

WE ARE HERE

Ludvig Dahl

1864-1934

FOREWORD

Travelling from Venice to Athens in the spring of 1930 to attend an International Psychical Congress at Athens, I made the acquaintance on the boat of a Norwegian Professor, Dr. Wereide, and his wife, and found that he was a physicist of some distinction, with whom I had much in common. In particular he told me how he had become interested in Psychical Research, his wife having some power in that direction. He also told me of remarkable experiences near Oslo in the family of a well-known judge, who was highly respected in the capital, and who had kept a record of the phenomena, which had attracted a great deal of attention in Norway since its publication. The Judge has now published these experiences in a book for the English public; and I specially commend the whole of it to bereaved people, and parts of it to those engaged in Psychical Research.

It appears that the Judge's family, named Dahl, consisted of father, mother, three sons, and a married daughter named Ingeborg. The eldest son, Ludvig Dahl, was killed in an accident in 1919; and soon afterwards the daughter developed mediumistic powers; beginning in simple fashion, first with table-tilting, then with planchette and ouija, but ultimately going through the usual stages of development until it became marked.

The medium was asleep and unconscious, but she moved the instrument with great rapidity; her brother Ludvig being the usual communicator. After a time the second son, Ragnar, a special pet of his mother's, died of an illness, and then he too came and took control. Afterwards other relatives appeared from time to time; and the family received communications for friends, sometimes by code messages, which were unintelligible except to those for whom they were intended.

Ingeborg, the daughter, in the trance condition, was the only one who touched the psychograph or instrument employed, and she did not use her eyes or exercise any normal control over it. After a time she began to speak in trance, and also during what was called "a waking stage", in which, while still in trance, she was more aware of the presence of those on the other side than of the rest of the family, and was apparently disgusted with the material emanation that we call ectoplasm. On more than one occasion, while she was in this condition, her two brothers were represented as going into another room and reading aloud passages from a book still on the shelves, the number of which was selected by one of the sitters, the medium successfully repeating or transmitting what they read in a foreign language and far beyond her comprehension; though she felt rebellious and thought it stupid. This is the part to which I specially call the attention of Psychical Researchers, as throwing light on the nature of what is called clairvoyance; since it clearly indicates that those on the other side have access to documentary evidence, and are responsible for the information retailed by the medium.

Other remarkable phenomena are narrated, such as automatic writing in a foreign language and in the handwriting, afterwards identified, of a deceased person

unknown to the medium. The whole bears the obvious impress of genuineness. Judge Dahl is to be commended for having made these domestic incidents public, though he has to be reticent occasionally when the communications touch on the affairs of other people. A reuniting of the stricken family in this way, together with some account of life on the other side, must be a comfort to those who have been similarly bereaved. With its wealth of significant and consistent material it is an outstanding pioneer work in Norway: and I commend the whole book to the attention of the English public.

OLIVER LODGE.

17th February, 1931.

CHAPTER I

AN INTRODUCTION TO A HAPPY HOME

If anybody twelve years ago had predicted that it would be my lot to write a book about the happenings within the four walls of my home, in other words, that I and my family were going to appear before the public as the chief characters in a story taken from real life, then I would certainly have smiled dubiously.

Probably I would have answered something to the effect that my motto hitherto had been the old classic sentence: "Bene vixit qui bene latuit" (i.e., "Well has he lived whose life has been passed in obscurity"), and that I intended to continue life in keeping with this motto.

One does not, however, control one's fate. The prediction has been fulfilled. And the reason for that? Well, as to that, my book will have to tell its tale in its own quiet way.

I am cheerfully going ahead with my story, even if it to begin with gives one the feeling of walking about in undress. It is my own intimate family life that I am going to reveal to the eyes of the public.

It is perhaps right at this stage to emphasize the fact that I am doing this only for the purpose of providing the necessary background for that which I am going to relate.

I am not for a moment assuming that my environment in itself should be of any interest whatsoever to the public. But the aim and object of my story compels me to put all modest considerations aside.

I begin then by introducing myself as a lawyer and a judge of many years' standing. But don't let that fact cause any aversion against making my acquaintance. My earnest desire is to win the friendship of my readers. I am an optimist, and my optimism is deeply rooted. Life's experience has strengthened it, and so have even my experiences as a judge. I have learned that by smiling to my fellow beings I get a smile in return.

People are not as bad as their reputation. They only know too little about each other, are too much like strangers, and not enough like father, mother, sister, brother and friend toward one another. Of course it cannot be otherwise. Each soul is confined, as it were, within its dungeon, and can only with difficulty reach other souls and learn to know them, which often means the same as becoming fond of them, and in return gaining their friendship and calling forth their sympathy.

I said that even my experiences as a judge had strengthened my optimism. It places me, for instance, face to face with the so-called criminals. In my judicial capacity I must mete out punishment to them, often severely. And still, when I am pronouncing the sentence, while the blood is shooting up into my face (because I do not indeed know if I am a better man than any of those whom I am condemning, not knowing if I should not have committed the same fault if by birth, bringing up, and

the vicissitudes of life I had been led into the same temptations as they) when I am pronouncing the sentence I know by experience that a sympathetic glance, a gleam of understanding in my eye can find its way into the heart of even an apparently hardened criminal, and I may get the comforting feeling of knowing that the convict returns to his cell without bitterness in his heart, not as my enemy, but rather as my friend.

As a consequence of this optimism of mine, it is really with a light heart I go to this task of opening the doors of my home and introducing my family to the reader.

At the time chosen for the introduction, namely, the spring of 1919, my family consisted of my wife, *Dagny*, and three sons, *Ludvig*, born 1894, *Frithjof*, born 1895, and *Ragnar*, born 1901. Besides, there was my only daughter, *Ingeborg*, Frithjof's twin sister, who did not, however, at that time stay at home. She had married in 1918, and moved to a town on the west coast, where her husband held a position as master at a public school. Our own home is in Fredriksstad, a town in the southeastern part of Norway. We are living in a roomy and comfortable villa, which has been bought by the State as a residence for the judge.

It is not saying too much when I maintain that it is a very happy family circle to which I am admitting the reader.

Here obtains harmony, prosperity, good-humour, health, and hospitality.

The walls are covered with paintings. A grand piano, an upright piano, a house-organ, and some violins bear witness to the musical interests of the household. By looking over the book-shelves it will be found that classical literature, particularly English, is well represented, especially in Ludvig's book-cases. Beside the study of national economy, he was greatly interested in esthetics.

But I doubt if one could find the Bible or any hymn-books on any of our shelves, or in fact any book with specially religious contents. However, on the organ there would be found an open and much-used copy of a book of chorals. And if the visitor should happen to inquire a little as to the attitude of the family towards religion, the master of the house would admit with a smile that this attitude was of rather questionable character.

"I am the only one in this house who has retained some remnants of that piety towards the church and its teachings which is an inheritance from father and mother," he would say. "There is hardly a Sunday when I am not in the morning playing three or four of the old hymns I used to hear in my childhood days. But that is also, to speak the truth, the only semblance of any kind of divine service in these rather pagan surroundings. And I demand no devout silence while I am playing. Nobody is sitting with folded hands. Frithjof - my journalist son - often takes his violin and accompanies me (provided that "Lie-a-bed" is up so early on a Sunday forenoon!). And if Alf, my son-in-law, should be visiting us with his Ingeborg, he will

also as a rule join in on the violin if he does not choose to improvise an accompaniment with the harp-like strains of the grand piano.”

Upon the whole - how music filled these rooms! And how it created happiness and lasting impressions of beauty.

The sweetest music to my ears, however, was the peals of happy laughter from the young people. It was always Ludvig's great game to make his sister shake with laughter. These two had ever some harmless joke, some humorous episode to amuse themselves with.

And Ragnar - mother's "Darling" - did not join less heartily in the fun. His eyes sought Ludvig, and clearly expressed the boy's sincere admiration and fondness for the elder brother.

Ludvig was at least half a head taller than his brothers, and had nearly reached his father's six-foot mark. He was slim but wiry. Most people found him handsome, particularly his thick, brown hair was fine. His eyes were lustrous, and his features showed energy and willpower. Still, "Darling" was the handsomest of the brothers. His dove-like eyes had an indescribable softness, and his complexion was like that of a young girl. His smile was charming - that is at least what "Mams" thought. To her the "Darling" was and always will be just her own beloved baby-boy.

CHAPTER II

A BEREAVED HOME

It created a great emptiness in our home when Ingeborg, as newly-married, moved to a place hundreds of miles away.

And then came - not very long afterwards - the catastrophe which crushed the most cherished hope of the happy family, and robbed us - as we then thought for all time - of our beloved Ludvig.

It happened on May 29th, 1919, through an accident on a sailing tour that cost five young persons their lives. Out of seven only two were rescued.

One of these two wrote a beautiful, heartfelt epitaph over his friends. Forgive my fatherly pride for quoting what he said about our boy:

“ - And you, Ludvig, why were you stopped in the midst of your growing manhood? You, so splendidly equipped and gifted? You that ought to have reached so high and accomplished so much! How they will miss you in your dear home, you who were your mother's and father's most valued possession and greatest pride!

“There will be a great void. But in our memory you live on, such as we knew you, a fine and upright fellow who spread goodwill and joy all around you.

“You were true to yourself till the last: When all hope had to be given up, you threw yourself in - courageous and calm you met death”

About them all it was written: "They died as heroes; in the last struggle with death they showed a bravery that will never be forgotten."

About a year previous to the death of Ludvig, Sir Oliver Lodge's book "Raymond" came into our hands. My wife and I had read the book with great interest, and I must declare that this work, in connection with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "The New Revelation", had made a breach in my hitherto pretty strongly-fortified conviction that our individuality and personality is blotted out by death.

I had previously read a couple of Allan Kardec's books without having become a "Spiritist", and had acquired knowledge of theosophy through the books of Annie Besant, Leadbeater, and Sinnet without becoming a theosophist.

The above-mentioned books by Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle did, on the other hand, change my views on the question of life and death in a rather radical way. It appeared to me that, after having considered the facts presented in these, as well as in other English books on psychic matters, it was impossible to ignore the evidence proving that the so-called dead still exist with their identity intact, and that they are, under certain conditions, able to make themselves known and to communicate with us.

My wife shared this new view of mine with regard to these things. But we did agree not to make any attempt to obtain connection with Ludvig. My argument was this: Considering Ludvig's great energy and his fervent love for us, for his brothers and his sister, and for his home, it was inconceivable that he would not make himself known to us if there was any possibility at all for such a connection. And I was determined that we on our side should do whatever was in our power to facilitate such an attempt on his part.

Time passed on, however, without any sign of any kind. But on Christmas Eve something happened that stirred our minds. We discovered that one of the flowers in a vase which is always standing behind the framed portrait of Ludvig on my wife's writing-table in the parlour, had been bent across the frame in a very pretty and decorative manner. It was absolutely certain that none of those present had done this, or even touched the flowers.

This phenomenon therefore caused a rather uncanny feeling among us. And this feeling became still more intensified when we later on discovered that precisely the same occurrence had taken place with a flower in a glass beside the portrait of a young lady-friend of Ludvig, who had met her death at the same time as he.

The atmosphere created by these incidents caused Ingeborg to propose that we should attempt a table séance. She had come home to us on a Christmas visit, and had heard of an experiment with a table which had been made a couple of days before, without my knowledge, by the young folks of the house, together with a couple of friends.

Ingeborg had never been present at any séance. But it soon became evident that she was a good medium for an experiment of this kind. When she sat at the table it would move willingly and vigorously without any aid from her, her fingers hardly touching the top of the table. As soon as she left the table the motion would immediately cease.

When she resumed her seat at the table it moved in a quite demonstrative manner, and commenced to knock quite spontaneously and distinctly. By interpreting the knocks in the usual way, i.e., transcribing the number of knocks with letters of the alphabet, we learned that it was Ludvig. He displayed the most exuberant joy, whirled the table from under the hands of those sitting around it, and into my lap, as I was sitting merely as a passive spectator to this scene. We all felt deeply moved, and Ingeborg shed tears. The knocking commenced anew. We were exhorted to be happy, and to repeat the experiment.

We were, of course, not reluctant to comply with the request.

We got some good connections, one after the other, and naturally soon began to ask for proofs of identity. These were readily and satisfactorily given by way of little familiar reminiscences from Ludvig's early childhood.

Quite spontaneously and unexpectedly did he - among other things - give us a Swedish name, and as we were wondering as to the meaning of this, he reminded us of "Ekely", a country place where he had spent a happy time when he was about four or five years old.

It was the name of a Swedish gardener to whom Ludvig at the time had taken a fancy, and been in the habit of following all about the place. I am especially mentioning this example because that name was so far from our thoughts.

The strikingly characteristic personal manner in which Ludvig was capable of making himself known to us through the agency of that primitive instrument, the much-despised table-leg, was most astonishing to us.

About his life on the other side we only learned that he was happy and very active, but as the particulars about the nature of his activities and of his existence in general he was debarred from giving any information.

Although we, as far as we ourselves were concerned really needed no further proof - our feeling of having our son among us had from the first moment been very definite and strong - we still took pains to augment the evidential matter of an objective nature which tended to prove the supernormal character of our table experiments.

I persuaded the three ladies at the table (Ingeborg, my wife, and a young lady of the household) to carry on a lively conversation while the knocking went on. I alone counted and wrote down the number of knocks without, however, deciphering the quite considerable columns of figures which were the result. The deciphering was

done afterwards, and it invariably brought forth consecutive words and sentences which were characteristic of Ludvig.

In the beginning of February, 1920, Ingeborg had to leave us and go back to her own home, and the happily-inaugurated connection with Ludvig was thereby broken off. But at the beginning of the summer holidays Ingeborg returned to us, and the intercourse was resumed with the same success as before.

As we, at the end of the holidays, reluctantly said farewell at the closing séance, we were quite unexpectedly given the comforting information: "Ingeborg will soon be back again, I know it."

And it came true. Ingeborg's husband was unexpectedly transferred to Halden, a town situated only an hour's railway ride from Fredriksstad.

As early as in October the same year Ingeborg was again visiting us, and through the table Ludvig asked: "Do you believe now?"

And we kept on with our experiments. On my birthday, in November, the flower phenomenon from Christmas was repeated, and on the next Christmas Eve it was again repeated in a still more striking manner.

Fresh tulips had been placed in the afore-mentioned vase beside Ludvig's portrait. These flowers had stiff stems, which prompted Ingeborg to remark to her mother, while arranging the flowers "I wonder if he can bend one of these."

I had decided to keep an eye on the flowers this time, and in the course of the evening the following incident took place: Before my eyes, which I had not taken away from the flowers, one of the tulips was slowly - not bent - but lifted up in the air and moved to one side, away from the other flowers, and placed along the upper part of the picture-frame. During this procedure I had not for a single moment let the flowers out of sight.

There were some guests present.

When the movement of the flower had ceased we ascertained that the stem of the tulip that had been moved had been raised right out of the water, and the flower placed in a nearly horizontal position along the frame. The phenomenon was also witnessed by our guests, and caused considerable wonder among them.

When they were gone the above-mentioned ladies seated themselves at the table, and it immediately began to move, announcing the presence of Ludvig, who declared that it was he that had produced the phenomenon by means of Ingeborg's powers. He then wished us a merry Christmas, and said good night, adding: "I dare not do any more for the sake of Ingeborg."

I intend to pass lightly over the ensuing three years, because I shall later on have so much to relate in detail. Just let me briefly state that during these three years our belief in having our beloved Ludvig with us ripened into a firm conviction.

As time went on the connection became increasingly intimate and natural, and countless were the proofs he furnished showing that he constantly kept in touch with us and shared our joys as well as our sorrows.

At the same time we got the strongest impression of the energy which he displayed in his new form of existence. It is surely impossible, without the personal experience, to get a true conception of the intimate and very realistic intercourse that developed between us. And not exclusively between us and Ludvig.

By and by others of our dear departed ones presented themselves in his company. Ludvig had to act as interpreter for some of them, while others - after a while - were able to manage the communication themselves. Every one had his or her own unmistakable peculiarities, both in regard to expression and to the manner in which the table was moved.

We found no difficulty in convincing ourselves that men and women do not become different from what they were on this side by passing through the gate of death. They were all themselves, though perhaps with a tinge of something - shall I call it refinement?

Surely they all had been through something. Later on, when our connection with the other side became easier on account of improved means of communication, we were given - as will be seen - a glimpse into this mystery.

In our home the joy of life again made its entry. Yes - why not openly confess it? - with the conviction that this earth life is only a prelude, that its discords are only the tuning of the instruments before that grand concert of life which begins when the curtain of death has risen - our hearts filled with an indescribable delight and gratitude. It became so easy to smile to our fellow beings, so easy to comfort those in distress - in fact, so easy to live, and all because we had the consolation: we possessed the armour that protects against all the assaults and injuries of life.

Against all? Also against a further attack by death? "Mams", could you bear to see "Darling", your own baby-boy, taken away from you to the great Beyond?

Yes, God be praised, you could endure even that. It happened, and still the home was not stripped. Nay, it became richer, brighter, and happier than ever!

Follow me then, kind reader, and judge for yourself if I am speaking the truth or not.

CHAPTER III

LUDVIG AND RAGNAR

I am now going to continue my account mainly through extracts from the verbatim reports of our séances.

In the course of 1923 we commenced to use the ouija-board and planchette instead of the table. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with this instrument for mediumistic communication, I may explain that it consists of a square board on which the letters of the alphabet are arranged in two semi-circular rows. The planchette is a wooden plate of triangular shape, moving on three small metal balls.

We use the apparatus in the following manner: Ingeborg places one hand on the planchette, which then, after a minute or two, begins to move along on the board, its point indicating one letter after the other. The letters pointed out are taken down by one or more of those present.

We never seek connection without previous agreement with Ludvig as to day and hour, or when Ingeborg feels his characteristic "pull", a grasp or jerk in her arm, which signifies that he is present and desires a séance.

As a rule Ingeborg is in deep slumber before the planchette commences to move. It does happen, however, that she remains awake during the sitting, and the planchette moves just as freely whether she is asleep or awake. And please note and remember well that Ingeborg never controls the movement of the planchette, and that it is never touched by anyone else during the seance.

If she remains awake she may be occupied with reading, conversation, etc. As a rule, however, she sits with her head resting on her left hand, while her elbow is resting on the table, and - as I have said before - she never follows the movements of the planchette.

For the sake of possible sceptics I may add that this is an absolute fact, which has been ascertained by a great number of impartial witnesses on many occasions.

I also wish to emphasize the fact, that our seances never take place in subdued or coloured light.

Considering the prevalent part which my daughter, through her mediumship, will have to play in the following records, it may be appropriate for me to furnish some features for the purpose of throwing light upon her character and temper.

For obvious reasons I, personally, am not here the proper judge. I have therefore asked a friend of the family, Mr. Ole P. Arvesen, a university lecturer, who has, known Ingeborg from a child up to the present, to give a characterization of her, impartial, and intended for publication.

I quote his testimony verbatim:

“What I most appreciate in my friend Ingeborg is her quiet, good nature, and above all her sense of humour. This last feature is highly characteristic of her. It is certainly not without connection with the fact that she is intelligent and sober-minded.

“Grown up in a noble home, about highly-accomplished relatives, it is easy, for her to associate with people without showing prejudice in any way. She is altogether free from snobbishness, but also without ambitions. Her common sense, as well as her frank and cheerful mind, have made her an extraordinarily natural and lovable woman. She gives the impression of being robust and easy-going, and she is childishly fond of sweets. Without any exaggeration, one may state that she is free from any kind of affectation. It is impossible to find any inclination in her to give herself airs as an interesting person. Her self-criticism, her great honesty, and her only too great modesty would always save her from such a temptation.

“She has never cared for gathering knowledge from books, and - as far as I can understand - she does not take any interest at all in psychical research. There is in her manners a touch of laziness and indolence, but she has a very pronounced sense of duty. She is musical, and is an able amateur pianist.

“I have not noticed any change in her manner or character after placing herself at the family’s disposal as a medium.”

As a starting-point for my séance-reports I have chosen February 20th, 1924.

We had on that day a visit from the doctor. Ragnar had for some time been suffering from an ailment in a foot and in one wrist without letting his parents know anything about it.

He had suspected what this ailment was, and wanted to spare us as long as possible from knowing the bitter truth, that he was suffering from tuberculosis. Five of my wife’s brothers and sisters had been carried away by this disease. Ragnar knew the symptoms, and also knew that this malady is an incurable one.

His mother discovered at last the dreadful secret, and the doctor was called at once. He could only confirm the fact that Ragnar’s fate was inevitable.

I was absent on that day on a trip to Oslo, and came home in the evening suspecting nothing. My wife and Ingeborg had then already been in communication with Ludvig.

I will quote the report of this short séance:

LUDVIG: I here. Yes, now you must be brave.

(You have probably known it?)

LUDVIG: Yes, but I cannot say anything yet. I have purposely not been showing any depression. Then you must show Ragnar only bright faces. Try not to cry. That which happens, must happen, you know. Whatever happens will be the best for

Ragnar, and we two shall camp together just as in the old days. But with this it is not said that it will happen that way. I know nothing yet. I am only saying it so that you may be prepared for all possibilities. And tell Ragnar that he can be quite confident about the future.

(Here the séance was temporarily broken off. Upon my return the connection was resumed.)

LUDVIG: I have indeed been with you the whole day. I must see to it that you do not become depressed. I allude especially to Ingeborg and mother. But I must say that you are all wonderful. For Ragnar's sake nothing but pleasant faces must be shown.

This has been clear to me, as you know. I wanted regular communications in order to be of real help. It is so fine that you have become so far-sighted in regard to these things. You will feel what consolation it will be. In spite of all, I am in a happy mood, as you all should be.

And then I think we will have to leave the rest until tomorrow. Good night!

Fredriksstad, February 21st, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, my wife, and myself.

LUDVIG: I here. It is so good to feel how brave you are. You cannot believe how valuable it is; for the development also. There is one thing you must remember, and that is what a gift you possess in these things and you are being tried now. I say perhaps more than I, strictly speaking, have permission to say. Now I shall come frequently.

(I: Ragnar is to be moved into my room and to get mother's bed.)

Note: 'I:' refers to the writer of the book i.e. the father of the family.

That I know, and that is great. It will be pleasant for both you and he, and you will surely not fill him up with solemn talk. You know what I mean, and you know Ragnar's temperament, too.

(Shall we let him read what we get from you?)

I do not think so. You must simply greet him and say "Cheer up." Indeed, he does so even without my saying so, but you may nevertheless bring the greeting to him.

(I shall make a little selection from what we receive from you.)

Excellent. I was just going to advise you to prepare an extract before you go in and see him. Undoubtedly you see yourself what can be used, and then I will merely add that you must try to look cheerfully at the future yourselves. Life has much in store for you.

(Do you allude to the life on our side then?)

Yes, both; but have faith, or else I cannot help, you see. It is only that one is tempted to think there is too much of trials, but be assured, that you do not at all get more than you ought to have, and, after all, these are not the severe trials. Perhaps you find it difficult to comprehend this at present, but it is so, nevertheless. It is the bitterness that must be banished, and for Ragnar it is no misfortune. All of this last however, you must not read to him. And now I think we must stop for to-day. I hope you are in a more cheerful mood. And then see that you get a good sleep to-night.

(MOTHER: Well I got some sleep last night.)

Not enough.

(I: You must give my love to my father.)

Yes, he thinks of you now, no doubt. Then I expect to come - let me say - on Sunday next. Good night.

February 26th, 1924.

With Ingeborg and Alf at their home at Halden.

LUDVIG: I expected you would come.

(ALF: You have suggested regular communications for a while.)

Yes, that is what we were to try.

(ALF: I understand why you wanted them, for you were aware of this, no doubt.)

Yes, but not in detail. It was so difficult to say nothing and at the same time act naturally. It is fine that both mother and father see clearly that Ragnar will be happy whether the result be this or that. But one thing you must tell them, that here they must use their best judgement (referring to Ragnar's treatment and nursing) I can give no advice as to that question. I have not even permission to do that. It is a favour simply to be allowed to talk with them of this, and to be able to help and cheer them in other ways. By that means they must find consolation.

I know less than you think; I mean it is in a different way that I cannot explain. They must view it as if I had not been here. If I shall or can help, I do it without words, and you shall not know it. It is a privilege even this, that they know I live. There is no death.

How is everything with you, Ingeborg? It is up to you Alf, to cheer her up; not to let her ponder too much; she is quick between laughter and tears; and then she has her light, invincible humour.

Then let me come next Sunday. Is this convenient? Good night, and greetings to my home.

Halden, March 2nd, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Alf, and myself.

LUDVIG: I here. It is so nice, that you are here too, to-night. It was an agreement between Ingeborg, Alf, and myself, that I should come to-day. The connection is not quite good, but is working all right so far. I cannot stop at the letters; that will perhaps make it hard for you.

(I: I am used to it, as you know.)

Yes, indeed.

(I: I have greetings from mother and Ragnar.)

Just what I thought you had, and you must return my greetings, and say that everybody must be of good cheer; it means more than one would believe.

(I: I have got a wireless set for Ragnar.)

That is splendid. It must indeed be entertainment for a long time to come. It is a wonderful invention. Just think of what joy it gives to thousands.

(Here Alf enters with little Tull,* who just woke up.) Good gracious! What a wonderful little guest is that! She is too charming for words. It was a bright idea.

* Ingeborg gave birth to her first child, Kirsten, in February, 1923. "Tull" is the little girl's pet name.

It is so wonderful to see you, and to notice the way which you have taken all this. Some time you will surely be rewarded.

(I: Our trials were surely not of the hardest kind.)

You know it is just these things that often make people bitter, and, as I have said, bitterness must be avoided. I know of course that you are entirely free from that kind of thought. And it is a privilege that you were able to take hold of it so spontaneously; I mean the belief in these things, and that it really is me you talk to. There are not many who have such a good medium in the house either.

(The connection is not so bad to-day, after all, I presume.)

It goes better.

(Has little Tull a distracting influence?)

No. I just have to look at her a little. Here is harmony.

But there is something that waits for me now. I must therefore say good night. You will remember me to mother and the two others then. I shall come again soon. You must do it sometime this week, just when you find it convenient. Good night! And you, little baby, must be good and go to sleep.

Halden, March 13th, 1924.

Present: Alf and Ingeborg.

LUDVIG: I here. I expected you exactly now. I have not much time, myself. But I shall at least stay for a moment.

(ALF: It is a little up and down with Ragnar.)

That is to be expected. It is excellent that he is improving for the present, then we need not think any further ahead.

(ALF: And how is everything with you?)

Splendid. You would, no doubt, be willing to exchange, if you could see how beautiful it is here, but then again you have a cosy home and all that goes with it. Not to speak of the "great and the little wonder".

You know we can see quite a little from here too. But I can say nothing about how it will end.

(ALF talks about the proper way to live.)

"Fight for all that you have dear; die for it, if needed; then to live is less severe; fears of death unheeded." just talk of what you like. It is splendid for me once in a while to listen to "earthly talk", if I so may call it. I mean politics and that sort. It reminds me of my own philosophizing over the then actual questions of the day.

(ALF: It must be strange to look back upon.)

It is strange, indeed.

(ALF talks about the existence on earth.)

It has nevertheless its great value. It is a step in one's development. I was to continue on this side, and what so many consider to be a misfortune, was for me the greatest fortune. Of course I also thought at that time, at the start, that it was hard. But I did not know better. And then it was the separation from everybody. Even that turned to happiness for all. That shows how little we know in advance.

(ALF: You were so well adapted for life.)

Perhaps not so well after all. I suppose you mean to flatter.

(ALF: No, quite in earnest.)

I understand that. But the time is now expired, and I must hurry and say good night. This was a real treat. Good night!

Halden, March 16th, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg and I.

LUDVIG: I here.

(I: It was so nice to read the notes from last time. You must have had quite a sociable time together; that is my impression.)

Yes, it certainly was. And to-day we three are going to have a sociable chat together for a while. I expected you would come down here to-day; for that reason I fixed the time myself also. And everything is still all right?

(I make the remark that it is fine, that everything is going so harmoniously.)

It's fine because you make it so; you make it fine, you understand. Not all have that faculty, mark you, even if they have the same privilege as you have.

(Remember all that we have received, Ludvig.)

Yes. There are many who could receive if they chose to. The soil is not always tillable to the same extent. And one thing I must be allowed to say about you and mother: that you are so straight-minded, and this makes it so much easier for us, and also that you think kindly of your fellow-beings. That has a direct bearing on these things; you did not expect that, but it has, nevertheless.

(I: Through "these things" I have arrived at religion.)

I know that. But as I have already said, there is also so much in other religions, where love is present. "Good" is the nucleus of all religion, be this or the other. Then, again, not all have a need for an intercourse in this way with any of their own.

(I: But no doubt many people have such a need, and yet do not succeed in getting any connection.)

In that case there may be other reasons prevailing. Not all have the opportunity to seek to earth. I mean of these here. Have you not noticed that I now say a good deal more than before?

(Yes, and we are thankful.)

(I make a remark about mother.)

Yes, she is splendid; I mean amusing. She certainly does not need to put her finger into the print of the nails, like Thomas. Her faith is so immediate, that it is quite touching; I mean the fact that she believed from the very beginning.

(How close we feel in touch with you, to-night, Ludvig.)

Yes, yes. It is almost as if we could touch and feel each other. I have had so much time to-night, and, besides, Ingeborg has been unusually well disposed. I said quite unusually.

(I: Do you see that little "Tull" has risen in her bed, and is looking at us?)

Yes, she is such a dear.

(I: And so affectionate.)

Let us hope that she will continue in the same good what word?

(I: Shall we say trend, then?)

Yes, let us call it so. Sometimes I am quite perplexed about nouns; in fact, I used to have the same difficulty before.

But I am sorry, it is time for me to leave. I think we have had a grand time to-night though. And you agree in that, I hope. Then I want to be remembered to everyone at home. If convenient, I will come gain next Wednesday. And now good night!

For reasons of space I pass by our subsequent conversation in the weeks until Ragnar's death on the 31st of May.

On the 13th of April Ingeborg got her second child, little Alf, Junior.

Halden, June 4th, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, mother, and I; later also Alf.

LUDVIG: I here. Now it is all over, then. You must not cry, mother. You cannot imagine how lovely he is going to find it. He was nothing but good, altogether. If anyone should have the requisites for happiness, he would. And then, besides, it is so nice for me to have one of you. I realize the pain as well as any, you know. I have myself experienced the separation without having a single one, at least not of my nearest ones. And I could not come into communication with you so quickly, either, as it will now be possible for Ragnar. It will not last long, I can assure you of that. isn't that a great consolation? And to think that he is now free of the frail envelope that we call our body. He will be able to move as lightly as a feather now.

He has no doubt has his time of trials, poor boy; but just for that reason it will be so lovely for him now. He was a patient who did not complain.

(MOTHER: Yes, he always answered, "Splendidly".)

Now it *is* splendid, at any rate. You may believe it has not been easy for me, either. I wanted to much to bring you consolation, but I was not able – at least not by predicting anything.

I can immediately the soul escaped, and he saw me, but from that moment he does not know anything more until he wakes up again, and then I will be with him.

(I: And the "others" he told us he saw coming?)

They were "nurses". I saw you both, you know.

(I: I am so glad it was arranged so that I was able to sit with him during his last moments.)

It happened thus; maybe you got a little hint without being aware of it.

(Alf has now entered, and remarks that Ludvig got an easier “transition” than Ragnar.)

It is perhaps not the easiest way to depart from life. Meanwhile it is all now so beautiful. One soon forgets what is unpleasant.

(MOTHER: He would never show how ill he felt.)

Perhaps he rather thought of the pain it would cause you. There ought not to be any change in the relation between you two. And unchanged it will remain now and ever. And then there is in addition more joy in store for you. But do not allow this to make you less adapted for life. Remember that life must be lived, till the time is up. And not with any bitterness of mind. But that it is unnecessary to say to you.

(MOTHER: Oh, no. I dare say I have still a few things to accomplish, perhaps?)

And somebody you don't like to leave, maybe?

(I: Yes, “Little Tull” and “Little Tass”.)

Among other ones, yes, and those dear ones not the least. Life takes and life gives, but for us all it is well.

(I: I wonder if Ragnar will be surprised when he wakes up?)

Hardly; he is really so well prepared. But he will naturally find it far more beautiful than he could have expected it, for you are altogether unable to visualize such a picture as will meet him - don't misunderstand me, I don't mean myself. (Mirthful motion of the planchette.)

(I: Shall he live together with you?)

Yes.

(I: There occurred something strange a few hours ago when I sat with Tull in the drawing-room. One of the tulips in the big bouquet on the table was thrown towards us from the flower vase. And immediately after, when I was telling mother about it, it was repeated with another tulip.)

It was not I. It may possibly have been a greeting from somebody else, but it is unknown to me. But you know I have done the same thing.

Halden, June 15th, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Alf, and I.

LUDVIG: I here. But I am alone. Ragnar would rather wait until mother, too, could be present. He wished to have the first meeting with both of you. He is so lovely, and he is glad that mother takes it so nicely, and you, too. You have the assurance that he is in safe hands, haven't you?

Otherwise I will say nothing of him or from him. He will tell you himself. He is practising now.

Alf, you and I ought to have had a chat together, but there have been obstacles. Come on Wednesday. I do not mean to imply that there is anything in particular, but as long as it was an agreement, it stands. And we have really not talked so much together lately.

There is so much I have to tell you to-day. It was, first of all, that grandfather sends the greeting that he is so

Wait ten minutes.

I here again. It was just something that came in the say. It is all right now, and then we proceed from where we stopped.

(I: Yes, that he so)

.... Proud of his youngest grandson. He asked me particularly to tell you. He will no doubt care for Ragnar too, you will understand that we will have it cosy together.

And then there is another thing. Eva * wants to be remembered to her father and mother, telling them not to forget her. She knows she will soon be able to talk with them through Ingeborg. It is so queer that she always says Ingerid. Write this to Uncle K. She clings so faithfully to her home. It is so strange. Although she was so small when she passed over, she still has the feeling of home.

* *Vide* Chapter IV

(I: It is the same as with yourself then, Ludwig?)

Yes, but that is not strange. We have always been fond of our home, we children.

(I: You are clever to-day, Ludwig.)

I am so glad when you say so. For you know it has always been my

(I: Wish, perhaps?)

Yes, more than that. I really mean that I am ambitious. And you must admit that I have improved considerably.

(I: But even when we get less, we were so happy for what we received: the certainty and your love.)

That is just the reason why, gradually, I have got permission to say more and more. To-day it goes exceedingly fine. I hope the same will be the case when Ragnar is going to try.

(I: Is he really going to try, Ragnar himself?)

Yes, he is quite anxious to do so, you see. I thought that in the beginning it had to go through me, but now we shall see. You must read this to mother now. Indeed, you

will do so as a matter of course. I have so much to say, and so I express myself rather clumsily to-day. It is going so fast.

(Alf: You are much concerned with philosophy, I suppose?)

Yes, and ethics, too.

(ALF: And you have many to talk with of such things?)

Yes, yes. But now I have to go. I just got a message. Greetings. *Au revoir*.

Halden, June 22nd, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Alf, mother, and I.

LUDVIG: I here. I, Darling, also here. But Mams must not cry. It will go better, after a while quite excellently. It will be easier now, Mams. I shall come as often as I am permitted. Ludvig is taking it over now, and I shall talk through him.

(It was plain that this first personal appearance of Ragnar took place under considerable strain. Ingeborg says that the grip on her arm during the motion of the planchette was actually painful. When he later on, as will be seen, again made an attempt in order to say good night, the grip was easier, although not so easy as Ludvig's grip usually is.)

LUDVIG: Ragnar was clever, wasn't he? He is proud. Then he says he has it so lovely that you must not grieve for his sake. He can walk without limping, he says. You know he enjoyed so much looking forward to that, Mams. He says he repeated it so often, and "maybe the omnibus would probably stand waiting for him." He means on the side, don't you remember, Mams, that he said in fun that an omnibus would probably stand waiting for him

(This is fully affirmed by mother.)

But the first time we are not permitted to stay longer. And then Ingeborg is tired, too. But Ragnar must be allowed to say good night himself. I say it now. Good night.

RAGNAR: It was indescribably pleasant, this. What an early reunion, Paps and Mams. And you two, also. Thanks for your assistance, Ingeborg. Good night!

Halden, June 29th, 1924.

(Present: Ingeborg, Alf, mother, and I.

It had not been our intention to seek a communication that day, because we had to leave early, and were to meet in Fredriksstad the following day. But Ingeborg felt a "pricking" in her arm.)

LUDVIG: I here. It was Ragnar who got a glimpse of his "Mams", and he could not resist. But it will only be for a second.

I, Darling, also here. I had to say how do you do, of course. It is so nice that I can see you. This was only a little snapshot. I am still impatient, I, you see. It is so unusual not to have you all the time. But you may be sure I shall come often.

(The above did not come without considerable exertion on Ingeborg's part.)

LUDVIG: Now it is I again. It was a little too much for both, now. But then it was also about time to leave. Coming again soon. Good-bye!

Fredriksstad, July 5th, 1924.

(Present: Ingeborg, mother, and I.)

LUDVIG: I here. And Darling, too. From now on we say, We here. That is to be our pass-word. And now Ragnar is impatient, and must be allowed to speak, but I shall stand by in order to help if need be.

DARLING: I cannot say how nice it is to be at home again. But just imagine, not even I would return, and you understand that.

(I: I wonder if you feel any of your old symptoms of weakness when you are here with us in this way?)

Not now, but the first two times.

(We make a remark about the conditions "over there" observing that mother said in jest that she knew everything.)

