

# Voice Transmissions With The Deceased

by Friedrich Jürgenson

## Foreword

This book has changed my life. It marks a turning point. Today I know that it has answered questions and offered solutions for which I have unconsciously waited a long time. First I had however the same skeptical objections as everyone. Because after all, the author is claiming in all seriousness that with the use of an audio tape recorder you can talk with the deceased. That such contact can be made anytime, and above all, that it can be done by anyone, which nevertheless seemed to be a daring statement.

Remarkably my doubts vanished after reading the first pages. In an inexplicable way a spark connected and I believed the author's honest intention not to deceive himself or others. I have lived and suffered with him through the high and low points of this journey into the unknown. The book did not release me from its grip. While it reads like a gripping adventure novel or good science fiction it this is a true autobiographical presentation. Jürgenson has proved his admirable courage by admitting publicly to its discovery and confronting its consequences, even though he knew that he would encounter rejection and make many enemies. His courage impressed me and I decided to follow in his footsteps.

First I worked with a borrowed and very old piece of equipment, which proved to be a mistake, because the amplification left much to be desired and this was most likely which most likely was the reason why I experimented six months with no results. I assume that this would not have happened with a more modern recorder - I was then mostly working with the microphone method. I'm still amazed over my endurance back then, which I credit to my strong motivation that came from reading Jürgenson's book.

Finally I got my first results, which increased rapidly with the better recorder. Now I know for sure. The paranormal voices on tape exist! And besides that I obtained unique evidence and experience that cannot be denied by any discussion, that I was dealing with real personalities with each of these voices. I ask questions and received sensible answers that at times were highly surprising. I was addressed, by name and was given evidence that they participated in my life. Now I could no longer let go of this project.

For many years I experimented alone and had only the book of Friedrich Jürgenson as a guide. Later I joined with other colleagues who because of the book got involved the same way as I did and who were also conducting their research alone. Today, thousands are experimenting all over the world, either alone or in groups. A colleague, Hanna Buschbeck from Horb, had created a working group of interested people very early, who could exchange their experience by mail and at conferences. It was from this circle in 1975 when the VTF 'Association For Tape Voice Research' evolved, which publicly promotes and coordinates research and provides information for those who are interested.

This work has already borne fruit, especially since Friedrich Jürgenson gave his full support. Early on, in the mass media (press, radio and television) almost all comments have been ironical. Today the tape voices are argued with greater substance and objectivity.

They are very well known among the general public, particularly in the German-speaking countries. A German television broadcast in January 1980 (Talk show, "Three after Nine") brought 2,500 letters to the VTF with requests for information. I was able to attend many courses at schools, where I lectured participants how to record the tape

voices.

This created some attention and excitement and has contributed to the tape voices being taken seriously.

Jürgensons book has directly or indirectly touched countless people in the entire world that responded breathing a sensible sigh of relief: “So it is true, there is a life after death!” This has always been suspected, but it is a decisive step to actually know. Even many people who consider themselves believing Christians shrug their shoulders if asked on their honor and conscience if they believed that life would continue after death. Much that was previously taken as an article of faith became demystified so that one no longer knows what to hold on to anymore. But the knowledge of life continuing after death is a part of humanity. If man ever loses this, mankind will lose a decisive part of being human.

In this day and age of conceptual uncertainty, Friedrich Jürgenson makes his epochal discovery. And it is nothing less than technology that is lending a helping hand. Here it would be hard not to think of some kind of providence by a higher power. Interestingly enough, it was not Jürgenson who was trying to establish contact; on the contrary, the initiative came from the deceased. They addressed him and called his attention to their presence. At first he was totally surprised and absolutely confused. But he did not allow himself to be diverted, because he could clearly feel the importance of this breakthrough from another world.

He was no ignoramus; from the days of his youth onward he was aware that contacts with the hereafter existed. He was only baffled by this new means of communication with a tape recorder. Now for the first time a technical piece of equipment was being used as a means to relay the connection between both worlds. He recognized the crucial

advantage, which consisted in the elimination of the subjective factor which can never be excluded completely when it comes to living persons.

And if the interpretation of the voices manifested on the tapes is influenced by subjective factors, then it is easy to protect yourself by letting others check and confirm them. For the first time in the history of mankind, we now have an information channel to the other side free of subjective influences. Something very important is yet still added, nobody has to “believe” anyone anymore, that is to say that we don’t have to rely on the integrity of the reporter. The method is so easy that everyone can get at least some information first hand. Today, almost every household owns a cassette recorder that with a little “know how” can be a completely adequate tool for successful recordings.

It is clear to me that the tape voices still pose a challenge to common sense in most people. The thought of an existence beyond your material body is difficult to conceive because of the triumphant advances over the last two centuries in natural science and technique in the western and eastern world. For the materialists, the soul is like an organ of the body which ceases to function at death. One of the arguments preferred is that once your body dies, you won’t have a larynx anymore, so how can the deceased still talk? When someone speaks like that, it is clear that they have never involved themselves with the broad field of parapsychological research. Besides the tape voices there are other indications for an individual postmortem existence of the human personality.

The authenticity of paranormal voices on tape was accepted surprisingly early on by the “official scientific community” Unfortunately that is as far as it has gone, that is to say they have not

accepted that much that is new has happened over the past twenty years. Some parapsychologists who do not conduct experiments of

their own will explain the origins of the voices by saying that the experimenter is producing them subconsciously. The theorists would not be able to uphold their hypothesis if they only knew all the information from the spirit world that we know today. Luckily the researchers in the field are free of such biases. They think it absurd to accept that they are talking with their own subconscious via a tape recorder. It is about time that the universities acknowledge the results of the widespread amateur research, so they will not miss the connection and repeat what they said twenty years ago, which was forgivable then because they did not have all the facts, but which is inexcusable today.

After Jürgenson's book there have been a whole series of valuable publications (Dr. Konstantin Raudive "The Inaudible becomes Audible" and "Do We Survive Death?", Minister Leo Schmid: "When the Dead Talk", Hildegard Schaefer: "Voices from Another World"), but it was his book that opened the door for the first time. Since then we can listen to a world that up until now was closed off from us. His book has historical significance. Without exaggeration, his discovery can be compared with that of Columbus. Both have researched a new world and both discoveries had consequently unforeseeable effects on our lives. As in the case of Columbus there were forerunners whose activity however, did not lead to concrete results.

Only when someone devotes his entire life to the service of discovery does a breakthrough occur. Jürgenson neglected his profession and forgot all about earning money because he felt a responsibility for these communications.

He did not just receive them for himself, but because the time was right, he was to pass them on. It showed how Jürgenson was prepared for that task. It was the time in his life to be awake, open and alert for

whatever may confront him must be checked and confirmed for authenticity and true contents. He intelligently kept a distance from any solid conclusions. For him it became a question of clarity and self-knowledge, which is why illusions and self-deception had no chance. Every reader feels a total involvement when he or she grasps the authenticity of the argumentation. But for those who know Jürgenson, and I consider myself very fortunate to be his friend, they know that the enthusiasm for this tasks never slackens once it has seized you. Today, at 78, he is still working tirelessly to construct a bridge to the other side.

He speaks with his friends during daily recording sessions. Like he himself, many others have devoted their whole life to the service of this significant task, and the work gives them a great deal of satisfaction. When we experience almost daily how happy people are when they hear from family members or friends who have passed on, and when they exclaim excitedly "they are really alive!" then we know that with this work we render a immeasurable and priceless service that has a great future. The Catholic Church, which raises no objections to the sincere research of the paranormal voices on tape, also acknowledges this. Many people have found a way back to religion after finding out about the tape voices.

Since these beginning there have been interesting new discoveries. For instance, the late engineer, Franz Seidl of Vienna developed a 'psychophone' which transmits well-modulated voices and which deserves to be investigated more thoroughly than has been the case until now. Hans Luksch in Vienna obtained successes in solving

crimes by asking murder victims on tape about their murderers. Jürgenson already noted that paranormal voices played backward also contained statements.

The systematic evaluation of different voices also showed that the reverse voices should not sound at all the way they do which continues to confound physicists and electronics experts. Undiscovered treasures are to be expected with the use of variable speeds and filters that can sometimes eliminate irritating interference. Research is underway to determine whether phase conversions at around 180 degrees would bring improvements. These are just a few indications concerning the variety of individual aspects that still need to be researched within the 'voices on tape' phenomena.

I see it as my life's mission to bring the tape voices and their message to as many human beings as possible, on one hand to help them orient their worldview, and on the other hand to reach professionals with specialized knowledge who can support the diverse areas of research. Therefore I welcome that this pioneering book by Friedrich Jürgenson is being published as a high volume edition, and offers the chance to involve many people in this fascinating research. There are hardly any adventures left in our modern world, and when they exist their objectives are often senseless. The research with the voices on tape represents the greatest adventure of our day, its risks are calculable and controllable. It is probably the most meaningful activity to be engaged in for oneself and our fellow human beings. May a spark of the enthusiasm with which this book has been written leap across to the reader and cause him, as so many before, able to raise his gaze with confidence and gratitude to the stars with the certainty of knowing that we are not lost even though we must die.



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Fidelio Koeberle

Chairman VTF, Verein fuer Tonbandstimmen Forschung (Association for Tape Voice Research)

## CHAPTER 1

May I introduce myself? - My need for “enlightenment” is fulfilled- A modern odyssey

Since all the facts described in this book are new and unique and have involved my person and my family, it is necessary for me to first introduce myself to the reader. You must know that I do not belong to the type of people who are insufficiently critical on self-criticism, and whom their fantasies and dreams carry away easily.

Instead, I am fully aware of the significance of what is presented to the public in these pages and clearly aware of the responsibility that I consequently accept. Because this is so, I will begin without further ado and with some key biographical facts this truthful, sensational and factual report about the building of a bridge between this world and the hereafter.

I do not belong to any political party, religious sect, secret fraternity or any other “ism” – like movements or directions.

I was born at the beginning of the century in Odessa by the Black Sea. My parents originated from the Baltic region; my father was a physician. At present I am a Swedish citizen.

Before this I had to change my citizenship twice because of the

political changes that occurred in 1917. In my childhood I attended a German school in Russia and my childhood was happy and harmonious until the First World War delivered a violent blow to the security of our home and hearth. Even as a child I felt the consequences of this World War.

The really violent storm however only started with the subsequent Russian revolution, which showed its true face during those three years of civil war. Without burdening the reader with the terrible details of those events, it is enough to mention that our daily life was constantly subject to waves of terror, starvation, grinding poverty and outbreaks of typhus, followed by a cholera epidemic.

But despite all that, life went on. Necessity forces one to be objective and teaches one to live in the present. In the short breaks, when we were not being shot at, we bathed in the sun at the beach. We were constantly hungry, froze pitifully in the winter and danced ourselves warm in unheated rooms, despite all deprivation and danger, the human being can tolerate a lot more than one thinks, especially in one's youth.

In the course of three civil wars, Odessa was "liberated" fourteen times in bloody street battles. The consequences of these alternating "liberations" were always the same, and they affected all levels of society with the 'intelligentsia' suffering the most. I can only describe it as a merciful fate that my family made it through intact. In 1925, we even managed to emigrate and settle legally in Estonia.

As I traveled with my voice teacher to Palestine in 1932 to further my vocal training, I was about to be pulled into warlike unrest again, as Arab terror flashed against the Jews. Terror is terror; and it is rather

inconsequential to those who are suffering under it, whether it is in the name of freedom, in the name of religion or is executed by some racist ideology, on a large or small scale, to the left or the right.

As I then returned to Estonia after seven years living abroad, I was

caught by the Second World War, and this at the hour when the three Baltic States were in the process of freeing themselves from Russia. Once again history was going to repeat itself, only in a somewhat more modern version. The subject still was: Dictatorship, war, terror and “liberation”. The variations corresponded to the respective rulers and were implemented depending on the circumstances, including devastating bomb attacks, mass deportations, concentration camps, gunshots to the back of the head or gas chambers.

Thus from my youth I was surrounded by misery and danger, never any real peace, relaxation or any feeling of confidence such as is needed especially by a young person. One was never capable to remedy the many miseries. Only one thing I did understand, which was that I would never, under any circumstances, take part in a military service, it doesn't matter if during war or peace, regardless the dangers to which I exposed myself. From my early days I have what amounts to an allergic reaction and intensive dislike against everything that has to do with uniforms and weapons, with military training and the use of force, murder or mass butchery, it doesn't matter if it applies to humans or animals. That is why I became a vegetarian.

The professional occupations that I have chosen corresponded with my natural abilities. In my youth I was a singer, in my later years I

became a painter. Although my voice training took nine years, I was only able to follow my singing career for two years. A problem with my gall bladder, but mainly chronic colds prevented me from continuing with my performances on stage.

Fortunately when I was young, I was also enjoyed my part time training as a painter and with that the transition to a new occupation went naturally and smoothly.

Since my new occupation included exhibitions and traveling abroad, I could make a more closer and varied contacts among people of all social levels, since artists are easily welcomed into most homes.

In the summer of 1958, leaving Italy once again, I returned to Stockholm, my permanent residence at the time. I had spent a productive, beautiful “fairytale like” time at Pompeii, and was in the process to turn an interesting work plan into reality, which was likewise connected to Pompeii. By the way, this buried city has exercised a magical attraction on me since my childhood, and has always been the target of my longings.

Something happened in the spring of 1958 that really exceeded my silent hopes by far. I had quite suddenly succeeded to organize an exhibition of my paintings in Pompeii, in the heart of the ancient city, in the airy “palastra” of the forum-bath.

At the same time I was occupied with the completion of a painting that because of its interesting motives gave me much joy, to which in addition a strange circumstance was presented. I was allowed to enjoy working in the delightful house of the so-called “Tragic Poet” that was located diagonally across from my exhibition, its moody, reflective surroundings became my studio. A large room was necessary since

every picture that I painted was 9 meters long (29.5 ft.).

I was busy with my paintings from dawn until darkness set in, but I enjoyed the dreamlike atmosphere of the ancient excavated house. Sometimes I left my work and walked through the narrow alleys, and

was able to gain an in-depth knowledge of the excavated city since I was in possession of the master keys to all the houses.

An offer was made to me at the official inauguration of this painting, which happened to fall at the end of my exhibition, to take part in an excavation of a house in Pompeii the following spring. One can understand what this offer meant to me. Without doubt I had then reached the top of my career as an artist, and it seemed incomprehensible to think that the dream of my life, taking part in an excavation, should be so easily fulfilled.

As I arrived in Stockholm, and in the intoxication of my success started preparations for my Pompeii plans, something happened that would dampen my ambitions. Slowly, but consistently unfolding, it brought to a halt my artistic activity and all of my future plans. At the same time something different, unbelievable came upon me where my thoughts and feelings, yes my whole consciousness was changing and allowing me to experience a new reality step by step. This is how it happened:

## CHAPTER 2

The day of the big change - What's going on with my tape recorder?

Spring had come once again to Stockholm, that timid spring of a large city that can be detected at daybreak or by a slowly darkening sky. The time was nearing for me to take part in an excavation of the house in Pompeii.

