, and happiness engulfed him.

The air got thinner and colder, but Goedân created spiritual-bodily warmth in himself. He sat unmoved on his riding animal. the Spirits of Snow were astonished and said: "Great is Goedân, that we cannot affect him. Let us go before the wrath of the Gods inflames!" They disappeared, and it became lighter and warmer around the caravan, the roads before smaller, and soon they had to ride in a single line until they arrived at the shoulder of the mountain. Panyin got down from his riding animal and made a wide moving gesture towards the mountain plain. Silvery mist moved over the plain. The Roof the World had been reached.

(note of Jan-Anton van Hoek: I did not get any specific impression about the features of the Roof of the World, not even enough for a reconstruction. It is definitely a plateau at great height. Except for what is implicit, I cannot give any further information. The essence of the Grail story is not lessened by this.)

The White Emperor went to the rock in the middle of the Roof of the World and mounted it. In his hands he held the hemp bag, closed with tar, in which once had been the loam, but now it contained the holy Chalice. Everybody held their breath. During the long journey they had become familiar with the presence of the emperor, but they became full of respect when he slowly removed the cover from the Chalice. A brilliance radiated over the Roof of the World. Spirits rushed forward from earth and universe.

The White Emperor said: "It has been said that the holy Chalice would be thrown over the earth and that it is destined where it will rest, and that this will happen from the Roof of the World, in order for the King of the World to find it, the fifth Immortal One! Thus it will now happen."

Having said this, he bowed far backwards, the Chalice in his right hand. He raised up and threw it in a round movement into the ether. But the Chalice returned, and it floated around the Roof the World. Everybody was astonished. After having done this for five times it suddenly disappeared and the brilliance over the Roof of the World stopped.

Goedân and his company made offerings to Heaven and Earth, and returned to the court of Sarchin, king of the lands around the lake Achumba, where they said farewell to Panyin who left for Oeiti, his lord.

The imperial caravan, after having changed animals, returned to the Empire Between the Seas, blessed by Spirits and elements, blessed also by the lords and leaders on their journey, and by the Spirits of the Sea and the God of the River. (note of Jan-Anton van Hoek: Here this report ends, but we can complement it by the Account of the Grail, from Emperor Sindra, the seventeenth ruler of the Empire Between the Seas. He ruled six hundred years after the White Emperor. In his fortieth year of rule Sindra sent a letter to his grandson and successor Valer-Hoter, who lived in the northern steppe, on his journey from a chastening applied by him to the rebellious leader of Kyh. The text is short and fragmented, as you

will see.)

Account of the Grail by Emperor Sindra

Sindra, the emperor, spoke to Valer-Hoter the heroic: "We received message of your victory over the rebel Sunix, lord of Kyh. You put him right, plundered him and took his possessions. You installed his cousin Garba as Our tributary vassal. You have done what is right in Our eyes. You sent Us wooden boxes with amazing things and strange treasures. Among this was a lead shrine of heavy weight that could not be opened, because it did not have a door or drawer. Therefore spare the life of the jewelers of Kyh and bring them with you to Our Court, to discover the secret."

Thus it happened, but the jewelers did not know anything about the lead shrine. Only a magician, who also had been captured, advised Arya to melt the lead in order to open the shrine. This they did, and the Emperor said: " This is the Grail, which once was made by my tribal father Goedân, the holy White Emperor, who threw the Grail at The Roof of the World. The King of the World would find the Grail and lead mankind in light out of the world which he would destroy. Does this terrible burden rest on my shoulders?"

But everyone knew that Sindra could not be the King of the Earth. To him Darud, the High Priest, spoke: "It is sure that once the King of the Earth will find the Grail, even if Arya found it earlier, and if the people of Kyh found it even earlier! Your Majesty should not be concerned about the Grail: the third finder will be the King of the earth."

Arya ordered: "Make a wide cover for the Grail and put it in a round temple on the holy mountain north of Rayipoer. Bring priests to the temple to venerate the Grail, twelve in number and who are initiated into the holy mysteries and who know the Book of Spirits and the Book of the Own Self., as the Immortals have written it during and after their presence on earth."

Thus it happened on the order of Sindra.