Yes, really you know just as much, you. But you know, Mams, we must say you have taken (A little pause) I only searched for a word, and got it, as usual, from Ludvig, but I shall express myself differently. It was this about the modifications I alluded to.

(MOTHER: I am so glad that you no longer lie upstairs in pain.)

I, too. Do not cry, Mams, you know: you and I.

(I: Yes, I wrote to L.H. about you and Mans, that you are just like lovers.)

Indeed, there can never come anything or anybody between us. You were two of my best friends. And I should have liked to tell you so, but it was not much like me to say such things. But now it is easier. And you understand me, surely. It is so nice to have only happy memories from home.

This is all I am permitted to say to-night.

(I: I must just tell you I had a letter from K.R. to-day. He writes that it must be a consoling thought to us that you lived as well as departed from life with full honour.)

He is a perfect gentleman who speaks so nicely of me, but this is no greeting to him. And now I say good night.

LUDVIG: I here again. I cannot stay, but I too must say good night. Next time I am going to talk for a little while. This evening was Ragnar's you understand. Good night!

Fredriksstad, July 6th, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, mother, and I.

We here. Unfortunately we cannot stay long to-night. It must be for a short moment only; you know we have a few things to accomplish ourselves. The time of the day may perhaps seem strange to you, but, as I have said, we have no time here in that sense of the word. Darling will not talk himself to-day, because we have such short time at our disposal.

(MOTHER: He is still comfortable?)

Indescribably so, he says, and I can bear witness to that. We have it so enjoyable together.

(I: As in the old days, I suppose ?)

Yes, he stands here smiling and full of humour; well, you know him anyway.

"Now Mams," says Ragnar, "you know, you and I. Fiddle-de-dee. Quite excellent." He cannot restrain himself. He must say something himself, too, and then I say good night till we meet again.

DARLING: I simply had to affirm what Ludvig has said. It is quite excellent with me. Do you remember the day when I passed over, that I saw some others. It was real. And I recognized them when I woke up. It was so strange, I thought I was still ill. And imagine the indescribable joy when they asked me to stand up and walk - walk! I had to tell you this to-night, for I have permission to do so. But now we must leave. You know it won't be long till next meeting. Good night, Mams and Paps. You, too, Ingeborg.

For considerations of space I pass by, again, our talks through the summer and autumn. However valuable they are for us, they can hardly, because of their intimate character, be of general interest. I am well aware of the fact that this applies to a good deal of both what I have included and of what I shall include in the following. But I have not, on the other hand, been able to disregard the circumstance that these intimate conversations possess a psychological cogency which to my mind that psychical researcher would do well to consider as well as the much requested objective proofs.

Halden, November 29th, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, mother and I.

We here.

I think I may well say that I, and later Ragnar, have done our best. Sorrow has turned into joy, that is the main point, and that you are able to see, you too.

But, Mams, you cannot mean that? Here I am – I took it hastily from Ludvig. He is here, and will return.

There is one thing I have at heart to-day. You must not by any means think of Christmas without me with sadness, for I am there in the higher spirits than last time. Everything is ever so much brighter this year, and thus it must be for you too, and you must enjoy preparing for it, for I shall share as much in the results this year.

Now perhaps you would like to hear how I am getting along. I am interned at a school, and learn a great deal. You cannot imagine how interesting it is. And there are lots of things of whose existence I had no idea.

(MOTHER: Can you tell us a little more about it?)

Not at present. I cannot easily find words for such foreign topics. I must practice first. Besides, Ludvig can tell you a little about it occasionally, that is if we have permission. I am not quite sure of that.

(MOTHER: Do you learn about the spheres?)

Yes. You see it is shown to us in pictures and then we must put it in words for you. Ludvig, as you know, does not often begin with a thing if he knows he cannot pull it through, or does so most reluctantly, in any case. He just now says that it happens now and then.

But I say it is better to tell a part of it, and that part in full.

(This last came from you, Ludvig!)

Yes, we can nearly speak both at once. But now Ragnar again.

So I continue. I am together with Ludvig when I am free. We live in a suite of rooms, and one was all ready for me. He had no doubt prepared for my coming, and we are tickled to death by the cosiness of it. We have books and many other things. In everything I have it far better than I could have wished for.

(MOTHER: I can hardly wish you back.)

No, you must not. I would not go back myself, you understand.

(MOTHER: No, to us it is as if we had you.)

It is because we can so unmistakably identify ourselves.

(MOTHER: Next week I am going in to a séance at Christiania with the clairvoyant, Mrs. Annie Brittain, as medium. But I shall not expect anything from you.)

Well, it depends on the medium, says Ludvig.

(MOTHER: She is no doubt a genuine medium.)

Just the same, she may not be of the kind by whose aid we can come. There are probably interesting things to see at such a séance. But Ludvig says we must go now. He wants to say good night first, he too.

I here. Was it not pleasant to see how Darling has improved, and what brilliant humour he has. I am sorry to have to say good night right away, as I have an appointment, but we have had a fruitful moment, and I feel we are all the time coming nearer to each other.

Halden, November 30th, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, mother and I.

We here.

So we got a little extra chat, Yesterday it was no long.

(I: But it was intimately cosy.)

We thought the same. We were unanimous about that when we left. Wonder if you miss much not being able to see us, when we thus speak both at once.

(I: I, for one, have not much visualizing power through imagination.)

Not I, either, but we can see you, though some of us not so clearly. Ragnar is specially good. It is no merit of his, for that ability is inborn. It is intensified here, however, so that even I can see better than before. Perhaps you may remember that I at first doubted very much whether I should be able to use the planchette just on that account. Now I know without seeing where the letters are. It is a result of long practice. But I am in other places where I still use a table, a larger circle included. Not only in this country. We learn how great a need there is for communication in many cases. The initiative is ours, though it happens that we are sent.

(I remark about the mighty field of activity and the endlessness of existence.)

But isn't it strange that anybody could think of such a mighty mechanism set going for the sake of a mere short earth existence? For even if it reaches eighty – ninety years, it is, nevertheless, short, not to mention a comparison with eternity.

(I: And a glimpse of how every new-born creature needs assistance, should give us a hint as to what an extent everything living must fall back on mutual aid. It must be a guiding principle in existence.)

Yes, it is just the essence of our teaching. And there is hardly a sphere where there is no need of assistance. Even at our highest stage, I mean when we, so to speak, have reached our goal, there will be resort to help, a mutual help between us all. In other words, it means that bliss consists in the fact that all are so willing to help, and the greatness from which all help has sprung has become a part of ourselves. That "I" is

no longer subject. There is much in that line that we, in our sphere, have still to learn, for we are still rather busy with ourselves. And you have apparently noticed that. Your lecture alludes to it. I cannot exactly point out what you have received from this side, but I dare say that even before you prepared your lecture you were clear about this point.

(I: I am so glad you touch upon such topics. It shows that you trust us.)

As I have been permitted to show. You know you have been weighed and found “not wanting”. This “cum grano salis”. I have also said that you must never rely on the continuation of this personal help. I do not know myself when it may stop. I am assured, just the same, that if we or I went away one day, with you I have already fulfilled my mission, and it will remain in the future as a source of lasting benefit.

As far as I know I will stay for a long while yet. This was not meant as a prophecy. I said it just because we were dealing with these things.

(I: Then we need not worry over the possibility that you may stop coming.)

Indeed you need not! Besides, I have said it long ago. You will at least receive first an intimation to that effect, so you can feel safe.

But now Darling wants to say a few words.

And you, Mams, who cannot stop crying. You know, certainly, that we do not want any repetition of the grief.

I feel so important here.

(I: You have found your field now?)

Yes, and one that suits me much better.

(I: Your life here became a resignation.)

And I got it back with compound interest.

(I: Your artistic temperament gave itself little sporadic expressions, but with that exception it was practically shelved.)

I was predestined that all this should come to expression on this side. You would be satisfied with me here, Mams, for I always bear up well.

(MOTHER: But I never was dissatisfied with you, Darling.)

I know that, but I refer to the mood. Mostly because Ma was worried.

Ludvig says I must go now. So Good night.

Halden, December 6th, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Alf, and I.

We here.

(I: And Mother has been with Mrs. Brittain, as you know.)

LUDVIG: And so have we. All that we could give on that occasion was scattered signs. We were there to-day too, but then she did not get hold of me, only Darling. But he made himself known. The atmosphere was somewhat strange, and it did not suit us. It even caused Darling to feel the old pain.

(I: Not for very long I hope.)

No, only for a brief second. And here in our intimate circle it is, after all, far cosier, and complete harmony.

Good night!

Fredriksstad, December 21st, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Alf, Mother, Frithjof, and I.

We here and: How do you do everybody. It is nice to be all together again. And all anxiety is passed. This was said to you Ingeborg: I know you have been worrying over the children, that obstacles should come in the way. I was much tempted to reassure you, but that would not have been right. For any statement of ours should not give you any advantage over others. It may be tempting to us many times, and it has no doubt happened that a little hint has found its way from us to you.

(I: Yes, the point is simply that we must try not to stress it too much.)

That's just it. But in such event you will, no doubt, feel when to use the brake. Darling wishes to say a few words concerning Mrs. Brittain's séance.

Darling here. It was not so easy that time to give a really characteristic "Me". There was too much of a crowd. She attracted so many who wanted to appear. We, Ludvig and I, were not so eager on that occasion, still I wanted to show that I really was there, and for that reason I said, among other things, that about the watch and also that about the pipe cleaner. So you understand surely, Mams, that it was I.

(MOTHER: Yes, I never doubted that.)

I thought perhaps the strange atmosphere at the séance would cause some uncertainty.

(Oh, no, it could not have been anybody but yourself.) No, for I was really there, and unknowingly you were influenced by my presence.

Why was not Aunt Helga* there the second time? For Aunt Signe* came and wanted to say something. Do you remember, Mams, that Mrs Brittain spoke of a lady with much hair?

* Helga is my wife's sister.

* Signe is a deceased sister of my wife.

(Yes, now I remember that she pointed out a lady with a gesture of the hand to signify that she had hair reaching to the lips.)

Yes, that was Aunt Signe.

(To think that I should have paid no attention.)

You probable thought that she came to somebody else and therefore let it pass unnoticed.

(MOTHER: But this will please Aunt Helga to hear. Another thing, Darling, did you really feel the old pain)

Yes, it was just for a second or so.

(MOTHER: Now I understand that it was your pain in the leg she felt, when she kept on insisting that I had pain in my leg.)

Yes.

(MOTHER: Do you remember she said: But don't you see him, he stands there close to you?)

Yes, I touched you, so it appears strange to me, that you did not notice it.

Fredriksstad, December 26th, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Aunt C., Helga, Alf, Mother and I.

We here. We have not been waiting long.

(We had visitors.)

I knew it. And you have had a pleasant time of it since last, I suppose? We too, yes. What are we going to tell you to-day? Would you like to hear about our Christmas Eve?

First thousands of bells are ringing with a symphony from another world, from this world. And then we all start in a body to church – not quite analogous to yours, but otherwise I am unable to describe it. Then we hear or rather see a sermon accomplished by faint music Afterwards we turn homeward and gather at the house of the one, whose turn it is, so to speak, and then we celebrate it quite in a human way. This, just to give you a picture. Then each goes to his appointed meeting or stays if he has no appointment. In that way we came to you. And afterwards we were gathered in the most magnificent of marble halls. But see, that was not in our

sphere, it was higher up. It is one of the favours Christmas brings along. And what we there beheld, I cannot express to you in meagre words.

We too have marble halls, but they are for regular - no, not regular, but more frequent use, at any rate. Whenever we have grand festivities, we usually meet there.

And then, perhaps, you expect to hear about the conclusion of the day, but that is, in a way, not so concrete, if you understand - I mean that there is not the same division between day and night.

We also enjoy practically the same - well I cannot say material pleasures as you, exactly, but I mean the same differently. This applies particularly to recent arrivals, because they have not yet accustomed themselves to be without them.

You will no doubt understand that we are richly benefited by our Christmas Eve. Our little glimpse of a higher sphere is an experience we live through again and again for a long time. And particularly so, knowing that thither we are aiming all of us. It is a good incentive.

Now Darling wants to say a little, but it cannot be much, as a few visitors are coming to you to-night.

So I say good night now at once, and thanks for to-night!

DARLING: I have experienced so many things since last, that I am completely speechless. And I shall not be able to tell the least bit of it. But I want to say this, at least: "You have - a hundred times underlined - something to look forward to." So let me say good night.

Fredriksstad, December 31st, 1924.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

(It is New Year's night at 12.30.)

We here, and we paid you a visit a little while ago too. And we heard what you, Paps, said, and now it's our turn. I first being the oldest. I will begin by wishing you all a happy New Year. And I dare add: a just as happy a year as the past one. Because, it was a happy year in spite of all. And isn't it wonderful that you can sit so harmoniously together to-night and have such a feeling of pure happiness notwithstanding what this year has brought! Can't I then safely wish you many happy new years? And I know that they will be fruitful for each one of you . . .

(Here followed a special greeting to an old aunt, who was present, from her husband through Ludvig.)

I am really no orator and having to use such a means as this does not make it any easier. But I hope that you feel that what I have said comes from the heart, and I would have liked to have said more and nicer words to you to-day. And now comes

Darling. I say good night and thanks for all pleasant intercourse in the past year and well met again in the new one.

DARLING: I have still greater difficulty in expressing myself than Ludvig, who I think did very well. You understand, I have such an awful lot to thank you for just in this year that is past, and I didn't get the chance to do it, for reasons previously stated.

To-night, however, I can do it. And as everything now is so well, even splendid, I have all the more reason to feel thankful because you made the last days with you so good for me.

I was never afraid, but you will understand that if I hadn't had you two, Paps and Mams, who always showed me happy faces, then it would have been twice as sad. But you always managed, in some strange way, to keep away from me the distressing thought of death. You must have done it quite unconsciously for we seldom spoke of those things.

And the little that you, Paps, and I talked together about it, was of a more abstract character, but that also helped; now Mams! you know: You and I! This year you have no reason to cry for my sake!

(I: She is touched by the nice things you have said to us, Darling.)

Now Ludvig says I must be off. So once again: Thanks for everything and a happy New Year!

Fredriksstad, March 8th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

(Ingeborg happens to mention that she would like to be slim.)

LUDVIG: You shall not be speculating about how or when you will be thinner. I am saying this especially because your embonpoint stoutness is not in the least hampering your mediumship. Beside, I think you are now about thin enough.

Ragnar is laughing as usual. He stands between Mother and Aunt Helga, and I between Father and Ingeborg. Now you looked at me. I cannot understand that you cannot see us, although I am not seeing you quite clearly either. Here comes Aunt Signe and so we will say good night. Darling reserves himself the chance of speaking a whole lot more to-morrow.

DARLING: It is only about trifles, but then I am not very great either, you know. Good night then!

SIGNE . . .

(I: Where are you standing, Signe?)

I am standing between you and Ingeborg. I, or the one speaking, must stand there.

(I: And direct Ingeborg's arm?)

Yes, we get the power from below, through her leg and up to the arm. We form an independent arm which in its turn conducts Ingeborg's arm. You probably think it is our own hand that directs, but have you not read about the psychic arm? We do not always need that arm. We are always using the same power from Ingeborg, but when the connection is particularly easy, we can direct her hand with our mind alone.

(MOTHER: Is there any possibility of our being able to see you?)

Then I think Ingeborg would have to become a materializing medium. It is possible that she may become one, but I don't know if that is anything to wish for. There are many dangers connected with it.

Fredriksstad, March 29th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

LUDVIG: We can't really imagine how it would have been if we hadn't had this connection with you. We should, of course, have had to do without it, but it would have made an awful difference. And if you had any idea of how I felt before I really knew how you would take this! I did depend upon you in a way, but still there was doubt.

I was afraid it would have taken too long time, because then I should have been stopped. You didn't know that! It went so surprisingly quick with you all. The medium herself was the hardest one to convince. After all - why should this be so much more strange than the wireless. There may as well be other vibrations that can propagate themselves. And where there are sensitive minds it is so easy for us to find the way.

(I: It is no longer than yesterday since Mother spoke of how near she felt Darling.)

In my opinion it is Darling himself, who makes Mams feel him so intensely. And I dare say the same is the case with us two.

That is just - what shall I say - the wonderful part of it, that such ties last beyond what you usually call the grave . . .

(Easter Day) Halden, April 12th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

(I mention that the minister in his sermon that morning had made remarks which seemed to indicate that he was not opposed to the spiritualist conception of life beyond the grave.)

LUDVIG: It does not astonish me that the minister has come to that. By and by they will all come nearer to our religion, and that just because it is in reality so much like their own.

(I: If they could only become familiar with the thought that the whole thing is quite natural, both the life beyond and the connection with you.)

They will, I believe. What is hampering most of them now is the belief that the dead should be left in peace. But we should by no means be left in peace. That is the great mistake, because it is just here we have the great work to do. And why are they so afraid of us? We are not dangerous, and we only want to do you good. As I have said before, however, it is by no means all, that should have communication with us or that need us. But we must be allowed to help the poor people, who are in distress and who get a firm foothold through us: the ones who get their whole life changed to a heaven instead of - I may say - the hell which they feel they are living in.

Fredriksstad, June 6th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

(MOTHER: Do you remember that we talked together about "Raymond" once before you passed over?)

LUDVIG: Yes, before Easter.

(MOTHER: That was really our last conversation. We also touched upon the fear of death.)

LUDVIG: I never had that fear, so I did not need anything of that sort at the time. But I am quite certain that if I had studied those things on your side, I should have come to the same conclusion as you did.

I am thorough, and it would therefore probably have taken me a long time, but I believe on the other hand that personal experiences would not have been necessary, provided I had come across the right books. Personal experiences gives something quite different. One can have the faith without having the interest, is not that so?

(I: Yes. And one can, on the other hand, have a strong interest for the study of supernormal phenomena and still remain in doubt for a long time.)

Now let us talk a little about reincarnation.

The only thing which is certain, and which I can safely aver is, that there is no metempsychosis. There are so many who see a proof of an earlier existence in the fact that they sometimes get a feeling of having experienced the same thing before.

(I: Yes, I have read of that hypothesis, but it has not seemed satisfactory to me.)

No. There are cases where certain individuals are given a choice. That is right enough. But it is not a rule. Thus, to a certain extent, the reincarnation idea has some justification.

(I: Only in exceptional cases then?)

Yes. But that is, what it is so difficult to explain to the theosophists. Reincarnation is really of such infinitely small importance. It is a part of the development of some individuals. They are sent down there instead of being placed in a school here, where they would have found it difficult to keep up with the others.

(I: You remember perhaps that I, in my book, express the opinion, that this discussion of the reincarnation-idea is somewhat idle.)

That is just what it is, and we are of the opinion that too much time and too much useful energy are wasted on that question.

There are so many good people among the theosophists. Therefore, of course, this theory will not be detrimental to any of them. Love is so dominant among them. We have many of them here. And they are so happy because their journey on earth is ended. They have, in other words, found peace.

We often have a desire to give you a really clear picture of our daily life. It passes evenly and harmoniously in spite of the fact that our work is rather - what shall I say - extensive.

You might therefore have got the idea that our life might become a little restless. But then it should be remembered, that there are no distances here with us. Everything is so near at hand. There is no trouble in getting here or there. And there is such a beneficial peace over all our work. Then there is the boon of always being surrounded by happy faces. You don't know what that means for one's wellbeing. And then there is the wonderful beauty of Nature.

Sometimes things happen that cause a little shadow, a cloud if you like. But that I cannot explain. It lasts only for a second at the time, so it is not the same as with you, anyhow. We have no end of sunshine.

I understand that I must say a little more about that shadow I spoke of. You may imagine that - I am using analogies - if someone on your side committed an evil deed, particularly of a kind concerning religion, sacrilege for example, then you would, if you were clairvoyant, be able to see a shadow. I can't say by what means, but if anything like that is committed here - and that may happen, as we have said

before - then we see it immediately. Do you follow me better now? What is it, Mams?

(MOTHER: Oh, it is this - does any shadow appear with you when anything of the kind you mention is committed *here*?)

Yes. But I meant to say that you would be able to see it on your side as well if the mental atmosphere had been better.

(I: I begin to realize that the church)

.... is holy, you mean. Yes, for the individual and thereby for all.

(I: Because it is impregnated with pious thoughts, I suppose?)

That's just it. I must say that you take the words out of my mouth . . .

(A question as to the distance between the spheres.)

I can only say that there is not by far the same division between the spheres as between you and us. We can at times receive visits from higher spheres and look over to them. Well, you are getting that too, but it is somewhat different here, of course.

Here it is the same for all, and we see each other under the same conditions. That will show you that the distance between the spheres is not so great. I should not call it distance, though better to say division.

(MOTHER is hinting at the conditions in the lowest spheres.)

Don't think of that. It goes without saying, that it is incomprehensible to you. The sufferings are not of such a nature as to spur them on to the good. There has been ample opportunity for all. You don't know how little there is really needed.

(I: But what can then be the reason for that insusceptibility which can resist so long?)

It is perversity. I mean analogically speaking . . .

Fredriksstad, July 4th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

You were asking about amusements. Of them we have an abundance. We have theatres, concerts, lectures, libraries, picture galleries, in short, all imaginable benefits and pleasures – and so very natural. We have the advantage of having easy access to those things. And to procure nice surroundings is also easier here.

(ALF: I guess that you in a sense have something similar to our admission cards to all that you mentioned.)

Exactly. But we are self-masters of that which can gain us admission. As far as that is concerned, that is not the easiest part of it. Here we are again touching upon the question of the free will.

On our side our wellbeing to a much higher degree depends upon our whole life. On your side everyone is placed in his own environment, and has more or less of difficulties to combat.

And think of the poor criminals. Can one really wonder at what they do many times? Remember, they are treated with mildness here.

There are at any rate many who are punished far more severely here than these unfortunate beings. We are together with many former criminals, and they are the best people. They come here with such infinitely small thoughts of themselves, and they get so astonished at the reception they get. If you could only see such a scene! It is extremely touching many times.

(I: I understand that so well. But the laws of the community demand that crimes should be punished.)

Indeed. These questions are of course given a period of probation, and that is not without its hardships - spiritual hardships, I mean - because that is just what they have overlooked and neglected in their lives. So much for that. Now comes Darling.

DARLING : Have you heard a lot now? I am cocky now because I have passed my first examination here; - It means something, you will understand.

(I: We are proud of you, Darling!)

So am I. But here everything of that sort is so jolly, so it is nothing to brag about. One simply has *got* to be attentive - with eyes, nose, ears and mouth and all senses. Well, you HAVE - underline this a million times! - something to look forward to.

That can't be emphasized strongly enough in my opinion. And I am - or at any rate *was* - soberminded enough. I am walking about in a state of perpetual super-enthusiasm.

(MOTHER: It just suited you to get over there, Darling!)

It suits everybody, Mams! And now I am soon to know what's going to be my work here. But I still have some examinations to pass. Ludvig is through with these grades. But he has, of course, much to go through yet. But he works independently, and is so much thought of, that it benefits another poor beggar too. I am his shadow, you know.

(MOTHER: Are you still at that boarding-school?)

At present I am with Ludvig, but only for a comparatively short period. I am to go back . . .

I here. It was fine to see you all so well pleased. We are leaving as happy as ever, one memory richer.

Fredriksstad, July 8th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

(There is talk of the credulity of spiritualists in accepting whatever they get through the mediums in the way of trance-talk, automatic writing, etc.)

LUDVIG: There has been so many of them, I am sorry to say. And they have spoilt so much for us, and set us back in our development - the progress on your side, I mean. But our time will come, depend on that, and is coming already. We cannot - of course - very well calculate time, but as far as we can see, it will not take such a very long time for this to be the religion which will find its way into the hearts of most people, because it so human and so simple.

(I: I was glad to learn to-day from the last will of our great statesman, Christian Michelsen, that he had an open mind as to psychical research.)

He is far advanced, you may be sure! Passed us at once. We met on the road. A radiant personality.

Fredriksstad, July 10th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

(We talked of our first communication by means of the table.)

LUDVIG: I was cautious at that time. There was so much I even at that time was anxious to tell you, and I did not know if I ever would be permitted to do so, because it depended entirely upon yourself. I am thinking back upon those pathetic table séances, and remember how proud I was of the little I got through then, and how happy those séances always made you. And just this successive progress is so jolly.

Is it not strange, or wonderful, that Ingeborg should possess this faculty? I shall not forget how happy I felt when I discovered it in her. I made the table dance with frantic joy right over to you, where you were sitting on the sofa. Do you remember that?

(I: I should think I do! I was only a spectator until that happened.)

Yes, at that time you were not so strong in the faith, but that didn't last long. I had energy and will there.

You HAD to be made to believe. So much depended upon that. And that I knew.

(I: I shall not forget the impression it made upon me, when the table was in a whirl, and the intense feeling of you made the tears stream from Ingeborg's eyes.)

No. I was *determined* to break through then. And from that day I was perfectly at ease because I knew the battle was won. Of course, I did not know how much or how little it might develop into.

(I: It has become a marvel!)

Just as great a marvel to us as to you, perhaps a little more concrete to us, because we *see* at the same time. But you feel perhaps where you have us standing - do you?

(I: We have to draw upon our imagination.)

It is quite strange to us, you may be sure, that you really are unable to see us. That was queer to Ragnar in the beginning. I, on the other hand, had already learned that I was invisible, when we got connection with each other. I do not mean the fact itself, but the ability to put myself in your position. But Ragnar feels so solid, that he thinks you are nearly bound to see him.

(MOTHER: I wonder if you can follow a thought of mine that I have not expressed in words?)

Not always, you know. But you have had instances showing that we can do so. We have also finished a sentence and followed a thought further on. Is not that something similar? Or did you mean, if we could help you to clearness? In that case the connection would have to be exceptionally good. Remember there are many thoughts. As many as you are yourselves. You have also seen how it worked when Inborg had a thought that was a little strong.

Well, I say good night now. We find this just as cosy as you do. And just such evenings as this one mean so much to us, because they remind us of our evenings together before.

Fredriksstad, July 17th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

Are you waiting for something for Mr. M. now? It will not last so long now.

(I: We are not impatient.)

I know that, but it is nice to be able to give a little hint to show that something is soon coming. There are so many that need help, but it is so difficult to reach them all. Besides, it would be too complicated, because it would perhaps be hard to draw the line.

And I believe that help is coming to those who need it and heartily wish for it. You said that it goes smoothly to-night. It goes almost too smoothly. I have to let the planchette slide over the letters, and that is harder even if it seems easier to you. I wonder if Ragnar can manage it to-day. If not, we have so many evenings ahead of us. Isn't that pleasant to think of! These summers have been so very pleasant, we think. And was it not a higher power that saw to it, that the summer last year also turned out so lovely? We had reason to expect it to have been a little different, you know.

Are not all your friends wondering how you can always be so happy? It must be like a message from another world. Something which should make them think: "What can it be which makes these people so happy?" Is that not a question they must ask themselves? And you may be sure that many are doing so too.

(I: And we can answer them: It is all a miracle of love.)

Yes, that is just it! It is in a way our message to humanity: Be happy and be optimists! By living in love you are progressing towards a life so bright, that it is well worth it. But not everybody realizes that, you see. Look around and see if there are many about whom you can say this? But just wait till our religion comes! It will open for so much, and - so to speak - purify the air.

There is so much sticking to the orthodox church, so much of weeds that must be pulled up.

Well, now we will let Darling have a try, but I hardly think it will come to anything. I will close afterwards.

RAGNAR: When Ludvig thinks it will not work, then I suppose it will not. It is funny because when I stood there and watched Ludvig I said to myself: Pooh, that's nothing, it seemed so easy for him. But then you know he is tremendously clever.

(I: But you are making it go, though!)

Yes, but if I am to speak classily - and I must do that when talking about my fine examination - you will have to wait a little while longer for that. This planchette is trembling, it seems to me, it is just like jelly to-day. Soft to the touch, you understand. I cannot get a proper grip on it. I do not understand how Ludvig managed to say so much and so well to-night. You are writing fast too, Mams! I have a great mind to take the pencil myself, sometimes.

I believe I will give Ludvig the floor now, and I hope that I can get my stuff through next time we are alone.

Fredriksstad, July 25th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

LUDVIG: Darling would like to tell a little to-night. So I will let him have the floor. There will probably be a little time left for me afterwards, but that remains to be seen.

DARLING: Good day, Mams, good day, Paps ! I am going to use a lot of time now. I did promise to tell you about that fine examination.

It was passed in that boarding school where I was. And it took place in a great hall before many spectators. There were other pupils too.

But we were examined singly, one at the time, just as at Matriculation. There was a great big white wall before us, and we got questions to answer. And - wait a bit!

And if we were able to answer the questions correctly, then there would appear a clear picture on the white wall which showed that we had understood the essential part of the question. Wait! Don't ask!

I am here. I intended to produce the first question I got, and my answer. But I understand that I have to divide this on several evenings.

I am not so well trained, that I can calculate how much time it takes.

Ludvig is smiling at me. I had planned such a lot for to-night. And Ludvig did not want to interfere with this. He wants me to learn to be practical.

I noticed that he smiled so cunningly when we spoke of this before we went here. I did not understand him when he said that he thought there would be a little time left for him also. He understood well enough that I could not manage so much at the time, and he also understood that the little I said was not so little after all.

Fredriksstad, August 15th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here. But I am sorry to say that we can't stay long. I have another task to-day. I am to stay with a young man, who came over some time ago, and give him information about divers matters. It is so new to most of them, you know. Young people of to-day are as a rule atheists, isn't that so? And they are so surprised at the existence here. The fact that they have been atheists is not necessarily a hindrance on this side, provided that they otherwise are good people. You cannot imagine how understanding our let me say - Government is. You have, of course, understood, that we are working under a leadership.

The leaders really belong to the higher spheres, but have their work among us. And they stay here - I only wanted to explain, that they are ready for the higher sphere. There is close connection between us. But we ordinary members of this community have not the same access to the higher ones as our leaders - our Government, if you like. It is not called so here, but you understand it best when I use this analogy.

Fredriksstad, August 21st, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

(We are talking about the many who, through us, are seeking information about, or connection with, departed relatives, and of the desirability of these people having more understanding of the mental requirements necessary for the attainment of their desires)

LUDVIG: That we cannot expect to find in anyone. But we cannot help that this is a considerable hindrance.

However, we always have the comforting knowledge, that even if the wishes of all are not satisfied. You, at any rate, know of our difficulties and also know that we are doing what we can.

Darling is laughing at me because I am so eager. He thinks he recognizes some, or shall we say, much of my old ambition. Perhaps there is a little weakness in this, but fortunately also some strength, I believe. I have at least not had any difficulties on at account.

And then it is so closely connected with my work. I am going to be a communicator, and I am getting my training for that now.

(I make a jesting remark to the effect that he would then get an opportunity to play a part in the world evolution.)

Oh, no! I shall have to be satisfied with some modest work -at least comparatively speaking.

A - what you may call - general connection between your and our sides can hardly be expected so soon, although it might come quicker than we expect; in regard to that, time can hardly be calculated by your standard.

(I: In England there is rapid progress at present.)

We are also full of confidence. Besides, it is enough for us to know that it will come sometime. You will perhaps get an opportunity to work from this side too. I suppose you have no objection to that, especially after you have had the chance of working a little down there first.

(In the subsequent conversation allusion is made to certain occurrences within the camp of the strictly orthodox.)

I see very well whom and what you have in mind, so you don't need to mention anybody or anything in particular. I will quote the saying of that lady you once spoke of: "They too, will be saved."

It is a very striking remark, that's why I remember it.

Fredriksstad, August 26th, 1925.

We here.

(There was talk of the difficulties in furnishing an objective proof of the identity of the communicator.)

LUDVIG: Just because such a proof cannot be given. What do you suppose a scientist, e.g., would accept as a satisfactory proof?

(I: You may well ask. There is a certain proof though, which has been much in demand, and that is a deceased person's repetition of a sentence, an apophthegm or the like, which he, before his death, has written down and sealed for this purpose, and which no living being has had any opportunity to make himself acquainted with. But we have been told - by Signe, I believe - that such an arranged test is not permitted.)

LUDVIG: Besides, there has indeed been furnished much better proofs than that, at least in my opinion. That little thing, that the person in question should repeat a sentence, or whatever it may be, seems quite simple, and that is not where the difficulty lies, either. The fact is, that just because this proof is so much talked of, it cannot be given. And we have seen a lot of that sort here. There are so many who are at once asking permission to say this or that because they thereby think they will put those, who are searching, on the right track. But it does not take them long to realize, that it is not in that way the Truth ought to be sought or found.

(I: No, the Truth has to be conquered by everyone in single combat, so to speak. And that can only be accomplished by our finding and making the contact with God in our hearts.)

LUDVIG: That might be called an extract of our ten commandments. In other words: that which we learn first of all. You, how have learned so much and acquired such a knowledge of our conditions, you will understand how gladly we would transfer - if I may so - the ability to understand, which we have acquired here, to Science or to those who are seeking - I am glad to be able to say that I have often been successful. But I must also confess, that I have struggled in vain sometimes.

Fredriksstad, August 28th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

(The death of the author Wiers-Jenssen has caused us to talk of the feeling of distress, which death brings to most people in spite of all optimism in the expectations of life beyond the grave.)

LUDVIG: There are so many things besides, that have to be reckoned with, you know. You two need not be frightened by death itself.

(I: No, it is only the painful leave-taking.)

And all that comes before that. To most people the deceased is totally blotted out of their lives. They do not even bring him or her into their daily life by talking about them or remembering them.

That is so hurting to many, you may be sure. But also on that point they are full of understanding here.

And just see how much help the orthodox religion gives in such cases. Does it bring real consolation to anyone? Hardly!

There lies the very test. Oh, how different it will be, when we have penetrated the veil! We are patient simply because we know that some day we shall do that. And you, who are able to see for yourselves, also have that feeling of confidence, isn't that so? And so one does the little one is able to. And it is not so little after all.

Fredriksstad, September 2nd, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

(We are talking about being present invisibly.)

LUDVIG: Oh, you know we will never be allowed any spying. That is: To see what we ought not to see. There is severe punishment for that. You know there are many curious people, and they do not get cured of that weakness all at once: it is tempting to make use of that ability to see which is pretty soon acquired here. That is why the punishment is so severe.

(I: Well, this was quite interesting to learn.)

It is funny that we haven't talked of it before. It is really so evident, in a way.

(In September 1925 my book "Life after Death in a new Light" was published. During the autumn the séances were mainly taken up with talk about the reception of this book, by the public and the Press, as well as with the numerous requests for assistance in facilitating connection between relations on either side.)

Fredriksstad, October 30th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

LUDVIG: I know that there are many wondering why we say to little about the one or the ones who rule it all. But that is only because we consider ourselves too small to mention it yet, and because that must come little by little. Otherwise it would not be us, you know.

You cannot be in doubt that we have found what you in your book call "the Thing", and I believe that we have shown our desire to share with you our happy feeling of certainty.

It is not easy to speak of these things, but I feel impelled to do so, because I know they have been mentioned in connection with the book. We are and remain ourselves. We cannot get away from that, although our views on many things have been considerably altered.

Fredriksstad, December 26th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

It is the same this year as before, I am unable to describe with words what we have experienced since our last meeting (Christmas Eve.)

(I: It is increasing, I suppose.)

Exactly! Because we are advancing a little too, and thereby become more fit to receive what we are offered. It is gifts of far greater value than you can imagine. And these gifts have the quality of being everlasting besides. In other words: We continue to live on them. They are food for our souls.

You are perhaps wondering why this takes place in accordance with the calendar. But it does not, as a matter of fact. If I were to explain this, however, I should have to use another dimension, and I can't do that to-night anyhow, and perhaps never in a satisfactory manner.

(I: Long ago, you know, I realized that "Time" with you is not successive in the same sense as with us. But the fact that you are celebrating Christmas simultaneously with us, goes to show how close the contact is between the two forms of existence.)

It is just so. If we could only give you the clear pictures from which we here draw our knowledge! But, of course, you must have something to look forward to.

Fredriksstad, January 6th, 1926.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

LUDVIG: Now Christmas is soon over. You have had a good time. I happen to think of something in connection with Christmas. If I in the olden days had read or heard that Christmas was celebrated over on the other side too, I should certainly have taken the liberty of smiling a little sceptically. And still, that such is the case is really more natural than anything else. Because He, for whose sake Christmas is celebrated, is still looking after all His children.

And why should not we, who are also His children, feel the same, only in a much higher degree. The point of time does not matter here.

He knows that you remember Him then, and so it becomes a general festival. We are nearer to Him than you for the reason that we can see and - I have to say - hear Him. It is an ocean of radiance which you can hardly imagine. An apparition that cannot be described, only seen and felt. He is human, but with the Divinity in Him. To us He represents that Deity who is all in all.

There are people who have other representatives, you know that; but even these are inspired by that wonderful power called love, which has its origin in God.

And the evening which you celebrate as Christmas Eve is also celebrated by us. You may well say at the same time. He then speaks to us all. Of course, we cannot enter His sphere, but the opening is wide.

In other words, He reveals Himself to us. We are temporarily in a higher sphere than our own. What we hear, or rather see, I cannot describe in mere words. You will hardly hear or see anything like that till you come here. But the mere thought of all this must be marvellous to you.

Halden, March 7th, 1926.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

LUDVIG: Was there not still another thing that you wanted to talk about ?

(MOTHER: Yes, I should like to bring up the *Sufi* movement.)

LUDVIG: I have not the time to enter into that question now. But I should like to start a discussion of these things with you. We have the time before us.

(MOTHER: I think that Sufism can very well be united with spiritualism.)

LUDVIG: In my opinion the difference lies mainly in the nomenclature. The Sufists hold the view that they do not need the planchette. They seek direct connection. I think that the two movements have so much in common that they could just as well be amalgamated.