That spring my wife and I decided to spend the weekends in the country. The weather was unnaturally sunny and warm, the garden was blossoming with fragrant smells, and from early morning until late in the evening one could hear the birds sing.

On Friday, the 12th of June 1959, we drove out into the country in the early afternoon, and I had taken my tape recorder with me for the first time with the purpose of recording different birdsongs.

The secluded location of our property in the country, the big garden, somewhat gone to seed, the closely bordering forest and the lake with its reeds were the best prerequisites for an abundance and variety of birds. I had been enthusiastically interested in birdsongs since my

childhood.

As we arrived in the country on that sunny afternoon, we headed first to the lake where in the protection of an old hut we were able to do some sunbathing. It was around four o'clock when I decided, as planned, to do my recording.

When I arrived at the forest-hut, settling in the attic, I installed a new tape and placed a microphone close to the open window in front of which was strung thin nylon netting. Shortly thereafter, I turned on

the tape recorder because a finch had alighted close by the house.

I checked the recording after the tape ran for about five minutes. What I heard was very strange. I was hearing a roaring or hissing static sound, like a shower, in which you could identify the chirping of the finch, but as if was coming from a distance.

My first thought was that one of the tubes was damaged during the trip. Nevertheless, I turned the recorder on again and let the tape run. My second recording it was just like before: I was hearing this strange hissing and the distant bird chirping. Then all of a sudden there sounded a trumpet solo as if to announce something. I listened with continued surprise as suddenly a male voice began to speak in Norwegian. Though it was very quiet, I could clearly understand the words. The man was talking about "bird songs at night", and I heard a number of chattering, whistling and splashing sounds, and among them what seemed to be the chirping of a sparrow.

Suddenly the bird choir fell silent and with that so did the hissing-sound. In the next instant the twittering of a finch was audible and in the distance you could hear a titmouse – the tape recorder was

working perfectly again.

But what had actually happened? The fact was totally clear to me; this was a Norwegian radio broadcast. But the only radio receiver that we had was left back in the house, and it was not turned on.

There were no other radios far and wide because of our isolated location and considerable distance from the next village. Besides, this mysterious transmission was first turned on then suddenly turned off.

Of course there is the possibility that under certain circumstances a tape recorder can act as a radio receiver. But – wasn't it remarkable, that I of all people who was searching for bird sounds should receive sounds of Norwegian night birds exactly in that moment when I turned on the tape recorder? Was there an invisible intelligence that with such a remarkable way was trying to get my attention? Very puzzling!



## CHAPTER 3

The question about Anastasia – I'm very curious – Listening is a difficult art – I am being observed – Where are these voices coming from?

To understand the following better, I must mention that in the past years I have done a few radio specials on cultural history with the Swedish Broadcasting Company. My last show was about the dramatic fate of the Tsarist empire ending with the murder of the Russian imperial family in Ekaterinburg. The question was still open: Was the drama of the imperial family on that terrible night finally closed?

I was following the case of “Anastasia” vigilantly, and I was able to obtain many informative Russian books, among them, some that were not translated into any other language. Through my own studies I thought I had come a step closer to the truth, and I decided to offer my manuscript with its pertinent explanations to the Swedish

Broadcasting Company.

Since I came up against certain resistance from the program director, the whole thing was placed on hold until further notice. However, the fate of Anastasia left me restless and I quietly continued with my research. The history of mankind shows enough drastic examples, where the most unbelievable proved to be the horrifying truth.

It seems that in the case of Anastasia the tragic contradiction of her fate lay with her seemingly miraculous rescue, followed by endless chain of suffering for the rescued. The consequences of her rescue proved to be so tragically hopeless, that one could ask if death would not have been more merciful for Anastasia.

My whole table was covered with translations, plans, notes and books on the subject of Anastasia, and I devoted almost all my time to this.

Only in the evening did I care to turn my tape recorder on to record, since I hoped to record some more transmissions from the mysterious source from which the Norwegian bird sounds originated which also left me restless.

Nothing remarkable happened until July 12. I don't remember how late it was exactly, it was already dark outside and the half moon was shining through the window on an angle. I had not obtained a set of headphones yet, which allow your ears to identify otherwise nearly inaudible sounds. So I had to rely on observing the small control lamp on the recorder, which flickers orange red to indicate that electromagnetic impulses were being received.

It was dark and quiet in the room and I started to become sleepy. Then something happened that left me wide-awake. Suddenly the control

lamp started to flash, flicker and twitch, and to go out completely, then start flickering again. Something was coming in on the tape that one should be able to hear. I was standing by the tape recorder tense and impatient.

As the flashing stopped and I then listened during the replay of the tape, it turned out to be very little that I could clearly perceive, because a vibrating roar made it difficult to listen. That evening I was too tired and decided to check the recording again a little closer the next morning.

Over the next days it was becoming clear to me that I was not yet trained for the difficult task of listening. I was constantly letting myself be confused and distracted by loud surrounding noises and I had no clue how to eliminate these disturbances.

Above all, as mentioned, I was missing the headphones that would have helped during the listening.

After some hours of concentrated listening, and getting used to the disturbing noises, a pleasant male voice started to emerge from the chaos of sounds. The voice spoke English with deep conviction and an unusual intonation.

After a small pause the name “Churchill” was audible, then suddenly another male voice started to speak in German. Though speaking without an accent, the sentence came through ungrammatically. The voice literally said, “Tsar-region we must springtime speak about...”

“Tsar-region”, didn’t that sound strange? I immediately had to think about Anastasia.

“Friedrich, you’re being observed...” added the same voice with firm

emphasis. Before the transmission ended, a sentence was thrust out very hurriedly: “Friedrich” the voice called out my name, “when you translate and interpret into German during the day, try to solve the truth every evening with the ship...with the ship in the dark!” This charade-like phrase set my fantasy in motion. Though it left me puzzled, it became clear to me that the transmission was meant for me personally.

On the same day I was able to capture a strange sound on my tape that reminded me of the vibrating whistling of an incoming projectile. In the middle of the whistling sound was high-pitched “Federico”, my name in Italian, and then a tremolo voice said, “In look”. How could this strange voice be explained? In order to experiment totally undisturbed I carried the equipment over into the attic of the house that was still unoccupied. Here I wouldn't have to disturb the sleep of my wife, and it was totally quiet over here nor did I have to be concerned about anything or anyone.

As the half-moon rose above the linden trees, I placed the microphone into the open window and turned on the equipment. This time it took a little longer for the control lamp to start flashing.

A strange new feeling grabbed a hold of me in face of the possibility to receive a new personal message from somewhere in space. In our totally rational world where the everyday seems soberly and prosaic, like a freight train that continuously chugs on it's prescribed course, in this everyday there is hardly any room for an adventure of such a mysterious kind. As the flashing of the control lamp stopped, I played back the tape only once and went tired but very satisfied to bed.

The next day I obtained a set of headphones and a Polish dictionary. It was a hard test of patience, and unnerving and highly strenuous work

that I had planned to undertake. This new recording was especially hard to grasp, because the voices were speaking Swedish, Russian, German, Polish and Italian simultaneously.

One thing is for sure, the voices mentioned Anastasia, and brought up details about the dramatic rescue of the Tsar's daughter by two men.

## Chapter 4

Again this roaring noise! – “Telephone Monika” – Carino hears – I sense something

On one of the following days I was standing by my tape recorder at around 10 p.m., while turning it “on” and “off” I suddenly became aware of the already known “hissing noise”.

I was wearing the headphones and listened with great concentration to the, at first, very weak voices and noises that again eventually unfolded into the mysterious transmissions from unknown and unseen intelligences. I heard voices, sounds, music, and commentaries until I suddenly realized the ringing of the telephone downstairs in the house, which brought me abruptly back to the present.

I unwillingly put down the headphones, but left the activated tape

recorder running, and rushed downstairs in long strides. Carino, our poodle, was following close on my heels. My wife was on the phone and I began hastily to inform her of the ongoing recording. She wanted to know more and asked me questions, but I was sitting on pins and needles, restless and afraid that the recording would stop.

For the moment my attention was diverted to Carino's strange behavior, because the poodle suddenly, in contrast to his usual habit, quickly snuck out of the room, ran up the stairs and after awhile started making noise with the chair in which I've been sitting in front of the tape recorder. The running tape would of course have recorded all these sounds. I hung up the telephone and hurried concerned up the stairs back into the attic room.

Carino was sitting on my chair happily, wagging his short tail. I picked him up, placed him quickly on my bed, replaced the headphones on my head and started to listen with concentration. The disturbances had increased in strength, I was only able to perceive a few bits of inaudible words and then the transmission broke off.

What I'm about to describe is what I discovered later after listening to the tape several times. I heard two muffled drumbeats, followed by a male voice that said "Telephone Monika!" in a slightly compressed voice. I continued listening with concentration. Then came the moment as the telephone rang and I noisily removed my headphones. In the moment when I placed them on the table the "transmission from somewhere" was abruptly ended.

You could hear me noisily hurrying out of the room, when the telephone rang for the second time, a few doors are being shut then

there was silence in the room. My telephone conversation downstairs in the house was inaudible. You can only hear the slow rotation of the tape. My telephone conversation with Monika only lasted about six minutes. After this you can hear me enter the room again and immediately replace the headphones. At the same time the vibrating roaring hissing sound started again and the transmission continued without me being able to understand anything accurately. Finally the noise subsided, and I turned the equipment off.

Later I also got the idea of listening to the six minutes when I was on the telephone with my wife, even though, as said before, the noise disappeared after I put my headphones down, and I had assumed that the transmission had ceased. Nonetheless I listened to this particular part of the tape. Right at the beginning I heard a high pitch tone that sounded like “Carino” was being called out. I was reminded of Carino’s odd behavior, and with that I started to check the tape with more alertness.

After the high pitch tone and the “Carino” exclamation there was two minutes of silence. Then a pleasant male voice started to hum unfortunately without words the first bars of “Volare”, a well-known Italian hit song. I thought it fitted perfectly, because if anyone could fly, it would be you my invisible friends!

“Ah, Carino” whispered suddenly a male voice, and immediately after, you can hear Carino coming up the stairs. The tapping of his paws became louder, and in the following moment he opened the door that was left ajar.

“Carino, t’annunzio?” (Do you hear me?) asked a friendly male voice in a half tone. The poodle then jumped on the chair that started to shake and rattle noisily.

“Carino, here is the apparatus”, it sounded in the silence of the room, followed by a clear question, ”Carino, do you know me?” As an answer Carino made smacking sounds several times as if he wanted to wet his dry throat. It didn’t come to any further conversation, since I was now coming up the stairs noisily, opened the door and hurried to the table, placed Carino on the bed and shoved the headphones back on. Instantly the roaring hissing noise came back on.

It is a convincing and encouraging experience to listen to the tape again and again. The more I let the sounds and words of these invisible friends flow through me, the merrier and calmer my senses become. Here I finally found the inner confidence that allowed me the premonition that all that has happened to date was only a humble beginning, from which great happenings would emerge.

## CHAPTER 5

Hit tunes with a commentary – A dog barks five times – Someone hears and sees me – The baffling new and great begins to emerge

One day we borrowed a record from our neighbors, Ingrid and Lennart R., which I intended to copy onto tape. The song was called “The marionettes”, and Lennart R., who received the first prize during a music-festival in Pesaro, had himself composed the melody.

I found the melody to be very suggestive and in my opinion the text had also turned out very well. I played the record on a portable turntable and recorded the music directly through the microphone. While listening to the tape, when the last beats of the music had faded,



one could hear a male voice say in Swedish, “That’s correct point for point”.

On one of the following quiet afternoons I was once again occupied with the tape recordings, as suddenly from the distance the barking of a dog was heard. The animal was on the other side of the lake at an approximate distance of 200 meters (220 yards) from me, and his five hoarse barks would naturally have been recorded on my tape.

As I later played the tape back at a speed of 3  $\frac{3}{4}$  i.p.s.(inches, or 9cm, per second) that is to say, slower than the normal recording speed, instead of the dog barking the following sentence was heard in German, “Moelnbo...main block...twelve o’ twelve (as in o’clock)” Here again a “magic metaphor” entered that will have to be solved by future parapsychological research.

Four years had to pass before its mysterious and apparently meaningless phrase “Moelnbo...main block...twelve o’ twelve” would make sense to me personally. After my first press conference in the summer of 1963, many visitors started coming to see me in Moelnbo, and it turned out that the people who were taking the morning train from Stockholm, would arrive at the Moelnbo train station at 12:12 p.m. (The small town of Moelnbo is located approximately 60 km south of Stockholm.)

Many people who contacted me during the years 1964-1965, had recorded voice phenomena similar to mine on their own tapes .

I will revert to this in greater detail later. Anyway, soon many parallel research groups were forming around “Moelnbo’s main block” that in a sense were led and controlled by me.

But now back to the fall of 1959. On one afternoon my mother-in-law visited us in Moelnbo. She also wanted to see our room in the attic, and I was helping the elderly lady up the steep stairs. My wife was occupied with the cleaning of the floor. Before my mother-in-law entered the attic room I was able to turn on the tape recorder unnoticed. I did this with intention to surprise the elderly lady with the sound of her own voice. As it turns out, my mother-in-law could care less about what her own voice sounds like when playing back the tape. She got up after a few minutes without listening to the recording.

Later, as I listened to the recording, the following happened: With my wife I started addressing her mother with a few words in normal volume, then suddenly the volume disappeared and it was strangely quiet. I turn the volume regulator to the maximum and was able to hear a conversation that oddly was conducted in German. Since none of us had spoken German, but rather all in Swedish, I placed the headphones on and I started to reconstruct the conversation with

suspense, and to write it down word for word. After Monika's brief remarks, some "turning on" sounds were audible, thereafter the volume dropped considerably. A woman's voice sounded as if far away, and said in German: "Now you can hear radar, seeing...let me hear...". "She doesn't want to say anything!..." responded a male voice also in German, and I immediately recognized the voice as the same that had said "Friedrich you're being observed."

A second male voice remarked in-between: "At Monika's it's cozy!..."

Then suddenly my mother-in-law's voice could be heard asking her daughter a question in Swedish. After a long pause, Monika said

“Don’t talk about it...” “She heard that!” the second male voice remarked in German. “How she is working there!” was called out in surprise by the first male voice. “I can see her, I hear her directly!”

At this point I unknowingly had turned off the recording. What I had captured here was without doubt one of a kind. Here was clear proof that our conversation in the attic room, was listened to somehow and by someone with the use of “radar”, and was observed and even commented on.

I consider this proof as a large leap forward, and I asked myself if this especially clear recording doesn’t have anything to do with the magnetic influences of the full moon.

Today, when I reflect back upon the summer and fall of 1959, eight years ago, and try to state my precise mental condition, I would have to acknowledge that I had by then turned, so to speak, into a gigantic question mark with my senses and views aimed only at finding an

explanation for the puzzling phenomenon that was all around me. At the same time I found myself in a condition of an inner ferment. Something sprouted and grew within me that was slowly feeling its way into the light of my conscience.