After Sindra many lords ruled over the Empire that finally fell apart during the reign of the thirty-second one, Hoetan. A large part of the Arian people moved northwest. The emperor took the Grail under his personal guard. When he had conquered new territories, he inscribed the Chalice with holy runes, expressing the key to the universe. He placed the cover made by Sindra, in the middle of his round shield, making it the symbol of rulership. He covered the Grail itself, with the runes Ansoez, Poerisaz, Teiwaz, Sowoele, Dagaz and Ing, with holy loam, gave it wings and threw it away as a bird in order for the Grail to bury itself in the subterranean Grail Castle. There it awaits the arrival of the King of the Earth.

The Thirteenth Priest

(note from Jan-Anton van Hoek: from what follows we will see that the Grail,

inscribed with runes by Hoetan, and thrown as a bird, into the subterranean realm is guarded by twelve wise Spirits of the earth who pay honor and take care of this Symbol of the Sun until at last the King of the Earth will appear.)

Ansoez the Divinity, Poerisaz the Great Spirit, Taiwaz the Executer of Justice, Sowoelo the Sun, Dagaz the Light and Prosperity, and Ing the Fertility - their runes were inscribed onto the Grail before he enveloped it with holy loam and threw it away, into the Universe, like a bird. The holy Chalice of Per sank into the middle of the earth crust and underneath it, and was received by the twelve inhabitants in the Middle Cave. They are Spirits of the Earth and they received the Grail with joy and spoke: "Let us take care of of this small item and pay it honor, because it is certain that the Spirit of Per is in this Chalice. Let us make a castle which is a temple, and let us be the knights and priests of the Chalice."

Thus they did. They removed the loam from the Chalice and they guarded it and honored it in its castle which they built in the Middle Cave. When they had fulfilled all this, they wondered and said: "Will the Chalice always be with us. Will the Chalice which harbors the Spirit of Per and which will certainly belong to a Great Spirit will be claimed by him? Then what will happen to us?"

One of them spoke up and said: "Let us ask this with the runes. Let us cast the runes and read what will be the destiny of the Chalice, and of us who guard it."

The others agreed. The one who had spoken took the rune inscribed wooden splinters, spread them on the Cloth of Prediction and cast the pieces of wood as Hoetan had instructed to all who wanted to hear. The splinters fell and were arranged in the right way, and being turned over. The runes became visible and their interpretation developed.

"The runes have spoken, having cast as Hoetan taught: twelve are you, Wise Ones from under the earth, Spirits of the earth, knights and priests of the holy Chalice. Each one of you has wisdom in his area. together you are in charge of all wisdom on earth. Therefore: when Hoetan, the emperor of the runes, threw the Chalice, it looked for its dwelling here. You welcomed it, took care of it in the castle and temple you built for it. Thus it will be a long time. At the end of the present World Month (note: read Reflections on the old and new World Year) he will come who has the right on the Chalice. he, the Thirteenth Wise One, the Thirteenth Priest and Thirteenth Knight will be king of you all. You will serve him and be knight in everything because he is the King of the Earth. In him all your knowledge is united. He will be among you and among the people. His spirit will penetrate the world."

The twelve priests were astonished and glad about the revelation of the runes. Some of them wanted more information because they desired to know how long they would have to wait for the King of the Earth. But he who had performed the ceremony refused because what the runes do not reveal is knowledge too early to gain.

When the time had come, the Twelve were seated together in a circle around the boulder which had been polished as a mirror on its top. It was situated at the bottom of a thirteen foot high pedestal on which the Grail rest, lighting and

almost overflowing of the holy liquid it contained. Twelve stone stools stood around the round table like hollowed out dolmens, of which the seats were covered with braided fragrant grasses; one each for every priest. Between the first and the twelfth one there was one space unoccupied. This was a bluestone and porphyry throne with a seat of artistically woven grasses. This throne remained empty, waiting for the one who would take seat rightfully, the King of the Earth, the King of the Grail, The Lord of the Castle, the last one of the Five Immortals. He was waited for by the Grail, by the twelve, and since long by mankind, the world. More than six thousands years ago the Grail had been created. Almost six thousand years had passed since Hoetan, the Lord of Runes had thrown it and the Grail Castle had been formed in the Middle Cave, situated under the middle of the earth crust. Thus that long the twelve Wise Ones were waiting - knights and priests of the Grail - for the arrival of their master, the Thirteenth Wise One: The king of the earth.