The Sufists are also friendly-minded towards spiritualism. They only consider the planchette as having become somewhat obsolete. As to that I may say that the Sufists perhaps are not paying sufficient attention to the missionary work which is carried on from our sphere into yours, and not only *vice versa*. There is perhaps some knowledge to be gained that way. Everybody is of course not equally well-equipped for winning through by their own means.

I know, of course, as well as anybody, that prayer is helpful. But why not make it easier for those to whom prayer seems difficult. Later on the rest will come by itself, and then it is clear to us too that our mission is ended. And there need be no fear of our forcing ourselves upon anyone.

Halden, March 13th, 1926.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

(A book by INAYAT KHAN is lying before me, and that causes the question of the Sufi movement to be taken up again.)

LUDVIG : Yes, it is well worth reading. And the words of that man may be listened to with much benefit. The divergence is not great. And when wise words are spoken one must - independent of - there is a disturbance, wait a moment!

(After the pause of one minute.)

LUDVIG: Now it is all right again. I had to remove Ingeborg's hand. Somebody came here and tried to make Darling understand that he wanted a connection. But I could not permit that now. It distracted me a bit, and the time has gone, unfortunately.

Look at Ingeborg, she is laughing at Darling now!

Halden, March 14th, 1926.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

LUDVIG: I would like to finish what I started on yesterday, although it was nothing important.

I meant to say, that when one is reading such a book, one has the feeling that here speaks a wise man from whom much may be learned. Because the beautiful things that he says in such a sublime manner, are of a universal, human character - non-sectarian in other words. It is just in that direction that the dogma-ridden ones make their greatest errors. If they would only learn that there exists in reality no protestantism or catholicism or any other "isms"! I have been following the last hopeless controversy.

(You mean for instance the clerical meeting's attitude towards two of our bishops?)

LUDVIG: It will of course bring about the inevitable result that all sensible people will dissociate themselves from this so-called Christianity. And that is perhaps in itself no bad result, after all.

The time will come when all shall learn the truth, and that there is a just God. Those who are referred to so complacently as the "condemned" (which - by the way - is an abominable expression) are not given much of a chance by these self-righteous people.

It is sad to witness the intolerance which is prevalent all through orthodox Christianity. And we need not say that this sadness is only felt in regard to these intolerant ones themselves, on their behalf, so to speak. Because it will be so painful to them, in the future, to see the matter in its true light from this side. It is indeed no

pleasant sight! This may sound in a way rather self-satisfied. But you know, that we are really very humble, and that we know there is no reason to be anything else.

I am not through with that man, Anayat Khan, yet.

(I: To think that you know his name too ! We have not mentioned Inayat Khan.)

Does not the first name begin with A ? You said Inayat?

(I: No, his name is Inayat Khan.)

I don't understand that. I believed I had read the name as Anayat, but that must be a mistake on my part. The images he uses are quite wonderful. I have now read him myself.

Halden, May 2nd, 1926.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

(ALF: It was splendid to read your message about Christmas and of how you, so to speak, were allowed to see Christ.)

LUDVIG: Not only "so to speak". We have experienced the wonder of seeing with our eyes that which we could only perceive before.

(ALF: You really see Him then?)

LUDVIG: Yes, literally. In the way we see on our side. And that is by no means less satisfactory than your sight, on the contrary - we see, of course, much more clearly.

(ALF: And that in a literal sense?)

LUDVIG: Absolutely. Spiritually speaking we have seen him for a long time.

But remember, Alf: The experience *you* have in mind is poor, compared with the experience here. I dare say as much, although I have not had any such experience before coming here.

(ALF: How do you know then? That experience is glorious here as well.)

LUDVIG: Yes, glorious, indeed. But everything is relative, isn't that so?

And most people do not get that experience on your side. I have talked with those who have had such experience, and they admit themselves, that it was only here they got that overwhelming feeling of witnessing the reality, the truth.

(ALF: Such as these must be the best qualified to have that experience at your side.)

LUDVIG: Not because they have had that previous experience on earth by you, if that is what you mean. That makes no difference. I only meant to say that no one is "handicapped" - if you understand that. Not all are granted the experience of seeing Christ. And all are not to have it. And even if you now are of the opinion that to feel Him is enough, I still believe that you would not do without that vision of Him

which you will experience here. . . . I believe that we really agree about this, and you know that I am speaking a posteriori.

Fredriksstad, July 9th, 1926.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

LUDVIG: We note with pleasure that our cause is steadily advancing, although, for the time, quietly.

Eventually we shall be independent of mediums. Direct communication must, of course, be the aim. Only then it can become a religion, isn't that so? Personal experience is necessary. Everyone becomes his own medium, so to speak. Every human being has his guardian spirit, and by training these two will find each other, even from your sphere to ours, or even higher up. Many have also direct communication with their dual. If both dual-souls are living on the earth, they will each get connection with their own guardian spirit, and when one of the duals goes over, he will replace the other dual guardian as soon as he has received the necessary training.

Have I made this tolerably clear? It is one of those things which are difficult to explain satisfactorily.

(It is mentioned that there are many examples showing that children seem to be under some protection.)

Yes, angels are watching the little ones, we know that. We can use the word angel because it is the most adequate expression, even though the wings are an illusion.

Fredriksstad, July 24th, 1926.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

(Ludvig is talking of his happiness in having Ragnar with him, and mother says And how welcome you are to have him with you.)

LUDVIG: Now you never need to have any anxiety about us any more, and you were not quite free of that as long as we were with you, but even that was not without its purpose. I have learned that, too. On the whole, what a lot we have learned! I could fill your note-block, Mams, and by and by I am going to give you more of this. In the meantime we are enjoying being in your environment, if you understand what I mean. I know that you once in a while are longing to hear more about our side and details from our daily life. But there is such a comfort in talking just about whatever happens to crop up.

(I: In about a week Uncle K. and Aunt M. will pay us a visit.)

Yes, you may be sure that Eva knows that! She keeps herself perfectly posted up to date, be sure of that!

(MOTHER: Do you remember what “be sure of that” reminds of of?)

LUDVIG: Yes, Darling is just saying that he is not likely to forget on of the proudest moments in his short career. He did that very well!

(I: But what are you referring to? I am not “on”...)

LUDVIG: The Bjørnson League.*

- * Ragnar was once elected representative of his college at a general assembly of the Bjørnson League at Oslo, where also the King was present. He delivered on that occasion a little speech on a passage from the writings of Bjørnson.

(I: Oh, now I understand. “Be sure of that” were the closing words in Ragnar’s Bjørnson recitation in the great hall at the University, where he appeared before the King, the professors, and all the rest.)

(MOTHER: Do you remember how he practised for that event?)

LUDVIG: It was only fun, he says. You understand that he is talking through me tonight. He is laughing at you, Mams, because you were looking at him now.

In this manner we can often live again pleasant incidents in our lives. And now, since we have become rather good boys, we are spared from witnessing the less pleasant ones.

(MOTHER: It is a part of your educational system, that?)

LUDVIG: It is not so bad after all, and it did not take such an awfully long time till this unpleasant feature was eliminated.

Halden, February 19th, 1927.

Planchette séance through Ingeborg.

LUDVIG: We here . . . Is it not a wonder and an adventure that we really can see and feel and hear you? Even you can feel. Isn’t that so? I think that because you do not see, the sense of feeling is so much the stronger. Yes, if you recall the time when our powers were less developed, you had nevertheless just as strong a feeling of our nearness. I heard you say so, and it gave me the greatest joy.

Yes, I was satisfied, but I am perhaps never wholly satisfied with what I am able to give you, for I feel, of course, how much I might have to say, if the conditions were different. Not that I mean to complain in any way. Far from that. We appreciate to the utmost extent that we are permitted to see and be with you at all. But as a rule I have the feeling that I simply move the planchette without getting very much out of it. I should be able to use my mouth to much better advantage, and for that reason it is sometimes an endurance test to have to resort to it. On the other hand we are

deeply indebted to the same contrivance. For how far would we get without it, at present? The time will no doubt arrive when it will be superfluous.

(I: I suppose our case must be nearly unique, at least in this country?)

LUDVIG : Yes, unfortunately, as yet it is unique. But time will mend that. In this connection I have a few words to you, Ingeborg. I know that you think of the many, who, possibly by reading Papa's book, and as a whole through all that has been given out to the public, hope in vain to obtain this sort of connection; you have even wondered whether, after all, it is fortunate that this came to the knowledge of the public. But you seem to overlook one factor here, viz., that a connection with our world is not the sole object, but the certainty that there is such an existence at all - that there is such an existence in concrete forms. Although personal experience no doubt is needed, it is nevertheless necessary to have certain predispositions to receive such, and these one can attain by reading such a book.

(Ingeborg here remarks that she understands these words from Ludvig to her to refer to a recent approach by a lady who read my first book, and now is seeking to obtain communication with certain relatives on the other side)

LUDVIG : You know, of course that we are altogether too many here to be able to know or find any person whatever. I can, however, give the advice that this poor woman simply must have faith that she will receive help from her friends, who she held so dear. Her thought will then undoubtedly reach him. And if there is a possibility of help, she will receive it; and in any case she will get a secure feeling that what she is going through is for the best. I shall, however, needless to say, try to find that man.

(I here bring up a request I had received in regard to an insane person who had committed suicide.)

LUDVIG: We make note of the name. But here I am convinced there is nothing we can do for the present.

(I: The writer of the letter thinks that he no doubt took his own life.)

LUDVIG: Then I am pretty sure we cannot do anything at present.

(I: You heard I mentioned that he was insane?)

LUDVIG: Yes, I was going to say, lest my last remark should make you think there was a question of punishment, that I absolutely did not mean such thing. But he must first be healed. His soul it is which is sick. And that sickness follows one over here, of course.

(I: But you have surely better curative means for the sick?)

LUDVIG: Yes, we see the cause. What else is insanity, in many cases, than obsession? Place a clairvoyant in an asylum, and I think this person will be able to tell you a good deal. But there are not many of that kind of clairvoyants.

(A remark is made that Ludvig knows how to form and present what he has at heart.)

LUDVIG: How nice that was to hear! Yes, I think I have said it before, that so often when we leave you we feel something similar to “Esprit d’escalier”. And isn’t it strange that I never can fully realize that situation, before I am in the midst of it?

(I: There is no doubt you have gradually attained great proficiency.)

LUDVIG: Yes, but consider all we have at heart. It is only an infinitesimal fraction we succeed in bringing forth to you. As a rule we laugh at the situation naturally. If you could only have heard us many a time, how annoyed we have been: “Well, now we forgot all about that, Darling”! And: “But, Ludvig, that you did not remember that”! And then we start laughing. And the next time we forget again.

(It must be pretty hard for you to memorize while you are here.)

LUDVIG: Yes, all is piling up, so to say. And then, once in a while, we are distracted by thought images from you, which again may start an association of ideas.

I seem to visualize you here (viz., with Ingeborg and Alf) already next week, Papa; perhaps it means that it will happen so.

(ALF: You see into the future as in the present, perhaps?)

LUDVIG: No, not quite so, but it happens that we get a little glimpse - like a sort of vision, or something in that direction. As you know, you have had occasion to observe it a few times.

Well, *au revoir*, then. This was nice indeed.

Fredriksstad, August 8th, 1927.

Planchette séance through Ingeborg.

We here.

(We make a remark about Eva, how clever she has been as usual.)

LUDVIG: Yes, we fully agree, and many new things you have heard.

(I: K. and M. are clever at putting questions.)

LUDVIG: Yes, there is perhaps something in that, and then again, as you said, Mama, one’s temperament has something to do with it. Her talks with her parents are, moreover, very concentrated, she has a fixed time, within which she must have said so and so much.

(I: And we have many irons in the fire through our commissions.)

LUDVIG: There you might remonstrate a little, and say: “Are we to be neglected or kept in the background because we don’t dig and inquire?” You nevertheless get all that we can give you. There is also another little point in regard to what we are now discussing. We know of course, that you learn about these things through Eva’s

communications with her parents, and so we use the forces in serving others. You know, Papa, I might perhaps feel a little bit of - what shall I say - ambition there, but I wonder if our functions in different directions, that we receive through your commissions, we have considerable work to do, although it cannot be clearly perceived by you. Otherwise we are surely all exceedingly happy, with this in particular, and with everything in general. And how we look forward to having you here and showing you the home which shall stand ready for you! There is so infinitely much we have to show you. And more and more it will gradually be, as our work and life leaves traces behind.

(MOTHER: I am afraid you will leave us behind in your growth to perfection.)

LUDVIG: We bring our faults as well as our virtues over here. I may fortunately add, that the faults at least are gradually worn off, but it is a long, long grind before we reach the stage where we become angels, Mother.

Once in a while an overpowering joy takes hold of me, when I think of what you and Papa - yes, and all the rest - are going to experience here. And now when we can make the intervening period brighter for you, the joy is further intensified. These short moments are so full of charm.

Now it is Darling's turn. Shall we let him have a go? I rather think I will advise him to postpone telling about his new activity until next time. But, at any rate, he will talk with you even if not on the subject aforementioned.

RAGNAR: Honest, don't you think that Ludvig thinks very lightly of his brother. You must get the impression that I am very backward in learning, when I haven't got any farther. You, Mams, make haste and tell me I am really smart, notwithstanding. Invent a reason why I am getting on so slowly.

(Mama, in her tenderness for her Darling, forgets to make notes, and I ask her to write.)

RAGNAR: Oh, I don't mind it very much; there are not many gold nuggets lost away.

(But you know I am a veritable miser when they are concerned.)

RAGNAR: Well, that is as it ought to be. You don't want me to be handicapped, I can see.

Yes, I study eagerly at the present time. I am mighty interested in the work I have got to do. You got a taste the other day of how I discharge my business. You just got a little hint, but I will try to illustrate it better some other time.

(Now we get really interested.)

RAGNAR: No, don't say that. Say, rather: "We know you will succeed in explaining it." I will, I know, I know, and I will. You may answer back, Papa, that my will perhaps was not any too strong. But that was that time when I was bothered in so

many ways. I was thinking so much of how I appeared in different situations, and there were many other psychological features.

(But you could exert your will when necessary.)

RAGNAR: Yes, Mams, I know that you could feel that, didn't you? Among other things I succeeded in deceiving you quite a long while after I got my illness. It was strength of will, in a certain sense, and I have now found out that the deception was not such a bad thing as I then thought.

(No, the intention was certainly good, Darling.)

RAGNAR: I wanted to spare you, because I knew it would, after all, be of no use.

(And you have had your reward, no doubt.)

RAGNAR: Yes, fortunately, I may say, Mams and Paps, I feel that I haven't deserved one-tenth of what I have received. That is true enough. Your Darling becomes quite serious, Mams. But you don't know what an existence we have. I cannot grasp it yet, myself. Simply the fact that we are not going to die any more, that we know that, all of us. It is so - yes, so incredibly secure. But you know, that if I only had known how easy it was to die, I should not have been afraid. Perhaps I feared the moment of death more than anything else, and then it was no worse than falling asleep. And when I woke up Ludvig stood there smiling: "Well, if it isn't you!" he said. So we got a hearty laugh together. But then it was the "needle's eye" I had to pass through; however, it had suddenly grown so large. That is just how it was. And now the time passes in jest and in earnest - much of the latter also.

Well, *au revoir*, and thanks for now, we both say.

Fredriksstad, September 7th, 1927.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

LUDVIG: We here. We noticed you were all alone to-night; for that reason we found the occasion tempting to pay you a visit. It will hardly be a long visit, but just to be here in the parlour is sufficient. It is just as if we take part of you with us to our home. We seem never to outgrow our longing for the old home, and for you, especially. We feel that we receive so much by giving a little. And when an opportunity presents itself, why should we not take advantage of it. Both of us have lots of things to occupy us. I, for instance, have not for long had a chance of getting a good read in my private library.

As you know, it is my business to direct new arrivals, and to help some of these poor, confused beings to get their bearings and understand where they are. And what a wonderful joy it is to lead them to their dear ones, you cannot conceive.

Then, again, once in a while it happens that some of them beg to be allowed to go back. They refuse to listen when they are told that all that has happened is for the

best. The only way I can express it is by saying that I actually have to fight physically.

Then I have the duty to be with them when they see their life gliding by. It is rather unpleasant. I do not see it myself, but I see a great deal of mental anguish. It is quite a task then to hold them steady. You remember, no doubt, what Eva showed you in regard to temptation. I have, praise God, reason to rejoice over my patients. "Patients" is what I must call them at this stage. And assistance is available for all who pray for it. That, I think, is so wonderful; don't you, too? No forced hell for anybody, not even for the most hardened criminal. All have access to a helping hand in passing over to this existence.

If it was not already clear to you that Darling and I both started our new existence in this sphere, then you know it now. That does not necessarily mean that we from the first moment escaped our penance, nor does it mean that the possibility of going downward was shut out. Let me say that in a sense we arrive into an anteroom, from which several doors lead. And here more or less distressing moments are gone through. I am sure you understand, Papa.

(I: All accounts are audited and errors eliminated.)

LUDVIG : That is a brilliant illustration, but I wonder if you originated it.

Human nature has a strange composition. Should anybody think it possible that a human being could live a month, let alone a year, or even a century in a quagmire of malice, when there is a possible means of escape from it? We know, however, that at length a transmutation - I seek in vain for a better word - must take place. And what is even a hundred years against eternity which even we do not grasp in the remotest way.

Well, you get an idea of the nature of my work. Suppose I could talk with you in the same way as Darling and I talk together, it would be an easy matter then. Just the same, it is the jolliest thing I know, to tell you a little from here. There are so many other things to look after when I visit you, and so there isn't much time for anything except business; but I repeat what I already have said before, that what you do not get from us, the others will give you. And, besides, we still have time before us. There is no immediate prospect of our disappearing.

(Mother makes a remark.)

LUDVIG: So you think we have got extension of time for that reason? No, you are mistaken there. It never was the intention that we should leave you so hurriedly. And even when that time arrives there will be no separation. Now let Darling have his turn. Good night, you dearest of all dear ones.

DARLING: Good day, you sweetest of all sweet ones. Well, it is my turn again. But you really cannot expect much from Darling, who never has a chance of training himself. Properly I belong in the camp of the dumb. You know from before that I am

not given to talk. But once in a while I must let you see that I live and flourish in this new soil, Mams and Paps; and enrich it, you will soon find out, Mams! Have such an interesting job at present.

(You must tell us about that.)

Yes, I always look forward to doing so. If I shall only be able to appear at my best. Why should I not practise in advance, make a rough draft, as I used to do secretly in the old days, whenever I wrote a letter? But Ludvig smiles. He no doubt knows that it is easier said than done. Much would be gained if it was easy to do it. But now I take the leap, and tell you that I study our legislation, and am busy as a member of a committee, where I shall test my judicial mind. We have a judicial system here, you see. I suppose people will jeer at that. But as it is true, I shall have to tell it, shan't I? They need defensors here, too, and they have found out that I will do.

(Mother agrees.)

RAGNAR: Yes, don't you think so, Mams? I cannot give you any idea of how the work interests me. You see, it happens even in our paradise that somebody is erring, and then we have our court of justice. Not one judge, but several, and a prosecutor and a defensor are nominated. For the present I just tell this to you who will understand. Just now it sounds too fantastic for the masses, don't you think? And because it belongs to your branch, people will think it is a reflection of your own mind, Ludvig says. So I go on: temporarily I am just a "probationary attorney". I must laugh when I say it, but I really don't find any other word that will make it intelligible. I have not had any actual criminal case, just experiments with feigned cases.

I am disgusted, because it is so hard to make it clear in this way. If you only could hear, it would come like a flood from us.

LUDVIG: That is because there is no limit to the things we have at heart, and we are left with so much. Only think of us living our life side by side with you. How much do you know about this life beyond the fact that it is beautiful and harmonious without limits. It is the details we find it so difficult to express to you. We know that every least little thing from our sustenance to all the other concerns would interest you. Darling was all right to-day.

Well, thanks for this evening, we both say to you, dear. It is - I am not able to say what it is. It bubbles too much. But isn't it wonderful to be together? Well, good night!

Fredriksstad, September 10th, 1927.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

LUDVIG: We here. . . . Last time it turned out - I will not by any means say bad, but we did not succeed as we might have wished. It is just as if words become void of meaning when we try to depict our life. I lack the ability to illustrate it to you.

I heard what Ingeborg just said, and I should like to answer her. It was particularly the remark that not everybody can continue on our side the line of work he followed on earth, that I want to consider. Take, for instance, a judge. Men have to pass through several phases. You, Papa, have been a judge, and have experienced from it. Isn't that so? And you have performed whatever such a position may require. Why should you then continue here? It would have been different in case you had misused your position. Then you would have to learn here how you should have held it. An author, for instance, may have given to mankind what he aspired to give. Then he passes on to us, and people want to know why there is not forthcoming any more from his hand. I have in view those who find the communications from us so unsatisfactory. They expect that a man like Wiers-Jenssen shall continue to pour forth from the source of his literary inspiration. But he is through with that. Now he has other things to concern himself with. Here I must tell something about Wiers-Jenssen; just a little episode. He once said he was going to write a work. I do not recollect the subject, but I think it was going to be historical, and to be presented through a medium. That was during the first periods after he passed over; he was very much pre-occupied with what he had left behind; in other words, he was earthbound, and thought he must continue. He knows better now. No historical play will ever come from him.

I mention this because it is characteristic of those who have only recently arrived. They follow the old grooves. There is so much to be learnt.

So much is slumbering in the human nature, much that has no chance to develop until they arrive here. You yourself may have faculties of which you are at present not aware. That you have become what you at present are, is largely due to circumstances. Isn't that right? And just the same you are happy in your field of work.

I am sorry to say I have no news to tell you.

(I: I am not waiting for any either. Having placed the applications in your hands, I am perfectly satisfied.)

LUDVIG: And we have our lists. Nothing at all will be forgotten. You know, the work in the vineyard is advancing, and, it is to be hoped, also improving. When we sometimes are unable to accomplish anything, we give you due notice before we give it up. Otherwise I think that you two who are reflecting so seriously on these things, are clear as to the cause in most cases when we cannot bring about the desired

connection. It is the lack of mutual adjustment. The interest is there in a certain sense, but it is not sufficiently unselfish. It is quite all right to ask about business matters of different kinds, that is not what is wrong. But from time to time I have learned, while working with some of my clients - perhaps that is not exactly the correct term - that my S.O.S. has strangely enough failed to find a satisfactory echo in those to whom I sent it on. It must depend on the knowledge they have of their people - of those who apply for a connection. I have been anxious to express this. For I can so very well understand that you sometimes wonder why now this, and again that and that person, does not get an answer. Do not in any case think that we ever forget that which you have entrusted to our care. It is a sacred trust, and a pleasant duty, as a token of our gratitude for the undeserved happiness we all enjoy.

And we feel that you do not expect too much of us, and therefore we take everything as it comes along, and are thankful. Every day, yes, even every hour of the day, we might be thankful that we can be together. And as a further token of our gratitude, it is also pleasing to be able to give to others the same kind of joy, though in a lesser degree. But you must rest assured that even in cases where the service rendered has been very small, we find plenty of gratitude. It is quite touching how little is necessary to give encouragement. And we see those who write, see their thoughts in many cases . . . Darling and I have now for a long time been talking together . . . we wonder if you have perceived it.

(In the following pages I am going to give several instances from Ingeborg's clairvoyance, which during the last few years has become a fairly regular feature in our séance experiences. As a rule it is introduced at the conclusion of a planchette séance when Ludvig and Ragnar say that they are going to let Ingeborg see them in order to try if she is able to act as an interpreter for them and the invisible guests who happen to be present. Ingeborg then awakes from her deep sleep into another plane without any conscious connection with us. She sees and hails her brothers with an indescribably beautiful radiant expression in her face. It shines with serenity, and her eyes are beaming. She begins to speak to them, and we understand that they reply. Their efforts are next to make her repeat what they want to say. This, as a rule, entails certain difficulties, as she, during her condition of trance, is completely bewildered as to the purpose, and particularly quite impervious to the fact that we are present and listen to what is said. Gradually they succeed in impressing on her a sense of the duty to be a mouthpiece and - for a reason incomprehensible to her - to repeat word for word what is said to her during her clairvoyance by the visitors on the other side, either orally or by sign. She is, however, repeatedly inclined to ask why, and recently she has commenced - child as she obviously is while in this condition - to bargain for the reward, in case she is clever and prompt to repeat "a whole lot", to be allowed to go with them, afterwards, to their home. Whenever this has been granted she remains for a few minutes after the clairvoyance reclined in her armchair in deep slumber, as pale in her face as she normally is markedly fresh-coloured. And when she then awakes she is awe-stricken

by what she has seen, but she has difficulty in giving concrete expression to her visions. It happens, however, that we receive interesting descriptions, supplemented by messages of significant and even evidential contents, directed to some stranger who happens to attend the séance. Then a name may be given which she was unable to give during the clairvoyance, or an allusion to an episode in the earth life of the person concerned.

As a rule, on awaking from such excursions, she is deeply concerned with her very last impression, which is always a source of displeasure to her, viz., that of having seen herself reclined in the chair, and the feeling of reluctance to enter the form she sees in the chair.

On rare occasions it happens that she, wide awake, retains her clairvoyant vision of the visitors on the other side. This is an exceedingly impressive experience. She sees them and talks with them, and at the same time she sees and talks with us. It is an alternation between ecstasy over what she, herself, sees and hears, and, I am tempted to say, despair, because we are unable to see and talk with them.

In the subsequent clairvoyance accounts, when names are given at the beginning of paragraphs, such as Ludvig, Ragnar, Signe, etc., this is done in order that the reader shall know for whom Ingeborg at the moment is acting as a mouthpiece. The conversation is all the time conveyed through her mouth.)

Fredriksstad, December 26th, 1927.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

LUDVIG : We here. We observe an expectant assembly. I hope there will be no disappointment. But we dare not predict how “our little fatty” will function to-night. In any case we have the consolation that this is not the only evening available during Christmas.

Well, I do not think I shall use the planchette much longer, before we have tested Ingeborg. Let me beforehand give notice: Nothing of a sensational nature. At all events everything will proceed in a gentle manner.

Clairvoyance.

(Ingeborg awakes in trance, pinches her arms, looks joyfully at Ludvig and Ragnar, and then at several other, to us invisible, guests.)

“No, I understand nothing of this. Are we going to have a party? Then I must go and dress. Why didn’t you tell me before? No, no; I don’t go out anywhere. Have I got a pretty dress on, Ludvig? Yes, but I must go and bring the others here, as there are coming so many people. Can’t I go and get them here? Can’t you and I, Darling, go and get the others here?”

“Are they here?”

“Yes, but I mean mother, father, Frithjof, Alf, and all the rest; where are they then? I nearly get frightened. Where are you all coming from? No, I don’t understand.”

“Shan’t I think? Yes, but who am I then? Where am I now?”

LUDVIG: We have Ingeborg’s consciousness to contend with just now, but presently she will be obliging.

(Ingeborg is now gradually acting as spokesman for several, to us invisible, guests, among them my father-in-law, who speaks kindly to us; likewise Alf’s father, who brings a relative with him; the latter makes a hint which we did not understand until a few days later. It happened that his son just then passed over, and the father suggested that Alf should make a note of the visit: “If any questions are asked in regard to it, my friend Alf, just say that I was here; that and no more. And there will be questions.”

(As there will be much to record from the succeeding séance, December 28th, I will here just reiterate something near the end, where Ludvig says he will tell about how he spent Christmas Eve.)

LUDVIG: I am sure you will understand how the impression of what we perceive in a higher sphere becomes more vivid as we ourselves progress.

I am going to try to give you a sensation of how it feels when we look into this ocean of light, by reflecting it in Ingeborg’s eyes. What we in this way can impart to you is, however, only a fraction. But look at her!

(There is disclosed to Ingeborg’s gaze something that lifts her into ecstatic delight, which radiates from her eyes and from her whole person.)

“Oh, where am I now? I never saw anything like this. Am I dead, now? I am not. But, oh - what can this be?”

(She sits for a while overwhelmed, and beholds what to her seems to be Heaven. She whispers short words and exclamations, such as:)

“Yes - so it is. Yes, I will explain it. Yes, I shall do it. Oh - if I will! Well? I shall see more, I hope! You are not going? Oh - I am so happy. I shall be good, and say so much, but let me first go and get the others!”

“But can’t you two remain, Ludvig and Ragnar? What is it we usually do? I cannot think of anything better than what I just saw. But stay, anyway.”

“Shall I sit down? Is it sure you don’t leave me, meantime? Hold around me then I”

(She gently falls asleep.)

Fredriksstad, December 28th, 1927.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

We here.

(And thanks for last time.)

LUDVIG: The same to you. It turned out to be much better than the conditions seemed to promise. Ingeborg was radiant without really saying very much. Her play of features was inimitable. And now the question is, if you had anything to ask in connection with that evening, or if everything was clear to you. I know, of course, that Aunt Thordis and Aunt Signe have explained their part.

(Some comments follow here.)

LUDVIG: And then we pass to the second act. You see there are more than Darling and I present here. Just this moment I happened to think of what it was that might need a little explanation. It was what we experienced on Christmas Eve. But perhaps Ingeborg's face was so expressive that you understood.

(We had an idea, at any rate.)

LUDVIG: As good as any my words eventually would be able to convey. I have already before tried to give you an impression of how it appears. Only as time passes the benefit of what we experience is infinitely greater. The joy of being in those surroundings becomes greater and greater.

Well, then I remove her hand, if you please.

(Ingeborg awakes in her clairvoyant trance condition, and greets with delight her brothers and others. She begins to speak, but at first inaudibly. Then she apparently gets an instruction, gives a little cough, and starts talking audibly.)

"Well, don't I speak?"

"Shall I look over there? Ah, but from where did they come, these two? Why? Isn't it the other 'Ragnar'?"

(We understand at once that it is Dagny's eldest brother, Roald, whom Ingeborg sees. He passed over more than forty years ago. On previous occasions it has been remarked that he and our Ragnar resemble each other like two drops of water.)

"You seem to me so dark and white."

SIGNE: "Borre" just means that he is dark-haired and white-skinned. Delicate. Earnest-minded.

ROALD: There was so much to ponder over. It happened so early in my case. (He passed over at the age of eighteen.) It is hardly necessary for me to tell you how it is with this passing over, for you already know. It means a gain, cannot be a loss, unless one's will is set against progress. Sverre can tell you about that. He felt bitter, he told me. For that very reason it was in a way better for him. He had to learn the

thing he had not wanted to face. But he was very quick to learn. A clever fellow, that boy. And now? Well, you should see him, or, better still, hear him, which to us means one and the same thing. Signe is laughing at me. She says this flow of words from me is so surprising; but I visit you so seldom, so it seems but right that I, too, should assert myself. If not, you would think that I only sit gazing at my stars and solar systems. For I have already once told you that studies in astronomy are my favourite occupation, to which I now have a chance to devote some of my time. Did you perhaps think that we got knowledge of these things by coming over here? Oh, no; we do not become omniscient. Our knowledge is also limited. Our horizon is, however, wider. (Ingeborg to Ragnar) "I think his talk is so difficult." (To Roald:) "Do you ask if I see what you have there? Yes, a compass, I suppose."

ROALD: You have learnt and know that it is not only this little planet which is inhabited - to that all calculations based on the law of probability will point, also for you. This is therefore not intended as an epoch-making information to be printed as a headline in Helga's "Daily News". You, Dagny, perhaps remember that we two once had a discussion about Mars (about Mars?). Do you remember the situation? I can see the whole situation before me. There we are ahead of you - and in that way we can correct errors. I just thought that if you people any time are in doubt about anything connected with one of us, then you must just ask. But let me here be allowed to make a little remark: If I had remembered that you, Ludvig, my brother-in-law, note down everything, I should perhaps have prepared myself a little, so that that the effect would seem a little more connected, now that I just for once speak about my own affairs. This perhaps betrays a certain amount of self-centredness. Farther I have not yet reached, as you see.

(I: I am, on the contrary, impressed. Even your namesake and uncle from Drammen, skilled in parliamentary language, could hardly have formed his sentences better than you did.)

ROALD: Did you hear that, Signe? Did you hear that, you two? (Ingeborg:) "Was that bow for me?" (Aside to Ludvig:) "Is he married? Why did you laugh at that? Why shouldn't he be?"

"May I, Ragna, now in all modesty be allowed to say a few words?"

(Ragna is my wife's sister, who passed over in 1894.)

(I: How do you do, Minikin?)

RAGNA: Isn't that what I have been waiting for all the time. I knew well that you didn't discover me. It is so nice for me, too, to join for once. I am all the time looking forward to having you all here. You understand, I can already fancy how it will be, and, dear me, how much happiness you may anticipate. And you, Helga, and you, Dagny, and you, Ludvig, you can be sure we shall hold your hands faithfully while the worst is on. There is not so much of "the worst."

UNCLE EIVIND* (proudly): Is over!

* My wife's brother, who died in 1920.

(Mother remarks something to Uncle Eivind concerning his passing over.)

EIVIND: Not just at the first moment. Then I had so much to think of. But if I am not mistaken, I have once before discussed this, and I felt rather ashamed at my obstinate scepticism.

(MOTHER: But it must have been a help what you heard about our experiences?)

EIVIND: Yes, Dagny, you are right there. It was a great help. Thordis said to me one of the first times we spoke together after she had passed over, and had gone through her trial that - (are you waiting now? - colon, inverted commas): "Well, Mons, then it was, after all, as I thought, when I was at my best. Ugh, but it was not so easy."

THORDIS: It was not just like that I said it, Mons.

(MOTHER: Have you all such a sense of humour over there, Eivind?)

EIVIND: Now you put me to a hard test, Dagny. I ought to be ready with a smart reply to you. But we are now just the same as you used to know us. Only a tiny bit better, perhaps - I blush while I say it.

You, Helga, instead of listening, sat thinking of something I once wrote. I shall show that I followed you . . .

INGEBORG: But there is Aunt Honoria*. What! Is it really you?

* Honoria is my sister who died in 1919.

HONORIA: Yes, I want to greet you, Dagny and Ludvig. I know, of course, that if this had happened while I lived among you - then I must confess that I would not have understood. For that reason I am so happy that I am on the safe side. And, oh, how I try to influence poor N.; but you know, Ludvig, she is under powerful restraint. And she will be the first to stretch out her hand to you, on this side, for she is very kindhearted. And mother and father have tried, too, because it would make her life easier in a certain way. But because we know there is no real danger in her case, we are not worried. And we who are together here, talk of you very often, and father, yes, you know, of course, what part *he* plays in your life now, Ludvig. He has no opportunity to come here himself, but his influence exerts itself all the time.

And you, my little godchild, to think that you should become like that! The last I remember of you, Ingeborg, was when you had your bridal dress on. And you still have the little present I brought.

You look at me, Ingeborg. Do you think I have changed, too?

And this, to be here in such a way - well, I can hardly grasp it. It is so wonderful. I have often recalled the days when I visited you at Seiersborg, how many unnecessary anxieties I gave myself on your behalf.

Why do you smile, Aunt Honoria?

Because everything is so much simpler than I thought.

I shall not stay any longer; but I bring hearty greetings from father and mother. And from the others. Ragnhild is so harmonious, and we are so happy together. And you remember little Thea, your friend. We have her also with us. She was really beautiful.

(I: Before you leave, Honoria, say - it was really you then who appeared last October in Denmark at the materialization séance at Bonne's?)

Yes, it was I. I know that Ludvig has told you. Has he not?

(I: Yes, superabundantly, I might say, for I recognized you clearly enough.)

Well, now I take with me a greeting from you all, it was so nice to be with you. And under such novel conditions. We had little things we could not agree on in old days, and now everything has turned out so harmonious after all.

(I: I reproach myself for having often been too intolerant towards you, Honoria.)

I think that applies to both sides, but such things do not count at all. Ragnhild and I, we tried not to judge so much, but we were, no doubt, too severe, and that is something Ragnhild would like to let you know.

LUDVIG: Well, there was the representative of your folks, Papa. You are, I hope, aware that the desire to come here is not the only thing that counts. It is also the faculty to make oneself intelligible to Ingeborg, and thus also to you. You might otherwise wonder why so-and-so has not appeared.

RAGNAR: Now you will have to listen to me, to Ragnar, for a while. But, oh, I shudder; it was foolish of me to start this way. Don't you think it was, Ludvig? I meant to tell about our Christmas, and the way we celebrate it together. But I dare not speak of Christmas Eve, then we were *there*, you know. I cannot speak of it - for the thought of it affects me too much. But it does not affect me so terribly if I tell you, for instance, of my visit to Uncle Eivind and Aunt Thordis.

UNCLE EIVIND: Well, I declare!

RAGNAR: But it was fun, and awfully cosy. And then we have been with Grandma and Grandpa, too. There we have been together, all of us. I am the Darling there, too. There we always have some serious moments to begin with, before we are permitted to start having some fun. But I think that is jolly, too. Absolutely jolly. Quite excellent. Well, do you think all this strange? What about you, Aunt Helga. Isn't it natural?

(Yes, people will probably say: "Almost too natural.")

RAGNAR: But I'm tattling like this because I know that you understand, and take it just as it ought to be taken. The idea is that we have relaxations. We deserve it after our work and toil. Ask Ludvig. You would hardly believe how much work he has.

And then there is one thing which is very interesting. Can you guess? It is the anticipative joy of welcoming certain friends - well, who were not at all prepared for what was coming. I have experienced that, and so has Ludvig. Everything must be explained to them, and I am present, even if I don't do the explaining. And you can hardly imagine what it means to watch the change, the moment these people get a clear idea of what has happened. Most of them, as you know, believe in complete annihilation. It is a complete transformation.