With that, something was collapsing within me daily. Somehow I found myself in an interacting and alternating tension field in which death and birth were constantly changing in turns. In the same time I found myself in the center of a storm or chaos, from which a new understanding was emerging very slowly. I could also express it like this: A hidden, secret plane of existence had connected with me in two different ways. One way was from within, through my subconscious

and the other was from the outside through physical acoustical means using the tape recording equipment. The tapes with the recordings that I could reproduce any place and at any time were an undisputable convincing force that proved this was a live objective reality and not imagination on my part. As far as I know, this form of knowledge is absolutely new in the history of mankind as known to us.

I have to confess that such revolutionary events are hard to describe, and harder still to experience. As path breaking and interesting as they may appear to be, they are coupled in reality with tremendous obstacles, since their “tool” needs to turn and form himself into a live “bridgehead”, an accomplishment that just isn’t possible without psychic strength and elasticity.

I was selected by some unknown force to be a pioneer and at the same time to be a humble guinea pig also forced to endure with body and soul a considerable measure of stress and challenge.

Today I know with a high degree of certainty that especially the first two years of the breakthrough were the decisive periods of crisis and trial.

Though after these early years the difficulties and problems did not markedly diminish, a rising stability and tranquility was noticeable. It gradually launched a new orientation that turned my painful condition of endless puzzles and questions into a state of comprehension and understanding.

I discovered the simple truth that the biggest difficulties and obstacles

are to be found within ourselves, and that without their removal the attempted approaches by the invisible dimension of life, could not be realized and would instead inevitably lead to new misunderstandings.

In the following three episodes you can clearly see the attempted approaches that followed closely, one upon the other, and you can recognize the difficulties that have accompanied the contact between the two different spheres of life and consciousness. It's a good thing that those on the "other side" also possess a good portion of healthy humor.

## CHAPTER 6

Tape number four – Strange game with Carino – Half an apple

On September 17, 1959, an incident happened in which our poodle Carino was given center stage again where he carried out his role with uninhibited nature and much brilliance. With that, I had to take on the role of an understanding listener, which would be "reserved" for me for further opportunities later.

I had named this particular tape “Carino’s game on the lawn.” It carries the number four and on the other side of the tape is the recording of the opening day of my exhibition in Pompeii.

The following is from my notes on this particular day: ” September 17, 1959, full moon 000, much switching – 022 – electricity, strong signals!”

I have realized, that I truly appreciate the meaning of a recording, when I listen to a previous recording once again.

On a cold February morning, in the year 1962, I was again at our property in Moelnbo. The landscape was covered with deep snow. You could only see white, black or gray, almost like a negative of a photo. I was sitting in front of my recorder and placed the tape from 1959 onto it. I waited a bit until the equipment warmed up, then a push on the play-button and...

Suddenly I am taken back a sunny fall afternoon; I’m standing in front of my equipment in my illuminated room in the attic, and have placed the headphones on and was turning the tape recorder “on” and “off”. The sun was shining nicely and warm into the room. Carino, our black poodle, was sleeping peacefully on Monika’s bed. There was no wind outside. I once again turned it on, when suddenly strong signals were sounding from the recorder. They are deafening, rattling sounding tones, that reminded me of enormously amplified dial tones as from a telephone and it was literally shaking the equipment. I’m standing closely hunched over the rotating tape and suddenly feel a prickling and shivering on my face, spreading to my neck and down to my hands. It was as if I was in the middle of some vibrating electricity. Carino suddenly jumped up, supported himself with his front paws on the windowsill, and was looking intensely down into the garden. His

glance was going rapidly from left to right, and his tail was wagging with excitement.

I asked aloud:” Did an uncle come. Or aunt?...” I thought in jest about the Venusians and their flying saucers.

The equipment was giving off a series of deafening sounds. Should I consider that as an answer? The sounds were going right through my bones and the tape recorder was visibly vibrating. “Should we go down?” I asked Carino. The signals abruptly stopped.

I let the tape run and go downstairs with Carino. Once outside, I walk around the house, look attentively into the sky and listen intensely into the quiet of the forest, but don’t discover a thing.

Meanwhile Carino is jumping around wildly between the apple trees. I go back up into the attic-room and can hear Carino’s delightfully loud barking; during the second bark a woman’s voice is audible. She says: ”Snouth – bist Du blindi?...” This distorted message seemed to be addressed to Carino which could be translated as “Snout – are you blind?”

I put on the headphones on and continue listening, for a long while all is silent. This time there were no disturbances.

Suddenly it crackled twice strongly in the equipment. When I later listened to the crackling sounds at a slower speed of  $3\frac{3}{4}$  i.p.s., a man’s voice was heard after the second crack, which said in normal German, “Be quiet!” The recording continued. Approximately 10 minutes passed when again strong signals started to shake the equipment.

Carino is still on the lawn, even though I left the door open for he usually never leaves me alone. Far in the distance there was a distant

call: "Moelnbo!"

Outside, Carino began to whine and was snorting impatient whistling sounds through his nose. My tape recorder started sounding off, high-pitched and alarming. Carino continued fussing stubbornly and impatient. I took off my headphones, said a few words to myself and went downstairs.

On the tape you can clearly hear me talking to the dog outside on the lawn. Carino is sitting on the lawn refusing to move. I do another walk-around the house. Nothing, nothing at all.

I return to the attic and position myself in front of my tape recorder. Outside you can hear Carino giving off teasing sounds. He's jumping around among the apple trees, and then you hear him barking happily again. It's a typical joyful bark at the same time teasing and provoking. It was intensifying, just like he does when playing ball.

"What's going on with him?" I ask myself in astonishment, I take off the headphones, and for the third time go back down the stairs. Carino doesn't take any notice of me acts excited and growls playfully. My glance falls suddenly onto a swinging branch with an apple attached. There is no wind, also no birds are in sight, and still the apple is swinging on a branch at the top of the tree.

Besides, the apple is sliced thru diagonally and is shining white in the sunlight. Carino is standing undecided on the lawn. I talk with him for a little while. He makes the impression as if he was excited and confused at the same time, and he's not coming to me either.

Baffled, I look at the apple that is now hanging motionless in the tree, then I slowly go back into the house. On the recording, you can hear



me close the door and replace the headphones back onto my head. At that same moment a male voice says in German distinctly: "...it's very clear recording – helps the moon..."

The man speaks hurriedly and with a satisfied inflection.

After this sentence you can only hear some high pitched whistling sounds and way at the end of the tape a female voice with a typical Berlin accent says: "Today – Maelarhoejden..."

With that, the tape and the recording came to an end.

What I have reported here can be heard during the replay of the recording and understood sound for sound, word for word. Carino's voice doesn't need any commentary; a dog will react spontaneously and cannot fake it. The deafening signals speak for themselves, as do the voices of the unknown entities.

## CHAPTER 7

The UFO craze – I've had enough – Things are starting to talk – Am I on my way to become schizophrenic?

At this spot I have to admit that I'm not capable to give a conclusive

and plausible explanation of the described phenomenon, and I'm not sure that any one else after seven years would be able to figure out these mysterious "voices from nowhere".

Although, today I have formed purely personal views based on certain facts that relatively satisfy my logic and common sense, but by no means have I discarded the possibility of other objective explanations.

I am by nature anything but a stubborn and dogmatic person who cannot handle criticism or self-criticism.

I'm honest enough to admit to my readers that back in 1959 I had this idea that afterwards proved to be wrong. I connected these mysterious voices on the tapes with the so-called Unidentified Flying Objects, the UFO's. Back then the number of sightings of these mysterious flying objects had surpassed 100,000, and there practically wasn't a country in this world over which these mysterious flying objects hadn't been observed. The thought that there was a connection between the male and female voice on the tape and a crew of a UFO wasn't really too far-fetched.

In addition to that, observations and adventures by my family and myself just served to strengthen the presumption that we could be dealing with extraterrestrials.

I would like to spare me a detailed accounting and would just like to ask the reader not to jump to conclusions that I may be leaning towards fantastic, fairytale hopes and combinations. I have always tried to be soberly objective, and when I drew the wrong conclusion at that time based on what I had actually observed and discovered, then this is no different to what has happened to most other researchers and discoverers in the course of their lives. You must have the courage to

admit to error. Errors and wrong conclusions pave the way for realizations and discoveries. It will be this way as long as there are people on this earth that can feel and think.

To make a long story short, after we, my wife and I, had to admit to our highly intense hopes and expectations would be unfulfilled. We were ashamed of ourselves so to speak, also we felt betrayed and mocked by these unknown entities.

I can still remember that in the very moment when I had enough, and then placed my finger on the “off”-switch, I could clearly hear these words of a male voice in my headphones: “Please wait – wait – listen to us...” But I didn’t wait and I didn’t listen anymore either. Instead I closed the lid on my reel-to-reel, gathered all my tapes, and was determined to radically call it “quits” with this nonsense.

I was bitter beyond compare and placed the entire blame for this avoidable fiasco with these “spirits” that had made a fool of all of us.

We quickly packed our belongings, locked up the cottage and the large house by the lake, and drove back to Stockholm. I felt somehow relieved, though our departure could have been compared to fleeing.

Upon arriving at home, the first thing I did was to lock all my tapes in a tool cabinet and I shoved the tape recorder far under my desk, so it would stay out of my sight.

I experienced an almost allergic turn-off with everything that had to do with tape recording, and yes, I wasn’t even capable of listening to my recorded tapes again, for the sake of an objective evaluation. We humans don’t like to be laughed at by other people or in their view

look like fools. We prefer to claim to be a victim of the wrongdoings of others, instead of admitting that we have fallen victim to our own stupidity and wishful thinking.

When my bitterness, for the most part, had evaporated, I started to think calmly about the occurrences out there in the forest of Moelnbo. I decided to start at what seemed to be the weakest point, for I wanted to subject the concept of “extraterrestrials” to a thorough analysis.

According to the statements of many UFO pioneers, the so-called “contact people” make the extraterrestrials out to be a better type of human being appearing as an ideal type with the capability of spreading fear and confusion among living earth people. A part of the UFO believers are trying to turn this whole subject into a modern surrogate religion, that is to say, an interplanetary occult ideology.

For thousands of years now, especially in times of crisis and danger on our earth, all kinds of sects, occult schools and save-the-world movements have sprouted, nurtured in part by religious, and in part by political and ideological sustenance.

We too became hooked on this “lovely ideology” of being educated and saved through outside or out-of-this-world beings. Nonetheless, I was sure that in this controversial subject of Ufology and Ifology was no smoke without a fire. The only question was, what are the facts, and what is deceiving or imagination and how one finds the spark of truth amongst the blur of contradictions?

The more calmly I thought about this, the more clearly I began to recognize the distortions, which affect human thinking and not just in this area. I actually came pretty close to the solution but suffered a setback due to my own inadequacy.

I no longer doubted that the taped voice phenomena consisted of parapsychical and parapsychic processes that could only be explored objectively with a totally unbiased attitude.

All of October passed. My reel-to-reel was still in exile under my desk. But then something happened that filled me with surprise and agitation.

It started with a strange sound phenomenon being audible around me during the course of the day. For example, when I was sitting in my studio listening to the splashing of the rain, I could clearly hear short calls, words or partial words, yes among them even longer sentences, that originated from the drizzle or rain dropping sounds from the water and that were whispered undeniably by a female voice. For the most part the sentences repeated themselves and were spoken sometimes in German and sometimes in Swedish and they went something like: “Hold contact – with the equipment hold contact – please listen – daily contact with equipment – please, please listen!...” The same words were even audible in the crackling of the stove fire or in the rustling of paper.

There was no doubt for me that this was truly a sound phenomenon and not my imagination, because I could clearly recognize the sound and character of the same female voice, that had been heard on my tapes on many occasions.

Still, I was restless about this. I somehow resisted these intruding contacts that reawakened the memories of forgotten fairytale imaginings and various ghost stories.

Besides that, I had to keep the symptoms of schizophrenia (split

personality) in mind, where hearing invisible persons is typical. This doubt caused me much apprehension, though I felt altogether healthy and “normal”, it still left a pinprick of suspicion within me.

Did I really fall victim to a mental disorder? That thought seemed laughable to me. I was sleeping remarkably well and was never bothered by any fear or hallucinations. My ability to concentrate was functioning just fine and my body and mind seemed to be in order as well. Yet still I was perceiving voices around me, yes even from the vibrating noise of my electric razor, I could clearly hear the female voice whispering to me, “Please – please keep contact – listen – listen – with equipment listen – please keep contact... ‘

I have to thank my hurt self-pride that I didn’t follow up on the demands of this woman’s voice, because what would have been easier than capturing this pressing whispering on tape.

It was logical: If the whispered voices truly did exist, that is to say were not an auditory hallucination, then the tape recorder should be able to record them. Once they were recorded you had essentially locked in the objective proof of their existence, and with that any suspicion of schizophrenia would be laid to rest once and for all.

At that time I found myself in a highly tense and nervous condition.

My listening skills had improved greatly, I had actually suddenly become very keen of hearing.

It was amazing. Involuntarily and quickly, this sudden capability

blossomed within me, an overwhelming experience that I could hardly keep up with.

In my desperation, I had even taken up smoking, a weakness of which I was really ashamed of at the same time.

## CHAPTER 8

Boris Sacharow, the friend of my youth – The path into the silence – a

healthy shock

In November, two German friends came to visit me in Stockholm. As a favor to them, I overcame my inner resistance, dug up my tapes again for the first time in a long while. I still hadn't created any index of my recordings. Also, being in a hurry, I believe I was only able to present my friends with the barking dog phenomenon. On the last evening before my friends' planned departure, by a sheer coincidence, I came upon the trail of one of my friends from my teens, of whom I hadn't heard anything for 27 years. In the meantime he had become one of the most noted yoga teachers in all of Germany.

This was about Boris Sacharow, who has written several good books about yoga, which readers in the German speaking countries who are adept at yoga are sure to know. Boris and I were linked by a teenage friendship. Not only did we grow up in the same city, Odessa, but also our fathers were doctors and therefore colleagues. The thing that brought us together especially was the deep wish to find a path to the hidden meaning of life. I saw Boris for the last time in Berlin, in 1932. He then lived with my relatives in Charlottenburg.

In spite of his great abilities and his outspoken talent for foreign languages, he was always in the grip of material problems.

No doubt, he lacked a practical sense of life. Besides that, he was a foreigner, and Germany at the time was in the midst of a catastrophic economic crisis. Boris earned his living as a taxi driver.

For the most part he drove nights; during the day he practiced the painting of billboards and other advertisements and eagerly studied



yoga and astrology. I had lost all contact with him since the beginning of World War Two. My German visitors promised me to find out his current address, and I was left waiting impatiently for the day when I could again have contact with my friend Boris.

Meanwhile my sharp hearing abilities continued unfolding with astonishing speed. Luckily I started getting used to this new ability and I accepted it as one does with an unavoidable fact, as it didn't upset me anymore. However, by no means did I get closer to any trail of my anonymous "friends from space".

I wasn't satisfied with any explanations that are given by parapsychologists, spiritualists, occultists, ufologists and God knows how many other "ists", because I wanted to know for sure, and convince myself through personal experience and not be satisfied with the explanation of others.