In the Hall of the Table, where they had taken seat, no other light shone than that from thirteen candles, and high up the holy and benevolent brilliance of the Grail. it was then, that in front of the respectful and astonishing eyes of the twelve, that the atmosphere in the throne began to compact. First there was only a pale green color, than a haze that became less amorphous and started to take a clear shape. What appeared was the characteristics of a serious, majestic being, looking over far distances, staring through the spheres, through all of them who were around him. Then the Grail raised itself from its pedestal and landed in the open hands of the unknown being. The Grail trusted itself with complete surrender to its hands and embraced him with all its light. The Thirteenth One spoke: "You I have looked for, you are my chalice and you will quench me, for as long as my presence on earth lasts. You will be my symbol of the Empire of the Earth!"

Having said this, he would have brought the holy Chalice to his lips if the Grail didn't raise his hands to his thirsty mouth. The Thirteenth One drank from the life giving fluid, the sap of the sun, and his arteries swelled with power and glow of rulership.

The twelve stood up from their chairs, very moved and fulfilled with joy. They went to the throne and bowed one by one with the knightly knee before the one they recognized as their expected king. He provided them all with the fluid of the Chalice, after which, with a gentle hand gesture of the king, it floated up to its thirteen foot high pedestal.

Epilogue

The Arian lords from Sindra up to and with Hoetan were all Grail Kings, because the precious object was under their care in a special temple. They were sixteen in number, after Goedân, who as creator of the Grail was the first one in the lineage. After Goedân the North Arian Empire was ruled by eight more emperors. It fell apart three centuries after its creation into small rulerships. These eight lords were not Grail Kings, because the Grail had gone into the subterranean castle,

and was waiting for the arrival of Xhamantagh, the Thirteenth Wise One, The King of the Earth.

Knowing that the presence of the Grail should also be perceptible above the earth in order to keep mankind seeking and finding a part of it, The King of the Earth blessed a man Hertyr, named the Bear, who was a fighter and loyal to the Gods. The King of the Earth made him serve justice on earth with twelve knights on horses, and made them live in servitude. He created a worldly mirror image of the holy Grail from the Middle Cave, and gave Hertyr a seat in a castle, showing him every year the life giving Grail. After Hertyr a series of supernatural Grail Kings ruled, all named Hertyr, accompanied by priest-knights, who got their knowledge from the wisdom of the Thirteenth. They were druids by the people. The Hertyr, Tyr's heir, ruled over an empire, although small but very much respected. The druids kept much of their knowledge secret. Much of it was never recorded. The power of the I, the Self was known to them, and they were completely familiar to the World of Spirits.

The appearance of the Grail cured the ill, and the Hertyr could read in the Chalice the future, when it appeared once a year in the castle; they also could converse with the earlier Grail Kings. Almost seven hundred years after the arrival of Xamantagh a voice spoke to the Hertyr with the apparition of the Grail: "The time of untrue prophet has come. His followers will steal everything and bring mankind into ignorance. They will create themselves a god who will call himself the only one. They will try to destroy the ones who are faithful to the Gods. They will bring misery over mankind and the Light will dim. They will undermine empires which will collapse. Wailing will resound in the Nearby Cosmos. They will claim to bring light, but only darkness will be their message. They will say they will give love, but they will show nothing else but jealousy. They will preach charitability but in their teaching will be hidden the scorpion of cruelty. Cleverness will make their system believable. Sensing the approaching truth, they will paint it as a lie. They will rule mankind with force and deception almost till the end of the World Year. They will try to put their hand on almost everything, and their aggression will have no boundaries and and try to engulf the whole earth. They will try to claim everything. The goodness they cannot show they will claim to have it nonetheless. The Grail too they will claim, saying that it comes from the untrue prophet.

After him other untrue prophets will rise and gain in followers. They will create many other false gods. In many parts of the inhabited earth, the ones true to the Gods will be exterminated like animals. But the Gods will not bulge, and the human spirit under their care can only sleep, it will not die. It will wake up again at the end of this World Year. Then it will be time for the new Grail Kings, new of nature too, because the Grail will be in the small temple of everybody's I.

Anybody who will recognize the Grail in oneself will be a Grail King, with the twelve knights of his senses. he will keep the temple clean, with open doors, visible, but not accessible.

The Thirteenth Wise One, the King of the earth, will manifest himself to whoever's

I has eyes."

Thus the voice from the Grail spoke to the Hertyr and druids of the supernatural Precious Thing, which presently is being sought by so many. They only have to clean the temple of their heart to discover it and to bath in its light. The time has come for this with the new, Wakening or Primal Self World Year which is beginning, and in which man has no longer a need for masters or saviors, because he himself now has these qualities.

The earlier ancient Grail stories are only an introduction for all this.

May the Light shine on you.

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Jan-Anton van Hoek