Do I tire you, Frithjof? We can hardly expect that you shall take down everything. But at the same time it is difficult to speak slower.

And you, Papa, have been able to follow us, have you?

(Yes, every word so far, to-night.)

RAGNAR: The connection is unusually easy. But look who is there? My hostess the other day.

Ingeborg: But isn't it Grandma? Is it really? Come right here! Nearer still!

INGEBORG'S MATERNAL GRANDMOTHER: You, my child, deserve a real good hug; you who can give us so much pleasure. And now, as for you, my own girls, yes it is really me. I know that you are moved. You need not say anything. Oh, no! I don't want any tears. I don't like that. I want to see you glad. We are so happy, so happy, Papa and I. Papa was here yesterday, my children. Do you know? Did I say something wrong? One of my children corrected me. Cannot keep track of such things now. (Viz., to distinguish between our "yesterday" and "the day before yesterday".)

The double chin has disappeared now.

But, say, Ingeborg, if you, nevertheless, can see a difference between my daughters and myself. Even if age, outwardly, has disappeared, there is still something which indicates the difference.

(What can be the reason for that?)

GRANDMA: Ingeborg can see it all right.

(Ingeborg greets someone just arrived.)

INGEBORG: Who is that?

I am here, Miss Rynning, to ask you to take a greeting to Helene from her parents. I am Mrs. L. . . . Forgive that I, a stranger, intrude into this intimate circle. But I - we - wanted so much to send our little girl a greeting, even if we could not see her personally. She must know that she has been, and nearly always is, in our thoughts. I am very grateful to Miss Signe, because she is helping Helene, and I have told her so before. And now I should like so much to thank this young lady whose name, I am sorry to say, I don't know.

(My name is Ingeborg.)

Oh, yes - Ingeborg!

And Helene's father and I hope to be able to talk with Helene some future day, not too far removed. That we have been waiting so long to use this opportunity is not due to indifference, that Helene will understand. But we felt that Helene herself was somewhat apprehensive at the thought of being able to hear directly from us. Then, too, we knew that it would happen sooner or later.

Then I take the liberty to say how do you do to Mr. and Mrs. Dahl, and to thank them so much for allowing me to come here.

And then you will be so kind, Miss Rynning, as to take this message to Helene. With a greeting from my husband I now retire.

(She was really nice.)

(Here Ingeborg sees indications of breaking up and becomes restless.)

You are not going already now, I hope? But did you say how do you do to the others? Why must you go? Isn't it nice here, then? Am I with you, or are you with me? I can't quite make it out.

LUDVIG: Ingeborg's own consciousness is beginning to come to the surface. She has been so wonderfully impassive to-day.

(After a pleasant brotherly greeting to the secretary, Frithjof, and a loving "good night" to the rest of us, Ingeborg is brought to sleep in the usual manner to the strains of distant music. Her last words before she falls asleep are: "Where does that come from?")

Fredriksstad. (No date given.)

Scattered notes from a séance. (In the early spring, 1928.)

Ingeborg awakes in trance after a planchette séance. She sees, besides her brothers, her grandmother, and several aunts and uncles on the maternal side, greets them beamingly, and is a willing mouthpiece for them.

"Grandma will say something. She must tell you why Grandpa is not here as expected."

"But Grandma, what is it you have got with you? It looks like a dog, and now Grandma has a good laugh and says : 'It is my Charlie.'"

(My wife remarks that her mother, in her early life, had a dog, Charlie, which was very devoted to her, and which she was very fond of.)

"Grandma did not finish, for I interrupted her. Grandpa had to assist with something - it had to do with a young man, and she says that I must explain this, for it has some significance. It will all turn out well, but the young man was.... why do I feel that way? (She shows sign of discomfort.) It proceeds successively, but this is a decisive moment. But no more of this. His sister is also with him. It is the one that

Helga is thinking of now, Grandma says, and you can inform those who expect to hear something that the crisis is now past.”

“I did well now, did you say? I have a feeling of speaking to somebody who isn’t here. Then Ludvig says that if I saw those I speak to ‘then you wouldn’t see us’, says he. Ludvig is standing here, holding me as well as he can. If you went away, Ludvig, I think I should go with you.”

“Uncle Eivind says: ‘There is one thing that I should like to mention. It has hardly ever occurred to mother and father to say it themselves, but I wonder if you are aware that they belong to a higher sphere, and that they - yes, all of us for that matter - could go there if it was not for the fact that we then should have to leave behind so much that would be out of reach - if that is clear to you. We are aware that if once we took that step, we could not communicate with you. Your father, Ludvig, has the faculty to be able to communicate inspirationally with you, if I may express it so, and at the same time to accommodate himself in this - excuse me for saying it - rather stuffy atmosphere.’ “

“Uncle Eivind says that I am to ask Papa if he will furnish some paper, then he will demonstrate what kind of work he is doing.”

(Ingeborg takes a few sheets of paper, folds them a couple of times, and cuts them up with a paper-knife, so that there is produced a small pile of paper slips.)

“Now I sit in my office. Somebody comes in and gives his name, and, if he is registered, he receives a form to fill in.”

(Ingeborg demonstrates the filling in of the form.)

“It serves the person as a sort of credential to go there and there - not higher up, but there are within our sphere different colonies, little towns we might say, and if somebody is going to travel or take a message from one place to another, he must be provided with an identification. All are registered. I am manager of such an office, and provide these identification slips with my signature, etc. This, then, is part of my work.”

“Now I, Signe, will show you some of my work. I first want to say that I have to use a way of expression that you can understand.”

(Signe demonstrates through Ingeborg an hour of instruction.)

“First there is a roll call, and the examination begins: ‘Now, you, can you tell me what I taught you last? That is a smart little girl. Now you know it. Now you, little one. Do not stand like that, and don’t go so fast. That is better. Now all together.’”

(There is a demonstration of a dance with a veil, which all the little girls wind about and glide through. And Ingeborg listens to their song.)

“It is precision they learn through the dancing exercises,” says Aunt Signe, “but there were no children here now.” She says: “You may call it an illusion. And duty performed, play begins.”

(There is a demonstration of ball game.)

“That I showed you a ball game is not literally exact. It is just to signify that we have children’s games, and that the children romp about here as with you.”

“The little ones I have in my care this parlour would not hold. They are out in the free, in a wonderful grove, or, let me say, park. And I have some young ladies to assist me. Ragna is also helping. She will be here in a little while. But here is Uncle Lorenzo.”

“Uncle Lorenzo says: Yes, my Cathinca,* that’s the way we have it, and yet it is nearly as you were taught. The aspiration which you possess, you carry with you over here. That you have lived so long is to allow me to reach up to your level.”

* Cathinca is Uncle Lorenzo’s widow. She has passed the fourscore. Uncle Lorenzo is a grand-uncle of Ingeborg’s, deceased about twenty years ago.

“Your prosaist becomes lyrical.”

“Yes, Dagny, the more I see of her the more I fear she shall fly away from me. But I have something to confide - I have prepared such a cosy place for her that I think she will have a good rest with me. And then it shall be my turn to take care of her.”

“Now Aunt Ragna wants to say something.”

(She is first addressing me regarding a commission, and speaks of a mutual acquaintance of whom she tells that she has attained harmony.)

Then she says: “It is not astonishing to us, all this, but perhaps a little bit astonishing to you, after what you have been taught. It is not so strict in reality; there is nobody who says: ‘You had no faith - get you hence! Or: ‘You have committed this or that - go!’ Doesn’t exist. Only this way (Ingeborg beckons): ‘Come!’ For I tell you that this *‘Lord’* has arms long enough to embrace all, to take all in. And that he will finally do, I dare tell you. It is a fact, as the saying goes, that weeds are not easily worsted.”

“Ludvig asks if you are tired now. I (Ingeborg) am only inconceivably happy. I must pinch my arm, but I don’t feel that, either.”

(A new visitor, a relative, announces himself to Ingeborg.)

“I know that my sisters and brothers are wondering why I do not report to them - that I have nothing to say to them. But what is the use, when the soil is so poorly prepared. It is quite a different matter that I can come to you, who fully realize that it is us, but it would be quite vain to go to them and try to make an overture. However, in time some way will be found. Temporarily, say, that I might have

something to say in case the receiving apparatus was in order. But I know them from those days when I was the same way myself.”

(Ingeborg notices still another visitor, turns to Ludvig, and asks in a subdued voice, and apart: “Who is that lady, Ludvig?”)

“Why do you ask to get permission to say something? You have permission; you can speak.”

“It is sufficient that I thank you, assessor Dahl, because I am permitted to come here. I am happy now - cannot understand how I could have attained all that happiness.”

(Here follows a scene of recognition as we discover that the stranger is an old acquaintance of ours from several years back.)

“I am not going to have any communication. I am going to work, but have permission to thank you. I have a task on hand, and when it is accomplished I have permission to return and thank you. Perhaps, in the first place, little Ingeborg, who was not afraid; then next, you, fru Dahl, for your kind voice, when you understood who I am - and then you assessor,* because your book, which I read, made everything plain.

* I was assessor when this lady in her earth life associated with us.

(At the end of the séance Ingeborg asks to be permitted to accompany Ludvig and Ragnar “home”.)

Ingeborg: “May I? Let us hurry before it closes up there (where she a few minutes ago has seen the other guests disappear). Why do you lay me down?”

(She is slowly leaned back in the chair, and falls asleep. She remains asleep in an inclined position for a few minutes. Then she awakes, and speaks in half-trance):

“I have been in a reg’lar place. When I stood here, I was standing on air. There I was standing on solid ground. Ludvig held me by a thread. It was summer there. I asked to be allowed to take with me a flower, but I should get permission some other time. Ludvig said it would evaporate on the way.”

“Now I understand. It all passed so quickly. Ludvig said that otherwise the thread might break, and then it would be difficult to get me back.”

Fredriksstad, May 26th, 1928.

Ludvig is terminating the planchette seance by saying: Well, now we are several together here. So it should be interesting to see what “our little fatty” can do. Let us behold our wonder.

Clairvoyance.

(Ingeborg awakes in trance.)

“Don’t handle me so roughly. Don’t squeeze me so hard. Oh, was it you? What shall I remember?”

LUDVIG: Ingeborg - (Ingeborg?) - shall inform Alf about the young A. . . G. . . (refers to a little episode from the planchette séance), as he will be interested in it. For it was mentioned the evening when Mr. O. . . was present. Ingeborg has not known it herself, but now you may tell it her, then. (But where is she? Why do you smile that way, Ludvig? Do you kiss your hand to her now?)

(Ingeborg blows a kiss back.)

“Shall I look? Where shall I look. Who is it, Darling?”

(Ingeborg talks with two invisible guests, who give a message and greeting to a relative who is not present. After that she has a conversation with Aunt Signe. Then her attention is turned towards a new visitor.)

“Where shall I look? - No! but you don’t mean to say . . . it is Aunt G. . . .”

(Ingeborg moves from her seat.) “Is it really you? No, this I can’t understand. Is it you, or is it not? What favour can I do you? Send your son a greeting? It is you, after all, but you have changed, I think. Had you never thought you should be able to come in this way? What is it that is so different, so much better than you had expected?”

(Can I not go and get Jean for you? - Why can I not?)

AUNT G.: “Please tell him K. . . (K. . . is Aunt G. . . ’s surviving sister, who is present) that his old mother is watching him, and would like so much to speak with him. There is nothing wrong in it, you understand. I know that now, and I know I thought it was wrong.”

(Can I touch you, Aunt G. . . ? It is you, surely? I think your face has such a good expression now. What did I say? Did I say something wrong? You smile so nice, Aunt G. . . Do you say you were so fond of me, and that I will be kind enough to let Jean speak with you? Now? Are you going to say it?) “If you, K. . . , want to be a little careful, then tell this to Jean in private first. It is possible that my daughter-in-law wouldn’t understand very well. In case you think you cannot do it, Alf will no doubt be willing to write to Jean. Perhaps you prefer it in that way. Then Ingeborg will be good enough to go to Jean. I am longing for him. And I know that he very often thinks of his old mother. Perhaps I do not deserve it, but he is a good boy. I have

always said so, and will always go on saying so. I pray for him, just as he so many times has prayed for me.”

(Why are you so serious? Please smile a little!)

“I shall be more kind to C. . . now. Please tell that to Jean, and that I see many things better now. But all has finally turned out for the best.”

(What are you wearing, Aunt G. . . ? Did you use to have such a light gown? You are so white. And plenty of hair? You are much prettier now, I think - Why are you pulling me, Ludvig? Where are we? And where are the others? Shall I say something more for Aunt G. . . ?)

“You, K. . . , must not ponder too much over this, which may appear strange to you. Continue to hold your former ideas of the other side. It is really all the same. But don’t think it is wrong for us to come or for you to listen to us.”

(Ingeborg now gives a rather quaint description of someone who accompanies Aunt G. . . , a brother who brings a greeting to his son, who is not present. The conclusion of the séance is as usual):

“Do you have to go? Must you run now, Ludvig and Ragnar? If you go, then I am left quite alone. Now and then you are naughty, you leave your only sister behind.”

“Now little girl, be quiet and sleep. Now we sing.”

Fredriksstad, May 29th, 1928.

Planchette séance.

LUDVIG : We here - “And now Aunt G. . . has arrived, and asks me to be her spokesman. I use her own words:

“ ‘Yes, K. . . , must take another greeting to my son. I think continuously of my good and gentle boy, whom I did not always treat as I should. Ask him to forgive his old mother. God has taught me that we must not be so severe in our judgement. I have learnt that I was too harsh towards C. . . , but God, in his great mercy, has forgiven me, and given me permission to watch my beloved boy. Ask my Jean to tell his charming little boy about his Grandma, the little darling, whom I, God be praised, was allowed to hold in my arms before I passed away. Because I then would have none of this, perhaps I deserve as a punishment that my boy shall doubt it is his old mother who is speaking to him now. But I know Jean, and he knows me. And never was there a better son than my boy. I pray for him, and for C. . . , and for my little lad. Yes, and the next time Sean holds the little lad in his arm, he shall know that mother watches him.”

“You, K. . . ; yes, you, K. . . , perhaps think this is strange. But when God has given me permission to come, then I can only give thanks. All we sisters and brothers think of you, our only surviving sister. And we - joyfully anticipate our meeting with you.

Now I must go. I am rather tired, but I am so happy to be able to send this greeting to my boy.”

(Ingeborg awakes in half-trance:)

“Somebody kissed me there. Oh, was it you, aunt G. . . ? Why do you go? What do you say, shall I say it? ‘God bless us all’, you say.”

Fredriksstad, July 27th, 1928.

Ingeborg in clairvoyance.

Between the planchette séance and her state of clairvoyance, Ingeborg has for a short while, whilst awake, seen us as well as the visitors on the other side, and conversed with them and with us without quite being able to get her bearings. She requests those invisible to us to speak directly to us. She sees her long departed granduncle Lorenzo, and asks him if he and the others see where they are. “Do you see the paintings on the wall, Uncle Lorenzo? Now you can speak to Aunt Cathinca (his surviving wife who attends the séance.) There she sits. (Am I a queer little thing?) But can you see nothing, then? (This last is directed to us.) It cannot be that I am quite crazy, Uncle Lorenzo? You, I remembered you a little different, not so dark, not so erect, and not so awfully tall. Say something to me. Call out to me, aloud. Yes, I heard it, hush-sh!”

(Here she has, all at once, passed over to her ordinary trance condition, and does not see us any longer. She looks up with a far-away gaze in her eyes.)

“Do you hear, Uncle Lorenzo? Oh, how wonderful it was. Why did I see it? Do you see the opening? It is far, far away. Something is moving there, Aunt Signe, isn’t it? Listen! Feel the air here! And what a fragrance! Am I in a garden now? I can only see you and the air. But there is the opening. Are you going there, Uncle Lorenzo? Is that where you are going? Then all is well, as long as we know that. It seems as if everything must be easy then. Nothing really matters. Is it strange that you all look so happy! Ugh, I almost think it must be an advantage to get over there early. I say, Ludvig, I shouldn’t mind going at once, now that I see it.”

“Does God dwell there?”

“Did you smile now, Uncle Lorenzo? Is there anyone who is God? How did I happen to think of it? You say: ‘We may as well call it God,’ and ‘It lives there.’ Still higher. Did you first – do you tell me where you first lived after passing over? – that you lived in a country – why do you smile when you say ‘country’, I don’t see anything funny about living in a country – where there were no flowers or trees. But it was good for me. There I learned resignation. I did not know, at once, that I later should come to a place, so infinitely better. Therefore it was resignation, and now, yes now I only look forward to - Why do you look down and smile and bow? Am I in your home now? Where is Aunt Cathinca? Are you visiting us? I do not quite understand.”

“What have you learned, you say? The joy of labour. Do you say that you have succeeded in creating a castle worthy of her? Who is ‘her’? Have you built it yourself? Practically yes, my child. If I remember that I sat on your lap? It was an ugly old Uncle Lorenzo you had then, my child...”

“Say to those people with whom you discuss these matters, my Cathinca, that our purpose in coming here is to give you the secure feeling that we - not we, you - continue, not only to exist, but also to live life further, for that is what we are doing. Console those who are so anxious about a period of rest, with the assurance that they are going to get that too. I have heard - what do you say, Uncle Lorenzo? - that you have heard Cathinca speak of these things with Tull, - with *Tull!* No, Tulla. (A relative of Aunt Cathinca.) Whom are you looking at and smiling to, Uncle Lorenzo? I cannot see anything there. Won’t you sit down, you must be tired of standing. No, but you are so tall, so tall. Are you sitting? May I see? (Ingeborg stands up from her chair.) How light I am, I too! I suppose you are something grand, a king perhaps? Are you not going to be a king? A humble slave? For me? No, not for me. (Ingeborg is rather embarrassed on account of her error.) Do you ask if I will give my old uncle a kiss? Oh, how funny you are. Shall I be so kind as to repeat what you are saying now? It is not only to me you are speaking. Are you going to show me - Oh, what do I see now, what are you showing me? Are you living there? Oh, but can I go there? Oh, how beautiful! Does that belong to you, that great one? Shall I tell how it looks? Shall I tell what I see? But to whom shall I tell it? You saw it yourself. Oh, dear me! I see a beautiful house. And garden. There is a little lake there too. I believe - are there swans there? Are there swans also? Yes, I shall tell what kind of house it is. It is low and very long. And then it is - can I go over there? Why does it lie on that hill? What shall I explain? - that you are producing a picture of your home. A picture! but it is there, isn’t it? I can even see the trees and the flowers. I don’t understand it. - Are you going there when you leave us? Shall I say it has cost many good thoughts, many good deeds, and above all infinitely much joy to create that home? Shall I say how it is? I see oh, it is so charming. Do you ask me, do you ask all who sit here, if you are not able now to imagine, all of you, what joy it will be to you, uncle, to show it to her?”

“Are you going? Ludvig, do you hear what is coming from that direction? They are singing up there. Do you say, we are coming again, soon? Yes, but keep it open, even if you go. There is coming down such a pleasant air. How light I feel now - fancy if I was like that always. No, don’t go. Can I go with you a little way? Ludvig, you have to decide it, for you are holding me. Good-bye, then!”

Fredriksstad, July 31st, 1928.

Ingeborg in state of clairvoyance after a previous planchette séance.

Ingeborg awakes in trance.

“No, do not touch me. Do you know, Darling, what I dreamt? I saw myself sitting somewhere with my hands before my eyes, and then I entered into myself. It was disgusting. I saw myself. A cord was pulled, and as I came down, I saw myself sitting there asleep. Was that right? But who was myself, I or the one I saw? I didn’t think that was nice at all, and I should dislike to see it once again. Do you say I preach too much? Isn’t it interesting that I tell what I saw?”

“What do you say, Uncle Lorenzo, do you not feel inclined to resign to-night. What do you mean by that, Uncle Lorenzo? Tell me if it wasn’t strange what I saw a little while ago. Tell me if I dreamt it. Was I there? But how could I see myself sitting here? Am I two? Are you also two? Oh, are you only one, but I am still two? Is it that I am a twin? No! But what is it then? Am I not allowed to ask?”

“Ragnar, do smile! I just wanted to see your teeth. Why do you laugh at that?”

“Uncle Lorenzo, do you know, I was happy there, where I was. Can you take me there again? Am I going when I have been clever here, I am going there. What have I to do to be clever? Tell me so that I can do it quickly, and get there quickly?”

“First I am going to do all you say.” (Here we understand that she has a conversation, inaudible to us, with Aunt Signe, and receives some instruction. She writes down something and says): “ ‘When? Yes, I shall do that. What is her name? Is she the lady who - Helene? Is it not necessary for me to think of it? She is going to - yes I understand, it is an instruction you have for me, Ingeborg, that I shall sit down then, and I must not forget it. Shall I remember? Ragnar, help me to remember it. I have a feeling that I shall forget, my brain is so strange. Aunt Signe was so severe, no, not severe - *firm*, and so I *must* do it. And when I remember, then I shall not say it, just do it.’ Have I been clever enough now? Must I say something more?”

“Say it please! (She listens to something which she does not repeat.) You? - for me! I say! Uncle Lorenzo says I am so severe that he is quite afraid of me! Am I severe? Towards you? If I may come over to you, you will see I am not severe.”

“Oh, Aunt Signe, isn’t Uncle Lorenzo sweet?” “Have you one condition only? Condition for what?”

“That when you take me there, I must promise to tell all I see there. To whom shall I tell it, Uncle Lorenzo? He said I understood that, and I didn’t. Uncle Lorenzo, are you fond of me? If you are, it doesn’t matter if I didn’t understand anything. Oh, if you only felt as funny up here (points to her forehead) as I, then - . What I cannot understand is that sometimes you are here, and then again you are not here. And sometimes I may follow you, and then, at other times I may not. And then I get

nothing to eat, either. But I might give you something, Darling. Cannot you be here? Where is here? How did I get here to you? Do you say that you are with me? Then I must do something for you.”

“Did you see a rent there, do you see it opens up a little up there above in the mist. I see a ray of light. That is why I should so much like to go with you. May I now? Yes. I am allowed - how kind you are. Thank you so much!”

“We must let her have her wish.”

“I must not forget what I had to remember. Well, let us go then. Haven’t you said good-bye? Well, hurry up and say good-bye, then.”

Why are you doing that with me, why do you pull? Now wo go.”

(Ingeborg falls asleep and awakes after a few minutes in half-trance.)

“Oh, I fell, I slid down. It must have been from Heaven. There was something I was to remember.”

(She at once writes something down on a sheet of paper, as it seems, from dictation.)

“I have just been somewhere. Uncle Lorenzo showed me where he lives, and said, in return I must try to tell - I didn’t understand to whom - it was to you, of course, how stupid I was! Uncle Lorenzo was as light as a boy. Impossible for me to follow him. No stick even. And he said, that when I get to be still smarter than I am (that means that I am smart, all the same), then I shall be able to take a flower from his garden to Aunt Cathinca. But now it would only wither between my fingers. That garden was well-kept. He did not do the work himself. Somebody who had been unkind to his gardener here on earth did the work. He had to keep the garden for Uncle Lorenzo and some others for a while. He said it in a peculiar way, but I didn’t see the man.”

“The house was very peculiar. It was so round. It was not like this, at all. I saw many rooms. This was for Aunt Cathinca, that for to Aunt Cathinca, everything for her, and for her only.”

And then I got nothing to eat. They tell me it would not be any good. Just as if it shouldn’t do me good to eat! But it was fun to be there. Oh, I had a good time. I saw a road. The houses were not very close together. When the boys left, I should really have preferred to go with them. No, I didn’t mean that. I was to go with Uncle Lorenzo, you know. I asked if I couldn’t take Aunt Cathinca herself with me, because, it was so difficult to explain. When I touched anything, it felt so funny between my hands. But I was walking on something really solid. I wonder what it is made from, what they have up there. Everything is remarkably low. The house was low and somewhat round, greyish in tone, but pretty. Some violet clouds above. The house in which he lived had two divisions. And there were no doors, but walls there were. I wonder why I find it so hard to explain. When I try to visualize for instance

how it was arranged at 'Lauvaasen', I am able to explain how the rooms were arranged there."

"But it was very beautiful. I should be glad to live there. Oh, I have had a wonderful time."

"There was another lady there, but I had not to say anything about that, thank Heaven! She was so sweet, smiled pleasantly to me and looked very happy. I have seen her before. She did not always look so happy. I could tell you that much, but no more."

"Ah, but I saw something strange. I saw myself sitting asleep. Somebody followed me. And then I said: 'Look, I am sitting there.' And then I entered into myself. It was not a mirror, for I was standing, myself, and saw myself sitting. I told Uncle Lorenzo about it, and he said something foolish. He said that I was two. It was horrible. I walked across to myself - and entered into myself."

(It must be nice to "enter into oneself.")*

* A play on words here. Norweg. *gaa i sig selv* signifies "to make a clean breast of it".

"Yes, you people can laugh. But I can swear before any court that it happened in that way and as it was my will to remember, I told myself to remember. Oh yes, I am going through many strange experiences."

Undated séance at Oslo, at the home of Aunt Cathinca, Uncle Lorenzo's widow.

Ingeborg in trance sees and greets Uncle Lorenzo.

"How big you are. I am sure you are a king."

"Are we two going into your old place? Shall I say that they need not feel alarmed, as you look after me?"

(Ingeborg walks or is apparently led from the room into the old drawing-room, where everything remains untouched since uncle's lifetime. Then she returns and is placed in her chair.)

"Shall I repeat what you say now, Uncle Lorenzo?"

"Yes."

"I appreciate very much the affection with which you treat my old things, Cathinca. I knew it of course, but to-night I had to speak about it, it went to my heart. Then later, it shall be my turn to show you, how I have upheld your memory and what I have done to - a difficult word - listen to me, child: re-ha-bi-li-tate myself with you."

"You know, that in case this child here calls me king, then I call you queen."

(Ingeborg holds her hand in front of herself and asks: "What is that?")

“That is something you really ought not to see. - It is the substance we use in order to make ourselves perceptible and visible.”

“And now, my Cathinca, I want to say that your slave has tried to arrange it in the best possible way for you in the future.”

“Why don’t you look at me in that way, uncle.”

“I look at something nearer, a silver crown. My best consolation, my Cathinca, is that every time we speak together the time is drawing nearer. I notice that Dagny is shocked by the very thing that means most to me.”

“Until then I am attending to my little affairs, and am happy and expectant. The thought, that I am going to help you to become at home - the significance of that, I don’t think you have any idea of.”

“No, I have no idea of that, Uncle Lorenzo.” (Ingeborg is, as usual, in these situations, quite confused.)

“Oh, you funny little girl.”

“Am I something to be eaten? Shall I ever get anything in return for having helped you and my old aunt? Well. Not at once! Shall I have to wait long, Darling?”

“Patience is a game for children.”

“Am I a curious lamp? Do I give light to many? You are so tall, uncle. Do you know what I think is so sad? That I am the only one you are together with. I remember that I sometimes speak with those at home (thoughtfully: ‘at home - yes at home’) about the boys and about you. Where are they? And Aunt Cathinca, where is she?”

“Right in front of you, my child.”

“You are jesting, I suppose. Am I blind then?”

“You are just the one who is seeing. They are here, you must have confidence that they are here. When you say that I don’t look at you, then I am just looking at Aunt Cathinca. Now I am going to move your hand and show you where mother is sitting.”

(Her hand is moved toward mother and placed on her head.)

“I am touching air.”

But can you not remember, my dear child, that when you speak with the others about us, as you mentioned, then the others tell you that they cannot see us. It is the same with you. You will learn it some time. Gradually we shall nail - ”

(Ingeborg is terrified.) “No, no, I don’t want any nail in my head. No, No!”

“Why do you look so shocked, Darling? Am I so stupid, then?”

“Will you, Dagny, take down a message...”

(Here a commission from Uncle Lorenzo is dictated to Dagny.)

“Have you got the exact wording? I know of course, my Cathinca, that you are shockingly independent. But I have some responsibility. One does have responsibility. Even if one wasn’t always aware of it. We pass by that in silence my girl, a closed chapter. We are through with it. Our romance shall, God be praised, never have any last chapter.”

Fredriksstad, August 10th, 1928.

(Ingeborg, in trance, sees and is introduced to a gentleman, a relative, R. . . whom she had not known during his lifetime, and who asks to be allowed, through her, to send a greeting to his children):

“My children’s welfare is near to my heart. (Why do you smile?) Do you say that some of them are rather cynical? There is no reproach from my side, but it makes it hard for me to come close to them. And poor little mother! She does not improve matters. (How you smile! – is she so sweet?) Would you like to talk with her and teach her to stimulate our children instead of pitying them? There is no cause for pity, they have got good gifts by nature, they only understand how to use them. ‘You all have good talents’, that I will and must say to my children. I have always had to struggle with their mother as to how to bring up our children. I don’t reproach her. She is so sweet and means it so well. Don’t misunderstand me, I am doing my best, because I am much to blame myself. I have found peace and complete harmony here. And my happiness will be complete when they are safe in harbour. I have never had any anxiety about N . . .’s health, for it would be a blessed day for him, the one on which he escaped. But in case he can regain his health, that is of course for the best. If I had anything to do with his future, I would have taken him over.”

(“Who is speaking so much to me of things that I do not understand? Did you tell me a little while ago? But I have nothing to remember with.”)

“Do you say, Uncle Lorenzo, that it must seem strange to us that we can find peace and full harmony when we see what our dear ones on earth still have to go through. But that is because we can see farther ahead. We see that the small tribulations down there where you are, are stepping-stones. For that reason we are quite content. I can understand that this has led many people to wonder, whether it really is a good fortune to live on. But they overlook the fact, these people, that the sufferings during the earth life are only a school.”

“I have something to confide to you, my Cathinca. I have remained here, silently, while R. . . spoke, and used this silence to look at you. I have already before spoken of resignation, but I nearly forget that this period of waiting, I have, is the most difficult resignation. I say as R. . . : ‘If it was in my power, I would give you a little push’, but here I take advantage of what we just mentioned, that we can see farther ahead.”

(“Where did he go, the man who spoke to me before?”)

Do you say he asked you to bid me good-bye from him?" Couldn't get me to look at him?"

"He hadn't sufficient training to stay any longer."

"Was it because he left, that I heard music, do you say?"

"Uncle Lorenzo, may I ask you something? Do you ever see Jesus?"

"You all have the opportunity? May I ask you another thing? I believe Jesus is a man."

"Have you not learned, child, that Jesus is the Son of God?"

"Oh, is he really! May I ask another question? How does God look?"

"God, my child, is the incarnation of all that is lovable and good. He is something that cannot be described. We have not yet the power. Just hold staunchly on to the fact that God is God, my child, that is sufficient."

"Oh, now you looked in a different way from when you looked at me. Do look at me that way, please!"

Fredriksstad, September 4th, 1928.

Ingeborg awakes in trance after a planchette seance.

(There is present, besides my wife and myself, a lady visitor, Mrs. S. . ., whose husband died some years ago, and whose son John is hopelessly ill.)

Oh, I slept, Ragnar, Darling, do I dream? How did you come to me now, or how did I come to you? Did I sleep while you came?"

Whom must I say how do you do to? Oh! Ludvig, is this a revelation? I have seen you before, I have seen your eyes before, they are like stars."

"What does the young lady want, Ludvig? Is it something you want to say? Yes, but look at me then! Shall I repeat what you are saying now?"

"Do you feel, Mrs. S. . ., that I now hold your hand. I am longing to thank you. Oh! If you would only have confidence, that I - yes, that all of us who are attached to your boy, that we will make it light and easy for him! He entered my life as a..."

"What are you saying? Look at me with those eyes! Ludvig, is she a friend of yours, she is so charming. Must I look at her now?"

"My dear, we know that the future will bring you -"

"Who must not cry? Am I crying then?"

"When I have sent him my greeting, you will see how bright even he - the brave young man I love more than I can say, and whom I am longing to help as a little return for all he did for me."

“Oh, no. You aren’t sad, I hope? Can I help you with anything? Are you going to write what you have at heart to John? Who is that? Is he a dear friend of yours? Do you know, I have a little girl. She has eyes almost as blue as yours, the little girl I have. What kind of stuff is that gown made of, that you are wearing? Oh, how lovely, is it really so!”

“There comes a gentleman, but you are not going for that reason?”

(She greets the new, to us invisible, guest.)

“Shall I repeat what you say now? Yes.”

“As soon as you, Hildur, have calmed your mind, you and I are going to talk together a little. I have for a long time worked towards that end. You know me so well, that it is rather out of my way -”

“What is it he does not want?”

“We are going to have a sensible talk together, you and I, and I shall know how to identify myself to you, so that there will be no doubt left.”

I have no become the least more sentimental that I was during all these years. But there is, all the same, so very, very much I have to say to you, mama!”

“Why do you say, mama? – no, I am not going to ask.”

“And if you will promise me to be cheerful and happy, my dear little friend, you would hardly believe how much I shall be able to help you. You have a right to think that your lot in life and that of our children have been hard. But if you will look at the whole - as I am now able to - as a transition and - as I said before - have confidence that I shall be able to help you, it will be so much easier for you. And now I must -”

(“Is it so important for you to get it said?”)

“It does not apply only to John, but also to our youngest one. I want to give you an advice, mama, in regard to little Hildur; and therefore, well, this I address to you, Mr. Magistrate, I ask to be permitted to return here, before Fru Ingeborg has a chance to visit my wife in her home in Oslo. It is important for me to learn to use Fru Ingeborg’s forces, so that I shall on that occasion be able to accomplish as much as possible.”

“Do you say, Darling, that I shall repeat something you saw? That you saw the young lady who was here, kissing Mrs. S. . . on her forehead, before you left. Say, Ragnar, are you not all taken with her? Wouldn’t anybody be ? She was not only something I dreamt about, then?”

I shall never be able to understand. Usually you are not here, and when you are here, then I cannot fetch the others. It is a great pity that I am the only one who speaks with you. Are you going now? How game you are! I simply can’t - Ludvig! Up there, where I hear the music, does God live there? Oh? - Have the others said good-

bye? Had they to go, didn't I see it? Is it rather difficult in the beginning to remain here very long at a time?"

"Must you leave now? Why must you leave? Just think, that you are able to go up there, where I hear the wonderful music, that anybody can play so wonderfully! They cannot, where I live. Do I live anywhere? Who am I?"

"Ludvig, do you hear me? You are coming back, I hope? How light it becomes up there where you are. He holds the string. Oh, that they really are there, and come here. Now I know. Now I remember it clearly."

(It should perhaps be explained that the two - a young lady and an elderly gentleman - whom Ingeborg during this séance saw clairvoyantly and whose names she gave in each case, were persons entirely unknown to her during their life-time. Even Mrs. S. . . had not known the young lady, only Mrs. S. . .'s son, for whom the greeting was intended.)

Fredriksstad, September 10th, 1928.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

LUDVIG : We here. It is a long time since we were alone. But although we have had many irons in the fire, we have been able to talk confidentially and pleasantly together. It has been an eventful period, and when Darling and I now thank you for all the pleasure we have enjoyed together this summer, we are hoping for an early reunion. It is a good thing that the coming intermission will not last so long. And we are ever near to each other. And knowing that also hereafter we have much to look forward to, we need not worry over a short cessation. What we have experienced together gives us the wonderful assurance, that whatever should happen, we live with and for each other. I am a little apprehensive in saying such things, that you perhaps shall get the impression that something mysterious or something sad is going to happen. We do not know any more than you do. And just as you, now and then, may sit and reflect upon how it would be, for instance, if we received marching-orders to a higher sphere, or how it would be, if "our little fatty" were transferred to this side, in a similar manner I suppose we may reflect upon this and that.

Therefore let us say that we have nothing definite in mind by speaking as I did. It just came "ideassociationally" - this was rather offhand word coinage - sounds like a runaway tongue. But, oh, how happy we really are; I sometimes - even often - nip my arm. Or Darling and I pause to ask each other: "Is this a lie?" "Do you think we shall wake up, Ludvig?" says Darling. "No," say I, "thank Heaven; that is out of the question." And Darling replies: "Splendid!"

Our one sorrow is that we are unable to express our experiences - these wonderful moments - in such a way that you get at least a faint impression. We have to renounce there, unfortunately. We have tried, but never succeeded in giving you the true, correct picture.

All that we can tell you of the existence here, as it manifests itself, is through these much mentioned analogies, while most people take it quite literally. Life and life are, nevertheless, two – or many – different things. Isn't that so? It is the details people pay most attention to, or, rather, the fact that we can give details in this way.

(And if you don't give them, all that is forthcoming is said to be just so much common-place.)

Yes, it is not easy to satisfy all demands, but what we are unable to do now time will accomplish, therefore we don't mind. Festina lente.

(MOTHER: We understand that Ingeborg feels the same way, when it comes to giving her impression, for instance, of colours in your world.)

LUDVIG: Naturally she must have that feeling after having seen so much.

(There are colours we have not got at all, she says. On the other hand we have colours which she does not see in your world.)

LUDVIG: That is quite correct. I know what colours she misses - not actually misses - it shows that she has some kind of memory.

Now, there is so much I should like to speak about. If I could but for one moment drop this and start as in the old days. Now and then I have an uncontrollable desire to break through every obstacle. Break a way so that we stood here visible and audible in front of you. When the time arrives, oh, what an experience for you! For what you have got through us is merely an anticipation, nothing more, apart from the happy certainty that you are going to experience it.

(But that certainty has entirely changed our life.)

LUDVIG: Yes, we see that in many ways. And not many minutes pass by without Darling and myself talking of you in anticipation of the next meeting with you.

(It is nice to hear this, for it is after all a kind of work.)

LUDVIG: Our most cherished work, not to put it more strongly even.