I started to become more relaxed with time, though I still hadn't overcome my aversion for the tape voices yet.

One evening I was lying on the couch in my studio and tried to look at all the events in an objective way. Basically I felt sorry that it had come to the break-up with these unknown speakers.

I felt a vast emptiness; a painful loss and I didn't really know if the broken relationship could be resumed without the risk of new disappointments. I tried to gain a perspective on my life, for I wanted to find its essential meaning. Yes, what exactly is the meaning, the significance of a human life?

I remembered how as a small child I had often felt adventures of unending peace and happiness, and how I sunk deep into timeless

existence and how these silent ecstasies had become increasingly rare the years.

Other experiences passed me by, the war, the revolution, marriage, divorce, creative happiness, disappointments and success.

However, above all was the shining light of the eternal adventure, true, real and unending. No doubt those experiences formed the core of my being, and I asked myself if such “silent ecstasy”, such deep sinking into the mysterious would gain any clarity for me. Slowly I sank into a condition of peaceful release, and became very still internally, though I was wide-awake and fully conscious of my surroundings.

Then something happened that never happened before. I clearly heard a muffled male voice speak, at no more than three yards distance; ”Listen to me – take part in the work...” The voice spoke in German.

My breath stopped, and at the same time I felt an icy grip on my throat. In one motion I jumped up and hastily opened the window and began to draw in deep breaths of the cold winter air. This left me in a kind of shock, but at the same time with a liberating relief as well. This contact, the boldest of them all, came in the right moment!

“Listen to me, take part in the work...” wasn’t this a call to continue with teamwork? In that instant, it was fully clear to me that the contacts, which started a year ago, should not be broken off, for this whole thing was obviously more serious and more important than I had been able to recognize until now.

I quickly recovered from my shock. The refreshing feeling of a recovered mental community filled me with joy and gave me my old confidence again.

Despite all my errors and misunderstandings, my invisible friends did not forget me and after the ice was broken, I decided shortly before Christmas to take up the contact by means of my tape recorder once again.

## CHAPTER 9

My tape recorder becomes a radio receiver – a Christmas surprise –  
Who puffed?

One evening I had just turned on the tape recorder when Freddy T., our American friend, entered the studio. When he saw the turning tape he nodded, half amused, half skeptically and said with a smile: "I'm Thomas." He was followed immediately by a male voice adding in Swedish: "You are bragging..."

So, on that first evening the voices had tuned in again.

I recognized among them the tireless female voice speaking in High German that was trying for the past two months to come through to me using different sound frequencies. Now that her voice was coming from the tape, I could clearly hear her soft and expressive tone of voice that betrayed warm, intensive feelings.

Over the next days a new phenomenon surfaced, it happened frequently during the recordings that radio transmissions were recorded on tape. I had the microphone standing on its usual spot in the studio at all times, and our radio receiver was in the living room and was always turned off during my recording sessions. Most transmissions that were recorded originated from Swedish radio stations, also every now and then there were sound segments from foreign radio stations as well, that at times had a strong volume in sound. What struck me as curious, was that right before the radio transmission was recorded, a "switching-on" tone became audible, followed by the "showering noise", leaving one with the impression of someone constantly adjusting the volume control knob.

One evening I was sitting again in front of my tape recorder, turned it on "record" and thought in silence; I wish that my unknown friends

would make their own voice audible instead of those meaningless radio stations.

No sooner had I finished the thought, than a very high tenor voice sang very quickly in English and German: “Hoer (hear) our voice!...”

After I finally understood that the reason for all misunderstandings thus far have been my own doing, my mental balance and my happiness in my work have returned. I decided to warmly “invite” my unseen friends for the Christmas celebration, and for this purpose I placed a new tape onto my tape recorder. With a microphone connected to the tape recorder, I let the equipment record our family conversations during the holidays.

The result from the first recording was unusually interesting. Right at the beginning there were several voices audible that were speaking German and Swedish simultaneously and it didn't lack points of humor. One female voice stood out clearly, she spoke Swedish with a decidedly French accent.

The next day, I played back the whole recording at slow speed as usual. By doing that I discovered a curious sound phenomenon.

A whisper was clearly audible within my recorded voice when played back at the slow speed. To my great surprise I recognized the tireless woman's voice that often addressed me by my name, and especially the word “help” when it was called out.

The voice spoke German and Swedish too, and placed a few words in Italian in-between.

Interestingly enough it was my first name that the voices were trying

to say in various ways, for example, every now and then I was addressed as “farbror Pelle” (uncle Pelle) as the children of my wife are used to calling me. More often one could hear: Friedrich, Friedel, Freddie, Frederick, Federico and finally Friedibus. These variations seemed to have the purpose to dissipate any doubt that I was being addressed personally.

On the first day of Christmas a one-of-a-kind occurrence took place that had a highly positive psychological impact on me.

My equipment was running for a while in the “record” mode. It was in the afternoon and I was alone in the studio. I was just getting ready to place the headphones on, when suddenly a intensive “puffing” was audible simultaneously through the headphones and in the room.

The noise was so loud that at first it gave me a real shock. Then I got feeling of happy certainty that the “puffing” sound would no doubt be picked up by the microphone. This sound was unmistakably the likes of a person forcefully exhaling, repeated twice. It sounded just like someone demonstrating a breathing technique. With that, the lungs were emptied so much that you could hear the whistling sound of the bronchial membranes.

After the second exhalation a male voice said in German:” ...so cold!...”

This sound was the first that I was able to hear at the same time from the outside, that is to say the room, and from the inside, which are the headphones, and it was recorded on tape. It was an absolute “bull’s-eye”. When you replay the tape you can hear me enter the studio, walking to the table and placing the headphones on.

All of these sounds can be clearly recognized, also the curious

breathing sounds and the call “so cold”.

Here again I had 100% proof that I was not suffering from hallucinations, dreams, fantasies, or any kind of mental disturbance. I inwardly thanked these unknown friends that have freed me from the last wisp of doubt, and decided on that same evening to get the advice of a well-known Swedish scientist.

Before I get into this, however, I must ask the reader for a little patience, because the recording hid two other pleasant surprises that I only realized after approximately two weeks. First of all, in my eagerness and inexperience I had missed a voice at the very beginning of the recording.

In the beginning of January, I received some sad news. My childhood friend Boris Sacharow had died in a car accident in October of 1959. His wife was still in critical condition and was in a coma, in a Bayreuth hospital.

I received the news from a German publishing company, and a copy of the published book by Boris Sacharow, ”The Big Secret”, which they had sent to me. This book has countless photos that show Boris in different yoga positions. These pictures brought back the memories of a shared childhood and teenage years along with the pain of a lost friend.

On the last page of his book, you can see Boris practicing deep breathing exercises. He had emptied his lungs, standing there with pulled in diaphragm, and is smiling. As I was looking more closely at these photos, I suddenly remembered those two “blowing” and “breathing” sounds and decided immediately to listen to this particular tape again.

This time I was listening with much more alertness and discovered right at the beginning a muffled male voice that said slightly strained but in very audible German: “At equipment...your Boris!...” The name Boris was pronounced painfully as “Boerris” with a rasping “rrr”.

So after all, it was my faithful friend Boris Sacharow that had succeeded to drive all doubt from me once and for all.

Now back to January 1960. Encouraged by the clear audible recordings I decided to consult a known Swedish scientist via telephone.



## CHAPTER 10

The first “public” demonstration – the invisible have their say - true rigors

I knew Dr. Bjorkhem’s name for many years. I had read about his experiments with deep hypnosis. This highly talented researcher had a doctor’s degree in Philosophy, Theology and Medicine, and I thought that as a psychiatrist and parapsychologist he would be able to recognize the true meaning of my contacts. Since Dr. Bjorkhem’s name was well known beyond the borders of Sweden, and he was presumably subjected to a heavy workload, I had my concerns that I would not be able to get through to him.

To my surprise, a very positive telephone conversation took place between us. One doesn’t need to use a lot of words with this man, in order for him to grasp the meaning of things. Dr. Bjorkhem promised to visit me at my home in Stockholm on Monday, December 28, 1959.

Besides Dr. Bjorkhem, I decided also to invite a young friend and his wife, Arne Weisse, from the Swedish Broadcasting Company, with whom I produced numerous radio broadcasts. In addition, my sister Elly was present, who was staying with us over the Christmas holidays, and my sister-in-law Annica, whom I had especially invited for this gathering.

Our guests arrived at 6.00 p.m. sharp. After a little snack, we moved to the family room where we sat awhile and carried on our conversations. Even though there was an up-beat mood, you could sense a certain tension becoming thicker in the room.

Personally, I was feeling a little unsure. I found myself in comparison to the painful position of a theater director who doesn't have a clue if his cast will appear for the scheduled performance or not.

I sat as far away as possible from the recorder and the switched-on microphone for most of the time next to Dr. Bjorkhem.

Following a collective wish, I activated the "record" switch on the tape recorder, while the conversations of the people present did not cease. The tape recording was running directly over the microphone in the presence of seven witnesses and in full electrical illumination.

Since I'm going to be describing numerous recordings that were recorded in a different technical mode, I will limit this reports to the essentials of this first "public" recording.

It was about 7:30 in the evening when I turned the equipment on to record, and at the same time I exclaimed "Now!" Later when we listened to the tape, we discovered that a loud male voice preceded me and clearly interjected "Poskala!" but none of us had perceived this. So, with the name of a Swedish town, we began our recordings.

As our youngest son Peter entered the family room for a moment, a woman's voice that called him by a very special nickname remarked on his appearance. The lady voice spoke German and Swedish, but one could detect a Finnish accent in both languages. Her message was of a purely private character and need not be reported here.

After a little while, a elderly sounding male voice, a bit nasal but distinguished, said: "...tanto parties..." We conversed only in Swedish, and I had just answered my sister's question, when I said "monga, monga", which means "many, many". On the tape followed

“tanto parties”, which was a combination of the Italian word “tanto” (many) and the English word “parties”. This seemed to be a continuation of my answer.

Since none of us actually heard the voices, we continued uninhibited with our conversation.

What followed now was very strange. One of the ladies had directed a question to Dr. Bjorkhem, who answered in his calm fashion. On the tape however, a completely different series of words could be heard on top of Dr. Bjorkhem’s voice. He never said, but we heard “Stackars lilla Bjork!...” (Poor little Bjorky!) Possibly this was a reference to Dr. Bjorkhem’s grave heart problems that thanks to his self-control was unnoticeable to others.

The same female voice that called Peter by his nickname appeared later again, and in a short pause she managed to call out loud and clear “tanner – tanner!” Since no one had heard this during the recording, the surprise was great when it was audible during the playback of the tape.

This clear voice phenomenon, that by the way sounded a little mechanical, had somehow left Arne Weisse taken aback, because he suddenly got up, placed himself in front of the microphone and loudly ordered our invisible guests to leave the house.

I tried to deflect this embarrassing incident with a little humor explaining with a smile that we had all gathered here precisely for the purpose of listening to these voices. I jokingly remarked that we should be polite towards our unknown visitors. Inside however, I was shocked, for I feared that Arne had driven my “cast” away.

As the tape recorder was switched to “record” again, I asked aloud the question, if there was anything we could do for our unseen friends and if anything is actually expected of us.

Annica suggested a short silent pause, which after, we sat for a few minutes without making a sound, and then I replayed this part of the tape.

There, from the quiet of the room, sounded that tireless woman’s voice whispering in German with deep emphasis: “You are only human...”

For a while nothing remarkable happened, and we continued our lively conversation in an excited babble of voices. I told Arne about the “exhaling” incident, when the (then) unknown voice said, “so cold”.

Arne grabbed the microphone again. “Where is Tanner?” he asked a few times in his clear strong voice. “I Sverige!” (In Sweden!), came a quiet answer.

“I don’t believe anything about you!” added Arne energetically, who had not heard the answer yet. “You don’t exist at all! How can you answer when you can’t possibly give an answer?”

“Nonsense!...” replied the same voice as we heard during replay of the tape.

“Where is it cold?” he persisted and repeated the question several times, but there was no answer. No doubt, most of us were feeling ill at ease. The uncertainty, or better said the fear of the unknown made itself felt in the room. You could clearly sense that the mood grew tense.

Later when Dr. Bjorkhem and my sister-in-law Annica had left, Arne and I decided to conduct another recording session in the studio.

One of the ladies, I believe it was Arne's wife, suggested that we should sit still and let the equipment run for a while.

What resulted from that was peculiar. We had sat still for three minutes. On the tape you can hear muffled street-noises. Suddenly a loud male voice sounded resolutely and with clear emphasis and said, "Grecola!"

For a few seconds it was quiet, then Arne's wife interrupted the silence and said with resonating voice: "If I wasn't scared, I would go into the kitchen. Monika would you go with me?" Els-Marie had laid her little son to sleep in the kitchen.

Only after three years would I find out what "Grecola" means, and this was through Dr. Alf Ahlberg who had visited me in 1963. "Grecola" was a term used in the old Roman Empire as a term of deprecation. It was a Latin expression for a fearful Greek. Possibly it could be rendered as: "Scared little rabbit."

Here I would especially like to point out that with most recordings the meaning of particular, seemingly senseless words would emerge only much later, sometimes years after the fact. No matter how trivial and incoherent some words or pieces of sentences sound they all are hiding a particular meaning or purpose.

The reader has probably asked himself or herself the question, for example, what the words "tanner – tanner" mean? We had also in vainly racked our brains about this, but none of us could find a

satisfying explanation. In the year 1963, I visited a lady from central Sweden. Her fiancée had taken his life, and in her desperation the girl was about to do the same.

In such a case, clever suggestions, consoling phrases and sanctimonious exhortations don't really help. Only one's genuine sympathy and true understanding can help loosen and lessen the pain of loss and isolation.

Many telephone conversations took place between us later, and one day I received a book from her, written by an English scholar, Dr. L. Johnson, titled: "The Big Problem". The book had appeared before World War Two. The lady had directed my attention to a particular page, where among other statements, a message was given by one of deceased through a medium. "Research all possible ways of wireless connections! We (the deceased) are preparing ourselves to reach you in this way. It only depends on the wavelength..."

As I was leafing through the book, my gaze suddenly fell on the name "Tanner" printed twice on the same page, it was the name of a well-known English medium.

Now back to the 28<sup>th</sup> of December 1959, when Arne and I were starting a recording session in my studio.

We left the ladies, Arne's wife, Els-Marie, Monika and my sister Elly, in the living room, carried the tape recorder into the studio and set up the microphone in the corner. We closed the door behind us and switched on the equipment. Arne was pacing back and forth restlessly.

"How, how cold!" said someone half aloud in German as it turned out when we listened to the tape. Arne kept up his lively pacing because

neither of us had heard that remark which was captured only by the tape recorder.

“It seems like they expect us to talk...” said Arne, “...but then again the voices need a break for a while” he continued in a half tone.

“No!” interrupted a German male voice, again only on the tape.

“No, at the equipment we stay...” here the voice switched to Swedish, “...from morning until evening into the night.” Then she finished in German and said, “So cold it is in you!...”

The last sentence was said with a loud voice, no doubt it gave a direct answer to Arne’s repeated question. Two audio experts of the Technical University in Stockholm examined the tape recording at a later date.

I will refer to this subsequently.

The voice that said, “So cold it is in you” sounded a little hoarse. She really reminded me of the male voice that in the beginning called out “tanto – parties”.

As our ladies listened to the recording, it created quite a stir. Everyone was talking at the same time, only Arne sat there deep in thought. He later admitted that he had understood the meaning of the answer. You get cold inside when you are afraid of something. Before our guests departed, Arne turned the tape recorder on again. We found ourselves again alone in the studio, and I said something like the following: “We humans are like that, before reason takes a hold that there could be another living-plane, all proof won’t help.”

“But Friedel”, interrupted Arne, “I think so...” “Goer Ni?” (Swedish for “Do you really?”), a male voice interjected with amusement. This ended our experiment on the evening of December 28<sup>th</sup>.

## CHAPTER 11

The New Years Eve recording – “Mercy to the world, hallelujah!” – Bells ringing accompanied by choir – “That was Hitler, who’s not ashamed”

As it later turned out, this type of contact via microphone was only a temporary measure, with limited possibilities and highly depended on the physics of sound frequencies. That is why these flawless and extensive conversations could not be undertaken given the imperfect connection. It was also the reason why everything seemed so disconnected and sporadic. Nevertheless, these first attempts at communication represent an exceptionally interesting phenomenon, even if they cannot be compared to the connections that followed later.

I would like to briefly report on a further really interesting recording session that took place on New Years Eve. Around 11:00 pm, I placed a new tape onto the recorder hoping to receive a recording around midnight as we passed into the New Year. As usual the equipment was in the studio and the microphone was located in the living room, approximately three meters from the radio, which was transmitting the New Years program in a low volume.

I had posed a silent question to my unknown friends; I wanted to know who they were. Right at the beginning of the recording, immediately after I turned it on, someone called “Bismark!”. Then a female voice was audible and sang with melody in the same tone as the radio, “Only Germans...”



After a little while you can hear the same female voice reciting out of the distance the words, “Mercy to the world, hallelujah!”

Within the very soft, almost childlike voice, you could clearly hear the timbre of a very high soprano. The rest of the song was drowned out by our own voices. Our conversations were uninhibited, for no one except me, was thinking about the recording of “ghost voices” through the microphone. The children were happy and lively, and waited impatiently for the ringing of the midnight bells.

Suddenly, in a small break in our conversation, you can hear the voice of my deceased Pompeian friend Pasquale who called me warmly by my name. Pasquale was one of my faithful friends. He had died suddenly one month after my departure in August 1958.

On this New Year Eve I was addressed several times by my name by different unknown female voices. Then again the already mentioned soprano voice was audible and started to recite festively: “Federici...mercy will be, forgive us in your heart...” The rest of the words were lost in the medley of our voices.

As I examined the series of words the next day at the speed of  $3\frac{3}{4}$  i.p.s. I heard the following surprising speech metamorphosis: “Keep us awake...today you can ask” a sleepy male voice murmured in German.

Shortly before midnight, the Swedish Broadcasting Company was broadcasting a organ concert, it was Brahms “Choral Variations”, the light female voice sounded again, and following the organ solo she started to sing with her own improvisation. The organ concert was broadcast from Sweden’s “Gamlakyrkan” (Old Church).

A woman's voice with a fine intonation and a warm vibrato became audible only during the playback of the tape.

Unfortunately our loud voices interfered and one could only pick out a few words and bits of single phrases. "Peace to the world...mercy, mercy...amen", were the best understandable words, that were coming through between our squabble of words. The singing sounded like it came from a far distance.

Around midnight Stockholm's old town churches began to ring their bells. It was a deafening drone because we lived in the middle of the old town diagonally across from the German church.

Suddenly, on the tape you can hear a strong male choir. It was a curious phenomenon because the choir used the sounds of the church bells as accompaniment to carry their tone.

We were greeting the New Year with loud calls of "Skol!" (Cheers!), and we were toasting with our champagne glasses. Outside the church bells were ringing in their own loud choir, the children were talking excitedly amongst themselves and in-between, at first inaudible to us, was a male choir with a very moving "Peace – peace!" We however were bringing loud "skols" on our friends and us for health and the New Year of 1960. I went to the microphone to call "Skol!" to my anonymous friends, but before I lifted my glass a friendly female voice preceded me on the tape and said out loud in broken Swedish: "Federico was so sweet!", which was followed immediately with my "Skol!" As it became calmer later in the night, a male voice began to speak. It was the voice of an older man that sounded broken, muffled and slightly hoarse. One can hear resignation and sadness in his monotonous tone. The whole conversation seemed like a monologue

as if he were talking to himself in a half sleep.

“We lived in the deepest confusion...” began the voice in German, “...to oppress the people and to enslave them...the others withdrew,

not me... that’s why I’m...” The words that followed were drowned out by our own voices. After a short pause, the man began to speak again. He added only one more sentence with a strange content, “We lived in a bad compote (fruit stew)”, then the voice broke off.

Right after that, the female voice that had said ”Federici is so sweet” became audible and called out mockingly a stretched “Heil!”

In the next moment she added excitedly: “...that was Hitler...he’s not ashamed...he was here...”

Though the woman spoke German, you could clearly recognize a Jewish accent, particularly that of a polish Jew.

Again her voice sounded, this was right before the tape came to an end: “That was Hitler...he sees you!” She called out loud and exited, then added with a change in her tone of voice, embarrassed: “I tell Hitler...he loves me!”

After this strange declaration the ‘Ghost Voice Recordings’ ended for the night.

## CHAPTER 12

The scientific community becomes aware – It won't work without parapsychology – I come to the realization that I have as good as nothing to expect from the scientists

The distinct presence of voices of an unknown origin, which could be recorded on tape in the presence of reliable witnesses resulted in some attention being paid by certain members of the scientific community.

During the course of that winter many small groups of interested listeners gathered now and then, and among them were Dr. Bjorkhem and various other scientists. A well-known Swedish scientist, Professor Oelaender, also the secretary of the Parapsychology Association with the Stockholm School of Higher Education, Mrs. Eva H., helped me in contacting a sound expert from the High Technical School (Expert for acoustic and vibration physics) in Stockholm. After I had played a few examples of my tapes, he gave his consent to take part in a recording session in our house.

For that particular evening I had borrowed a new tape recorder, since my own was rather worn out. Besides Dr. Bjorkhem and Mrs. Eva H., a few other friends were present.

On that evening it became clear to me for the first time, how senseless and useless such public demonstrations are. I realized that it doesn't

make any sense to try and convince some experts or to give any kind of importance to their opinions. No doubt these gentlemen were very well informed in their own field. One of my guests had actually constructed an electromagnetic “talking device,” that could create words and human voices on tape with electronic impulses.

This technical masterpiece presented no doubt a unique solution that took many years of tedious and complicated research. Which is precisely why none of these gentlemen have ever been seriously involved in the field of parapsychology or parapsysics. Being committed to the methods of empirical science, they were not interested in occult phenomena that triggered their suspicions and distrust to the highest degree.

It was only natural that both these gentlemen demonstrated reserved skepticism and alert caution towards my tape recordings, after all this mysterious sound phenomenon was out of their area of research and competence.

The gentlemen had brought their own tape recorders and tapes. At first, all three recorders were on strike for one reason or another, but after a little while we managed to get two of them to function.

I thought then, how difficult, almost hopeless it was for these empirical scientists to comprehend without bias or prejudice something totally new that had never been seen. After all, it had also caused me many months of hard struggle before I overcame my own skepticism.

The most part of the evening passed in discussion. The few recordings we did, yielded no results.

“How does this fit in with hypnosis?” asked one of the broadcasting people, who directed the question to Dr. Bjorkhem. “Well...”, his reply spun out slowly, “You better ask those gentlemen, the experts who reject hypnosis without knowing the first thing about it.”

Let me say here that of all the researchers and scholars that I have encountered over the years, no one exceeded Dr. Bjorkhem in humility, modesty and the total absence of bias. I then realized that if Sweden’s number one hypnotist felt obliged to use sarcasm in replying to a scientist’s question he must have personally encountered endless disappointments and rejection.

During the course of the evening, I played back some earlier recordings, including the tape from New Years Eve. As the gentlemen clearly perceived the audible voices, one of them remarked if it couldn’t have been that an amateur radio station played a joke on me.

“Well, that can’t be ruled out,” I agreed, “but the amateurs must be psychic too, because how could they time the very moment when I turn the equipment on?” The positive result of that evening was that I finally realized the uselessness of such a demonstration in front of these so-called experts..

Why should I try to interest people whose minds are totally set against something that they could not possibly know anything about. After all, I was still stumbling around in the dark myself, even if here and there I could glimpse some connections, it was simply too early to seek to present the subject to others, particularly to researchers in unrelated braches of science.

## CHAPTER 13

Trials of patience – Lena introduces herself – What about these hints involving the radio?

In those days I often spoke softly into the microphone. I asked questions and tried later, after switching to the slower speed of 9.5 cm, to peel replies out of certain whispered sounds. I have saved all of my tapes with these self-conversations because those experiments clearly show the steps in the development of my contacts. Of course my own failures and misunderstandings are also clearly revealed by them.

The downside of these attempted contacts was the tremendous loss of time that occurred during listening due to the reduced speed. For example, when the tape uses one hour for recording at a speed of 19 cm, then the time doubles during playback at half speed. When I wanted to have a clear picture of certain recordings, then I had to count on 10 – 12 hours of listening-time in which of course I could not lose my patience.

The “whispered conversation” of the already familiar woman’s voice, that incidentally introduced herself as ”Lena”, wasn’t always that easy to understand.

It was very interesting and exciting to follow her expressions and her speaking, when she was shaping her words with tireless patience by using the available frequencies of my voice and other noises. Only rarely did this result in longer sentences. Every now and then she succeeded to mix in small exclamations or comments with lightning speed, whereas the same attempts were unsuccessful in other segments of the tape.

“Help...make contact with radio...radio we have...day contact...evening radio helps...help my man...” were the phrases repeated often phrases that I did not yet understand correctly. “ We need voice amplification,” said a female voice once. Apparently it was about certain sound frequencies that were to be transformed into words. During the beginning I had misunderstood the advice about radio contacts. In that particular winter it seemed to happen frequently, that when I held a “conversation” with my invisible friends via the microphone, the tape would suddenly record radio broadcasts, that strangely enough would seem to supply answers to my questions. On these occasions our radio was turned off.

One time I had put a record on the player that was connected with our radio and turned the volume up slightly. The famous Russian pianist Horowitz was presenting a Scriabin piano sonata, and I asked my friends if the music disturbed them .

The answer came like lightning in a singing voice: “Oh no! Happiness you give us always!” sounded lively in Swedish. On another evening I asked if my voice was heard steadily on the other side. There was no answer. I repeated the question several times. After a while I heard that the already known static roar was switched on and that a voice was trying hard to get through, until suddenly a voice in Swedish burst



out loud, but in stammered phrase with pauses: “One must...have so much time...for the...calls...and...”

Back then I didn't know for sure if this just happened to be parts of a radio program or if they were a direct communication from my friends. If they were successful in “mixing in” their transmissions into radio program, then it was proof that the experimenters on the other side operated outside the limits of our space and time.

Apparently I had misunderstood the call to “make contact with radio”, because Lena's challenge was repeated frequently.

A very interesting new phenomenon happened during this phase of development, mostly late in the evening, when we were sitting very quietly in front of the tape recorder during recording sessions and were cherishing the peace and quiet of the evening. None of us had perceived even the slightest sound, but as I later played back the tape, a soft male choir became audible suddenly out the of the silence room: “Listen brothers...we are praying...”

The singing was soft and in unison similar to medieval chants.

On a different occasion the voices sang in the same tone and melody: “We hear from heaven...” Then one evening a beautiful woman's voice was audible: “We're praying from heaven...we listen...”

I had surely heard this voice with its warm vibrato sometime before.

All the singers had until now preferred to remain anonymous. Only a few years later, as the connection continued by different means and a large part of the existing inhibitions and disturbances disappeared, our relationship started to become more open.

## CHAPTER 14

Medical counselor Felix Kersten and his tape – Who are the best-informed commentators? – The strings of fate are strangely intertwined

One evening an old friend of mine, Felix Kersten, came to visit with his wife. Kersten was a medical counselor and an unusually gifted massage therapist. The world press has written so much about Kersten (his book is well known too), that it is enough when I mention that thanks to his enormous influence on Himmler, he managed to save the lives of hundreds of thousands of people. Kersten had practiced in many countries since the end of the War. His family had their main residence in Stockholm. We hadn't seen each other for a long time, and we entered immediately into an open and lively conversation. I played some of my tapes that seemed to awaken great interest in both.

Felix asked me to come to his home with my tape recorder. He wanted to play a radio program he originated that was transmitted by the West German Broadcasting Corp. The title was "Man Among the Brutes" and it dealt with his rescue activities during the "Third Reich".

One evening as we gathered in a circle of friends and were listening to the tape recording from Kersten, a young man and I noticed that every now and then during the pauses of the speakers breathing, quiet secondary voices were audible. Later we replayed those particular parts and we managed to recognize a male voice that was commenting on the presentation that, though soft spoken, was quite clearly heard in German.

What seemed like technical problems, had nothing to do with the comments by the unknown speaker that could be clearly discerned at many spots on the tape.

I was able to hear one woman's voice and two male voices. The female voice seemed to be singing. When for example, the rescue of Polish Jews that were brought to Sweden was mentioned, there sounded a very light and happy "Mercy!" It sounded very probable that it was sung by the same soprano that made an appearance for us on New Years Eve during the organ solo.

Also, I was able to recognize the voice of one of the commentators. The man spoke a pure bureaucratic standard German and offered his comments in a dry humoristic tone, but simultaneously threw in some sarcastic replies. No doubt he was incredibly good informed and must have been very close to the leading circles of the Third Reich. There was no doubt for me anymore that this presentation that was recorded on his tape, was listened to by someone, somewhere in the ether, and that these unknown entities managed to get their own criticisms and comments onto the tape.

Wasn't it interesting that especially this tape should find its way into my hands? I gained the firm impression that someone had again

knotted the strings of fate together. I made a copy of this tape later and subjected it to thorough checking, transcribing the text down word for word. I took the tape home with me for examination and when I listened to it carefully with my headphones, I was able to determine that these were the same voice phenomenon as on my own tapes.

However, I discovered at the same time the existence of so-called "echoes", that is to say, a soft repetition of certain words, which by the way also happens with long playing records.

## CHAPTER 15

Enigmatic fluctuations in the volume level – An English lecture in German – A normally impossible procedure

Meanwhile spring had arrived. Stockholm's "old town" was slowly thawing, water was dripping merrily from the rooftops, and pigeons in love were cooing on the windowsills.

It was on March 10, 1960, when a highly curious phenomenon happened, that reminded me immediately of an observation from the fall of 1957, when during my singing rehearsal for a planned radio recording the volume level of the recording began to fluctuate strongly in an inexplicable manner. Now this baffling incident, which actually was a targeted rehearsal, was to fulfill its real predetermined mission.