(Our mutual friend, Mrs. A. B., not long ago, expressed to a party of friends her strong disapproval of thus drawing one's children down to the earth.)

LUDVIG: We cannot expect so much understanding from Mrs. A. B. in this respect. Admirable as this lady may be in other respects, she is a little bit dogmatic we dare say.

(I: There is a certain satisfaction in the thought that everybody, as an inevitable result of personal experience, sooner or later will learn the truth about the so-called "dead.")

LUDVIG: Just so. And that makes it easy to be patient with all.

You understand, of course, that when I use so much time to talk all sorts of things, it is because I have nothing new to report. I hope this isn't a disappointment, for if it was, I should have to decline these commissions.

(I: No, as I have already said, as soon as I have turned these appeals over to you, I keep them out of my mind entirely.)

LUDVIG: And they don't remain with me. I pass them on, and work wherever I know I can accomplish something. Unfortunately, I might nearly say, time is with us a very elastic term. I mean we cannot tell when these things that we hope for will occur. To us it may appear as a week or a month, when perhaps a year has elapsed.

If but all those that apply to us would consider the many obstacles in our way, things might be somewhat easier. But rest assured that we understand and sympathize with the impatience prevailing where grief is most bitter. And this I should like to have you write to a person you are not probably at this moment thinking of, viz., Mr. . . . Not that I mean to imply that he is so unhappy and impatient, but I know all the same that he is waiting anxiously for what is forthcoming. But what is put off is not given up. As you see, I have a contact with my "clients", though I am not going to divulge my system.

Darling is laughing. He is always tacitly with us. He seems to be content with being passive to some extent. Now he smiles because he imagines that you recognize him also in that respect; a weakness of his, he says, to which I say no. And he has his own field. Now he begs me not to boast on his behalf, but I have to, nevertheless, for you should know what a delightful defensor he is. At the proper time he will, no doubt, tell you himself about his work, but not until he can do so without stuttering. It is his own words I use. I catch myself stuttering to-day, and under conditions such as we have to-night it is unusually difficult to read - for you, I mean - and for you, Mams, to write. I dare say you feel that the pencil is like a lead in your hand.

INGEBORG (awakes in half-trance): "I saw a red thread fastened to me in some way or other. And I saw myself sitting at a table."

Fredriksstad, November 10th, 1928.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

LUDVIG : We here.

I don't think we shall ever cease wondering at the marvellous fact that we live, and that we live together with you, that there really was no separation.

(I: That death has lost all its terror!)

LUDVIG: But to many that terror exists, I can assure you; and having plenty of opportunity to witness it, our desire to bring help becomes so intense. It is not the first time I have made this remark, I dare say, and it will probably not be the last either. We are, however, thankful for what we already have been permitted to do.

We know, at any rate, that in most cases there is a chance of finding help in what has been written down to date. Isn't that so? What has been made accessible to the public, I mean. But it is peculiar how much is needed, and how exceedingly difficult it is by the aid of written words, to give even a faint idea of the intense feeling connected with a meeting of the two worlds.

It is by no means we alone who bring harmony and this feeling. It is just as much the openness of mind that we meet. If that were always present there would not be so many unsuccessful attempts at establishing contact. So infinitely much depends on one's mental disposition. I have previously touched on this - what it is that so often causes the difficulty in establishing a connection.

(I: In this connection I am reminded of the many unsuccessful attempts to obtain physical phenomena through bound mediums, attempts that through a series of years have been made by commissions of research.)

LUDVIG: You know, we under no circumstances give more than we have permission to give. Unfortunately our liberty to give tests is rather limited. It depends on special permission. In regard to moving of objects, nothing must be expected from us. Such performances are here regarded as rather undignified.

(Concerning the abuse of the forces of the mediums.)

LUDVID: There is one thing you may always depend upon, and that is that I shall give warning in case we find that our little sister's forces are drawn upon too heavily. As long as we are silent you are safe. Why should I otherwise bear the title of "control"? And nothing takes place through Ingeborg that we are not aware of. I am, as you know, her only control, and I must, of course, see to it that she is out of harm's way.

(Some commissions are mentioned.)

LUDVIG: In regard to that pathetic old gentleman in --- it will not be long before he gets a message from our world. Three of his relatives I have already met in radiant vigour. And probably the one of his children who is best adapted to come forward, will, when the time is ripe, tell the parents how they are getting on. On my own account I can confide to the two that their children are preparing for the reception of their dear parents. I saw a beautiful home which indicated a good deal in that direction.

In regard to the dream which is mentioned in Mrs. M. . .'s letter, I do not doubt that there really was a contact between father and daughter. I have not managed to examine the relation, because Mr. M. . . happens to be in a higher sphere. But I take it for granted that he in his thoughts has met his daughter, and that he has succeeded in giving these thoughts a concrete form. In that way many dreams will find their explanation.

We have taken note of the name of the Swedish lady. We will do what we can for her.

(A recently-departed friend of mine is mentioned.)

LUDVIG: Of course we know that he has passed over. But we have neither seen nor talked with himself.

(I: It was a bit difficult for him to accept our communication with another world.)

LUDVIG: But now he knows a little better. And possibly he feels a little bewildered. Otherwise I do not know how he is getting along for the present moment. It is likely that he is resting after the first grand impression. He was no doubt a very good man, and a friend of humanity; later on you will perhaps get a chance to speak with him.

(I: Strangely enough, what he most bluntly denied was the possibility of my father having communicated with us while he was himself personally present.)

LUDVIG: It is a quite characteristic feature in many cases that one suddenly remonstrates against some particular occurrence, thus completely ignoring common logic. Perhaps it is easy enough for us to talk. I am not at all sure how I should, myself, have reacted in regard to the various phenomena. I am only so happy that I in such a way –

(Happened to enter into the heart of the thing, you mean?)

Exactly - at so early a stage, I mean. Just think what Darling and I have been spared.

(I: Well, “Quem dii diligunt, adolescens moritur” - whom the gods love, dies young - it is said.)

LUDVIG: Yes, yes; we ought to fly away now, but we are not exactly anxious to do so. But we had better submit, especially as there is the most wonderful sunlight in our garden at home, and our Nanny is waiting for us with some dainty morsel, we suppose. We chatter about you and us, together. She is as nice as you are imagining, Mams; rather more so.

Well, we say thanks and good night!

Fredriksstad, December 23rd, 1928.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

LUDVIG: We here. We have already been here quite a while, and we have enjoyed several things. First of all the magnificent Christmas tree, which was, of course, never approximately as beautiful as this one. Let us keep up the tradition; we must be permitted to repeat ourselves there, especially when it every year really is prettier than ever! And then we have enjoyed a few other things. We join you in everything, and I don't think you have much of the feeling that we are out of sight, either.

(At least not out of our thoughts.)

LUDVIG: And this, that we are permitted to be here in person.

(I: Our greatest difficulty is to become entirely familiar with the fact that for you this is an actual personal presence with us in substantial form.)

LUDVIG: And the hardest thing for us is that this is so difficult for you. Darling, who has joined in your experience himself, can naturally realize it more easily. But to us this is so vividly real. We can both see and hear you. And we always try to make you - yes, nearly fancy that you see us.

We ought to think of those who have no connection - who do not even believe that their dear ones are alive. I know there are so many who would like to receive some token from their dear ones to-morrow. We see it, you know. But we have not reached to do more than what has come. We have told a few of the applicants that they ought to wait till they are able to bring more definite messages. This I have said because I could see in advance what effect these common Christmas greetings would have on the recipients. But in the new year I expect we are going to convey several messages this way and that.

(I read aloud an anonymous letter.)

LUDVIG: To this I can only reply that I shall be at the disposition of the person who in this case wants to communicate with me. And I shall try to make it known in our own way.

(Mother would like to learn something more about it.)

LUDVIG: You know it is not so easy for us to explain how it takes place, but call it an S.O.S.

Yes, Darling wants to greet you first-hand. It is all too tempting to stay longer than we strictly ought to. You will have to stop being so sweet!

(I reflect a little upon this compliment.)

LUDVIG: Did you say anything? Is it perhaps the kaleidoscope you are little alarmed about? I shall hold your hand while the tooth is being drawn.

(MOTHER: Mine, too, please!)

RAGNAR: Sure, Mams. Your Darling will attend to that. Her I am. The thought of how happy you will be always makes me so glad and content. If it wasn't for that, you know we should whimper a little. I do not understand why we should be so happy, but as long as it is so, let each bow and curtsy, and say a thousand thanks. It is most welcome. Thank you!

(Here, as so often when Darling talks with Mams, it gets difficult for her to keep writing down.)

RAGNAR: Did you get everything, Mams? It was that nothing of the good we receive comes gratis. You know you have been fighting for it all the time. Indeed, you have!

(I: I only meant to say that all we have had to struggle with has been the consequences of our own actions.)

RAGNAR: "And that you say this is also a link in the whole chain," says Ludvig, and smiles contentedly with the big, broad smile you remember so well. These evenings when we are alone are the best of all, and don't think it is only the words that count; that we are here in the room means just as much. I recall the first times Ludvig, how radiant you were when you had received eight or ten lines.

(I: You, Darling, had intuition in regard to these things, and studied them.)

RAGNAR: Yes, do you think I otherwise had been able to come back to you right away? But here I must say stop. Ludvig has helped me all the time, but I have talked myself.

LUDVIG: Aunt Signe will, when we have left, be here for a moment. We are going to keep the connection with our little sister by the thread. Nothing ever takes place without our watching. That does not prevent us, however, from doing other things besides. Like big babies we are looking forward to to-morrow, and to many other things. There can be no denial that we are a happy and lucky set. There is so much to chat about, that we keep on talking. Often, when we go home together, I must console Darling, because he has been neglected. But to-day he certainly has taken part just as much as I. The two of us had to carry the burden. Ought to be east of the sun and west of the moon just this moment. But in two minutes we will be there, and we carry with us the memory of another festive night.

(Ingeborg awakes in trance.)

"He kissed me on the cheek."

(She lifts her eyes in surprise, and looks at a visitor, invisible to us.)

"Was it you, Aunt Signe, who kissed me on the cheek?" (She looks down at herself, and her gaze follows something forward and upward.)

"Where does that cord go? Why, it runs right out into the air. What is it made of? It looks as if it is made from gutta percha. Aunt Signe, it is following me."

(She gets up from the chair and walks around, apparently interested in the cord, but is - with an exclamation - placed in the chair.)

"Oh, that was strange! Must I not disturb Ludvig?"

But where is he? At the end of the cord? Must I not bother him? I don't like that cord, Aunt Signe. Does it hurt if you take it away? A pin-prick, do you say?"

"Is it somebody I resemble so much? Thea? - an aunt whom I resemble? But I have no Aunt Thea. Had you a sister Thea, then? Have you seen her with her sister, my Aunt Honoria? Am I going to see her? Is she pretty? Why don't you want to tell me if she is pretty? Will she come here some other day?"

"Why do you look up there?" So that I shall look up there?

(She looks in the direction indicated for a long while, and gradually more and more impressed.)

What was that It opened a little, and then I saw a lady dressed in white. Aunt Signe, why did she not come nearer? Not to-day – was preparing something – what do you mean by that? Why did it close? Last rehearsal? What do you mean by that? Somebody who had never been here before. Did you also come little by little? I don't understand, feel so strange in my head.”

(She has risen, but she is placed in the chair again, and gently leaned back against the back of the chair.)

“Are you going to sit down and sing for me? ‘Still is the evening.’ Not that one, please – rather another one. Yes, that one. ‘The sunshine is streaming’.”

(She listens and hums with a low voice.)

“Nice voice you have, Aunt Signe. Is Ludvig going to play ‘Ben Bolt’?”

(I understand she refers to me. “Ben Bolt” was Signe’s, my wife’s sister’s favourite song, which I often used to play to her. I there move over to the grand piano and play the first verse, Ingeborg is rocking in time with the music, and is smiling sweetly. As I stop she says: “More. Do you know all the verses, Aunt Signe? Will you teach me them?” When I stop after the second verse, Ingeborg again says: “More,” and sits enchanted.)

“Last year - what is that? ‘Last year I was tending the goats - ’ ”

(I also play that tune. Ingeborg is sitting with outstretched arms, smiling, leaning back in the chair, the last notes she is humming in accord with the music. Then she falls asleep. Awaking after a while, she starts to speak in half-trance):

“You ought to hear Aunt Signe’s voice. She sang ‘Last year I was tending the goats’. Then she sang ‘The sunshine is streaming’ and ‘Say, do you remember your Alice’ - She sang so deep, then it was the most beautiful. Aunt Signe is the sweetest thing I know of. Only strange she has no wings, she looks like an angel. She has such large eyes, and the lips open so prettily when she smiles! She has such a sweet smile.”

“The white lady who came forward and paid her respects twice was to return. She was practising something.”

“Oh, when Aunt Signe sang ‘Last year’, her voice sounded so beautiful in the low notes - I have never before heard it sung so beautifully.”

(The lady in white whom Ingeborg saw in the distance was my sister Thea, who died fifty-five years ago at the age of three. As Ingeborg quite correctly indicated, she returned. It happened three days later. She was then accompanied by my father and by my mother and two sisters, and had a conversation with me, touching, as was - in no less degree - her rather awkward Norwegian. “Here we have other means of expression,” she declared.)

Fredriksstad, Evening of December 26th, 1928.

Planchette séance, followed by clairvoyance.

LUDVIG: We here. How do you do. If you have had anything like our Christmas, we shall all have reason to be radiantly happy. You cannot have the faintest idea of how indescribably lovely we have had it in different ways. When we left you Christmas Eve we, together with all our folks and a lot of other people besides, made for a higher sphere, where was gathered in a vast marble hall of dimensions such a cannto be described, which is used only on the most solemn occasions, primarily for such an occasion as this. And people from higher spheres come here too. Then we commence with song. Next follow speeches by different people, and, finally, come the thing which is quite indescribable. Think of an opening such as Ingeborg has described it to you. In such a way the firmament opens, and through the opening Christ descends, not as an illusion only; we receive Him in our midst as one of our own. He speaks to us - I can only say that then we all become as little children again. I don't know if you can imagine the harmony and the wonderful feeling that comes with His presence. It is - I feel it now - quite impossible to give you a true conception of this hour. We receive a word - I had nearly said each one in particular - leaving an indelible impression. But it cannot be repeated. We are going to say more about that. Later I could go more in detail. To-day, however, there are so many who want to greet you, that we perhaps ought to pass on to that part of the evening's program. I wanted first to tell you this, and now we are going to see what our sister can do. So I lift her hand from the planchette.

(There now follows a display of clairvoyance which, I do not hesitate to say, is replete with beautiful and typical episodes. A great number of our nearest and dearest in the world beyond - from the written notes of the séance I count no less than fifteen - are present, and each one in turn speaks with us through Ingeborg. The intimate and rather emotional nature of the conversations prevents me from giving them to the public, which I regret the more, as an account of these conversations surely would have impressed the reader strongly and convincingly as to the real and intimate contact established between our own and the other, to us invisible, world.

The last to appear during this clairvoyance was Ingeborg's father-in-law, departed long before Ingeborg met her husband. At first he talked long and intimately with his son. It ends thus):

"Give me your hand, Alf, before I leave. If only you could feel now how firmly I clasp it. May I hold you as firmly!" (Then he turns to Ingeborg:) "And this little one with whom I am in love. I think" - "would you like to be allowed to do that." (Ingeborg smiles sweetly.) "Well, do it, then. Am I a good little girl? Do you think so? Oh, do you KNOW? Do I know you really well? Not as well as you know me? How is it that

you know me so well? Are you going to whisper something in my ear?" (She listens.)
"Yes, I'll promise that, for sure! Oh, will you, really?"

"Whom do you bow so politely to now? Do you say thanks? Do you think it is beautiful here. To me it seems grey." (She turns towards Ludvig.)

"Must Darling and you say that you have a lot to speak about on another occasion? What do you mean by that? Why later? Why not now? Have we been so happy? And now we will let 'our little fatty', who has been such a willing echo what do you say, Ludvig? What 'fatty' are you talking about? Am I going to listen to some singing? Then I suppose I must fold my hands. Ragnar, it is a hymn. It sounds almost as it came from Heaven. It is - I see light up there. It must be there. Listen! Ragnar. Could you show me God, Ragnar? Was it you, Ludvig, who kissed me on the cheek?"

"Oh, how beautiful. Oh, how beautiful it was! I am so happy. Nobody could be as happy as I. I sink down, oh, so softly. What a wonderful fragrance. How delightful! Why shall I be so happy?"

LUDVIG: We shake hands with each of you, and say good night and *au revoir*.

INGEBORG: Do not close the door up there so that I cannot hear. Oh, how lovely. (She still listens, enrapt, and falls gently asleep.)

Fredriksstad, New Year's Eve, 1928.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

LUDVIG: Thanks, everybody, for a wonderful year; thanks for the great happiness we have had together. We know your feeling, that only you have reason to thank, but there you are mistaken. We need you as much, and not the least because it is so great to bring joy. So let us together thank the Lord, to whom alone the glory. I think you understand me when I say this. Perhaps you think it is not like me. But that is the way Darling and I feel it, and so we cannot refrain from letting you feel it, too. It is so fine, this, to have everything in common.

And when we now pass into the new year, we have the same great expectations, and, best of all, we are allowed to tell it you, to let you feel that we are optimists on your behalf.

We, Darling and I, are almost happier than we deserve, so for us it is simply to give thanks and thanks.

Do you know why we are so happy? Yes, because we are allowed to help you, and because we are doing some work that creates happiness both for ourselves and for those for whom we are working. Well, now I will not say any more. Darling is standing here, and says: "Now Mams, what is this? You know, me and you!"

DARLING : Yes, and that is all I am going to say. But thanks, a thousand thanks from me, too. Mams, I see just what you are thinking of; and no more of that is necessary now.

LUDVIG again: Darling took it away from me, because he couldn't bear to see tears in Mams s eyes.

(The clock strikes twelve, and Ingeborg awakes in trance. She sees her brothers, is radiant, and listens.)

“I hear singing. Do you say you are celebrating an evening with us?”

(She listens more and more enraptured.)

“Ragnar, come here for a moment. I want to ask you something. Ragnar, do you see Jesus ? It must be Heaven I look into. Oh I hear them singing hymns, Must you go up there? When do you think I shall be good enough to go there, and stay there for a little while? Are you going? ‘A happy New Year’ you say to me. But why do you thank me? It is I who should thank....”

(She is kissed on the forehead.)

“Once more! Must you go now? Kiss Mams, too.” (Ingeborg looks for a long while enraptured, as they disappear up there. Then she smiles.)

“I am so happy. What is it Tull usually says: ‘In the name of Jesus, good night!’”

(She falls asleep.)

Fredriksstad, April 5th, 1929.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

LUDVIG: We seem to come so infinitely close to each other when we have these chats together. And we feel safe, knowing that we never neglect our duty to the many who are waiting. Perhaps it sounds as if we are too sure of ourselves, but it is a fact that we are always ready to serve, and we work where our own initiative is required. I think you are confident that such is the case. We should so much like everybody to be satisfied. But most of all we should like these people to be able to see what difficulties and stumbling-blocks we have to contend with in our work. That would simplify matters for us as well as for them. And this you may tell to anybody, for it is an essential feature of communications between our two worlds.

If we could only use our own method! The fact that we find it so difficult to give you details, illustrates this to some extent. I think, however, that in time even this side of the matter will change, even if we in our connection will not get the benefit of such experience. It will be, if I may express it that way, when communication has become a general thing.

(A question had previously been asked about the expediency of seeing advice in a certain matter.)

LUDVIG: Now listen: in the matter of advice, you need not hesitate to ask what you wish, then - in case I should be unable to answer it myself - I'll take it to someone who would not...

(I: be at a loss for an answer.”)

LUDVIG: Exactly. You must, on the whole, never hesitate to mention to us the things you are anxious to know about. That, of course, also applies to you, Mams.

There is one thing you must remember. Even if we are always watching you, the conditions are not always such that we can read your thoughts direct. That we have been able to do it on occasions has probably been proved to your satisfaction. Sometimes a thought reaches us like an electrical shock. And, besides, we know that you have another means which we, of course have seen that you have resorted to. But we are all human enough to be now and then in need of spontaneous advice. The sooner the better, I mean.

(One of us makes a remark about being able to read thoughts.)

LUDVIG: That is a thing that we have to contend with. Sometimes the thoughts of those present are mixed in our mind, so that we are not always sure with whom they originate. This is not the case when we are alone, however. But in a few cases it has happened, when a thought question does not by its very nature point out the person, that I have given reply to the wrong party.

We hope to give a little speech to-morrow, too. Therefore, we do not want to extend this one any farther, especially as we have a piece of work ahead of us, “*not for pleasure*” - not only, I mean. You remember last time, that Darling told you we expected a couple of friends. This time it is something of a somewhat different nature. By the way, we shouldn't mind settling down for a few hours. One should think that we could make time elastic to that extent. To some this seems entirely natural, that we should be conjurers, while to others it seems repulsive, to say the least, that our powers should be led into such juggler's tricks. I am thinking of the reflections of certain individuals - to take a few examples at random - on my producing a piece of paper - on our passing through closed doors, reading from closed books, etc.

(I: Therefore I say in one of my lectures that it would be a colossal misunderstanding to consider of things as the essential part of the object of these kind of things as the essential part of the object of our communication, but that such test performances are a sacrifice to those who require mechanical proofs in order to accept you.)

LUDVIG: And that is so true, that I should be tempted to say that you have received it inspirationally.

Here is Darling, who calls my attention to the fact that it is already quite a while since I announced our early departure. What is the reason, I wonder, that we find it so hard to get away. There is a peculiar feeling caused by being in this old parlour together with you, although it is wonderful where we are. I am sure you understand what it depends on. If we didn't have you as a background - well, then it wouldn't be quite so wonderful as it is now. And you are of exactly the same opinion, that we

know. And the fact that we are allowed to clear away some of your difficulties, stimulates our desire to help others to the extent we are able or, preferably, a little more.

DARLING: Yes, but was it really so hard! It looked so simple while Ludvig was guiding it. Anyway, I am satisfied just to be here. Could you but know what kind of existence we have. Recently, again, we had a wonderful moment.

(We understand you allude to the Easter experience.)

Yes. I cannot even speak of it. But you understand, no doubt. There seems to be still more light in our sphere, after that door has been open. Ludvig allowed me to say this, but I must confess he helped me.

LUDVIG: It is too modest of Darling to mention me, for he formed his words himself.

Well, we are off. We can never get enough or too much of you and home.

Fredriksstad, in the summer, 1929.

Planchette séance through Ingeborg.

We here.

(I mention that the ninth book of séance reports has been finished, and that we now have more than 3,000 pages recorded.)

LUDVIG: Have we really all that on our conscience? It is an endless cause of wonderment, something we can never sufficiently repay, that we should have this experience.

We must not forget to thank our little sister, either. She was born with that faculty, but, even if it had been tested, I do not believe it would have manifested itself before the age of ten or eleven. Ingeborg's faculty is something quite unique of its kind. We have been fortunate there, but we also realize that it means an obligation. With that I do not mean that Ingeborg should be a medium for any outsider who applies.

You know, of course, that we do not utilize her powers unless we are quite assured that her health does not suffer thereby. Owing to her sensitiveness she is receptive to impressions, but her mediumship will be of great advantage to her. Through it we can easily be of help. And it will only do her good to be in such immediate proximity to our - let us say - prosperity and health-bringing sphere.

But the connection between the two worlds is not going to depend only on "our little fatty" and a few others. The goal must be through understanding and - well, I find no other expression than a humble mind, to clear the way for a more direct connection.

And now I looked a little into the future, and it was an inspiring vision I had.

We feel, of course, that our resources, as yet, are insufficient. But don't you see the light from another world in Ingeborg's eyes? We see it. It is a reflection that marks Ingeborg entirely.

(Some information regarding commissions follows here. Then there is a short pause.)

LUDVIG: It is strange, but considerable force is used in giving, even a little concrete information. It cannot be helped. But we must learn to be silent together, too. Often we enjoy the silent calm of the moment as much as the conversation. There is here so much to please the eyes. I say this so that you may know I am never worried about having to keep up the conversation.

(Ingeborg awakes in trance.)

"Why do you wake me up, Ludvig? Shall I look up there?"

"The mist is opening, and there appears a landscape. There I see a house, and there comes a lady walking. I know the face. It is... Now she approaches. Oh, it is Aunt Ragnhild; yes, it is Aunt Ragnhild. She does not come down here. She is looking at the garden where she is walking."

"Ludvig, what is she she saying?"

"She intends to say that it is difficult for her to come down to us, but that she wanted, in this way, to send a personal greeting, and not only through Aunt Honoria. She wants to show how peaceful and lovely her surroundings are.

(Ingeborg folds hands with a devout expression in her face, and sits for a while as if enrapt in prayer.)

"Yes, it is so. I should do it in order to reach as far as possible. Yes, I understand it, and it was not even embarrassing. Now it closes up again over there. Are you not going that way? Are you going *there*? Is it all the same?"

(Ingeborg falls asleep, saying): "How lovely!"

Fredriksstad, October, 1929

Planchette séance with clairvoyance.

LUDVIG: We here. And we bring a welcome guest. I wonder if you do not already feel who is here. Yes, it is grandfather. He protests, however, against the word guest, for, he says, here he feels at home just as much as by himself and grandmother.

(Ingeborg awakes, sees her paternal grandfather, and is beaming):

"Grandpa, have you come from Heaven?"

"In order to carry some of it to you! Well, how do you do, dear children? You know, Ludvig, I always find a way to say to you the few words I have at heart. First, I want to express my joy at meeting you in this lovely home, where mother and I, the few

times we have had occasion to watch you, always have felt true harmony. And you, little clever Dagny, who have got the faculty to create a beautiful home, you are going to have a kiss on the forehead. And then I pass to the real object of my coming here to-day.”

(There follows a request to me, of which I shall render no account.)

“Is it not strange that we can speak together in this way?”

“It affects me deeply to perceive the tender emotion you at this moment feel, the beaming gratitude that radiates from both of you. And I take the loving greetings which I see you have in readiness back to mother and the others. Little nimble mother - and the most wonderful of all is to see her in her proper place, where her rich artistic temperament can come into play. Oh, if only I had the power to give you an exact and appropriate picture of our daily life up there in our harmonious home!”

“You live with us. You are with us in our prayers. And that we can let you partake in our joy – what that means you can hardly conceive. It is a daily joy to feel - -”

(“What did you say now, grandpa. There is a light all around you!”)

“ - - that what is divine within us returns to God – that is flows towards him. And when I think of what we are yet going to experience together, it seems so great that I long to take you all to my heart.”

“I should like to mention one little thing. I understand that you have grasped the secret about faith moving mountains. You should also be aware fo the fact that we can have faith for others. If you have a friend you see in need of help, then have faith for her, Dagny, and you will help her as you help yourself.”

(“Grandpa, your eyes are so large now. Do you know that is my conception of the apostle.”)

“Your thoughts reach us all the time. Even up to our abode they flow and contribute to enrich us.”

“And the thought that happiness is eternal, not something that passes! I never thought I should rejoice in returning to earth. But I feel the joy of this.”

“There is much kindness on earth. What I now say goes beyond this little circle. Where I now stand I can look into many thousands of homes. I can see sadness, I can see joy, I can see exultation and merriment. And I see very little real malice, at this moment. We are progressing upward.”

(“Oh, Grandpa. Must you leave? Please, no!”)

“There is no more power. I need more of it than my two boys.”

(“Are they your boys, then, Grandpa?”)

“Shall I ask papa, my papa, if my little Kirsten is not his little girl ? Then I shall get the answer.”

“So - my boys may remain with you for a little while. And I shall probably come again, and I hope, then be able to express myself a little more fluently.”

(“Why do you smile, Grandpa?”)

“Do you feel like a little boy when you look into my eyes, and have to talk by my aid?”

“Farewell then, my dear ones, and thank you for this charming intermezzo. Till our next happy meeting!”

(Ingeborg follows him with her eyes until he disappears.)

“Was it really *our* grandpa?”

CHAPTER IV

EVA

One of the first questions we asked Ludvig, after we had got the connection established was: Who was the first one to meet you over there on your side?

Ludvig replied promptly: “Eva.”

At first we wondered a little as to whom he could be referring to. The only one we knew by that name was a little relative of mine, who died in 1909, at the age of three years only. Her elder brothers had been Ludvig and Ragnar’s intimate friends in their boyhood days.

We found it difficult to believe, however, that Ludvig could mean her, as she went over at such an early age.

Ludvig repeated laconically the name Eva, and answered in the affirmative our query if he really meant Uncle Karl and Aunt Mafia’s little girl.

“I did not know that I had died,” he added but I recognized Eva’s face.”

The little Eva was among the first who presented them in Ludvig’s company at our table séances. And it did not take her long to learn to manipulate the table and, later on, the planchette.

Her longing for and eagerness to induce her parents to be present was very pronounced, and when her wish was at last fulfilled, she expressed her happiness in a very touching manner.

She was indefatigable in her efforts to convince her, in the beginning rather sceptical, parents of her identity. Eventually her energy was rewarded with a well-deserved success.

I am going to devote a separate chapter in this book to the séances with Eva. What she has to tell supplements the communications of Ludvig and Ragnar, and will, I

presume, be read with interest. In this chapter the names of Eva's parents will be indicated with the initials K. and M.

Fredriksstad, August 3rd, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Eva's parents, my wife, and I.

We here. Come in half an hour.

We here. Now we are ready, and Eva is, of course, with us. And now, turning it over to her, we say temporarily good night. For it is possible that we will say something later.

EVA: How do you do? Now it is my turn, and it seems that I have so much at heart that I hardly know where to start.

(K.: You must tell us of your experiences since the last time.)

They are so many. Among other things, I have learned a great deal, and reached further all the time. I think, however, it does not seem . . . I must express it differently - I mean that what I have learned does not - try to visualize some unfathomable - No, I never thought it would be so difficult to express! Please remember that we see this in pictures, and it is difficult to give it oral expression, particularly for me, perhaps. And then I have such a burning desire to bring it forth, which makes it still harder. There are difficulties which you may not have the means to conceive of. I, myself, am engaged in preparing - Ludvig says I may call it a treatise, not on a large scale, but for a public adapted to my level: public is not the right word - "pupils".

You can hardly believe how interesting they are, these - I mean lectures. Ludvig says they are like the most vivid cinema pictures. Those I have never seen, so I cannot draw any comparison, but I suppose that these surpass them in every way.

Tell me, would you think there are dissensions here, too? The fact is that Ludvig and I disagree very much on certain matters.

(K.: Can you not hint in *what* matters?)

There is comes. No. No. this was for Aunt Dagny. She wondered if Ragnar agreed with me. But he sides with Ludvig, of course. But now you must allow me to think. There are, if I may say so, two tendencies, like Ludvig says. Here in our part of the sphere, I may say, there is a council that conducts matters quite in a "human" way. It consists of such as ourselves, for instance - elected by us, I mean, and now someone has just been elected who, according to my way of thinking, has not got the right point of view.

Now you must understand that these are trifles within our great surroundings. This is really said so that you can get of our life in general, and see how surprisingly like yours it is carried on. And it makes it difficult to explain, because there are no analogies in your world to any of these problems. If it was not so that I have a

distinct feeling, based on my knowledge of you, father, that this will interest you, I would not engage in such a problematical undertaking. Dear, how did this long sentence sound? Was there any sense in it?

(It is read.)

It was quite acceptable, then. I should think it must be strange to you that I can talk fluently at all. And now it is my ambition to express myself in the best possible way. Ludvig says that I ought to have studied the law if I had remained with you. I suppose that must be to flatter me. I have no knowledge of the law.

(I: It is your father's profession, Eva.)

I know that, of course.

(K.: Shall I find any application for it over there?)

To be sure. You will even find use for your other abilities - I mean the social ones; it is just there we have analogies, and there Ludvig and I disagree.

(K.: I suppose he is conservative?)

Yes, as ultra-conservative as it is possible to be; and so is Ragnar.

(MOTHER: But he is a dear, isn't he ?)

Indeed he is. But I must go on with my stuff. I am so anxious to. We have - all is carried on in an orderly and systematic way. Every activity has its manager or manageress.

I think I shall touch upon this subject more in detail to-morrow, if it is the intention that we shall return then, for I am just discovering that I really have said quite a good deal, but just the same it is - Ludvig gave me a proverb that I will apply. I mean that I have done like the cat walking round the hot gruel for I have not touched the essence of the matter. But that is just where the difficulty lies. I have to use so many words, and, I am sorry to say, unnecessary words.

It is so exceedingly pleasant here, that it is hard for us to break away. Ludvig probably thinks that I have prattled a lot to-night, but that is my manner.

(Do you see us?)

Not very well. Not even Ragnar, who sees best, can see clearly to-night. It is something in the weather. But apart from that, the connection has been excellent, hasn't it?

Now I must say good night, and to-morrow we meet again.

Fredriksstad, August 4th, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Eva's parents, my wife and I.

We here. (Thanks for yesterday.)

EVA: How do you do, everybody? I have been thinking over all the nonsense I said yesterday, and shall try to correct it to-day.

(K.: We thought it was so interesting.)

Do you want me to continue? Or have you anything to ask?

What I really wanted to emphasize yesterday was that we live in an orderly society, and just as you build the land and legislate, so we, too - read it aloud, I have lost the thread - we, too, have analogies to that. There is, to use intelligible expressions, state as well as municipal government. This is just to give a picture of how things are arranged here. In other words, we also have a chairman, to conduct the presentation of images. Words are fortunately superfluous here, at any rate.

(K.: But you, nevertheless, speak different languages?)

I have learnt that, of course. You, no doubt, understand that it is necessary for other reasons.

(K.: Yes, you have previously given us an explanation of that.)

That - no; the great difference is that a far greater sense of co-operation prevails among us, and that makes our work so much easier, and there, I think, you could gain a lot by socializing. Ludvig says it is untenable. Now you must not get the idea that these questions have any significance to us; we, or, rather, I, just think it is so amusing to touch on them, perhaps because I take after my father.

You know it is not for nothing that I am your daughter, either, mother, as you will discover when you arrive here. Ludvig says that I am your...

Wait fifteen minutes.

LUDVIG: Yes, we are here again. It was one of those little obstacles that sometimes occur, but not malignant. And now Eva wants to continue.

EVA: There is magnetism in the air, and for that reason I have a hard time in controlling this. Touch it, you, too, father. Gently. No, don't hold! I think Ludvig will have to assist.

LUDVIG: It is better, I think, that we continue to-morrow, then we will, in case something again should come in our way, at least take such precautions as may serve to help us. Meanwhile it is too late to-night. This does not happen very often, does it? But we can promise you a good connection to-morrow.

Fredriksstad, August 5th, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Eva's parents, my wife, and I.

We here. But we have promised too much. There will probably not be very good connection. Though I find it is not so bad after all. And now Eva is coming. We must grant her the time that is left, don't you think? We don't leave you, though.

EVA: How do you do, again? I am glad it goes fairly well to-day. We have feared it would fail on account of the weather. I am getting used to it now.

Don't you want to ask some questions yourselves, to-night?

(K.: Do you know anything about Aunt T.?)

I have seen her, but she is somewhere else. She has her work somewhere else, I mean. She is not expected to do much work, she has got through with that. At present she is with a young man who needs her. I am not permitted to say anything more.

(K.: Must not everybody work then?)

Work is one thing, and interests another, and we have plenty of opportunities to cultivate them, when our duties are performed. One does not sit idle here. There are infinitely more opportunities for filling up existence, and each has a chance to work in his own field. Didn't I already mention that we have books and other products of art? Let me just as well say we have all that you have, and more besides, as a matter of fact.

(K.: Have you noticed that we have turned musical at home lately, by means of the gramophone?)

It does not surpass ours, but is nevertheless a good substitute – isn't that what you call it?

(K.: You are clever with foreign words.)

They are not foreign to me, in so far as I am just as well up in the so-called foreign languages.

(K.: In other words, you are international?)

Yes, that is just what we all are. Now you must ask further if you have anything to heart.

(K.: Yes, I have, but first mother likes to know if you have seen how little K. has fared at Hankø during the days we have been here.)

If he hadn't fared well I should know it, at any rate, and that I hope is sufficient answer.

(K.: The next is whether you remember that last autumn you told us of a lecture that Uncle H. had given, and that was to be communicated to someone among us.)

Don't say the name—I have forgotten the name, but I shall ask Ludvig.

(The name is mentioned here.)

(K.: Yes, that is right. He was to give it, you said.)

And so he shall.

(K.: Then he has not given it yet?)

No.

(K.: Is Uncle H. a good lecturer?)

Yes, yes. He is very much alive, so that it sounds funny when people down there among you say that he is dead.

(K.: Can you tell us the nature of his subjects?)

That is difficult, as I shall not be able to find the correct pictures to render it intelligible to you. In a way they are historical lectures, but history which to you is quite unknown and for the present unthinkable. But just wait till this science becomes - no, not becomes - comes more to the front. I call it science, for that is what it is. I am referring, to use a much abused word, to Spiritualism.

(K.: Can you remember that at a séance last year you tried an experiment with a book?)

Yes, but at that time I was hardly quite aware of how difficult it really is to give that kind of proof. For that was after all the purpose. And it will never succeed either.

Are you not surprised that it goes so well in spite of the weather? As we said we have taken our precautions, but that is not always possible.

(K.: Does one retain one's feeling of nationality over where you are?)

Yes, among other things: none of us ever gets away from our native country. Of course I just mean that a reflex from it always will remain, and under certain conditions I can see episodes that have taken place hundreds of years ago, but what I see in such cases I could not express in words.

It is not quite so easy to see into what you call the future.