I was expecting company that evening. A few scientists had made an appointment, and I felt as I always do in this circumstance an uncomfortable feeling of uncertainty. Because, I still could not be sure that my invisible friends were willing to cooperate or not.

During those circumstances I had the habit to make short requests, words of greeting and questions into the microphone, hoping that during the playback at 3-3/4 i.p.s. an answer from Lena would be audible. So there I was sitting in my studio and I had as usual placed the headphones on and spoke softly into the microphone. Suddenly I realized that the volume started to fall to its minimum. I was as mentioned, immediately reminded about the incident in the fall of 1957. This time I tried to turn the volume to its maximum for compensation.

Meanwhile, in the adjoining bedroom, my wife had put a record with an English lecture on the gramophone. I was suddenly able to hear the voice of the lecturer through my headphones. Being concerned that my equipment was once again malfunctioning, I spoke my concerns out loud. Because my volume was set to maximum, the recording session became possible; however, I was simultaneously forced to record the lecture from the other room.

This recording session that consisted of my concerned questions and the voice of the English-speaking lecturer from the adjoining room would become a fantastic surprise for me. For after a few minutes, when I began to listen to the recording, I discovered in amazement that the lecture was delivered in German!

First I couldn't believe my ears, I kept rewinding and listening intensely until there was no doubt, the man was speaking in German, clearly and unmistakably, and had even changed the timbre of his voice.

Unfortunately I was able to hear only a part of these German words

since the rest was drowned out by my own voice.

The results of this changed speech included: "You have to record Friedrich...", the voice began in German, "Ready Moelnbo (The name of the little town where I have property by the lake.)...our goals and expectations...are you getting this?...until something comes clearly...Friedrich...our goal...are you getting this?...Friedrich, do you recognize Moelnbo?...our goal...are you getting this?"

In short, my friends had in mind to make a "connection in the country" where something was clearly to come.

After I had clearly understood the wording, and the record had finished playing in the adjoining room, the recorder started to function normally again.

My happiness and satisfaction over the received message made me forget all about the speech metamorphosis. I didn't think any more about why and how come?

Only after a year did I learn, that especially this recording played an important role of to which I will refer in greater detail later.

## CHAPTER 16

Finally the radio puzzle is resolved – Once again “Churchill” – Three languages within one sentence

I don't remember any more why I got the idea of hooking up the tape recorder with the radio receiver. However, I did that one evening and noticed right away that with the use of the headphones I could clearly hear the radio broadcasts.

At first I was overwhelmed by the chaos of sounds and noises. Within this colorful mix I perceived music, theater performances, singing, lectures, Morse codes and the droning of a Russian jamming signal.

Here and there I thought that I heard Lena's whispering, even though I couldn't explain how her voice could possibly get among the radio broadcasts. It was very hard for me to make out the words during her hurried whispering. In the end, I turned the tape recorder on “record” for a test and let the tape run for a few minutes hooked up to the radio.

When listening to the tape I was astonished as Lena's voice suddenly came through clearly in the mix of noises. I heard her whisper hastily and excited, "Hold it, hold it...direct contact with Churchill!"

Again the name "Churchill" was mentioned, the name that I had recorded on many earlier occasions, without being able to understand it's meaning more closely.

I again turned on to "record" directly from the radio equipment - not via the microphone, but through the connecting plugs - and was searching the radio frequency scale at the same time. I had just switched on the medium wave band when a pleasant female voice started to sing.

Since I was convinced that was hearing an ordinary radio broadcast I turned the tuning knob a little back and forth, and of course was only able to get bits and pieces of words and sentences.

"Friedel, Friedel" sang a voice with clear emphasis on the last syllable. Then a strange mix of German and Swedish followed, the woman's voice sang simultaneously in two languages:

"Speak...lately Swedish often disturbs..." she sang along merrily.

Here is when I started to move the settings to another frequency.

There the same woman's voice was audible and said, drowning out all other voices and noises: "Please don't interrupt, Federico..."

Even though the woman spoke the sentence in German, one could still recognize the Slavic accent. She could have been Russian or Polish. I understood right away, that my way of searching and turning knobs was causing a disturbance. Never had any voice spoken so clearly with me, and I had recorded her on tape, and was able to take my time in examining the result.



On that day I realized for the first time the importance of the radio as a bridge (to the other world). Though this realization was new for me, and I had no idea as yet what technical means were involved, I still knew that we had now finally found the right way.

As with everything new, this whole thing seemed at first pretty confusing, because I found myself confronted by a flood of sounds and noises and didn't know what to do. Undecided, I hesitated a few days until one evening I hooked up the tape recorder to my radio once again, and turned the tape on to "record". Immediately after turning on the recorder the melodic woman's voice became audible, though quietly she spoke in an unusually suggestive tone. It was the one of a kind intonation of her voice that captured me immediately, even before I understood her words.

Again, the voice spoke in three languages, namely German, Italian and Swedish. It took me a little while until I understood the words.

"Bambina, arriva! arriva!" (the baby has arrived!) she began in Italian emotionally, her voice seemed to suggest immeasurable relief.

"Through the radio...you have guessed it...much more will come through..."

This curious mixture of speech that I have translated and a little shortened, sounded totally natural, even self-evident. The more I listened to the voice the more I liked it. It wasn't only the childlike ingenuousness of the mixed up speech, not only the charm of a pleasant and happy woman's voice, beyond that it seemed to me as if a vibration that deeply moved me was transferred by the voice to my inner being. These vibes gave me the sudden certainty that the newly discovered bridge held still had unimaginable possibilities.

Thus I had now, after many errors and confusion, reached a new border region whence a bridge connected with an unknown world like a shimmering rainbow, a plane of existence that had been closed until now for most of us.

## CHAPTER 17

The new technique requires practice – My constant “radio assistant” – Any time on any frequency – Indisputable facts and proof despite the fairytale characteristics

The patience and determination of my anonymous friends was truly admirable. It had taken them a year of persistent attempts to get through to me, until I finally got the hint and made direct contact via radio. With that, all sound-phenomenon broke off simultaneously. From that hour on, it once again became quiet around me. The faucet and the raindrops reacquired their normal sounds and Lena’s insistent whispering vanished from all the other noises in my surroundings.

I believed that now I had truly overcome the biggest difficulties. But I really deceived myself, because now began the steepest stretch uphill

to the mountain peak.

At the same time it became clear to me, that without a balance of body and soul my task could not be accomplished. That meant I had to pay great attention to myself and that my lifestyle should be healthy and natural. It depended mostly on finding and maintaining the inner peace and reflection that was also a direct means of communication.

Problems still existed in abundance. For example, I had to learn the special techniques of these new radio connections that in the beginning puzzled me greatly.

The biggest difficulty with the connection via radio was that without a finely tuned ability to hear, you couldn't understand anything. But it proved very soon that even my existing mental sharpness alone wasn't

enough, rather I needed to practice again and again. Besides it required an almost limitless vigilance without which it was impossible to realize the lightning fast interaction between intuitive understanding and focused concentration.

For example, I was given instructions that were spoken with unusual haste, or Lena, my radio assistant spoke in very high frequencies that were barely distinguishable from the surrounding noise. It was these small differences that counted.

Even though today, after several years of hard training, I am more or less aware of what is involved, I still have a lot to learn, since everything is still unfolding and subject to constant changes.

The first thing I decided was to become more familiar with the frequencies and transmitters of the different broadcasting networks, and also with the frequency ranges of the amateur and eastern jamming stations. On the other hand I didn't have to pay any attention to wireless telegraphy since my friends did not use those wavelengths.

All of this was relatively easy to learn, on the other hand, I encountered enormous difficulties when I wanted to research the transmission technique itself. The work was tough and complicated. It required my restless involvement, most of all a basic change in the habitual ways in which I perceived the world around me.

My friends were capable of using practically any wavelength and at any time. Still they avoided short wave and particular hours, as for example, when the daily news was broadcast. During solar flares and the appearance of the northern lights the transmissions were absent. During a thunderstorm, or more correctly, just before a thunderstorm, all transmissions ceased.

Only very rarely would I receive messages after 10:00 PM, or during the time when I was occupied with the writing of my book. Nonetheless, when I turned on the radio after a day's work, a singing voice would suddenly wish me "good night". In such cases nothing more was to be achieved. The "broadcasting station of the deceased" was silent, and Lena's whispering was not to be heard regardless of the wavelength. Often I came close to losing my patience, and the work seemed unending and hopeless.

My love for art was still as strong as before, and I asked myself with a heavy heart, if I was justified to give up my painting, a creative occupation to which I had once devoted my whole life.

The fact that I gave up painting just at a time when I was starting to savor my success did not bother me greatly. However the thought of Pompeii pained me as I had been entrusted there with a unique task that was to have been accomplished in the spring.

Instead I was sitting here in Stockholm in front of a jigsaw puzzle struggling with frustration in trying to assemble a clear picture from all the countless fragments.

And yet, never before in my life had a subject grabbed and fascinated me as deeply, as these mystical contacts floating around the ether.

In the sober light of everyday common sense, the whole thing seemed like a fantastic fairytale or some crazy eccentricity. But fairytales and castles in the clouds are of not in demand in our times of hard reality.

Reason and intellect rightfully demand facts, touchable, measurable things that our senses can comprehend and explore.

A stone, a drop of water, a invisible atom, even a abstract mathematical formula can be understood by a human mind, no matter how different they are.

Rationality is our guideline, and at the same time, it is the border that may not be crossed. For sure, my tapes and radio contacts with the inhabitants of an invisible world could have been considered illusions or a fairytale, if not for the existence of the tape recordings. To my great happiness and relief these touchable real tapes, a gift from beings out of the ether, lay before me. Their content, in word and sound, could be heard and understood by everyone who wasn't deaf or retarded.

Despite all difficulties and mountainous obstacles, I was filled with silent gratitude, yes, I perceived it as an act of grace, for in these tapes lay a hidden wonder with undeniable proof of the reality of another world, another sphere of existence. Everything was new and original surpassing by far in significance all of my personal wishes and expectations.

That, which had happened here, which repeated itself daily and slowly gained a clear outline, possessed the explosive power of pure truth based on facts.

It was the truth, the reality, which was possibly called for to tear the curtain from the hereafter into a thousand pieces and at the same time, to bridge over the abyss between here and there. In no way could this be called an idle sensation. The one and only thing that mattered, was the fact that I was entrusted with the great and difficult task to push ahead with the construction of this bridge.

If I proved up to this task, then perhaps the mystery of human life and death could be solved by technical and physical means.

These were the reasons why there was no turning back for me, despite all of the unpainted pictures and unaccomplished excavations in Pompeii, and despite all obstacles and anticipated setbacks.

## CHAPTER 18

Back at Nysund – Bitter memories – For me there remains only one task, only one goal

Three days before Easter our whole family including dog and cat drove again into the country to our property in Nysund by Moelnbo. I had taken my tape recorder and a new radio receiver with me, and installed both in the attic right away.

The weather was unusually beautiful. There was a slight wind from the south and bright cumulus clouds moved across the light blue

spring sky. There was a scent of sap, pine needles, moss and thawing earth in the air and though the porous snow hadn't melted yet, the birds sang with the tireless happiness of spring's arrival.

Especially here by the forest hill, they were singing the liveliest. It was a wonderful concert of many mating calls with their whistles, trills and chirping introduced around three in the morning by the thrushes and reaching its climax at dawn.

The caretaker of the greenhouses on our property, our friend Hugo F., had also arrived and dove as usual into his work with ambition and delight in gardening. In such semi wilderness spots in the country as in Nysund, where there were not enough people around, the forces of nature always threatened to turn the property into a luxuriant jungle.

But Hugo was tireless and took up the constant battle anew. Nothing could dampen his industriousness, not even the circumstance that his visual ability had deteriorated dramatically. There was no work that Hugo avoided, he poked around in the greenhouses and in the garden and caulked the windows in the greenhouses, where he fell through the glass roof every now and then.

He would then stand up unfazed and continue to work undistracted. Hugo was 73 years young and he had remained the optimist of his youth, which made him so likable.

During the week of Easter we were suddenly surprised by a message that medical counselor, Felix Kersten had died in Germany. I had just recently visited Felix at his home in Stockholm. He was suffering from kidney stones, but participated in our conversation despite the pains. He looked tired and overworked, but his patients were impatiently awaiting his arrival. It was the same old story about doctors. He was not allowed to be sick, because he didn't have the



time for that.

It had become late. We were talking about my tape recording contacts and about the apparent bridge to the unknown living-plane. Felix gave me his book, "Conversations with Himmler", and wrote a few sentences as dedication into it. We were speaking about the south and about a villa at the Mediterranean, surrounded by pines, and cypresses. For many years I enjoyed Felix's friendship and knew his childlike, generous ways, and knew what this corpulent man with his small gentle magic hands had achieved in the world of death and misery. Anyone who had a chance to get to know Felix Kersten would most certainly take a liking to him.

No one would have thought, when we said our goodbyes that evening that it would be for the last time. Considering death, it is very curious. I remember as a little boy being led by a nanny for a walk through the city cemetery in Odessa.

Even then I sensed, without of course being able to clothe the feeling into thoughts about the contradictions that were reflected from the graves, crosses, marble plates and monuments.

I knew instinctively that everything was pretense, illusion, deception and a staged lie.

In contrast there was light, warmth and movement from the clear sky, from every reed of grass, birds, trees and flowers.

I was to learn about death from a different perspective, when after years, the terror of the civil war came crashing down over Odessa like waves gone wild.

At that time, starvation, typhus and cholera existed in the city, and you could helplessly witness the daily death of many people in the street.

It was especially bad on the streets after bloody hand-to-hand combat, facilitated to “liberate” the city by some power hungry people.

I remember when one day I had a glimpse of the municipal mortuary, where hundreds of bloody corpses were laid out to be seen by the public. It was a cloudless beautiful spring sky. In the streets, the acacias were in full bloom, and their magic scent filled the whole city.

But my mood was miserable, and a cold cramp tightened my throat. The contradiction was too overwhelming, here blooming life and reincarnation, and there senseless destruction and murder. Despite fear and misery, I didn't close my eyes in the face of death. I wanted ever more to solve the riddle and to uncover the big contradiction. I still remember, when I later encountered death, I was filled with the feeling I had as a little boy in the cemetery.

After Easter, as my wife drove back to the city with the children, I decided to stay at our cottage with our poodle Carino, and the cat Mitzi, for the sole purpose to devote my spare time to the new task.

The work totally absorbed me, it fascinated me in such a way that I often forgot to have meals. I experienced routine insignificant housework as a comforting change because it brought some flexibility to my joints that were stiff from sitting all the time.

Also, Mitzi made sure that I would not sit uninterrupted on the chair because the cat had made himself right at home, at the particular spot where I fed the songbirds. With that I had to be constantly on the watch over the cat in my cottage. At first, Mitzi would sit for hours on

end by the kitchen window, with flashing eyes and fletching teeth he would watch the pecking and fluttering birds. After I covered his view with a sheet of cardboard, he revenged himself by relieving himself on my floor.

## CHAPTER 19

I'm supposed to pray for Hitler – Remarkable code words – Was that the voice of Goering? – Unheard of perspectives reveal themselves

Spring in its full glory had gradually come to Nysund. I worked with persistence and concentration; the new reception technique was hard to learn. I knew very little then about the role of my radio assistant

“Lena”, who was busy trying to guide me to the correct wavelength in a very special and rather complicated way. But since I misunderstood her instructions most of the time, I used to switch on the microphone intermittently, with the intention to get answers to my loud questions during the subsequent review of the tape at the speed of 9.5cm/sec.

My fussy declarations and constantly repeated questions seem very naïve today, most of all they were unnecessary, because my friends had already tried to answer me via radio, but I had mistaken their voices with that of some radio announcer and impatiently kept turning the tuning knob.

Yet still, I had managed to produce a few contacts by radio, and recorded them on tape. As usual, I had recorded all sessions at the speed of 19cm/sec.

As I was checking one of the recordings at the lower speed of 9.5 cm, a male voice began suddenly to speak as if from a far distance. The voice was quiet and choppy in-between, however, one could understand most of the words. This voice also spoke German and Swedish and shortened the sentences in a special way. The first recording of this kind was done in Stockholm on March 4<sup>th</sup>, 1960. The following are a few translated fragments:

“Listen Churchill, Fredrik, Churchill is speaking on tape...here Churchill outer space...please, from all the many deceased...we want to support the dead with heaven...”

The name “Maelarhoejden”, which is an elegant residential quarter in Stockholm, was oddly mentioned often. Years ago I had lived in Maelarhoejden, but I didn’t understand why the voices were making references to it.

The voice continued insistently, I was able to hear every single word clearly: “Who can hear in heaven?...The almighty! Friedel, pray for Hitler...Hitler is not animal anymore, death came justly...”

After a few days I got the following recording also spoken simultaneously in German and Swedish: “You lived then in Maelarhoejden...”, the voice continued pensively, “At the beginning...Friedel, you went to Stockholm. I wanted to live with you...for a moment I came to Moelnbo...my head is dead...death came from above...” The voice was calm and relaxed. What a curious statement!

I recorded the following on March 21<sup>st</sup>: “in Maelarhoejden...Friedel listen...coming experience flood, torture met Hitler over there. We lived in Maerlarhoejden, listen, listen to me, its green and blooms, its real happiness when it blooms. The Maelar is blooming...”

This topic of blooming apple trees and the scent of Maelar repeated itself many times. I just didn't understand, how could the Maelar, a flowing lake, possibly bloom?

Could the person that spoke to me be Hitler? Why would he have talked to me of all things, where I have always been a strong opponent of all force, and with that I was also against his regime.

From a psychological perspective we know today that most tyrants and dictators are obsessed by fixed ideas or suffer from megalomania. The facts do not change, when we learn that some of them were suffering from progressive mental paralysis (softening of the brain). But it seems to me that one must judge the crime of an insane person differently than that of a person in possession of his faculties. That Hitler suffered from progressive brain paralysis was first made public

by Felix Kersten's book "Totenkopf und Treue" (Skull and Loyalty). Today this fact has also become known publicly through other sources, just as the fact that Lenin died of progressive paralysis caused by an advanced case of syphilis.

Felix Kersten writes the following in his book on page 209:

"Himmler fetched a heavy briefcase out of a safe, and removed a blue ring binder and handed it over with the words: "Here, read this. It's the secret file with the report on the Fuehrer's illness."

The report covered 26 pages as I noted during the first scanning of the pages. The medical report dated back to the time when Hitler was confined to the hospital at Pasewalk with a case of temporary blindness. The report disclosed that Hitler as a young soldier was poisoned by gas on the battlefield and that his condition was treated inadequately, leaving the danger of temporary spells of blindness.

In addition, syphilis-like symptoms occurred. He was treated in Pasewalk and released as cured. In the year 1937, symptoms reappeared, from which one could conclude that the syphilitic symptoms were continuing their work of destruction and at the beginning of 1942 symptoms reappeared, which left no doubt that Hitler was suffering from progressive paralysis with all its symptoms with the exception of fixed pupils and speech difficulties."

Incidentally, Felix Kersten told me privately that Ribbentrop was also affected by the same illness. It's difficult to say to what extent one can speak in these cases of genius or madness, here to there seems to be hidden a spark of truth. The history of mankind is replete with power holders obsessed by delusions not only in politics but also in religion.

It's always the case of revolutionary ideologies that are supposed to save mankind but in reality bring along only immeasurable misery, enslavement, war and death.

The number of such crazy genius power-seekers is frighteningly high and stretches from the dark dawn of mankind into our times.

In principle it has been the people themselves that had helped to ease such maniacs into power. Because of that the question arises, how can it be justified to blame mentally ill persons for their misdeeds and to make them morally responsible, hence to make them guilty in the eyes of history. We all know that the flexibility of our morals, i.e. our understanding of right and wrong, is practically limitless. If someone shoots a rival in a fit of jealousy, he will be placed behind bars or is executed. In war, successful mass murderers become heroes and are decorated with highest honors. Our so-called "society" has always known how to justify its most brutal actions with the sonorous recitation of exalted motives.

For the victims, however, it is immaterial for what reasons and by what method they are dispatched into the beyond.

As far as Hitler is concerned, I was interested by the question to what extent death can create mental and spiritual change. Since Hitler was suffering from a brain illness, it seems reasonable to suppose that after death his illness would be lifted.

If this could be proved, it would help disclose postmortem changes in the life of the soul of a mental patient. At the same time, the problem of guilt and responsibility would have to be regarded into a new light.

The question in what way death can change the soul of a human being

seemed to me to be of utmost importance, because the impacts of a new sphere of existence could provide us with better information than what we have been able to accomplish to date with objective research.

If death can eliminate a mental or emotional illness, the person concerned would feel deliverance on awakening in the hereafter. And then the memories of the deeds, how would they be perceived? I thought unintentionally of the words that I had recorded on tape in the winter: “My head is dead...death came from above...” If those were Hitler’s words, then it seems that an answer has been provided.

I played back the tape from the New Year’s Eve of 1959 and listened attentively to the broken male voice and its somnolent monologue: “We lived in the deepest confusion...” and so on.

I never heard Hitler speak with such resignation and calm. The voice sounded melancholic, I couldn’t recognize it belonging to Hitler. I followed the recording alertly, until the woman’s voice with the Jewish accent revealed Hitler’s presence.

I paid little attention to her statement then because I had failed to recognize Hitler’s voice. “Heil!... That was Hitler, he’s not ashamed!” Then followed these curious words, which were added by this woman in a changed and embarrassed tone of voice: “That was Hitler...he sees you!...I’m telling Hitler...he loves me!”

It all started to become incredibly exciting.

I had still another very curious recording that I had gathered in the winter of 1959, this was directly over the microphone since at the time I was still unaware of the possibilities offered by the radio link. In this particular recording you can hear me talk and walk in the room.



It so happened that a foxtrot, which was sung by a woman, was suddenly captured on my tape. At first I thought that it was a Swedish radio broadcast that somehow had made its way onto my tape, when suddenly a cheerful male voice started to sing along a little choppily with the same melody: “Apparatus Goering...Goering...Goering wonderful!...wonderful aaah...listen to Goering on the radio...” The transmission lasted about a minute, then broke off abruptly.

The voice sounded familiar. I had heard it earlier before in bits and pieces and had recorded it. If that was Goering’s voice, then it sounded uncommonly cheerful, in fact high spirited and vivacious. The voice had a relaxed tone and the English seemed flawless. I observed that the singer seemed to be in a hurry.

It was very clear that this was not any radio broadcast because of the multi lingual text. Such songs do not exist.

Wasn’t it remarkable that Hitler and Goering, these two fundamentally different characters, who played main roles in the conflagration of World War Two just happened to be appearing on my tape recordings? Hitler was conducting a curious self-conversation and Goering was singing merrily on my tapes.

I slowly started to grasp that this magic radio bridge seemed to open up endless possibilities, which revealed themselves to me step by step but not until I had overcome my own resistance and prejudice.

## CHAPTER 20

The caverns of the underworld- awakening the dead –being awake is everything- the three paths to accessing the hereafter

In the last few months I have received from my friends in the beyond frequent information about conditions prevailing in certain regions of the spiritual world.

I received these bits of information gradually in tandem with the growth of my understanding of the entire system.

At first I received a comprehensive description of the so-called “Beyond” from which there emerged a fairly clear picture of a certain sphere to which my friends have devoted their special care. This location – if one wants to use this word for the want of a better one – was called the suburb and comprised an entire series of “districts” or living spheres (conditions of consciousness).

At first I received a description of the lowest layer, which actually comprises the result of a frightful deformation of the human spirit. One can define these mistaken paths as a direct result of the general (human) crudeness whose blind power has created cavern-like hollow spaces in the delicate, easily deformable lighter spheres. My friends refer to these as caverns. (from the Latin word for caves). Negatively charged thoughts and emotions, primarily fear, envy and hate create an astral environment geared exactly to the character of these emotional impulses because the astral substance is very easily formed and deformed by desire and imagination. The process itself – the creation of the environment – seems to work nearly automatically that is to say independently of individual volition.

Criminals and sinners of all kind that have been excluded or sentenced to death by the living generally slide into these dark caverns of the astral level.

My friends report further that the transmission of radio waves has caused a major change among the inhabitants of these lower regions. This has to do with the substance of the radio waves that somehow invigorate those who are enclosed in these dark caverns. However, because the mechanical and impersonal nature of the radio transmissions bring about a merely accidental and transitory invigoration, a group of helpful souls (that is to say my friends) decided to transmit a special carrier frequency that can create a better connection with these isolated spirits.

The “awakening of the dead” plays a very special role within the context of this great liberation activity. It may sound strange, but it seems to be that most of the dead in these lower astral regions are in a condition of deep sleep, especially those that have suffered a violent death. The “awakening” is basically similar to a psychic intervention designed to liberate the sleeping individuals from their nightmares and obsessions.

The sleepers experience the astral dream or paralysis condition as a kind of “plastic imaging process”, in effect as an objective reality. Their “awakening” eliminates a portion of the most difficult obstacles because the “dead” are now able to gain access to the community of human souls in their new sphere.

It seems plausible that only after the conditions in this “purgatory” - as one might call the lower astral regions - are changed a regular connection can be established with our three dimensional world.

It was obviously the intention of my friends to demolish this fatal vicious circle, which consists of the continuous and automatic repetition of the same imaginative and emotional processes. In this connection it seemed that this extensive liberation action could not be

accomplished without the cooperation of those still in the body, that the realization of this plan was dependent on collaborators ‘in the flesh’ who could dedicate themselves to this task based on their insights and determined helpfulness without being misled by wishful thinking and emotional daydreaming.

As far as I am personally concerned, I had first to gain an extensive insight into and become familiar with the otherworldly sphere and the psychic changes that humans experience with death.

When I finally mastered the practical side of the connection after many months of hard work and countless setbacks, there suddenly emerged another large obstacle that proved extremely difficult to overcome because of its subtle nature.

At that time I had reached a border region that could be called the “border crossing to the Beyond”. Rather than having to deal with a tooth-gnashing Cerberus, I had to confront another, much more dangerous adversary who threatened by stealth and inattention to degrade the clarity of my insights.

The frightening element of this opponent was the fact that he resided within me and was most difficult to recognize. Speaking allegorically one could describe him as a “Guardian of the Past” trying like a robot to continually assess all that was new with a traditional yardstick limited by old concepts of time and space to the point where everything that was new would be shoehorned crippled and deformed into the archive of our experience.

The tough and indefatigable character of this “robot” is admirable, and it is exactly this that poses the greatest danger. How is one to understand and describe the substance and the conditions of a new

dimension if one cannot liberate oneself from one's routine template of thoughts and emotions? The conditions in the other sphere of existence are not comparable to ours; they cannot be recognized, interpreted and classified with our habitual measurements, they reach beyond the borders of our experience.

The deeper I gained an insight into this unknown sphere of existence, the clearer I saw the processes in our own world. It was startling! Both worlds seemed to be divided only by our spatially and temporally limited imagination.

Similarly to the way in which ice and steam differ from one another, even though both consist only of water, the difference between our world and the beyond consists merely in the difference of the vibration frequencies requiring a specific degree of consciousness in order to be perceived by us.

The daily passage of the "bridge to another world" required the greatest degree of watchfulness from me. The smallest inattention or inexactitude on my part immediately led to all kinds of errors and confusion. The whole experience proved to be a very hard learning process for me.

There were only two paths open to me to obtain a clear and detailed picture of this celestial sphere. The first path was that using the tape recorder via the microphone – a provisional way – and the other via the radio – the direct way.

Since everyone can listen to tape recordings, they represent from a scientific perspective an invariably repeatable and controllable evidence for the existence of a postmortem human condition.

The mechanical - technical character of the tape recorder eliminates from the beginning any relegation of the phenomena to subjective experience, especially since there is always the possibility of making new recordings in the presence of new witnesses.

Path number two consisted of my capability of entering the otherworldly sphere by “myself” without having to die first, no matter how fairytale-like this may sound to some readers. I know that with this statement I am directly provoking the suspicion of the reader, but if he or she will concede me just a little more patience, then the reader will surely understand clearly what I have in mind.

The path of the personal crossover once again consists of three separate methods.

The first takes place in a fully awake state in which I am able to witness what is happening in the fourth dimension as if I were looking into a television screen. I see what is going on in living color, however without hearing any accompanying sounds. The second method takes place in a semiconscious state. I am no longer a passive observer, but a participating “traveler” who takes part in a way personally in the processes going on around me. The third method finally is my astral out-of-body experience while I am in a deep sleep.

In the case of these rather rare, but fully awake and conscious instances of my presence in the other world, I was able to make detailed notes, whose accuracy would be confirmed by tape recordings immediately upon my return. I will talk about this in greater detail later on. It was also my task to coordinate these methods in order to use one of them each time to control and confirm the other two.

## CHAPTER 21

Springtime filled with work – A death announcement and a greeting by the deceased from the beyond – Joyful certainty: there is no death

The days in Nysund near Moelnbo followed one another filled with intensive work. I had the feeling of being outside of time. Hours passed like minutes, time started to telescope for me. I saw the spring pass rapidly by my window. Every morning I awoke surrounded by birdsong and the freshness of spring.

A wonderful fragrance of young birch leaves, of dewy grass and pine needles and of ozone wafted in from the lake. Blue anemones still covered the forest slope; they grew in thick bushes and were succeeded by their white sisters. They only opened their sleepy blossoms after the early sunrays had warmed the morning air.

Monika and my friend Hugo visited us in Nysund over the weekend. We had lots to tell one another. Hugo, by the way, was the former Secretary General of the Swedish Theosophical Society, friend of Krishnamurti and a lawyer by profession.

On April 30<sup>th</sup>, I received a printed death announcement from the family of Felix Kersten. I regarded this black-bordered death notice with mixed emotions. Unfortunately we know them only too well, these macabre stereotypical mourning phrases.

Actually, the tears and the pain of separation are senseless because the view of death held by most people is erroneous or based on lies. Death is not what most people hold it to be.