(I: We are quite impressed by you, Eva.)

I am impressed myself. But I am one of these who chatter volubly, that is what I am.

But there is one thing I want to say, viz., that you, father, must not overstrain yourself by pondering over these things. You have so many things to do, and these spodic communications should be sufficient for you. And do not think too much ahead.

I am satisfied as long as you only believe when I am here. That is fully enough. Once in a while I have the opportunity to peep into you, at home; we have enough to do with our own affairs, each on his side.

And you, mother, you are so responsive, so it goes so excellently; only don't be worried if you do have to question this a little now and then. It is so human and especially for you who have no continuous communication like many others, as, for instance, Ludvig's and Ragnar's fortunate father and mother.

This was a terribly long sentence so now I must let Ludvig come. But I am coming back when I have rested, unless you are tired of me.

I here. Darling also. But I first because Ragnar is talking with Eva just now. Hasn't Eva been incredibly clever? It is not incredible to us, however, because we see his as she is. For you, I suppose, it is difficult to eliminate the little three-year-old girl who left you. Nevertheless, I think by this time she must have given you a characteristic picture of herself, and it accord with what you might have expected of her as a grown-up girl.

Just the same, she is considerably more advanced than a seventeen-year-old girl among you.

(I: It is a good indication of the conditions for development among you.)

Just so. And now Darling is coming for a moment.

DARLING: How do you do, Mams; how do you do, Daddy. You know, me and you, Mams, quite – no I did not say quite - I am in a serious mood I, said: You have indeed no reason to cry, it is superb here, as I have said so often. I have to knock it into your head, it seems, or perhaps I have to print it with blue marks on your arm. I am pleased, all the same, that you are touched for my sake. I must confess, that was my weakness before, too. It was such fun to frighten Mams because it was so easy to take her in. This is not such a spiritual or intellectual conversation as my two companions offer, but it suits me. Only wait till I have been here a little longer, and I shall impress you too. For the present, a little balance is what you want. I mean a little of each.

This is all I am able to say to-day. We come on Sunday, then.

(Mother: I kiss you, Darling.)

And I you.

Eva again. I want to say just a few words now. We have already stayed very long. I am not going to tell you any more this time. I would only like to know when there could be an opportunity next, either her or at home.

(I: You know, Eva, that your father and mother are always welcome here.)

And I also know that father and mother are pleased to come whenever they have a chance. It is not hard to realize that they are welcome. I mean that they feel it themselves. Otherwise I suppose it could be arranged some time at home, too.

(I: They will be here Thanksgiving day, I suppose, and then they will stay over my birthday.)

When is that ?

(Not very soon, not till November.)

You know, Uncle Ludvig, that in a way no time is long here, as time does not exist, and if we only know that a thing will happen.

(K.: Yes, we shall be here.)

Excellent. And remember what I have said. Then I must say good night, and thank you very much. It has been so indescribably nice to be with you.

Au revoir and good night.

Fredriksstad, October 30th, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Alf, Eva's parents, my wife and I.

We here. Only, be kind enough to put it off for an hour, then we shall try to get a good connection. So long! ['So long' is an English phrase]

We here. And Eva is with us, and I think the connection will be good, even if we cannot stay very long; if I am rightly informed, they will stay with you for a few days, and now we let Eva speak. We remain here.

Here I am, Eva. And I am delighted to see you again. Fortunately it did not seem as long as I expected – this interval since last - I mean of course time, as you understand it. When it comes to a connection with you and those on your side, there is a period of waiting in a way also for us.

I have had plenty to fill that interval with, and so have you I know. By aid of sporadic glimpses I have been able to follow you. And I have seen you, father, speak on a certain occasion. There were many people present, and there was somebody else who said something. A medium was there, a lady by whose help I could follow you so excellently. It does not frequently happen, I am sorry to say; but am I not right? Did you not give a speech?

(K.: Yes, and somebody else spoke on the same occasion.)

But I am sure you had no idea of my presence. I am impressed, even though many stupid people are not.

(I, jokingly: Ludvig, for instance?)

You know we don't agree there. But on this side such things have far less significance. They fade away into the greatness that surrounds us. Still you must not think that controversies do not occur here. Ludvig has told me that you, uncle, as a matter of course, are as conservative as himself. I dare say he got it with his mother's milk, as I have heard you express it.

But now I have talked continuously without letting you get a chance, so if you have any questions to ask, I am all ears. It is, however, difficult to control this planchette. We had to take some precautions, and that is why.

(K.: Have you any experience since last to tell us about?)

Nothing of great importance has happened, I have had no special experience to tell about, at least not of the kind I am permitted to mention. In my activity there are always interesting things occurring, and particularly - by the way, I happened to think of a certain thing I mentioned on an occasion at home and of which we have also spoke later, it was in regard to that lecture, you know.

Was there anything in that connection that struck you as remarkable?

(K.: Yes, N. N. gave a lecture about ...)

(A short pause.)

We here. All three of us. Eva stopped in the middle of a sentence and will continue, but it will probably not be so easy now. You know, the weather conditions make it exceedingly hard, and our contrivance suffices only for a brief space of time, and so it had to be renewed; that was why we disappeared. But now Eva is here.

Eva. It was simply that that gentleman has used certain parts of what I then indicated. The rest will be given him on a later occasion. But this I suppose you hardly can understand. For that reason it was silly of me to mention it; however, it was simply as a proof that you receive impulses from this side, and I thought this would interest you, so I thought I ought to use a specific instance. I cannot always tell beforehand the effect on you. I see it, of course, myself, but I am unable to use just the easiest means of making it clear to you, for the reason that I never had any conscious thought while on your side. You understand I don't know how much is needed to make plain what I have to tell you. It is clear? I have not gained the experience under the same conditions; here it is far easier because words are not needed. And the fact that I am able to use words as I do it now, is the result of training. It is not a matter of course as with you.

(K.: Was N. N.'s lecture as result of an impulse from your side?)

From uncle H. on that occasion. Nevertheless, it is no less genuine.

(K: Perhaps you could give me an impulse for my next lecture?)

I will not say anything about that. It will come spontaneously, if not from me personally, then at least from here, and I also know that you have received it before; but now I must say good night and ask to be allowed to come back to-morrow. My two young gentlemen will say a few words before we disappear, and mean - while I shall look round a little.

Fredriksstad, October 31st, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Alf, Eva's parents, my wife and I.

We here, all three.

Now Eva will speak. We stay, as yesterday.

EVA : Do you find me obtrusive who want to come every night?

(We: Oh, no!)

I knew it. There is something I have thought over and would start talking about, if you have nothing important to ask. It is in regard to the belief in these things. For there is one thing that appears so clear to me from my knowledge of both of you, father and mother. It is my opinion that if you had not got in touch with this - let me call it religion - then you would not have believed in a life after this at all. Isn't that so?

(K. and M.: Yes.)

And then I think you must take it for granted that you will never experience any disappointment. For if there is any reality in this, what there of course is, then you will see for yourselves the confirmation of our words and acts. And in case, as you may be inclined to believe, there should be no life after this, then you will never know of your mistake in case you embrace this faith. What do you say to this? With that it is not my intention to try to influence you, it was just a thought that seemed to me to be logical. So you may believe in any moment you like without remorse. For we understand that for persons with such an – (I: Can't you get Ludvig to give you the word you are hunting for?) I want to find it myself – *ingrown*, I must say, conviction of just the reverse of what we teach, it must be extremely difficult to get a grasp of what to you must seem wholly fantastical.

(K.: Have you any connection with other planets?)

We have, but even my lips are sealed as to that. I can at least say so much, that we are nearer to some of them than you are.

(M.: I have wondered how there is room for all the beings that have existed.)

There is an infinity of room in the universe for many of your dimensions, mother. I notice you have grown - yes, what is it called - ?

(I: "Thin".)

A more refined word. Slender, says Rangnar.

(K.: You have previously mentioned that you would come in touch with Mrs T. Have you anything to tell us in regard to that?)

Not this time. I understand that time with you is a somewhat different conception. What we think will take place in a short time may to you be years. But you must understand that there all the same exists an analogy to time. What this complicated?

(K.: Not at all. How is it with the different religions amongst you?)

Religion is the essence, the foundation on which our life is built. For that reason it is uniform to all of us. We see it so clearly. Fundamentally it is just love. Away with all evil, there you have religion in its principal features and in most reality. It is vastly more simple with us. It is such a pity that you have to make it so difficult, but perhaps it must be so, else there would be no struggle.

(K.: And now a little about life on your side.)

It is one continuous pleasure to live. We have moments that are not so altogether easy, but then we get help.

I am only sixteen years. I meant to impress you with my knowledge, but that I ought not to do; therefore I take back what I said last. But in order to attain so far, I have had assistance continually, but I am childish enough to wish for a little praise.

(K.: But you are between seventeen and eighteen years.)

Ludvig said sixteen, in your years, of course. I know that I came to you during the festival that also we celebrate. (Eva was born during Christmas.) But we may be a little confused in regard to years. Here there is not the same way of measuring time. I meant that at the age of sixteen-seventeen one could not know so much, and that you might for that reason doubt that it is I. Would you like to ask anything more?

(K.: Languages you learn to a great extent. I seem to have understood.)

Yes. Languages that you cannot learn at all. Some other time I shall tell you something in a foreign language, but then I shall select one you can afterwards get translated. But I do not want any of you to know it. I cannot this time, but it shall not be forgotten.

Now I have said a great deal, and really been quite profound, so this must be enough for to-night.

Well, good night, then. And you probably think I am crazy when I propose to-morrow!

LUDVIG: I here, but just to say that to-night we must retire at once. Ragnar sends his regards.

Fredriksstad, November 1st, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Alf, Eva's parents, my wife and I.

We here. But to-night it will not be easy. But then we have to-morrow. And it need hardly be said that we will be there to wish the birthday child many happy returns of the day. Now Eva will try after all. You must not think she will give anything up without making an attempt. I will return. Ragnar is not with us to-night. He is busy.

Yes, here is Eva, eagerness personified. I must appear rather eager to you, but to-night I shall confine myself to a few words, because the connection is less good.

Have you any questions?

(K.: Yes, something about the teaching you receive, for instance?)

It may be a little complicated, owing to the short time. But do you remember I mentioned that I was commissioned to prepare - I think I called it a lecture. Didn't I? Or have I not mentioned it to you?

(Yes, you did.)

It is now finished, and I only wait for the verdict, whether it is worthy to be held, or to be shown is perhaps more correct to say. For there is something like a committee to pass judgement on that kind of matters, and now I await the decision.

(K.: Are you nervous?)

Yes, exactly as you would be.

(K.: Only that there probably with you would be the certainty of an objective judgement.)

It might be both ways even here, although differently. I mean it is just, as a matter of course, but at the same time there may be others just as wise who would decide differently. This applies to small matters only. I may say I am passing an examination.

(K.: Is it of importance to you?)

Yes, undoubtedly, particularly for the nearer future.

(K.: We shall be anxious to know the result.)

You will know, no doubt. By the way, I think what I said about being just is incorrect as far as you are able to understand it. I mean that among you it is much harder to obtain a just decision, but even there both decisions may probably to a certain extent be equally right.

Ludvig says that I can compare what I termed committee with the university.

(K.: And your test is then a sort of college graduation.)

No, higher up.

(K.: An honours degree, perhaps?)

If I am successful. But that is very uncertain.

(K.: Eventually you can perhaps repeat the test?)

It is a steady grind upwards, and it does not go like lightning. Remember what a goal we are aiming at. And we are very far from omniscient. There is something which is closed to us. There is, however, not the darkness that surrounds you. I mean that we know a little more, and particularly of what has taken place. And then there is, as we previously have mentioned, a great common field of action towards the same goal, and that there is not amongst you. What I mean, then, is that we all agree in important matters, even if there within the different circles may occur controversies.

And therefore I thought that socialization would be most analogous with our harmony. But I am of course not qualified to judge how it would work with you. I have not the slightest doubt that if men were different; this would be the only ideal way. And I think it might be possible. But Ludvig says, "No". But he is not omniscient either, I say.

(I.: There must probably be established a different mental atmosphere first.)

That is what I mean, but that will come, too, when men attain knowledge.

Father, you mentioned your lecture. I visualized a little - no, a passage of what you said, and it was about the motion - I must get a little help to move the planchette now.

Eva again. You mentioned a country, and I travelled - . Do you follow me? Now I must put the picture I received from your description into words. And as I cannot use your, it is difficult. It was the conclusion of what you said that I found so natural. If that hadn't been the case, no picture would have been formed. Now I will explain what I saw. It was a country where there, like here - . Is there one among you by the name of Alf? He disturbs a little, because Ingeborg now sits thinking. Just wait a little.

(Ingeborg says that she sat picturing to herself "Big Alf", the father, walking in the parlour at home in Halden with "Little Alf" on his arm.)

Here again. It was not my intention to offend Alf; it was not his fault, not was it Ingeborg's. it was a very natural thing that occurs so often at other séances which are not so good with other mediums.

But to come back to where I left, I prefer to go on to-morrow. I do not want to risk saying half-way or unintelligently; for that reason reason I shall prepare myself. So I say good night. And I hope I did not give offence to the two. Good night.

LUDVIG: I here. Just good night from me - I must hasten away. Good night.

Fredriksstad, November 2nd, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Alf, Eva's parents, my wife, and I.

We here. Wait about ten minutes, but hold on!

We here. Eva must be allowed to start at once. I shall rather say something afterwards. But she asks me to prepare you for a disappointment. Now she comes.

EVA: It is nothing worse than that I feel that I must give you that picture some time when you don't expect anything of the kind at all. Just try to get it out of your mind, then I shall no doubt hold on to it. Now I have a great deal to do at coming séances, and maybe they will not be uninteresting, if I am successful, I mean.

I shall be glad to tell you a little if you prefer it.

I wonder if you have thought of this, whether we have to render an account of our actions to one or more superiors. Yes, we have. And even if free will is exercised to a certain extent, we must, nevertheless, submit to certain rules, or, in other words, statutes of law. And Ludvig says they are not so easy to evade as with you. But they are strict enough and hard to conform with. At times it may require a great effort, and we must pass through it unaided. There are, for instance, occasions when we are obliged to watch over sick people; not watch as you understand it, but see that they do not do things that are liable to hurt the circle in which they move. Strictly it is not help, but we see what the possible actions will result in, and this we can prevent. It is necessary to be able to see that. We are supposed to have attained that faculty at our present stage. These so-called "sick" are human beings, or - no, not or, for children are also human beings - children as well. Is that clear? It might sound a little contradictory, because I just said that on certain occasions we do not receive help. But you must distinguish between them, for you know well enough that in most cases help is needed.

Then, another thing. At one of the previous séances you mentioned pleasures, and I did not get time to take up this subject. Of course we have pleasures *en masse*, and they do not differ very much from yours.

(K.: Then mother can perhaps get a chance to play her beloved bridge?)

(M. proests indignantly against such profanation.)

It is not profanity, by any means, mother. For we have full access to any kind of diversion if it is not indulged in to excess. And even that happens, but it does not pass unnoticed, I mean without reproach. I hesitated to use that word, because it suggests speech, which does not occur in that way.

Besides, we have art, even performances by artistes.

(I: Then, I might live to see my dear "Johanne Louise".) (A famous Danish actress)

That is undoubtedly so. If not her, at least others.

(I: But I love her particularly, and many a time I have taken up the cudgels on her behalf against her far too critical fellow-countrymen. I should like to meet her some time.)

Then you will undoubtedly. You must not therefore think that just she is one of those performing here. There is no doubt much that will surprise you in that way. I mean that not every shoemaker sticks to his last. And on your side not everybody has the opportunity to follow his true vocation; and would it not be sad if they should not be given a chance to make good?

I have so much at heart. It is like a cornucopia.

Well, I go on relating. Our circles consist of several strata of society, if I may call it so. And we have little, let me call it towns, where all is arranged somewhat in the style of a well-organized town on your side, with houses, parks, streets, churches, lecture-halls, with animals and people. Perhaps you think this is too “natural” to be true, but it is, nevertheless. And then you may believe what you like.

It is very congenial here. Access to all kinds of diversions and full opportunity to cultivate one’s interests. This information from our side has become rather common-place, because it really is a matter of course, and, in so far, something you could have thought out for yourselves.

(How is it with sleep?)

We must, at any rate, rest. It approaches a sleeplike condition.

Have you noticed that Ingeborg is now asleep? Isn’t it strange to see it. She is so splendidly passive to-day. For that reason it works more easily than ever before.

Now I will tell you a little about the schooling I receive at the present time. We are together a band of us who later on are going to be active in the same line of work. We have a head teacher, who lectures to us, and shows us in pictures what the result of our education will lead to. In our case it is church philosophy. Church was not quite correct, however; rather, religion. As you cannot imagine a church like ours, I would rather not use that word. I would like to call it life-philosophy, to make it more clear to you. It is the quintessence of all, and by no means as easy to learn as many think, but exceedingly interesting. And the way our teachings are placed before us is most vivid, and therefore most absorbing. Nobody could sit inattentive during these hours.

It is not a simple matter to give you a clear impression of it all, or to show you how such a lesson takes place.

Oh, if I only could! What a vision you then would have! But wait, it will come. I am sure that you would really rather stay a little longer where you are, especially because one never waits too long when one waits for something good.

(I: It is a peculiarity of all “life”, I believe, that in whatever form it appears it reacts against what seems to be a break in its *present* natural existence.)

Yes. Therefore it is also that the act of committing suicide is severely punished. One must shoulder one's burden, even though it many times seems heavy.

But now I must go. I am so pleased with this evening, and look forward to the next, but you must promise me not to be expectant, and not to be disappointed either if a few things are not successful. I am not always master of my actions. But I am sure we agree that these evenings have been pleasant. So good night I am coming with them to-morrow again. Good night!

LUDVIG :

I here. The connection has been extraordinarily good. But when we have done you must awake Ingeborg very carefully. It is mostly like a trance.

Oslo, November 10th, 1924.

At the home of Eva's parents.

Present, beside the latter, Ingeborg and Eva's brothers, E. and K.

EVA: I am coming alone to-day, but hope to succeed without any help. How do you do? It was a fine hour we spent together, wasn't it? I think I will start to tell what I have been doing since. For I have been with Mrs. T. You remember I said I should get something to do with her. It is this way: She has an institute – that is what I must call it. And there she has mustered together a flock of young folk who are going to learn how people feel the moment they wake up on this side, in order to be able later on to assist on such occasions.

I think you are clever at reading off, father.

Now I happen to have some experience in this line, and, together with a few others, I am helping her. Those we have to do with are beginners.

Have you any questions to-day?

(EVA'S FATHER: Last time, in Fredriksstad, you said you had animals there. Are they the same as with us?)

Yes.

(Do you use them for any purpose?)

First, I must say, as you have heard before, that everything living has its counterpart here. I might have called it its "reflex", if you understand me. And animals are doing work also here. It can, of course, not be in the same way. And not all animals retain their individuality, either, for even animals possess such. There are less-developed animals which pass into the whole, if I may express it so. But life there is. This is one of the things that seems ridiculous to many - I mean that animals go about on this side. But why? They no doubt exist for some purpose. There are lots of such problems which would be easier to solve if men would not make them so complicated.

(Has all that lives here - eternal life?)

It has at least the opportunity for it; more I am not permitted to say in that connection.

I am thinking of what I saw you saying on the evening of your lecture. There was a word that always stands in my way when I want to explain, viz., the word "concerns". (The Norwegian word is "bedrifter".) I do not know what it means, but when you say it, I see great buildings and many people. Hasn't it with such things to do? I might ask here, but I should prefer to find it out for myself. It makes me think of "all-men's-land".

(A short interruption.)

I said "all-men's-land". I cannot easily explain, but can't you what I heard you say in connection with what I said first: "Concerns"? If I could only eliminate that word it would be easier to explain what I mean. But you cannot see that, of course. Lots of things are difficult to explain when we have to use analogies. I think I said that before. On another occasion I shall return to this subject.

(Young K., Eva's little brother, asks a question.)

You are not supposed to know that yet, you little Paul Pry! But I suppose the marks will be splendid. You are clever, I'm sure. I thought so. I think I can see it in your eyes.

(Mirthful motion of the planchette.)

Ludvig says he is just like me. Where is mother? Ask her to come for a short moment, for now I must be going. There will be another opportunity for this, I dare say. I had to have the ensemble complete. Now I see you, too.

(We are told that mother is doing her very best.)

Well, I suppose that has to be. I have been able to say a little to-night, anyway.

I must go now. But we must meet soon again. I come when you call me. Good-bye, and thanks for to-day. Good night!

Oslo, November 15th, 1924.

Present: Ingeborg, Eva's parents, and brother E.

EVA: To-day the connection is not so good, I am sorry to say. But I think it will improve as we go on talking. It usually helps. To begin with, have you any questions?

(A question is asked concerning animals.)

Do you mean animals that continue their individual existence?

(Yes.)

They develop side by side with human beings. Of course they cannot reach the personal intelligence that the human soul gets possession of as he approaches perfection.

(Another question in connection with animals.)

Such animals are not of the same type. We are, however, not permitted to say whether men descend from animals.

(A question whether Eva knows more than we.)

In some lines, of course. But in others perhaps less. You know that all that concerns school teaching on this side must necessarily differ. And the older people who pass over get a different training from the younger, so that life on earth undoubtedly has its significance.

(A question whether old people who pass over are rejuvenated.)

The astral body within does not grow old. It is only the earthly body that is destroyed. You and the rest are born with this astral body. It has developed together with the other. You can picture to yourself that it, so to say, steps out of the earthly envelope. The orthodox believe in the resurrection of the earthly body, and to me it appears incredible that people who in other things have a share of sound sense can embrace such an absurdity. They find it so hard to admit that there exists a body within. It is probably because they must have something they can touch and feel; something concrete, in other words. But the strange thing is that our body is just as concrete to us as yours is to you, only we are equally abstract to each other.

(A question whether the inner body is subjected to growth and development.)

It does not undergo any process of dissolution. It is therefore eternal, in so far as you can conceive eternity. Probably it is as difficult for you to conceive as the beginning. But on this side we are free from the sense of time.

We are getting on fairly well. But I had intended to try an experiment with language; as the connection is not quite good enough, however, it will be too complicated today, since you must not know the language, and each letter therefore must be so accurately given, that it would be a strain on both of us. So we shall have to save it for another time.

Have you any other question, or something else at heart?

(Something concerning what she remembers from her short earthly existence.)

It is not really a question of memory. It is rather that I see the situation and can explain it. There are, of course, many things of which no pictures are formed. I mean from that period.

(Can you give us such a picture?)

I can, for instance, see the home at that time - the rooms. I can see a gathering of ladies, and I sit on the lap of somebody who is not mother, a lady with grey hair

stroked back from the forehead, and mother stands leaning on the piano, which is placed behind the door leading to the other room, with a cup in her hand. She has a chain of black pearls round her neck. It disappears, and I see another picture: It is outside, in a big park. I am out with a lady, "nursie", I think she is called, and there is a strange round building with just one room and no windows. It is open. (Eva apparently sees the music pavilion in Nygaard's Park in Bergen.) Then father and mother come, passing over a large open space, and I run towards them with something in each hand. I stumble - then that disappears, too. I also see father with something under his arm coming down the hill towards our home. I stand there together with brother Helge, and father is bringing something good.

These are probably a few features that have clung to my little brain, and remained as permanent pictures. I was so young that fortunately no unpleasant pictures ever appear; for that happens, too, and for many that means very trying periods. But gradually, as development takes place, the ugly pictures are eliminated. But it is particularly on this side that one perceives the unworthy things one commits on earth, for when they are seen attached to a picture they appear far more drastic: so this is part of the method of punishment here, and it is very effective.

Well, now you have got plenty to speculate on for a while. And now I must go. And thanks for to-day. I always come when you call me, and otherwise when the conditions are favourable.

Oslo, November 18th, 1924.

Present : Ingeborg, Eva's parents, and brother E.

EVA: How do you do. I am sorry to say it is heavy to-day, but we must not give up at once, though, since it is the last time for a while. I shall try to modify the connection by the means I have at my disposal.

First, father, I want to tell you of a lecture I heard by your father. It had to do with the atmosphere around the sphere in which we live. And it will perhaps interest you, as it will benable you to get an impression of how near to you and at the same time how far away from you we are.

In the air that surrounds you there is so much of the same substance that we through when we go from sphere to sphere, and from our sphere to the earth. That is the reason why we are able to accommodate ourselves to your conditions. On our visits we bring some of the substance that chemically has an affinity to the particles we extract in order to form the material nexessary for a connection between us: in other words, what you term "teleplasm". This we have to learn in order to carry on these experiments, and that is what your father has lectured about. I cannot give a nearer or better explanation. I notice, however, that my thought does not form itself very clearly to-day. That is due to the connection. If I have only been able to make myself intelligible, I am satisfied.

(Is Grandpa ever down here with us?)

He has not the same opportunity as I, but then he is farther advanced than I am. He will perhaps on some occasion come himself, but not yet. You will find that in a few years you will have reached much farther in regard to these things than now. I am now thinking of mankind as a whole. And at the same time of science. Not until then will those higher have their say. Higher up among us, I mean. You are not worthy of that as yet. However, Grandpa may come a little earlier. I tell him about you, and about my experiences here at home.

I happened to think that you perhaps draw the conclusion from what I have said that these "higher up" never, before they reached their present stage, had been on your side for the same purpose as we. But they have. For there are far more than you suspect who have connection with us. Many, however, just from curiosity, and then they don't get very far.

I shall try at some time at Fredriksstad to give the language test we have spoken of. One day, when you and those present least expect it. Then it is easiest. To-day it would have been entirely out of the question, owing to the poor connection.

I think I must go now, although I hesitate because it is so cosy to be here. You mustn't think it isn't cosy on this side, too; but it is a funny thing with you.

So good night for this time. It won't be so very long before you hear from me. And, remember, I quite understand that you have nothing to do with these things apart from these intimate séances. I would even go so far as to say I would prefer to have it that way. Well, good night!

Fredriksstad, May 30th, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

Among those present was Eva's father.

EVA: I do not like that mother is not here. That you, father, must tell her was my first words. Then we hope for the - wait! - summer.

And I have looked so much forward to this. For whether you believe me or not, these moments have become indispensable to me.

I am now much together with aunt I . . . But it is so queer to me to call her by that name, because here we have other designations, and I have never before called her that consciously. And we are not permitted to tell you our special names. Neither do our names from before go out of "history", consequently.

And we two have it splendid together. At present she plays the same role for me that Ludvig's grandpa does for him. That sounds perhaps a little odd, as she is a newer arrival. From that you will understand that development on your side is of great importance.

And then the examination went so well. And I am now a step higher – no in a higher sphere, you understand. It will not then be so easy to come in contact with you; that is the only reason why we think there is no haste with it. Furthermore, when we have once come that far, so much will, of course, be changed. Here everything is so wisely arranged.

I am so astonished, when I hear about and myself see people, who in spite of the fact that they have had connection with us, yet for religious reasons find it wrong to continue.

I can comprehend almost all other reasons, but not that one. I touched on this, because we talked about our joy over the contact with your side, and, this it seems to me, we often give spontaneous expression. So scruples ought not to exist, I mean. That is also one of the reasons why I dwell a little on this.

I am the control in a circle in England now, and there just this point makes it so difficult both for me and the medium. There are a mother and son who talk with her husband - his father - who is here. There was a specially tender relation between father and son, and the son wishes so much to continue the contact; but the mother is of the strict High-churchy of England. She is a downright bigot. And in spite of the fact that her husband most tenderly has tried to reconcile her with this, it seems so difficult. Such are some people. Yet we have the hope that we shall succeed. You understand that the danger lies in this, that the son is almost tempted to wish her out of the way, and then he would also be cut off.

(EVA's FATHER: I have in mind that Aunt I. . . looked upon our contact with you as something very sinful.)

It must be for that reason that she has not said anything about it. But she knows better now. And, besides, she had, in spite of all, so much that helped her to at once occupy the position she has now. It is as pedagogue she now works. She is eminent in that field. And here, where the ability to give it all in pictures is of such importance, she is just in her place.

(I: I wonder how I shall fare when I some time come to where I shall use pictures instead of words?)

EVA: Don't you know yourself, then, Uncle Ludvig?

(I: No, this was no false modesty. I can talk quite enough. It was only this production of pictures, which I would consider foreign to my capacities.)

EVA: But when you talk it becomes pictures, you understand. It has nothing to do with drawing. Dear me, what would become of most of us if it had! It is just the living words that form themselves into pictures.

LUDVIG: Eva beats all records. She forms and talks so fast that it is almost incredible, because it is not her usual mode of expression.

I feel a little tired to-night, because I have earlier had a difficult task. I have received a young man, who was actually crushed. But it shall go. Still you can imagine it is one of the things which wear one a little. To-morrow I shall be perfectly all right again. Hence, no anxiety, mother!

Fredriksstad, June 1st, 1925.

We here - Now comes Eva.

EVA: And I hope it will not be too difficult to understand me. You can perhaps all help to take it down.

(Eva's father asks how long it takes before one gets his normal appearance over there.)

EVA: It takes some time before one gets the appearance one shall have. But it is in any case not even approximately that which one leaves. If one, for instance, has had a bad disease that affects also the astral body. And if one is very old, that also has its influence. Aunt I. . . has not been here so long yet that she really has gained her permanent body. I said, you remember, that she stands in the same relation to me that Ludvig's grandpa stands in to him. Yet there is a difference. But that is in other fields, where she in her earth life had developed those faculties which she now uses in our service. Hence you understand how close the connection is between your side and ours.

(EVA'S FATHER: When one over there has received one's normal appearance, then one does not grow old, does one?)

EVA: No, and yet we undergo a change to a certain degree, because of our psychic development. That imprints itself on the exterior, just as life sets its stamp upon you, be it from evil or from good. Here you can imagine a curve. It goes up and down. I mean, if a less good act is committed here, it cannot be hidden. Because our countenance is so sensitive for that kind of thing. It will then take some time for such a one to rehabilitate himself. And thus, I mean, it is, that the pendulum swings.

(Does race difference imprint itself on the exterior over there?)

Yes, there will always be a difference. Take a mulatto, for example, or a negro. He will not be black, but the difference is there. It is light and dark, I mean. All races.

(But there is no race hatred?)

No. That ought not to exist with you either. And no class distinction according to my view. And here there is not any either in that sense. But it will always tend that way that those who belong together most frequently come together, no matter where they originate from on your side. With you most of the people are parted into different groups, and that must have its reaction on this side, in so far that those who have found each other down there also belong together here, with exceptions, of course. But where there on your side have been conjunction between different

classes the harmony continues just as perfect here. And in the future there will be no class distinction that we know.

And you see the tendency goes in that direction, even in entering into wedlock. Isn't that true? So it should be. But this doesn't mean that there are not many failures in marriages. But look and see if not most of the dissolved marriages, of which there are altogether too many on your side, occur among the so-called society. And you may be sure that the parties concerned will have something to go through for this.

(EVA'S FATHER : There is no marriage problem on your side?)

No. But a tie there is - and how could we be entirely without that, which, so to speak, is the quintessence of life. For from it all life has sprung. Isn't that so? There is so much in this word - couple. Whether it is here or there.

Fredriksstad, August 3rd, 1925.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

(Eva had asked to get a private sitting with her parents.)

EVA: Splendid that you came now. I talk first about common things till Ingeborg goes to sleep. I work easiest then. And you do not need to think of her. We take care.

Have you got a needle, a pin? Insert it lightly into her arm.

(Eva's father does so. Ingeborg does not react.)

You can do it again. She feels nothing.

(Eva's mother makes a face, while her husband thrusts the pin into Ingeborg's arm.)

It is not brutal, mother. And then we can talk together as if we were alone. I have one who takes care of Ingeborg. She is enjoying herself at present.

(EVA'S FATHER: Where do you stand now?)

I am standing between you and Ingeborg, and take power from her. I can tell you a little more about how we do that, but I shall wait till to-night . . .

Evening the same day. Also we others were present.

EVA: You know perhaps that I have been here before to-day. I am rapacious now. I promised father to-day that I should tell a little about how I draw the power from Ingeborg. I stand straight up here and direct the planchette with my thought, after having first produced the stuff which composes the hand or arm that operates the planchette. This I do by that, to you, invisible substance which emanates from Ingeborg, and which I manipulate with my hands to form the arm as long or short as it must be, and then adhere it to the planchette.

I just thought of certain places on your side, where we experiment with this, and where there are sceptics present. There are two kinds of sceptics. Those who know

that they know nothing. They are entirely harmless. Where they are present we can give much. But the other type, those who imagine that they know all; there we have great difficulty.

After the planchette séance Eva demonstrates through Ingeborg in clairvoyance, the reception of a young girl coming from earth life to their side.

We hear Eva's consoling words to the new arrival, assertion that she is not dead at all, but, on the contrary, more alive now than ever before. And we get repeated to us the astonished young girl's questions and exclamations. She is shown her future home. We hear her ask: "Am I to live there?" And then the exclamation: "Oh, is that you!" Then from Eva an admonition: "Wait, not yet! You have something to learn first." Then the word kaleidoscope is mentioned, and it is demonstrated how there are rolled-up pictures from earth life before the young girl's vision. We understand that not all of it is beautiful. We hear the young girl with anxiety in her voice ask: "Is that me? Have I done that?"

Then appears one who wants to lure the girl away from this unpleasant vision. We understand that she is enticed by presentations of that which in earth life had the greatest attraction for her. We hear Eva's warning admonition: Do not follow that other one! You will be bitterly sorry for it, and it will later make it so difficult for you to find the way back here again. And all that the other one promises you is to be found here, and much more beautifully here, when once you have learned what must be learned to be qualified to live here among us.

Oslo, November 19th, 1925.

At Eva's parents' in Oslo.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

EVA: (She has at a previous séance hinted at a visit from "higher quarters", and her father wishes now to get some particulars from this visit.)

Well, it passes off in this way. As you have heard before, we are in our sphere in closer touch with the higher spheres that you with ours. That is, our connection is regular. We have what I can most adequately call a visitation. This takes place regularly, and such a one we have just had. At this visitation we have to appear together with whoever we at the time have in our charge, and who shall then undergo an examination.

We congregate in one of the halls you have heard about, and we have to step forward in turn with our ward, who is asked some questions.

(You had also such a ward then?)

Yes, it was a young boy whom I have mentioned before, if I remember rightly, and he passed his examination very well. He and the others will now have to start on their own, at least to a certain extent, and that will be the hardest test. Because then

they will learn what it is to possess a free will, and that is a severe test. Here are no restrictions in a human sense, you see.

Of course there are certain ethical conceptions and moral laws, the trespassing of which causes a setback in the development.

I am thinking so much of what there has been said about our communications to you. I can't understand that people cannot be a little more elastic in regard to these things; that all we tell you shall be taken so literally. We must give you these analogies so that you may get a sort of understanding of our concrete forms of existence.

Why should here be more chaotic and irregular than on your side, which, admittedly, is on a lower level?

And then this forcing upon us of some particular brand of religion! One continues being a Catholic, one continues being a Protestant, a Theosophist, or an Anthroposophist until one gradually realizes that all dogmatic religion is superfluous. One experiences, so to speak, the real religion in one's own innermost self. And that religion is so very simple, only founded on love and harmony.

I must in this connection think of grandfather. He was of a strictly religious nature. But to look at that benevolence which radiates from him is simply wonderful, and it gives us a feeling of reverence when in his presence. He has taught us never to judge. And he speaks (I must always smile when I say "speak") with an authority, a wisdom, that gives him the right to give us these rules of conduct.

Fredriksstad, August 3rd, 1926.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

(During the visit of Eva's parents in the first days of August, we had several fine clairvoyance séances with Ingeborg in trance.

Especially one evening Ingeborg was enthusiastic about Eva's dress. It was to this Eva's father was alluding when he said: You were extraordinarily well-dressed and adorned yesterday!)

EVA: That was for long and faithful service. It is the usual manner of payment. You misunderstood me. I mean that work is the payment for what we may wish to come into possession of. Because money, as you call it, does not exist here. But we have to pay all the same. It is arranged so that it is in everybody's power to get his wishes fulfilled.

One is not handicapped as with you. Here we are entering upon your special field again. I mean the altering of the social order. But the time will come when all this will be different. You may be sure of that.

That will come about by your world being drawn nearer to ours. A general connection, independent of mediums, will be established.

When only humanity gets its eyes opened to our cause, then the atmosphere will become easier to work in, and *that* is our work.

Why shall this iron curtain separate us? It is not intended to be so. Humanity forfeited its chances long ago, and it has taken our side so long to rehabilitate you.

Fredriksstad, December 29th.

Ingeborg at the planchette.

Private sitting for Eva's parents.

EVA: Wasn't I clever now? Ingeborg, too, for that matter. She is remarkable susceptible. I only pulled her arm once, and there she was! This mediumistic power is a wonderful thing you see. A faculty which not all are lucky enough to possess. And those who do not possess it do not always appreciate it properly, but that is perhaps one of the reasons why there are so few mediums. Such a power may very easily be misused, and will then be lost.

Here I have you all my myself, and why shouldn't I be allowed that for a little while? It does not happen very often, anyway. And yet, in some way, I find even that to be a wise arrangement, too. I'm afraid I should be taking too much of your time if we were to have a regular connection. It is easy enough to see you, but to make you feel my presence is harder. But that is fortunately something I have become used to now. And if you think of all the years during which I have been able only to see you but not to talk to you, then this must seem like a veritable revolution.

Does it appear strange to you that one is so attached to one's home, and never gives it up? To begin with, we are taught to care for our home, and gradually it becomes a necessity. That is how I have acquired a pretty good conception of the conditions down there; and it is the same with all of us. There is not a bereaved family to be found, which is not followed by its departed. It is not the time yet to make this known, but it is coming. That we know. We cannot calculate time in this case either.

I am at present reading a book by a Hindu on this side.

(EVA'S FATHER: In English?)

No, in his own language. It is quite wonderful.

(EVA'S FATHER: So they are writing books on your side, too?)

It seems much more natural to me that we have literature than that we should be without. Those who are here are human beings, and why should they cease to produce? Haven't you got a saying to the effect that he or she is "a poet by the grace of God"? You must not, however, take it for granted that a more or less mediocre writer, suffering from scribbling-itch, will be allowed to continue on this side. But it is not prohibited by the police as certain people have insinuated on your side. When we say prohibited, it is because it prohibits itself, so to speak. Their eyes are opened, in other words.

Do I bore you now? I do not always know what may be of special interest to you.

(Eva's father asks if she can more fully explain what she on a previous occasion said about the relations between the sub-conscious and the subliminal self.)

Yes, yes! The subliminal self is your soul, father. And the sub-conscious is a rather untidy hodge-podge with a few glimpses of something – well, a something which may now and then find sporadic expression.

With the knowledge I have in this matter, I dare say, however, that you will not be able to find any continuous material to prove, e.g., that we, who are communicating in this manner, should derive from that source - the sub-conscious, in other words.

Well, now I must be off. I should have liked to stay until you went away, though. I don't know of anything cosier than this. It is lovely with us, I dare say, and in reality I suppose I am the one of us who is best off. But I can hardly control my longing to show you everything here, and make you comfortable. It won't be hard, I know, I know that.

But now I must run along. I have such a lot to talk about, and when I am leaving it comes all at once. Good-bye Mims; you good-bye Pips!

Have you got anything to eat for Ingeborg?

Chapter V

Miscellaneous Episodes

I could fill a whole book with accounts of communications established by Ludvig and Ragnar between surviving individuals and their dear ones on the other side. Every so often I receive letters from persons, formerly strangers to me, within or outside the country, people who have lost friends and relatives, and would like so much to get a sign to prove that these are still alive after their death. But discretion must here be observed. I am prevented from giving names, and in that way virtually from relating such episodes which indeed constitute an essential part of the subject-matter of our communications during recent years.

As such letters arrive I file them in a portfolio, in order to present them at the first opportunity. To read the letters aloud is quite unnecessary; they are read as soon as they are placed on the table, irrespective of whether my daughter has read them or not; her presence is all that is required, her mediumship being utilized for the reading. Under favourable conditions the reading progresses with astonishing speed and ease.

One evening Ludvig asked me through the planchette to place on the table the letters I had received since our last communication.

I took the letters from the portfolio and placed them in a pile in front of me on the table. Ingeborg had not seen or heard about any of these letters at all, and sat at the

planchette in deep sleep. I had, of course, read the letters myself on their arrival, but at the moment I could hardly remember a single one of the names of the writers. And as to the arrangement of the letters in the pile, it was quite casual, and I was completely in ignorance.

But through the planchette Ludvig says that he, just for fun, will show me that he is acquainted with the letters. And without any letter being moved from the pile he gives me all the names of the letter-writers in the order in which the letters had been placed one on top of the other.

I shall below give a few examples of Ludvig's and Ragnar's intermediary activity.

A young scientist who had lost his wife came to us with an inquiry whether it was possible to get in communication with her through a séance with Ingeborg. He was about to leave for a foreign country, and was therefore anxious that it should take place without much delay.

Ingeborg, however, convalescing from a recent hard attack of influenza, found it necessary, temporarily, to decline.

Through Ingeborg's hand, while she herself sat in deep sleep, Ludvig dictated the following letter:

“Dear Mr. . . .

“As my sister's mediumship during these days is not in very good shape, I must disappoint you by taking charge myself. First, I had intended to wait a while in order to get better conditions. But at the earnest request of your wife, who knows that it would be a great disappointment to you, if the indicated date did not bring anything, I send you these lines with word that the message which was intended for to-day will be given on the earliest occasion when my sister is able to be of service to your wife. I, who know her, and can utilize what little mediumicity there remains at my disposal, am able to explain this to you.

“Hoping that you will be patient for a short time, I am, with greetings from your wife,

“Yours,

LUDVIG DAHL.”

“P.S.—I bring these greetings on my own initiative, while suspecting that your wife would prefer not to send greetings through others.

“L. D.”

Later the desired communication was established through Ingeborg while in trance, I am told, in a manner highly convincing to the young widower.

Mr. L., a lawyer of high standing, but unknown personally to me and my family, writes to me that, while not even remotely having had connection with psychical topics, he had read my books, and now feels urged to enter into direct

communication with me regarding the matter. He does not know, he declares, whether he wants to attend a séance, but the subject occupies him sufficiently to induce him to write to me about it. My answer was that in case he should ever like to attend, he would be welcome in our little circle. He replies with thanks that he would like to think the matter over. A few days later I receive another letter from him. This time he writes that he gratefully accepts our invitation to attend a séance. Something has happened. A young relative of his has met with a disaster. I kept the communication to myself (mentioned it to no one but my wife) until we got a planchette séance with Ingeborg. Then we produced the letter in order to read it to Ludvig and Ragnar.

Ingeborg had no idea of the existence of letter or letter- writer.

As I am bringing the letter, Ludvig says (through the planchette) "I think I anticipate what this letter contains, but I shall be glad to hear it. First I must tell you, however, that on account of Mr. L. having written to you, I have come in touch with his father, who relates that, all the time since he passed over (about twenty-five years ago) he has followed his son and tried his best to guide him and, indirectly, influence him. It is undoubtedly he who in this case has induced his son to come to you, and you may safely say that you had confided this matter to no one but mother when I said this. You no doubt understand what I mean, and I feel certain that in time we shall be able to bring a greeting from a young boy to his parents. And having said this much you may read the letter to me."

(After the reading.)

"You see I have already answered this, but I like to add that I heartily sympathize with these people, and understand their bitterness. I have a strong desire to help, and may I succeed! I hope and have faith that I will get help from above, when I pray for it. We need to pray, and we do it cheerfully and frankly. There was a time when I could not think of - I might almost say yielding myself up. But once you have grasped the matter it is so wonderfully simple."

"Well, this letter put us in solemn mood, but why should not you, our nearest, get a glimpse also of our most serious feelings."

(A remark from my wife.)

"Yes, Mams. I think, however, it will be best to wait for a little while; safest, at any rate. Therefore I did not propose any day, as I took it for granted that it could not take place except when Ingeborg would be here, viz during the last days of the month. And, as I said safest; I mean that we must arrange it so that there may be at least a hope, that the young man can come himself. The chance is, of course, much less, until a certain number of days have elapsed."

The sequence of this episode was that the writer of the letter arrived, and that he, already at the first séance, got in touch, and had a conversation - to him entirely convincing - with his own father, who explained to him, among other things, that

this meeting was the result of a preparation, mental suggestion being part of the plan.

He knew what would happen. "We can forecast that much of what future has in store," he said. With him he had the young relative who was described by Ingeborg, and fully recognized as the one who had met with the fatal accident. He gave his last name and his Christian name, at first by means of pictorial synonyms; later Ingeborg succeeded in getting the names exactly worded.

He referred to his sudden departure, and otherwise identified himself by different characteristic features from his earth life; particularly he referred to his last conversation with his uncle before the catastrophe. As said before, the young man's existence was entirely unknown to my daughter, and his home had been in a town far away.

Our guest who, on later occasions, has had other experiences through Ingeborg's mediumship, declares that he is convinced, beyond the shadow of doubt, that it is his father and his nephew he in this way has communicated with, and through these experiences he has been able to console effectively the parents and the grandparents of the departed.

I want to mention a little incident in connection with a test which our guest made by sending Ingeborg a collection of photos of young men, with the request to point out the one she had seen and talked with during her clairvoyance. It is to be noted, in this connection, that Ingeborg has afterwards only a very faint recollection of her visions during her clairvoyance. Nevertheless, she marked two of the photos, and wrote back that she had seen these faces, without being able to say where. She got these two photos returned with the request to have them handy during a séance in the hope that the nephew himself would assist in indicating the right one. She succeeded perfectly, being able, after the séance, at which the uncle was not present, not only to declare with certainty which photo was the identical one, but to show a characteristic imperfection in the likeness. Our friend verified the correctness of this criticism.

A newspaper editor from another town, previously personally unknown to any of us, asked permission to attend a séance with us. He came, and – through Ingeborg, while in trance - had for nearly three hours an intimate conversation with his father, who had died nine years ago. In writing, and unseen by any but himself, he directed a series of questions, and got them answered, one after the other.

The editor, who had never before had anything to do with psychical subjects, declared that no sane person with a similar experience could have any doubt that here the so-called "dead" was very much alive, talking with his son.

Toward the end of the long and intimate conversation between father and son, which cannot here be repeated, an episode took place which made a strong impression by its spontaneous character. The conversation between the editor and

his father was interrupted, by Ludvig, who with a courteous apology for interrupting, asked that a young lady on his side might be allowed to present a message. Ingeborg then hails the new, to us invisible, guest, who asks that she, for the sake of discretion, may be allowed, through the hand of the medium, to write down her own name and the name and address of the person for whom the message is intended. This she does through Ingeborg's hand, and through Ingeborg's mouth she then gives her message to the addressee. She indicated a date on which she desired to have the message delivered to him. Finally she thanks for the assistance, and departs with apologies for the interruption, after which the conversation between the editor and his father is resumed.

The message from the unknown lady was duly sent. A letter from the addressee brought out the fact that the name the lady gave as her own was that of his young deceased wife, and that the date given was the anniversary of her death - both facts which were quite unknown to my daughter and to all the others present. He writes that the message was of great interest and value to him.

Subsequently the editor mentioned has had continual and marvellous experiences through Ingeborg's mediumship. He has, for instance, more than once, received answers to questions directed to his father, and submitted in sealed envelopes at séances which he personally did not attend, and of which he was not aware. In case the questions were of a more intimate nature, the answers have been given in numeral ciphers instead of letters.

This case is by no means unique in my daughter's practice. Cipher letters in answer to questions submitted in sealed envelopes have lately occurred rather frequently through her. On one occasion the same editor, acting as intermediary, submitted a sealed letter from an anonymous sender to an anonymous addressee - the editor knew the sender personally, but not the addressee, nor the contents of the letter - and at a subsequent séance, which the editor did not attend, there came an answer from the unnamed addressee to the sender, in numeral ciphers.

A Swedish lady, up to that time a stranger to us, had visited us and got in communication with her husband and her son. After her return to Stockholm she received in answer to a letter submitted in a sealed envelope a supplementary communication from her husband, who, during a séance in my home one evening, presented himself quite spontaneously, and asked to be permitted to dictate to Ingeborg a letter intended for his wife. As he expressed himself in Swedish, Ingeborg had considerable difficulty in catching his words. But then he started to dictate numbers, and it went so fluently and at such a pace that my son, Frithjof, who, as a journalist, has considerable practice in taking notes, had to exert himself in order to take down the figures, of which there were about 800.

I dispatched the cipher letter that same evening. But the next forenoon there came a further 800 or more numbers from the same source, this time written down directly through Ingeborg's hand.

The Swedish lady declares that she is convinced, beyond any doubt, that the letters are genuine messages from her deceased husband. Her four surviving children are mentioned in the letters by their names, completely unknown to Ingeborg and the rest of us. She also informs us that the letters are in perfect Swedish.

A woman editor of a Danish periodical recently sent me - for presentation and eventual reading and answering by Ludvig and Ragnar - a letter in a sealed envelope without any address.

Although the episode is not yet completed, I am going to report the preliminary result.

December 5th, 1929, I placed the Danish letter and the sealed envelope on the table in front of me, together with a pile of other letters.

Ingeborg was sleeping at the planchette.

LUDVIG: We here. "We have already been here for some time."

(I: And perhaps been busy looking over the submitted correspondence?)

LUDVIG : "That is just what we have. And we have taken notice of everything."

"In regard to Mrs. F.'s sealed letter" the above Danish one – "we like to have it presented at a special séance. For such an experiment, time is needed. Time for reading it, and eventually taking it to the person concerned (unless it proves to be for ourselves), and for answering it."

December 7th, 1929

Ingeborg asleep at the planchette.

LUDVIG

"By the by, I do not see that letter from Mrs. F."

(I: "Oh, I had forgotten. I am going to fetch it.")

When I shortly afterwards came with the letter, Ingeborg had dropped the planchette, and sat in clairvoyant trance. I placed the sealed envelope on the table.

Since I received the letter it had remained, untouched, with me, except during the moment it was lying on the table during the séance of December 5th.

By following Ingeborg's gaze, we understand that Ludvig now is moving from his usual place at her right side toward the table, and that he bends over the letter.

INGEBORG : "What do you want ? What are you doing now, Ludvig?"

We also understand that Ragnar is moving from his place behind his mother's chair towards the table at the side of Ludvig.

INGEBORG: "Why are you coming? What are you doing now? No - I am not going to disturb you."

“What have you done? Do you say you have read it?”

“Yes. It is not directed to Darling and me, but to the two fathers.”

(“I do not understand - the two fathers?”)

“It contains a request to father and father-in-law to give an irrefutable proof for propaganda purposes. I shall pass it on to the party concerned. I take it for granted that as soon as I mention the senders . . . ”

(I, interrupting: “You mean the sender?”)

LUDVIG: “The senders ; there are two . . . the addressees will be able to apply to us, to Ragnar and myself. No name can be inferred from the letter; but from the signatures I can nevertheless derive the surname of one of them. . . . So we will expect words from the two gentlemen.”

It is this we are still awaiting. But that the contents of the letter were correctly read, is vouched for by the reply I received from the sender in Denmark. She writes: “Ludvig and Ragnar have read the letter correctly and completely. When they speak of two ‘fathers’, it is entirely correct, as is also the statement that the letter is not addressed to Ludvig and Ragnar, but to the said ‘fathers’, or as they say: ‘father’ and ‘father-in-law’.

And the request consists in getting an absolute proof of life after death to be used in propagating our cause.

There are furthermore two signatures, viz., my husband's and my own, and when Ludvig says that he from the signature is able to derive the last name of one of them, it is the name of my husband. Everything is correct.”

It is hardly necessary to mention that I returned the sealed letter intact, together with Ludvig's reply.

I have no space for any more of these episodes. But as a very instructive example of the kind of messages that may come from the other side, I will mention a greeting to a mother, whose little boy had died a few months before. The message which was brought by Ludvig says that the little boy is still resting and being nursed - and that the nurse begs that the mother may be made to understand how her restless grief is disturbing to the little one, and how it worries him, that she in her thoughts associates him with the grave, in which his castoff body has been laid.

Might not many a sorrowing mother take this message to heart and learn a lesson from it?

Occurrences at two materialization séances with the medium, Einer Nielsen, in Denmark, and other occurrences linked with them.

In the early part of October, 1927, I got an opportunity to attend a couple of materialization séances with the renowned medium, Einer Nielsen. I do not intend to take up his case in connection with his sad experiences at Oslo, even though much

could be said as a comment on that event. * But I want to state that I have seen sufficient results of his phenomenally sensitive powers to declare, without hesitation, that he is a genuine medium for speaking in trance as well as for materialization.

* Adverse criticism of two research committees, one appointed by the University, the other by the Norwegian S.P.R.

The two séances for materializations that I was invited to attend, were held a few miles from Copenhagen, at the home of the highly respected spiritualist and psychical researcher, H. E. Bonne, author of "Life and the Spirit World".

I personally assisted in furnishing a cabinet, by aid of a curtain in front of a bay window. The séance took place in red light which permitted full control of the surroundings. The circle consisted, the first evening besides myself - of five friends of the house, so that altogether there were eight of us, plus the medium, who was placed in the cabinet.

We did not have to wait long for the phenomena. Without the curtain opening in any place, there oozed from it a misty, self-luminous, white substance, which gathered together and rose from the floor, forming what looked like a column of mist. Gradually it became more sharply outlined, a semi-human phantom, moving towards one of those present, who exchanged words with the phantom.

I was not, myself, able to understand what was said, but it was clear that the phantom was recognized by the person concerned as a deceased relative. Then the phantom dissolved, disappeared, and a new one took shape in the same manner. In that way it went on with approximately ten materializations. But my sons did not appear. From within the cabinet, where the medium lay in deep trance, there was heard, during the materializations, audible speech by the medium's control.

Among other things it was said, that two sons of the Norwegian guest were present, but would not be able to appear this evening. In front of me, however, a high, straight, strongly built female figure took shape, saluting me without uttering any sound. It immediately struck me that here I had a sister who died in 1919 standing before me. But I did not mention this assumption, neither to my host nor in letter to my wife. From her, however, I was told that "the boys", in a séance, at home at Fredriksstad, had left me the message that they had been present without appearing visibly, but that Aunt Honoria* had shown herself to me. She would have liked so much to speak, but she had had to use all her force to retain her shape.

My host was disappointed that my sons had not appeared, and arranged a new séance for the third day ahead. And this one was very successful. In the first place the phantoms assumed a more distinct shape this evening, so that I, particularly in the case of a couple of them, was able to distinguish their clothing and their facial features; and secondly, for me personally, this evening turned out particularly successful, as both of my sons assumed form simultaneously, and gave their names.

Ludvig, in particular, was exceedingly characteristic in figure, in carriage, and in movements. The way he placed himself in front of me, head thrown back a little, and his motion in throwing the raiment aside over his shoulders like an open cloak, was so entirely identical with Ludvig's manner, that I should have recognized him among hundreds. I was so deeply engrossed with Ludvig in front of me, that I did not notice another, not quite so tall, figure, which had simultaneously taken form on my right. But someone in the circle called out: "Look there is one who says 'Ragnar'!" Then I noticed him, and the appearance bowed to me and embraced me. It was not a very concrete touch, I saw more than I felt his embrace. And I was moved to my very innermost by the experience of that moment.

That same evening, about an hour later, Ingeborg, in the presence of my wife, had communication with both of her brothers, for a short moment at home in Fredriksstad. They brought a greeting from papa: "Both of us have met him to-night," Ludvig said.

On coming home, I got further corroboration, during a planchette séance with Ingeborg at Halden, October 10th, 1927.

LUDVIG: "Thanks for last time, papa. Didn't we do well? It cost us considerable trouble. It was such a fun to assume a posture in front of you."

(I: "Yes, both of you were characteristic, and you in particular.")

"We did not at all expect that you would be able to hear our voices. Last time at home with Mams, we said: 'We have met Papa to-night'. The connection was so difficult that we barely were able to say those few words."

("Was Eva present during the materialization?")

LUDVIG: "Yes."

("Who was it that stroked my arm so tenderly?")

RAGNAR: "Of course it was I, Darling, I did not succeed in appearing as characteristically as Ludvig, therefore I had to make up for it by making myself felt. Here is Ludvig again."

LUDVIG: "I am not going to say much more to-night. We, Darling and I, only hope that Mams sometime shall have similar experience. You know, some of us have suggested that perhaps Ingeborg some day may attain a similar result. But as you surely have noticed, Darling and I are rather reserved in regard to that question. Nevertheless it may become inevitable."

(I: "And Aunt Honoria really appeared the first evening! I thought I recognized the figure.")

LUDVIG: "Yes, it was she. She, too, would have liked to speak. But the power all went to the materialization. Well, good night! I have a thousand things at heart, so it is best to omit all."

WIERS-JENSSEN

The author, Wiers-Jenssen, passed over on August 25th, 1925. Already on September 6th, Ludvig brings the first greeting from him through Ingeborg. His wife was present at this séance, which started as a planchette séance.

Ludvig informs her that he has seen and talked with her husband. "I am not permitted," says Ludvig, "to bring any special message, as he will try himself to speak to you first. I can only refer to a certain promise. And in case Mr. W.-J., himself, will be able to guide this planchette, he would have the pleasure" (Here there is an interruption of proceedings. Ingeborg awakes in trance. She sees and describes Wiers-Jenssen, and communicates, under considerable strain, with him without words audible to us, but with a vivid mimicry. Then she resumes her place at the planchette, at Ludvig's request. We are asked to try again the following day, as the tension among those present has been too strong.)

Planchette séance, September 7th, 1925.

LUDVIG: "I'm sorry we did not have the success we hoped for, yesterday. It happened that way, that Mr. Wiers-Jenssen, seeing that there was really a chance to get in touch with his wife, was so anxious to use it. He was not able to say anything, himself, but he tried by signs to impart to Ingeborg the one word which was required. It would have been of no use for me to try to help. It has to come from himself, and it will come, *unless it is some word of proof previously arranged*. It will anyhow be a word, in itself sufficiently convincing to Mrs. W.-J.

"I know someone who is waiting for the good connection necessary to bring forth what he has at heart."

"All right, we will try again to-morrow."

September 8th, 1925. Ludvig turns the planchette over to W.-J.

An attempt is made to guide it, but with such a strong grip in Ingeborg's arm, that it has to be abandoned.

Ingeborg passes into trance condition, and communicates, again under great strain, with Wiers-Jenssen and a lady, accompanying him, who, on description, is recognized by Mrs. W.-J. as her husband's late sister.

September 10th, 1925. Ludvig explains that the reason why they did not present themselves the other day, was that he saw it was impossible to get favourable conditions.

Now, however, he asks Ingeborg to be available for a private sitting with Mrs. W.-J. the following day. Her husband is then again going to make an attempt with the planchette.

September 9th, 1925, the private sitting takes place.

As long as Ingeborg is asleep at the planchette, the attempt is tolerably successful, but when she awakes, she is compelled to interrupt. The nature of the communications then given forth is too intimate for publication. He adds: "You can have no idea, how difficult it is to make oneself understood through a planchette."

September 12th, the attempt is repeated. He has now better control over the planchette and over his motions.

He gives his wife advice and adds, that he likes so well, that she and the children talk about him. "Perhaps you will call that childish. We are and ever will be ourselves. Have you got me at last, to-day, Mama? I would come every day in every year, if it was in my power. I have not yet become reconciled to the idea, that there has come a wall between us, but I always think that it is only a temporary one, and that I can still watch you and the others." He speaks of his former scepticism and of how he would like to influence scientists to take up a different attitude.

He uses various pet names, and gives, as a whole, strong and touching expressions for his intense feeling of attachment to his wife. He concludes this séance in the following manner: "Little friend, I am not allowed to continue any longer. Sister Hanna wants to be remembered. She cares for your wretched 'Hassan'. As for the rest I may say I am in splendid vigour, particularly after having seen you."

Also the next day, September 13th, Mrs. W.-J. has a private sitting. W.-J. is then the only control, because as he says, Ludvig is busy.

During the séance he says among other things: "Yes, now I can see how intensely you desire, that I shall give you something or other that fully will convince you, that this is your Hassan'." (Probably he refers to something previously arranged.) "But I, too, am bound like all the rest." He understands that this fact will cause her to doubt. "I understand it better than anybody, and I suppose it is my punishment because I, myself, was so sceptical, that I shall now struggle to convince you. But I shall win."

Mrs. W.-J. asks if he would not rather rest than be here with her. To this he replies: "I have all the rest I need, but my craving for activity is indomitable."

Towards the end of the séance he says, referring to Ingeborg:

"Is it not strange with this little sleeping girl? I see her in two places. She is over with us. It is indeed strange things I have experienced."

It would be altogether too lengthy to follow the séances through their development. They are numerous and full of significance. And that they have been convincing and that W.-J., as he promised he would, has succeeded in vanquishing his wife's doubt, I am permitted to state.

I even think I should be able to date her completed "conversion" from a definite séance, held at Larkollen in the summer of 1927, when he concludes in the following

manner "This hour has had a wonderful charm for both of us. Here I am close to you, and you to me."

The following day, when he presents himself through the planchette and his wife meets him with "Dear Hassan," he is deeply touched and confides to her a plan of his:

"I will attempt to make you as happy as I heard you were yesterday. I found our short hour here very charming myself. I have a plan which perhaps I ought not to disclose already now, as it would be great fun to surprise you with it. Do you know what I am going to do? I will let you have that Christmas letter I always used to give you, and on which shall be written 'Mama'. But do not tell it to the little girl (Ingeborg), I shall come as a thief in the night, I shall catch her unawares, so there will be nothing else for her to do than carry out my orders."

He kept his promise:

December 21st, 1927, Ingeborg sits alone in her parlour at home in Halden, occupied in jotting down a few small purchases she has made, on a scrap of paper. While she is summing up the figures, she falls asleep. She declares she does not know how long she was unconscious, she only knows that on regaining consciousness, she discovers, first, that something is written on the scrap of paper containing her own jottings, in a handwriting unknown to her, and that it is signed "Wiers-Jenssen"; secondly, that close to her paper with the jottings is a sealed envelope, on which is written, in the same, to her unfamiliar, hand-writing: "Mama, Julaften" (to Mama, Christmas Eve.)

The envelope with its content I am not able to produce. It was handed to Mrs. W.-J. on Christmas Eve. It contained a two-page letter from her husband, written in his own handwriting and with his characteristic style and humour. The letter is approved by his wife as coming from him.

But I present below a photographic reproduction of the piece of paper which Ingeborg used in jotting down her purchases, with Wiers-Jossen's note on it.

2 - gamasjubuksler	9.00
2 par ragsokker	5.20
2 par strømper	7.00
Wile "	3.70
haurbaand	0.90
lakske	9.00
	<hr/>
	37.80

Jule og juleaftens om
for Ingeborg. Har vært mer
en en juleaften. Fant et lite
et julevist. Tak for hjelp!
Svein Wiers-Jossen

This note, in English translation., reads as follows:

“Forgive me that I interrupt you Fru Ingeborg. Have promised my wife a Christmas greeting. Found this a favourable moment. Thanks for assistance!

“Best greetings, Wiers-Jenssen.”

All who know W.-J.'s handwriting will have to admit that it is identical in its characteristic features with that of the note.

Ingeborg had never before seen Wiers-jenssen's hand-writing.

At a séance, held January 1st, W.-J. speaks of the letter as follows: “Yes, little friend, I know that you have received my unpretentious little letter. If I had dared to use more of the little girl's power it would have been twice as long, qualitatively as well as quantitatively. My difficulty consisted in doing the writing myself instead of letting Fru Ingeborg do it.”

(Mrs. W.-J. makes a remark.)

“It is sweet of you to say so, Rigmor. Yes, if I had seen your writing in that way, in the form of a greeting from the beyond, my scepticism would have been considerably shaken.”

To me he says on the same occasion

“Ludwig Dahl, I am thinking of what I said regarding ways and means. It is not my way, thus to take an innocent person by surprise.”

On a later occasion he says to me:

“I told Rigmor, when I spoke to her yesterday, that I would not mind knocking at the table all day long so as to be in touch with her. Thus has it fared with ‘old Jensen’. I have surrendered completely.”

To his wife he says on one occasion:

“I cannot deny the fact that I am longing back to you and all ours, even though I am content with my lot. I will not try to tell you anything from my life, because with the means I have at my disposal I shall only be able to produce what men consider trivial communications, then rather let them find it out for themselves; that suits my temperament better. In this there is no criticism against those who do it. I only remember how I received the communications from others, myself. I believe you understand.”

On another occasion:

“I love to be here with you, to have the old feeling over again. I cannot help longing back to you and to everything connected with you. I cannot get myself to say, that everything is wonderful and fine, what you, no doubt, hear from so many others from our side.”

A complete account of the séances with W.-J. would cover more than a hundred pages. In their totality they form a proof of identity of considerable strength.

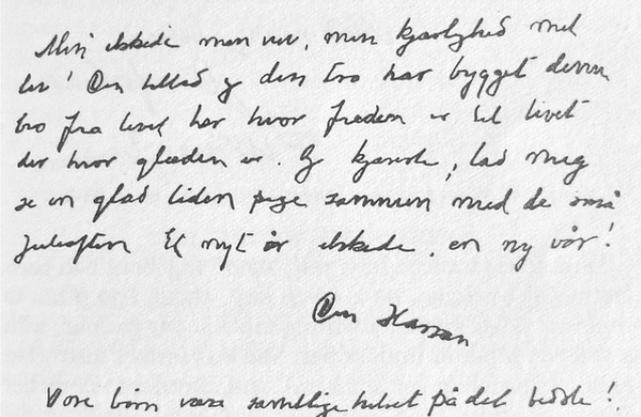
Let me conclude this short resume by stating, that also for the Christmas Eves of 1928 and 1929, letters arrived to his wife, written by aid of Ingeborg's hand, with the same stamp of genuineness. The last time (December 22nd, 1929), while Ingeborg and her mother sat together in the parlour, chatting about familiar subjects, she passed into a condition of trance, seized a pencil, a sheet of paper and an envelope, and sat down at the little writing table at the window, at which she wrote the English letter* - and then her left hand wrote the following little letter which I, with Mrs. W.-J. 's permission, give verbatim. The following is an English translation of the letter:

My dearest love, my wife, my treasure and my life! Your faith and confidence has built this bridge from hence - from life where peace abides to life where joy resides. And dearest, let me see a happy little girl together with the little ones on Christmas Eve. A new year, my beloved, a new spring.

Your Hassan.

Best greetings to our children, every one of them.

This little episode lasted at most ten minutes. For the sake of the characteristic handwriting, I present, with Mrs. W.-J.'s consent, a photographic reproduction of the original letter.



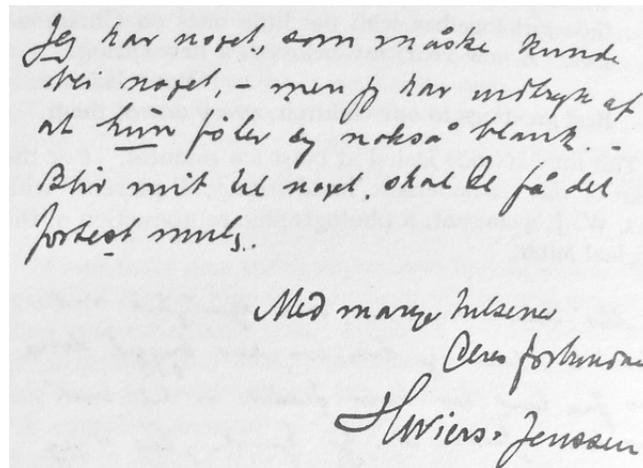
Min elskede min sø, min kjærlighed med
dig! Den lille sø af dem tro har bygget denne
tro fra livet her hvor freden er til livet
der hvor glæden er. By kjærlighed, lad mig
se en glad liden pige sammen med de små
julebørn til mig! er elskede, en ny vinter!
Om Hassan
Vox børn være samtlige kære på det bedste!

Wiers-Jenssen's Christmas greeting to his wife, written through Ingeborg's left hand, December 22nd, 1929.

At a séance in our home, January 14th, 1930, Mrs. Wiers-Jenssen got an opportunity to thank her husband for the letter, which had touched her.

"But," she asked, "how can you write that this is the place where joy resides?"

W.-J.: "And that you wonder at! Don't you understand, then, that where you are, there is the place of my joy? Perhaps it was not quite correct, but I feel it, and I write it.



Jeg har noget, som måske kunde
være noget, - men jeg har mistet af
at hvin føler sig noksa' blank. -
Bhv mit til noget, skal de få det
fortællt mig.

Med mange hilsener
Ole's forbuds
S. Wiers-Jenssen

Sample of Wiers-Jenssen's handwriting during his earth life.

A REMARKABLE WRITING TEST

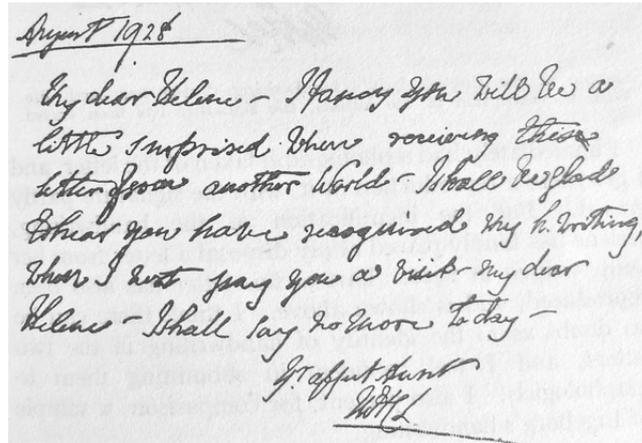
During her trance, July 31st, 1928 Ingeborg had been instructed by Signe, on a given day, about 1.30 p.m., to sit down at her mother's writing-table in our parlour, with a sheet of paper in front of her. She was further instructed to take a pencil in her left hand, and in order to draw her attention away from anything her hand, holding the pencil, might do, she was told to have a book in front of her, from which she was to read aloud to those present in the room on the occasion.

At the appointed time (August 4th, 1928) she did exactly as she had been told. Those present were her mother, her Aunt Helga, and Aunt Cathinca. I was in my office upstairs, and was not called to the scene till after the performance, as nobody including the medium - had expected anything unusual to happen.

However - no sooner had Ingeborg started reading aloud from the book, than her left hand with the pencil started to write on the sheet of paper in front of her. She continued eagerly, without any pause, to read aloud, and had finished reading about six pages during the ten minutes the experiment lasted while her hand was writing.* Then the pencil dropped from her hand.

Ingeborg and those present then examined what had been written: it proved to be a letter in English, addressed to a young, English born lady, Helene L -, whom we expected on a visit in about a week. In consideration for the young lady's English family, I am unfortunately bound to withhold her full name, but I may state that the writer of the letter was Helene's aunt who had lived in England, and departed from this life in 1924.

I immediately had a photograph taken of the letter, and I give here a reproduction of it, with the signature partly erased.

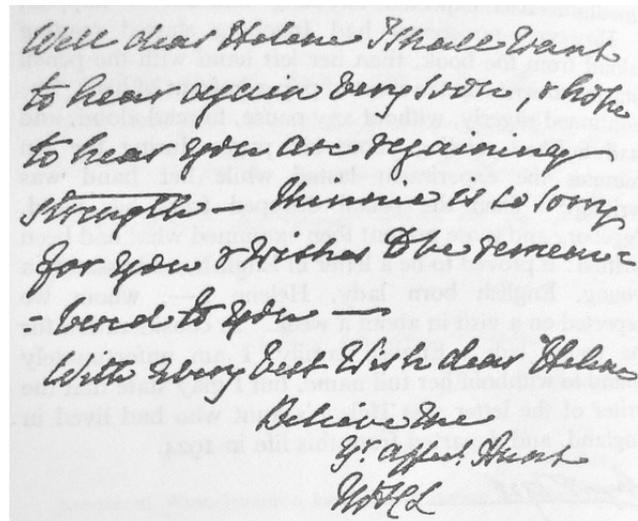


August 1928
My dear Helene - I am very glad to see a
little surprised when receiving this
letter from another world - I shall be glad
to hear you have regained my G. writing,
when I last saw you as visit - my dear
Helene - I shall say no more today -
G. aff. heart
WHL

Photographic reproduction of a letter that Fru Ingeborg wrote automatically with her left hand, August 4, 1928. It is from an English lady, deceased 4 years previously, to her niece, Helene L -.

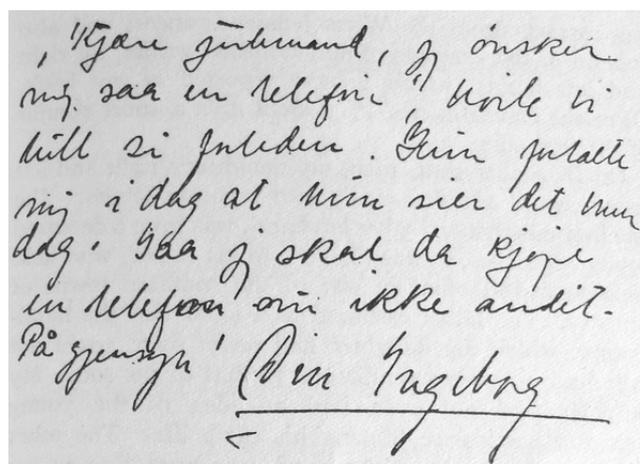
- * The individual words were written rapidly, now and then with pauses between.

For the identification of the handwriting, Helene has kindly placed at my disposal a letter from her aunt, written in 1920. Part of this letter has also been reproduced, and is shown below. I think there can be no doubt as to the identity of handwriting in the two letters, and I feel confident in submitting them to graphologists. I also present, for comparison, a sample of Ingeborg's handwriting.



Well dear Helene I shall want
to hear of you very soon, & hope
to hear you are regaining
strength - Minnie is so long
for you & wishes to be nearer
- love to you -
With every best wish dear Helene
Believe me
G. aff. heart
WHL

Sample of the English lady's handwriting during her earth life. With the exception of the initials, the signature has been erased



'Gode gjerning, og ønske
mig saa en telefon i Norge vi
kull si juleten. Ginn juleten
mig i dag at min sier det man
dag. Gaa j skal da kjope
en telefon om ikke andit.
På gjensyn' Fru Ingeborg

I may add, that my daughter never previously had had occasion to see the handwriting of the deceased English lady, and that her knowledge of English is limited to that of the average Norwegian girl, who has attended the secondary school. An English letter she had never before written.

Helene was naturally overwhelmed by this experience. She declared it had so much more significance to her, as her aunt, the last time she had spoken to her niece in this life, had warned her against trying to lift the veil between the two worlds.

I think we have in this sample of handwriting - in the light of the circumstances under which it is produced - exceedingly strong evidence of the identity of a so-called "dead" person.

This is by no means an isolated case among our experiences. I need only to refer to the chapter containing extracts from the Wiers-Jenssen séances, and also remind of the example of simultaneous writing by right and left hands, which I have reported in my book, "Present Day Miracles".* I shall give a short resume of that episode.

On December 19th, 1926, my daughter's right and left hands wrote simultaneously two separate letters. The one that was written by her left hand, was from a deceased young physician, Carsten S -, to his father, who held a distinguished office in one of the southern towns of Norway. The father declared in a letter that the handwriting, which my daughter had never seen, could not have had a closer resemblance to that of his son. My daughter had not even had an idea of the young physician's existence, during his earth life. The other letter, written by her right hand, was from Eva to her parents. Here there was no opportunity of identifying the handwriting, as Eva died at the age of three. Her letter was elegantly written in large round letters, widely differing from those of the physician. His writing was of the rapid, slanting type, with a flourish at the signature. While her hands guided the two pencils, my daughter, in trance, conversed smilingly with her two brothers. During the writing test, August 4th, 1922, she was in her normal, waking state of consciousness.

* Nutids-Under, H Aschehoug & Go., Oslo, 1927.

READING TESTS AND AN APPORT PHENOMENON

Ludvig reads in closed books indicated by the sitters.

This test took place on August 15th, 1928.

On this occasion, in addition to the family (including Aunt Cathinca) the English lady, Miss Helene L -, already mentioned, and a lady, Mrs. Bertha Stousland, in attendance. The latter was, and had for many years been, a member of Fredriksstad Municipal Board, and is undoubtedly, in the eyes of the sceptics, a very valuable witness.

I now relate the details of the séance, word for word.

It begins with Ingeborg asleep at the planchette.

LUDVIG: "I must really admit that I have a little stage fever on account of what I propose to do, but please don't judge us too harshly, then I hope it will be all right. And remember too, that the weather, to-day, has disturbed our plans. But enough of that."

"Well, now I suggest that Darling and I shall go into the next room and remain in front of the book case, where there is a good light, and I will ask you, Helene, for instance, to say which book - I mean which number, and whether above or below - I shall read a short piece from. Neither of us shall know beforehand which book I shall read."

(Helene proposes the 7th book from left in the upper shelf.)

Ingeborg, awaking in trance: "Oh, why did you wake me? Was it you? I was asleep, do you hear, I was asleep. What? Are you going?"

(Here Ingeborg becomes uneasy, apparently, as she sees her brothers going away, but her attention is drawn in another direction; she discovers her favourite Uncle Lorenzo.)

"Are you there, Uncle Lorenzo? Are we going to chat together? That is nice."

(But then she resumes her uneasy expression, she looks in the direction of the door and says:)

"Are you going in there? What do you want there?" (Apparently somebody talks to her in order to calm her, and she says:)

"Yes, I promise, Ragnar and Ludvig, and I shall keep my promise. But hold fast to the thread, don't let it go, I want to see it all the time."

"Why does Ludvig talk aloud in there? Can't you come here? Shall I repeat what Ludvig says? Ludvig says No. 7 (yes, I hear, you need not say it so loudly), upper shelf from left - (talk all the time, Ludvig, so that I know you are there) - upper shelf, that is 'Wordsworth, Poetical Works'. I now read page (Uncle Lorenzo, what does he say, what does he mean) - 316 from top of left column."

But more exalted, with a brighter train:
And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain,
Showered equally on city and on field,
And neither hope nor steadfast promise yield
In these usurping times of fear and pain?
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it Heaven!
We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws
To which the triumph of all good is given,
High sacrifice, and labour without pause,
Even to the death: - else wherefore should the eye

Of man converse with immortality?

XV.

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE.
[Composed 1809.—Published December 21, 1809 (*The Friend*); 1815.]

It was a moral end for which they fought;
Else how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,
Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,
A resolution or enlivening thought?
Nor hath that moral good been vainly sought;

For in their magnanimity and fame
Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim
Which neither can be overturned nor bought.
Sleep, Warriors, sleep! among your hills repose!
We know that ye, beneath the stern control
Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul:
And when, impatient of her guilt and woes,
Europe breaks forth; then, Shepherds! shall ye rise
For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.

XVI.

[Composed 1809. - Published 1815.]

Hail, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold;
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
These desolate remains are trophies high
Of more than martial courage in the breast
Of peaceful civic virtue: they attest
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse;
Disease consumed thy vitals; War upheaved
The ground beneath thee with volcanic force:
Dread trials! yet encountered and sustained
Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
And law was from necessity received.¹

XVII.

[Composed 1809 (?) - Published 1815.]

Say, what is Honour? – 'Tis the finest sense

1. Saragossa surrendered February 20, 1809. - Ed
2. Written apparently on the occasion of the Peace of Vienna, signed Oct. 10 1809, - Ed

This is a reproduction of the Page from which the quotations were made.

Of justice which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim.
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done. When lawless violence
Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the scale
Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
Honour is hopeful elevation - whence
Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic skill
Endangered States may yield to terms unjust;
Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust -
A Foe's most favourite purpose to fulfil;
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

XVIII²

[Composed October or November 1809. - Published
1815.]

The martial courage of a day is vain,
An empty noise of death the battle's roar,
If vital hope be wanting to restore,

In the following all the quotations from the book indicated are printed in italics.

“But more exalted with - (how nice you speak now) - a brighter train and shall his bounty be dispensed in vain showered equally - (do you hear, Uncle Lorenzo, what he says, do you understand it?) - on city and on field - (Ludvig, you read so awfully loudly - what are you doing in there?) And so on. Farther down there is XV in Roman characters - (Ludvig, your voice seems so stern.) Then in brackets: Composed atten hundrede og ni. I ought to read what is just above – On - (no, I don't understand - what does he say, Uncle Lorenzo ?) on the final submission of the Tivoli - (wasn't it that way: did I say it wrong?) - Then in brackets - (Is it - no, I must not ask, what he is doing) - Composed 1809, published December 21, 1809 - A little parenthesis with the words ‘The Friend’ and then 1815, brackets close, and then: It was a moral end for which they fought.”

“At the top of second column, on the same page, it reads XVI. Then in parenthesis: *Composed 1809, published 1815- What is that?* - *Hail Zaragoza.* - (I don't understand a thing.)”

“Are you satisfied? Does anyone else of you wish to select a book?”

Mrs. Stousland proposes 2nd book from left in the lower shelf.

“Number 2 from left in lower shelf, that is - (now he stopped, Uncle Lorenzo. There he started again. What does he say now ?) - William Shakespeare, by Georg Brandes. I look up page - (Ludvig, why do you talk so much in there? Come in here so I can see you! Uncle Lorenzo, am I naughty now? But I would so much like to see him. Yes I hear it It is at the top? What does it say at the top) XXVI. Then it says - (Yes, I hear, you needn't speak so loud. No, I am not angry.)

Niende Juli 1614 overgik en stor Ulykke (Yes, I hear.) den lille By, som nu var hans opholdssted. (Oh!) Under en voldsom Ildebrand gik ikke mindre end. (You use plenty of voice, Ludvig, I hear you so well) – 54Huse foruden Lader og Stalde op i Luer. De fattige Beboere havde trods Forbudet- etc., etc. (Come in here to me. Why do you want to stay out in the grey? What fun can that be?)”*

- * The Danish text above reads in English as follows: “The ninth of July, 1614, a great catastrophe overtook the little town which now was his place of residence. Under the ravages of a violent fire no less than 54 houses besides barns and stables went up in flames. The poorer inhabitants had although it was prohibited . . .” etc., etc.

“Would anyone else like to select a book?”

MOTHER: “Number 3 from right in the top shelf.”

“It is Bjornstjerne Bjornson's Collected Works. - (I won't any longer, Ludvig, please come here.)”

“Perhaps you are satisfied now?”

Yes, we were satisfied. And I hope that my readers too will find these book-tests remarkable. It appeared on investigation that everything corresponded exactly.

The identical books in the identical places in the shelves, and the references of texts minutely exact, with the exception of the funny little error, that Ingeborg repeats Tivoli, where the text had Tyrolese.

AN APPORT PHENOMENON IN FULL LIGHT

But the climax of the evening was just to come, a most elegant apport phenomenon in the fully lighted rooms.

I suppose it will be sufficiently clearly visualized if I continue to quote from the séance book.

When Ingeborg decided to go on strike, after Ludvig had correctly informed us that the 3rd book from the right in upper shelf was a volume of Bjornson's Collected Works, the dialogue continued as follows:

“Come in. here, Ludvig, won't you? Uncle Lorenzo, please ask him to come! Is it so amusing to look at the books in there? What do you say now? Do you say that you look in ‘Henrik Ibsen's Life and Works’? By whom? *Gran*? Who is he? Uncle Lorenzo, do you hear that Ragnar and Ludvig are chatting together? ‘And here we have my beloved Shelley.’ (Do you hear, Uncle Lorenzo, they laugh in there? Did you find something? What did you find? Oughtn't I to ask? All right, if you don't want me to. Uncle Lorenzo, I don't like to talk with Ludvig in that way.”)

(She looks beamingly towards the door.)

“Oh, look at them. How fine they are! Why do you bow?”

(Ingeborg here courtesied with deep respect, while we all applauded by clapping our hands.)

“Well, are you sure you have reason to applaud? - (We had not yet, at this point, examined the quotations.) - Why do you say that? We didn't applaud at all. Did you applaud, Uncle Lorenzo? Oh, did you? I didn't hear it. (As always, while in this condition, she was clearly both deaf and blind to our presence.) Come over here - do come over here to me!”

(She stretches her hands towards her - to us invisible - brother, and exclaims: “Ah Ludvig, is it you?” and at the same moment there lies a piece of paper in her out-stretched hand.)

“What do I want that paper for? Shall I read it, Uncle Lorenzo? What is it? Why is it so curious to touch? Is it a letter for me? (She smells it.) It smells of you, Ludvig. Uncle Lorenzo, it smells of Ludvig, but what shall I do with it? I don't know what it is. Did you find it?”

(I now take that paper from her hand. It appears to be an old leaf with Ludvig's handwriting, containing literary notes, partly original, but mostly extracts from G. Gran's pen, in other words a reminiscence from the time of Ludvig's literary studies. None of us had ever seen it or had any idea of its existence, until Ingeborg received it in her hand from her invisible brother, who must have found it in a book while the reading experiment was taking place, and then brought it in to us.)

LUDVIG (as I take the leaf): “And now I will ask if you happen to know a certain handwriting. But be discreet with my notes, Papa.”

The séance continued with visits of other invisible guests, one of them being the English lady, Helene's aunt,- who succeeded in saying a few words to her niece, but was otherwise handicapped by Ingeborg's embarrassment, as the English language caused her difficulty. But this has no bearing on the present case. For the sake of completeness, however, I must add, as a supplement to the apport phenomenon.

A THIRD BOOK TEST

It took place August 18th, 1928. Ludvig says (through Ingeborg at the planchette) that he likes to show us where he found the now famous leaf. Ingeborg awakes in trance, sees her brothers, as on the previous occasion, being walking into the room. A little dialogue begins. Ingeborg is told that Ludvig wants to find a book:

“Now we shall see, 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 - 7 - 8 - 9 - 10, here we have it. ‘Shelley.’” Here we noticed that it lay, at page 410. (See reproduction of the page referred to on page 13.)

“At the top of the page it reads, - - (what does it read ?)

“Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend and all (what?) the rest, though fair and wise, commend to cold (what do you say ?) oblivion, though it is in the code of modern morals and the beaten road (what ?), and so on. Next verse begins, True Love in this differs from gold and clay (what was that you said? I understand), true Love in this that to divide is not to take away, and so on.”

(“Why do you talk that way, why don't you come in here? And Ragnar, what are you doing there?”)

“Next verse, *Mind from its object differs most in this* (what's that? what are you talking about, Ludvig?) And at the bottom, *There was a Being whom my spirit oft met on its visioned wanderings far aloft.* And so on, I read this be - - (yes, I hear what you say, I hear it) - because I like to, not because any further test needs to be added to what we did last time - Well, that was where it lay.”

A CASE OF AN APPARITION LEADING TO AN APPORT PHENOMENON AND THE DESTRUCTION OF OLD LETTERS.*

After a lecture which I gave in the Students' Union in Trondhjem, one of the students remarked that what I had said was interesting and sounded convincing, but this case of an old sheet of paper filled with written notes being brought invisibly from the bookcase in the next room and placed in Ingeborg's hand, where it reassumed its concrete form, sounded altogether too impossible.

* An account of this phenomenon by Dr. Wereide appeared in "Psychic Science", London, 1931.

I wonder what he and other sceptics will say in regard to the apport phenomenon, about which I am now going to tell.

It is really a complete novel, a veritable ghost story dealing with an apparition, who after death is worried by the thought of some letters he has left behind affecting a lady's honour; these must be destroyed, before he can find peace.

The preamble to the event is shortly that Mrs. Wereide, who is in possession of a certain kind of clairvoyant faculty, had - since February 1926 in her home at Oslo, in all five times, partly during night, but also during day time, had a vision of a tall,

slim gentleman in evening dress who shortly after disappeared before her eyes. The first time, it happened after midnight. She saw him in the hall-way, and he spoke to her, saying: "It was the 23rd yesterday. I just wanted to appear, so that you should remember that I have been here." And then he vanished.

The fourth time she saw him was during the night, on the anniversary of his first appearance. She was then in trance, and sitting up in bed she had a prolonged conversation to which her husband listened, that is, he only listened to her part of the dialogue, but was able to conjecture what the other had said, and immediately noted down the conversation, supplying the missing part of the stranger's remarks, by asking his wife, while she was still in trance.

I have had the opportunity to read the notes of the conversation, which gives a picture of an unhappy soul, seeking help. Among other things he says: "I cannot communicate with others who have died, and no living person but you have seen me, although I have been here." He cannot pray, he says, but would like her to help him to. He does not say anything concerning any particular errand there in the house.

The fifth, and temporarily last time he showed himself to her, was December 21st, 1927. Then she saw him walking through the bedroom towards the door of an alcove in the south-western part of the apartment. He wept.

October 15th, 1928, Ingeborg together with her mother and her aunt, Helga, visited Mr. and Mrs. Wereide. (Let me add, although it really has no special significance - that nothing at all had been said to Ingeborg regarding Mrs. W.'s vision.)

A séance was held with Ingeborg as the medium. Ingeborg sees and describes, while in trance, the dress-coated gentleman, who is introduced to her by Ludvig and Ragnar, and Ingeborg apparently finds him pleasing and handsome. "Have we two been together at a ball?" she asks. The stranger apologizes for intruding, gives his name, and says he has awaited an opportunity to give a message. He thinks she will be able to help him, but first he must try to become better known to her. He asks her with Ludvig's permission, he says - to give him an opportunity to avail himself of her force. "You sweet little thing," he adds.

Through Ludvig's aid a meeting was arranged where Ludvig would effect an interview between Ingeborg and the stranger. This took place some time afterwards in her home at Halden, but no report of this meeting is available except what is contained in a pencil letter with the stranger's signature, which she found on the table in front of her, when she awoke. In the letter, written in a marked, individualistic handwriting, it is intimated that, as soon as conditions are favourable, he will be permitted to call on her for assistance.

On March 4th, 1929, at a séance at Fredriksstad Ingeborg sees the stranger for the third time. Ludvig explains that this gentleman has an unfinished piece of work with which he wants her to assist him. Then the gentleman speaks to her direct. She

recognizes him, but gets a fright, when he asks her to be his tool. "No that I will not, what is it to be that, Darling, Alf? - I will not!"

Ludvig quiets her, explaining that the gentleman's intention is only to ask her to assist him with something that worries him. He has searched for something for years.

And now she was going to lead him into a room in the house where she saw him the first time, but not that room where they talked together.

"He looked me so intently in the eyes," she said when she awoke in half trance, "and I think I looked frightened at him, for then he smiled rather mournfully, and said, it was not a crime he had committed. Of course I did not think any such thing. I don't know who he is, but this I had to help him with. How can I, then? There will be a continuation, Ludvig says."

The continuation - and the finale - took place May 29th, 1929, in the Wereides' home. In addition to the hosts, my wife, Aunt Helga, and Helene L. were present at this séance.

Ingeborg awakes in trance after a planchette episode. In the beginning she is rather ill-humoured, as she had been awaked from something beautiful. "Why did I have to go into myself, Ludvig? Why did you not let me stay up there?"

She greets the stranger rather unwillingly, when she discovers him, then looks at him and says "What can I do for you? Do you want me to find something in the house, that you want to get rid of? Is that what you want me to do? I have seen you before. Shall I go with you? Oh, let me off. Are you going with us, Ludvig? But I have no feeling in my legs. Don't be so solemn! Are we friends? - Are you going to hold me by the hands? Shall I follow you now? Let me off! - Ask one, or rather both of the hosts to come with us.

The continuation I shall give in a written account handed to me by Dr. Th. Wereide (the host).

"(Th. W.) lead them on into the hall-way and open the door to the hall-way closet, where there is light, and from where another door leads to the already mentioned south-western alcove. This latter door is only four years old; formerly there was no entrance from the hall-way closet to the alcove. Ingeborg, however, refused to go this way, and I therefore opened the door to the bedroom. She went in, and from there directly towards the door leading to the south-western alcove, where my wife twice had seen the stranger disappear. On account of piled up furniture, the door to the alcove could not be opened, and I therefore went the other way and got the furniture moved sufficiently to open the door and to clear a passage across the floor. I opened the door; Fru Ingeborg came in, and my wife followed. It was so narrow that all three of us stood quite close together. While this took place, Ingeborg had all the time carried on a conversation with the stranger and with Ludvig. Once inside the alcove, Ingeborg remained standing for a while in the middle of the floor turned

towards the street, and seemed to feel with her hand out in the air towards the south-western corner; and a few times she placed her hand on the sloping ceiling, about the middle of it.

“Well, here it was. Does it disturb you that there falls light from two sides?”

After this remark, I close the door to the hall-way closet, so that the light enters from the south window only.

Fru Ingeborg is now standing for a moment in the middle of the floor with hands outstretched, and palms upward. Suddenly there is heard a slight. Click, and in her hand lie two letters, tied together with a reddish-brown thin ribbon or string. Then she goes the other way back to the bedroom where she stops at the stove and says that the letters are to be burned. My wife and myself both stood close by and observed the letters in full light. One of the letters had no envelope, and the writing was so faint, that we at first thought it was written with pencil. It was a broad, rather regular writing, with no stress on the letters. The paper had turned yellow, but was entirely smooth, not the least crumpled. My wife bent down and read: “I can wait”.

As the stranger through Ingeborg insisted that the letters must be burned, and we were unable to come in touch with her, we could, for reasons of discretion, do nothing. My wife made a fire in the stove, and the letters were thrown into it.

“Now I have attained what I have been working for through ages. It concerns a lady's honour, which was in danger while these letters still lay there. I, myself, was responsible for it. I quite understand that you would like to have read the contents of the letters, but then my work would have been in vain. Meanwhile, I will ask you not to say anything to the young lady (the medium), as I, myself, will visit her once more.”

“I nearly got a pain in that hand, and I still feel it.”

(To the stranger: “Are you coming to see me once more?”)

“Yes, and what I then bring, you may keep. And perhaps may cause you as much joy, as this has caused you trouble.”

“Have I given you joy? Then you don't think I am stupid?”

“Was I clever?”

(She awakes.)

“I have had such a strange experience. I think I came pretty near to being burnt.”

Where did the letters lie? Of this Ludvig says during a séance at home in Fredriksstad, June 19th, 1929

“There is possibly a mark at one of the panels where the letters were lying.”

(I: “Can you signify the place more exactly?”)

LUDVIG: "That would eventually be up to Mr. X. himself. However, as this case is not supposed to serve as a test, it is hardly worth while. I noticed, however, that he held his hand where wall and ceiling meet, about one and a half yards from the window wall. But as he passed his hand along this panel, I cannot say for certain whether he took the letters there."

Dr. Th. Wereide is a well-known and esteemed scientist, Reader in Physics at the University of Oslo.

AN APPORT IN CONNECTION WITH MATERIALIZATION.

I am convinced that many of my readers categorically will refuse to accept what I am now going to report. It will probably seem too miraculous, but as the occurrence took place in full light and in view of five witnesses, in addition to the medium, it will be useless to deny the fact, which is, that on a sheet of Manila (tinfoil) paper, which Ingeborg and I held horizontally stretched between us with both hands, one hand in each corner, a lock of hair was materialized, braided together so as to form a ring.

It occurred on December 27th, 1929, at home in my parlour. Present were my wife, her sister, Helga, Aunt Cathinca, Frithjof, and myself. Ingeborg was in clairvoyant trance.

Among the invisible guests whom she saw and talked to was also a relative who had died several years ago. (I withhold his name out of consideration for his surviving family, and call him Uncle Henrik.) During his earthly life he was jovial and humorous, and is so still. But he has also a chord of pathos which he occasionally touches, always, however, in a half-humorous manner. During a previous trance he had, rather waggishly, presented an imaginary ring through Ingeborg. It was he who made the experiment, as he thought he should manage to produce for our benefit an object which was not merely imaginary.

During the séance on the previous evening he had tried the same experiment. He had then selected Frithjof, as Ingeborg's twin brother, to hold the sheet of tinfoil together with her. But whether it was because that evening too much of the mediumistic force had already been spent, or because these two together did not offer sufficiently favourable conditions, anyhow, he interrupted the experiment, and said he would repeat it the next evening. "It is my intention," he said, "that on this paper shall be placed an object which is to be a souvenir for —" (The name of a relative was given here.)

I shall give an account of the following evening's occurrence by quoting from the séance-book.

LUDVIG (through the planchette):

“And one other thing. Don’t be too optimistic in regard to that experiment. If it does not succeed to-day, it will some other time. But Uncle Henrik is here, at any rate, eager to try. He insists that the force which drives him must be able to perform the miracle. Well, if it depended on that alone, there would hardly be a thing we should not be able to perform.”

Clairvoyance.

Ingeborg awakes.

“You hit me on the shoulder, Ludvig. Must I not look at you now? Have you had your turn? What do you mean by that?”

(Ingeborg names different, to us invisible, guests whom she sees, among them Uncle Henrik, with whom she exchanges words):

“Do you say you must try, before we have spent too much of my power?”

(We bring a sheet of tinfoil, and I am told to hold it, together with Ingeborg. I had folded the sheet once, but was requested to make it broader, so I opened it to its full width and length.)

INGEBORG: “Why do you come SO close, Uncle Henrik? What are you going to do?”

UNCLE HENRIK: “Will you, Ludvig” (this is directed to me), “stretch the paper a little towards you? (What are you doing, Uncle Henrik?) Shall I not look at him? Why must I not look at him? Go a little farther away then, so that I can look at Darling. Do I hold something? I am not aware of holding anything.”

“Just be patient. (Am I not patient, then?)”

“Ludvig asks if Papa feels something.”

[Just as this question is asked I feel a strong (electrical?) current passing from my shoulders down through my arms. I therefore reply: “Yes, I feel something now, to be sure.” At the same moment the above-mentioned lock of hair was produced in the middle of the surface of the tinfoil.]

(A spontaneous outburst of astonishment accompanies the phenomenon. One of those present is about to pick it up, when it is said):

“Do not touch it yet, it may disappear.”

“What is it going to be? Materialized? What does that mean? Why have I pain there, Uncle Henrik.” (She points to her right armpit.) “Did you give part of yourself?”

(After the lapse of a short moment):

UNCLE HENRIK: “Ludvig, will you now try to touch it, and then put it back again.”

(I lift it.)

“Can you hold it? Put it back again. Mrs. R. . . . (viz., Aunt Cathinca), will you hold it? Does it feel like an object? Then back again. And now Helga - and Dagny - Frithjof. Did you all feel you had something between your fingers?”

“Now it must remain lying for twenty-four hours, then we may hope that it will be preserved. Then it will be possible to compare it with any hair whatsoever. And you will not find any to match it.”

(Ingeborg is now plainly displeased with Uncle Henrik.)

“Do not talk so fast. I am itching.” (She rubs her right armpit.)

UNCLE HENRIK: “If it exists after twenty-four hours it will be permanent. (What are you talking about? Haven't you finished soon, now?)” (Then with a softer voice): “You handled me so roughly here, Uncle Henrik. That is why I feel offended.” (She bursts out crying, and sobs forth): “That is why!”

(But at the same moment she smiles):

“It does not hurt any longer! Am I going to get something nice, do you say? The twin, too? Why is the twin going to have something? Did you hurt him, too?”

UNCLE HENRIK: “Now, Ludvig, take it with you.

Carry it inside your vest. Ludvig says it will be all that's necessary, if you carry it, *père*. (Why do you say *pear*?)”

UNCLE LORENZO : “This should make possible the realization of what I have hinted, viz., to leave with you one of our wonderful flowers. But it would hardly survive twenty-four hours.”

“What do you say, Uncle Henrik - that you are waiting for a word of praise?”

“Yes, now I am satisfied.”

The lock of hair appeared after twenty-four hours to be well-preserved. It has been delivered to the addressee. Whether she has identified it or not, I do not know. But I can mention that my brother, the painter, when I showed it to him, and he had seen and touched it, at once guessed the right person, without any hint being previously given.

The lock was, as a matter of course, compared with the hair of all persons present. It did not match any.

CHAPTER VI

EPILOGUE

I have laid before my readers as much as space has permitted of material adapted to throw light on the nature and quality of what I have received through our communication with the so-called "dead". That these in reality are just as much alive as ourselves, it must, I think, be conceded that they have proved to those, at any rate, who, like myself, have been able to gain a conviction that they are what they pretend to be, and not products of our subconsciousness. Of this each must form an opinion as he is best able. When the hour strikes for each to throw off the mask, the riddle will so far be solved. It may be worthy of notice what Eva says, that none who have held a faith in these things need have any fear of meeting with disappointment. "To be or not to be," or in our particular case, "Shall we survive after death, or not?" is the main question. I have least respect for those who would scare us with Satan.

And what have these messages from the other side taught us?

It is my candid opinion that they have virtually solved the problem of life quite satisfactorily. To me, at least, the meaning of life on earth seems no longer an unsolved riddle.

I have learned to see existence on earth as a preparatory school for life in future forms of existence. By being clothed in physical substance, the soul essence emanating from "God" gains individuality. I have no other designation than God for the spiritual source, eternally welling forth, from which the soul germs issue, and through so-called conception are clothed in flesh and become individuals, and then through the school of terrestrial life are developed into personalities, each with his characteristic qualities.

The divine spark which is the essence of the soul germ has, and will always retain, the nature of its divine origin. It is of God, and will through phases of continual progress return to its divine source as a purified imperishable individuality.

Is failure possible?

Assuredly not. The divine soul germ can never be reduced or annihilated.

There is undoubtedly room for the question: May not a life on earth be so complete a failure that the individuality, established at birth, languishes, and the soul essence without individuality is consequently reabsorbed by the divine source?

My answer must be that I do not believe it.

The soul-body - no matter how stunted it may be by neglect and abuse - cannot be annihilated by the process of physical death, which is simply a removal of the material wrapping. Our communicators have barely touched upon the details of the process of purification that awaits it on entering the new form of existence. But we have been told that the sufferings which a diseased and dwarfed soul must endure

after leaving the earthly vehicle are greater than any imaginable suffering in body or soul during earth life. From this it seems reasonable to me that it cannot perish. This does not, however, exclude the possibility of its being clothed again in flesh in order to go through a new earthly existence; in other words, a process of reincarnation. But of this I am wholly ignorant, and I do not see any logical necessity for the occurrence of such a process, the moment we come to realize the infinite possibilities of development offered by the life in the spheres.

The argument in favour of the theory of reincarnation which I have seen put forth, viz., that there must be an existence of the soul preceding the birth, if the soul after birth is designed for eternal life, does not appear to me to be strong. It really only forces the issue of "the first beginning" back in time. The genesis of the soul in its physical form of existence must have its inception in time, no matter how many reincarnations are assumed. Its immaterial essence, however, is of God, and belongs to eternity, which is independent of time. Of this we are unable to form any conception within our three-dimensional field of apprehension.

It seems to me that this problem of reincarnation only leads to rather fruitless speculation, and that the theosophists, at a certain point, display an unsavoury tendency to what I may term doctrinarianism,

I am alluding to their theory of a, so to speak, mechanical operation of the Karma law in this earth life, a theory which is used to explain the apparently undeserved sufferings and hardships of many as an atonement of acts committed in the course of a previous incarnation on earth.

I do, of course, acknowledge the Karma principle expressed in the sentence: "As you sow, you shall also reap". But I am at a loss to find the justification for the merciless demand that past errors shall be atoned for in new earth lives. The idea of such a fatalistic law, in my opinion, betrays a highly earth-bound view of life.

We shall meet our Karma in the great beyond, where we - sooner or later - will have to endure the experience of a kaleidoscopic reproduction of our earth life. With all the distinctness of a clairvoyant, and with an immensely enhanced sensitiveness, we shall see and painfully sense all the wrong-doings and omissions of our earth life.

I do not intend to take up the question of the deeper reasons for the many instances of apparent injustice and self-contradiction, which we encounter in the life on earth. But this much I will say: Do not let a fancied knowledge of the mysteries of Providence tempt us to violate our instinct of compassion, or, at any rate, to run the risk of adding to the sufferings of sorely-tried fellow beings by giving them the feeling of being looked upon with the silent query: What may the evil be that you have perpetrated in an earlier existence, since you have so much to atone for in this?

"The Secret Doctrine" of Theosophy and "The Spiritual Science" of Anthroposophy are too complicated for my mental digestion. I must, however, add that I regard myself incompetent as a judge on these premises. I dare say there is much occult

knowledge to be found in them, but our communicators have not touched upon these problems to us, and what I personally have read of it has carried me into a jungle where my compass ceases to register.

But one thing I always can read by aid of my compass is my soul's aspiring tendency towards its divine source, and its unbreakable contact with it, and there, undoubtedly, lies the quintessence of life. This contact with the divine Light we must, each and all, find for ourselves. And having found it, we shall greatly wonder. For it is really shining, and we do not see it. We sought high and low. We sought far, and then we find it so near. We find it hidden within our inmost self, and the thing that started to shine was the light of God in our soul. And be assured: He for whom this light has begun to shine does not doubt any more, asks no further proof. He knows that for him the riddle of life is solved, that he has found the unbreakable contact, that he by an invisible thread is connected with God.

Both to find and to retain the contact is the task of everyone. Once more I return to this. I said the unbreakable contact. I do not mean - still metaphorically speaking - that we are not in danger of shutting out the light. For that happens altogether too easily; and being weak and under the influence of our emotions and tendencies toward what we have named "evil", we do it far too often and too long. And for this reason it is important to fix the attention on the fact that the essential thing for the religious life of each individual is not to be found in the field of intelligence and knowledge, but in those qualities of the soul to which Christ appeals in every one of us, in his Sermon on the Mount.

That we need a foundation for our religious conceptions which does not conflict with reason or facts is one thing. It is another concern that it is of no use that the acquired knowledge has eliminated the stumbling-blocks which scientific materialism had put in the way of a belief in life after death, and in a divine government of the world, unless each individual chooses to follow the path thus opened for him, and treads it with that light to guide his feet which God has kindled in his heart.

As a finale to my book let me give a résumé of some conclusions which I have drawn from the communications received. It may also serve as a résumé of what I have had at heart by writing this book.

Thus, it has been told me:

That an open mind, capable of faith, a trusting optimism, a courageous search after truth, as well as a fearless proclamation of truth, in connection with a humble, sympathetic heart, are man's best guides on the path to the sublime goal of life - Wisdom, Joy, and Love.

And I think I have learned:

That free will is something more than an illusory sensation. That the whole progress of our existence is sustained by the aspiring will which makes us all co-workers with

God. That even if the direction, the movement towards the goal, in itself is compelling as that of the compass needle towards the magnetic pole, an aberration from this direction is open for every living being who has attained conscious individual expression of will. But that each aberration, great or small, inevitably carries with it disharmony and suffering, increasing in strength in proportion to its durability and force; in short, producing all that we understand as evil in the world. And that we must rest assured that no human being will be able to continue this aberration from the goal in infinity. He can do so until the close of life, and continue on the other side. Deeper and deeper he can descend into the abyss that we have named hell. Fiercer and fiercer will the inner voice thunder in his ears during the moments when he is unable to suppress it by propulsive agitation on the path of evil - but rest assured: No matter how strong he is in his defiance, the moment will - it must - come when he must surrender, when the majestic, proportionally increasing counter-force, from the spiritual pole, which is the unchangeable Divine Will and Law, proves to be stronger than his defiance. It is the hour of Nemesis for him, his hour of fateful retribution has arrived, at first to surrender himself to unspeakable anguish, but afterwards to retrace his steps laboriously, assisted by proffered hands. Thus is the lot in the existence of every being endowed with conscious will, and thus is the explanation, that man on the one hand has free will, but that on the other hand everything in eternity must be done according to Divine Will and Law. In the admission to stray from it man's separate freedom of will, in discord with the Divine, consists. It is real enough, as the erring one, and all who suffer through him, must experience. But in its innermost foundation it is, nevertheless, only apparent. For the path of woe, the path back to conformity with the will of God must be retraced from every point of aberration. And remark well:

As the accomplishment of this conformity gradually takes place, the so-called evil is eliminated from existence, in which evil really exists merely as temporary miscalculations in a mathematical problem. It had and will always continue to have its existence only in "Time" (viz., during the working out of the mathematical problem), on this side as well as on the other - not, however, in timeless eternity, which is the totality of the ever-increasing sums of the errorless answers to the problems of all lives, of all times. Then we are where God is all in all.

I have been told:

That all undeserved suffering here on earth is compensated on the other side, and that I must not doubt that it is done a thousand-fold in happiness inconceivable to us.

And I have been told:

That love is the nucleus of life. That its power is even able by glimpses to penetrate the veil between our plane of being and that beyond. That in reality love alone and the longing to help have power fully to find the way through. That a search for knowledge of the "beyond", prompted by mere curiosity, will meet obstructions, as a

rule unsurmountable, and will invariably come to stop and be lost in the jungle of subconsciousness, or at best obtain mixed results only.

And I have learned:

That also cold, sceptical science, still for a long while, will have difficulty in finding the proofs it demands, as long as the mind of the scientist by antipathy and prejudice is out of tune with the supersensual phenomenon itself, and without the power to grasp a form of existence, invisible and imperceptible to the physical senses. This frame of mind forms an obstacle as much as a magnet in his pocket would make a man unfit to test a magnetic instrument of precision. Sir Oliver Lodge or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (I cannot remember which) uses this simile. "We become paralysed, in a literal sense, bodily numb, and powerless," is the way my eldest son expresses himself regarding the effect of a cold, mentally hostile, atmosphere.

For this reason the scientist must learn to take off his shoes when he sets his feet on holy ground. Then psychical research will appear as a scientific field, and more centrally situated than we have hitherto been able to imagine.

When Science has learned to approach this field with a mind free from ingrained materialistic assumptions, it will ascertain that what appeared as supernatural (and under that assumption quite logically as unreal) is not supernatural. That conception will disappear, while the borders of the now familiar laws and of the psychic force will widen stupendously, so that what is now supernormal will be seen as manifestations of eternal, although up to this time unknown, natural laws. The question of a form of existence after this life, and the intuitive anticipation of it, now considered as the exclusive domain of the creeds and the church, will be understood to be primarily a biological question, yes, the most central field of scientific research. Science will then ascertain that death as a biological phenomenon is a process of birth into a new phase of life, a birth, neither more nor less baffling than the physical birth. And it is to be noted that this does not apply only to human life, but to all life, also to the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. A dual essence of all matter, viz., a material and, let me term it an ethereal substance, will be acknowledged. And, further, that this last-mentioned ethereal double is liberated by the destruction of the material frame, and thereafter goes, or is drawn, to its allotted place in that world of spheres which surrounds the earth, our first and nearest form of existence after death.

It will be proved that these cycles of spheres are being built up and populated since an early period of the earthly era, from that propagating kernel, the earth planet.

Also that a further development and spiritualizing of all creation goes on in the spheres, always onward and upward towards that very personification of love and serenity, that embodiment of our ideas of beauty and ethics, which we call God, this supreme being who is the spiritual pole, towards which our conscience and the upward trend of our spirit draws us as infallibly as the needle of the compass is

drawn in the direction of the magnetic pole. Because God, the pure spirit, is the ultimate aim and object, as well as the source of everything existing. Creation is the breath of God.

A previously unsuspected contact and inter-action between this and the next form of existence will be discovered, which will entirely revolutionize our understanding of life, and our view of the universe, will restore the faith in the wonderful efficiency of thought and of prayer, and will at last unite the objective basis of science with that of religion.

But before this can happen our mental atmosphere must be clarified. The selfish tendency must have yielded to a clear recognition of the principle of altruism. The right of the stronger must be recognized as the duty of the stronger to help and lift the weaker. Man must have made up his mind that only by doing good can happiness be attained.

And as a conclusion let me add:

The teaching of Christ must be restored to its original purity, wonderfully simple and eternally true, universal and free from dogma, embracing all men, irrespective of the creed of their religions, showing us Christ as the One He was. A divine messenger who, by His death as a martyr, paid the heavy penalty for the mission of revealing the truth to mankind - the truth of the Kingdom of God here and hereafter.

It is undoubtedly true that Christ appeared before His disciples in His ethereal body after His death. The memories of Good Friday and Easter Morning are sacrosanct also to those on the other side. I have their word to that effect. The confusion of Thomas, the doubter, is not a myth.

When Christ was crucified, all His disciples had deserted and failed Him. When they had seen Him "resurrected", and had ascertained that He lived after death, they were invincible, experienced the spirit rush of the Pentecost, attained supersensual powers, and were able to win the world for the teaching of their Master.

This teaching is therefore surely true religion.

But because its contents is love, and love again, the dark, censorious and dogmatic Christianity must yield to a light and happy Christianity of tolerance and love.

Joy is one of the lofty ends of life. But truly happy is he only who gives with joy:

As in heaven so on earth.