I had to think of Felix the entire morning. I didn't yet know the illness that caused his death; I could only hope that he did not suffer during his last hours.

It was around 11:30 when I put in a new tape and connected the recorder to the radio. Right at the start I heard the voice of my other-worldly 'radio assistant', and I immediately put the tape recorder into the 'record' mode to capture the transmission so as to be able to examine it carefully and to listen to it later on at my leisure. There were atmospheric disturbances and I could understand only a few words, but I let the tape run on anyway. The original recording was as follows: "Kersten...Kersten.. here (is) Kersten..."

A female voice: "be careful!" and then a male voice: "We will visit Peter (or later)...probably...listen...heart - quick! Dear Friedel, best haelsnigar, here is Felix Kersten...we are coming...Stockholm ...contact...Felix Kersten – there is a poof!"

Even though the voice sounded a little unclear at the beginning, Felix undeniably spoke the last few words. I could clearly detect not only his special intonation, but also his Baltic accent.

Should I connect his hint: "heart – quick" and "there is a poof!" to a heart attack? As I found out later, Felix died as the result of an embolism (arterial blockage).

At the first moment I was absolutely overwhelmed and deeply moved at the same time – my dear friend Felix Kersten had sent me greetings from "over there"! When I regained my composure somewhat I slowly began to take in the significance of what I had just experienced.

Felix spoke cheerfully, quickly and energetically. I had the impression



that he was in a hurry.

What I found strange was the fact that he used an English word (quick) and a Swedish word (haelsnigar – regards) although we always used to speak German to one another. But I was too happily excited to give this much thought at the time.

One thing I already understood clearly and distinctly, namely that if death shows us its true character in this fashion, one would have to regard our worldly existence in an entirely new light. If you really reflect (on what happened) a true miracle had occurred here: a dead person had spoken to me in a technical/physical fashion demonstrable and repeatable at any time.

Here was a person who died two weeks ago in the hospital. An embolism, the nightmare of harried humanity in this day and age had burst his heart vessels. His dead body had been cremated; a small pile of ashes was all that was left of him.

No one has succeeded until now to find a medicine against death. Of what help are the consolations of church and all the wise sayings of the Holy Scriptures, what solace can they give if in fact all that is left of a living human being is a small pile of gray ash?

Ignorant humanity stands before an invisible abyss, before a cruel emptiness from which no one has as yet returned, as the popular saying goes, a heart filled with terror, grief and fear.

And now a dead person speaks on tape to his friend! Someone who disappeared into the “Great Nothingness” speaks clearly with his old, dear voice clearly and always repeatable on a tape – in spite of infarct, cremation and that small pile of ashes, the presence of which is also undeniable.

This realization filled my entire being with boundless, exuberant joy. It seemed to me that I had turned suddenly once again into a little boy whose carefree lightheartedness knew no bounds.

I don't remember any more how long this joyful intoxication lasted based on the unshakable certainty that this simple, brownish tape carried the voice of immortality undeniable by any worldly authority.

## CHAPTER 22

Mother's voice – Mitzi's breath – The singing yoga instructor –  
Always this strange polyglot Speech – Caryl Chesman's execution

April 30, 1960, an ordinary Saturday, presented me with another great success.

Out of an old habit I kept the microphone in front of the open window and when I heard a finch starting his merry trills in front of the window I decided to record his song. I played back the recording immediately, and all of a sudden - in the middle of the birdsong - I heard a voice calling my name. It was my mother's voice. Her name was Helene and she had died in 1955 following a pelvic fracture. Unintentionally my mind jumped back to her last hour when I sat at her deathbed and held her soft warm hand in mine until her last weak pulse beat had ended.

I played back the tape again. The voice sounded lively and warm, one could even hear something of concerned impatience when she called my name for the fourth time: It sounded as she worried that I could not hear her.

I hurried from home to call my sister and my wife who had gone out. When I came back. Mitzi our male cat was stretched out on the table blinking lazily in front of the open window.

I turned the tape machine to microphone recording once again because I had the distinct feeling that something else was going to happen.

The result of this second recording was even more startling because out of the stillness of the room a female voice started suddenly to speak, I recognized the voice as that of my mother. This time her voice sounded a little tired, not as lively as before and she sounded as if she was half asleep, speaking in gasps and with some difficulty. “You love, you live in love...” Her voice seemed a little shaky. “In me lives Elly... Friedel lives...you live...oh! We live...Elly, Friedel, Papa lives...many live, oh, oh you love Helene...” When I played this recording later to my sister and my wife, they recognized mother’s voice immediately. They listened with emotion and could hear the same words I had heard.

Later that evening I turned on the radio and immediately heard Lena whispering; “Pelle...all mothers have a heart...” Lena said with emotion in her voice.

This charming sentence ended a successful and happy day.

The next day – it was the first of May – I started early in the morning to check out the latest recordings. In joyful gratitude I listened to my mother’s voice and had thoroughly analyzed every word.

In spite of my great satisfaction the question concerned me how my mother succeeded in creating so many sounds in a quiet room. I noticed that the similar words, lives, loves and love were repeated several times, a situation that indicated the presence of limited sound frequencies. I finally realized that it must have been Mitzi’s breath that provided the raw material for the formation of words, which also provides a natural explanation of the gasping way of speech and the pauses between.

I was just getting ready to rewind the tape when I heard in my headphones the special signal that was then being used occasionally by my friends (to alert me) on radio frequencies.

Just the fact that such a signal could also be given without a radio connection was immensely significant. I turned on the radio immediately just by pushing the closest key which happened to connect me to a Swedish long wave station that was broadcasting a lecture on cultural history.

The lecturer's voice was loud and distinct, but at the same time one could hear a tenor singing whose high voice sounded as if it came from a distance. The tenor sang without any accompaniment and the melodic phrases seemed improvised. The voice sounded somehow familiar to me, and in the next moment it hit me like a bolt of lightning: it was the voice of my childhood friend - Boris Sakharow!

Everything took place too fast, I could barely catch a few words, among them my own name and "Boris Raja", then the singing stopped.

I was once again too excited, too eager, and too impatient to understand the words correctly right away. Only after several hours had passed did I succeed in figuring out the correct word sequence.

I have to give some explanations here as concerns the singing of Boris Sakharow. Boris was an extremely talented multi-faceted human being. He played piano superbly, painted, drew and sculpted and not like a good amateur, but as a real artist. He had mastered numerous languages, among them Sanskrit.

Several books of his devoted to the teaching of Yoga had been

published in Germany. But Boris' greatest passion was to sing. His was a lyrical tenor voice with an unusually high timbre, practically a counter tenor.

For 27 years I had not seen Boris and now I was sitting here in my little garret listening with great emotion to his song.

“I am sending you a contact, Friedrich!...” Boris sang in German, “Boris Raja, who lives and works in Heaven, Amen...and guards the wisdom of Yogis...Amen!”

Boris sang intensively, his voice increasing in sonority. There was no real melody, the song consisted of high notes that were sung fortissimo.

Strange, Boris too, seemed to be in a hurry.

As pleasantly surprised as I was I couldn't figure out and asked myself with some concern: why did Boris sing instead of speak? And why did he use German even though the two of us always used to talk Russian with one another? I had long noticed that most voices that addressed me via tape or radio used a curious mixture of languages and kept changing around certain words and phrases in a strange fashion.

However, my anonymous friends already a year ago had used an expression “the polyglot communication department” in connection with a task that I was supposed to handle in the future. At that time I misunderstood what they meant and only now did I begin to understand the connection and realized that my knowledge of several languages represented a significant factor.

It was the 1st of May when got into contact the first time with Boris, the same day that Felix Kersten and my mother spoke with me. Who

would be next?

Only gradually can one absorb the true significance of these contacts. They trigger a kind of joyful shock and one needs to get used to them.

It so happened that in this great joyful daze I had forgotten about the fate of Caryl Chesman, the American who was sentenced to death and

whose execution was to be decided on during this period. Since my radio had become somewhat disorganized I tried to establish contact with Lena, my otherworldly assistant, the following evening.

The first word that Lena spoke was in Swedish: “executed”.

Then she recounted somewhat disjointedly: “I already told Maelarhoejden Lena. Pelle, you can help. Chesman executed...help Karma, help Pelle!...” Lena’s voice sounded excited and eager, and she mixed up German and Swedish words.

I think that in those days many European followed Chesman’s desperate battle for his life. It was an unyielding and cruel race with death that lasted twelve years, a pitiless cat and mouse game that ended with the guardians of soulless red tape felling their hunted prey.

The case of Chesman represents a shameful blot not only on the US system of justice, but also on the supporters of the death penalty throughout the entire world.

## CHAPTER 23

The difficult art of “peeling” – constantly recurring signal words –  
140 km of tape

At the beginning, the most difficult thing for me was to find my way among the confusion of voices and sounds on the radio. First of all, I had to unmistakably recognize the voices of my friends and to be able to peel them out from the noise babble of the various radio transmissions. At the same time I had to become familiar with the voices of known announcers, speakers and commentators. It was here that my many years of voice and music training became useful, I would even say indispensable.

Over a period of many years I had not only trained my voice, but also assiduously cultivated my hearing and my musical and rhythmic sensibilities. Like most singers I had studied scales, harmonies and composition and had continued to practice in choir, ensemble and solo settings to fine-tune my precise response to the orchestra and my singing partner. Besides, I enjoyed being able to recognize immediately the voices of well-known singers on the radio and on records. In this way my hearing was calibrated in such a way as to discriminate subtle differences among the most varied vocal timbres and it seems very doubtful to me whether I would have been up to this difficult task without these skills and the preceding training.



Still, it was hard work. Only slowly and after countless and frequently very discouraging mistakes in hearing and interpretation did I begin to recognize the voices of my unseen friends and to be able to peel them out of the motley confusion of the radio transmissions.

This 'peeling' ability was an indispensable condition for the correct understanding of the shouts and communications. After I succeeded in becoming familiar with a specific male or female voice I was able to recognize it instantly, whether or not other voices were talking loudly and at the same time nearby.

Of course my friends helped as best they could using different methods. Merely the fact that most of them used several languages simultaneously was of decisive importance and eased the establishment of contact considerably.

In this context, I want to refer to a logical argument that is used by skeptics. I completely understand that under certain conditions such as fading, variations of sound levels in the receiver, and the overlapping of two or more broadcasts, radio transmissions can include some multilingual snatches. However, my friends frequently spoke longer sentences with complete clarity and without any kind of fading. In these cases, their voices could be heard just as clearly and distinctly as could the voices of the normal radio announcers, even though they were not always as loud as the latter. To overcome my doubts that kept surfacing, and to make their transmissions even more evidential, they often sang in that certain multilingual manner, not only solo, but also as a choir and ensemble. Besides, they used certain, unusual key words. In especially difficult cases, they inserted the names of

“Maelarhoejden” or “Moelnbo”.

In addition, with the essential help of my loyal radio assistant Lena, voices were chosen that had characteristic timbres, which were easily recognizable to me as well as for anyone else.

Despite all of these excellent aids, that tapes that date back to 1960 still show numerous defects but also some amusing points.

My friends did not have it easy with me, especially during the first year. However, their patience knew no bounds and I never heard them speaking with irritation or even impatience. When I listen today to some of the tapes I have, I am ashamed and annoyed with myself about my own surprising denseness. If someone is lost and keeps making the same mistakes over and over again, he makes a hopelessly fussy as well as ridiculous impression. But now that the bridge had been found, it had to be improved and stabilized.

In the course of more than eight years I recorded about 140 tapes and transcribed the results of these recordings in 20 thick notebooks. The analysis of these recordings proved a severe test for my patience, but at the same time it turned out to be the most fascinating work that I ever accomplished in my life.

If I were to reproduce this research in its entirety – the length of the tape tracks alone amounts to more than 140 kilometers – my book would have to exceed the length of the Bible.

For understandable reasons I have been forced to limit the published record to the most essential, which incidentally not only was a most difficult choice, but also involved the expenditure of a huge amount of time because of the complicated listening procedure.

There are recordings, especially those dating back to the early days, that include two or three key or signal words that are meant for me but that were nearly impossible to peel out from the surrounding noise and static. I remember a recording segment that I had to analyze three or four hours a day over a period of two months before I finally succeeded in getting the exact words.

## CHAPTER 24

Lena's admirable dedication - Her guiding whispers - I can always depend on my radio assistant

If I wanted to find my way in this flood of events, I had first of all to familiarize myself with the different contact possibilities and methods of the one who had passed. In this context I want to acquaint the readers of this book first of all with the activity of Lena, my faithful radio assistant whose task was without doubt the most difficult one. Lena's exemplary dedication can only be appreciated by someone like myself who depended on her cooperation continuously over a period of nearly eight years.

Lena not only watched over the radio bridge, she formulated the signals and the key words and showed me the correct wavelength. Without Lena's help, I could never have found my way in the labyrinth of radio waves.

When it was occasionally impossible to establish radio contact, I could always reach Lena over the microphone. Basically it was she who showed me the way to radio contact with endless patience and she

monitored my efforts patiently and consistently since the beginning and supported me in every conceivable way.

As a human being Lena was helpfulness personified. In spite of her indispensable and difficult function she never sought center stage recognition.

When I had to overcome obstacles and was about to lose courage due to frequent setbacks, it was Lena who knew how to revive my desire to work with a few encouraging words. At times I only needed to hear the friendly cadence of her voice, which manifested such profound understanding to gain new confidence in myself.

Lena's task did not end with noting the wave lengths and frequencies, she also commented on the transmissions, named the speakers and sought to answer my questions, however, she spoke so fast most of the time that I was obliged to monitor her statements at the slower tape speed of 9.5 cm/second.

Lena used a special sound frequency that she fashioned from the overlapping of certain sounds and which would have sounded in most cases like a toneless, meaningless hissing, unless your hearing was extraordinarily sharp and trained by years of listening. Since Lena talked to me almost exclusively in this manner, I succeeded only rarely in hearing her normal voice. Actually, Lena possessed a soft and sonorous soprano voice. I have rarely heard anyone sing or speak with as much expression and I always regretted that such a melodious voice had to make use of such a soundless whisper.

Over time it became clear that a permanent contact bridge existed between my friends on the other side and myself. For instance, if I was listening to some radio broadcasts outside of our planned sessions, it

could happen that Lena's whispers suddenly broke in to deliver a short message.

I soon learned that certain frequencies were not, or could not be used at certain times by my friends. This was signaled with lightning speed by Lena with her intensive: "get out!" "take away!" Occasionally she would quickly add: "Churchill is listening!" or "Churchill is waking!"

One time at the beginning, when I kept on listening to the undesired frequency because of my inexperience, I heard a sudden squealing signal and a male voice that said in German: "Our contact kindly do not doubt your friend..."

On another occasion I did not leave the undesired frequency because I was curious and this time there came a couple of explosive cracks that almost made me jump and caused to quickly turn off that frequency.

Incidentally, these uncomfortable cracking sounds were the only drastic measures employed by my friends to put me on notice. Generally I followed Lena's instructions to the letter, I could depend completely on their correctness. Evidently the contact methods of my friends were based on the principle of unlimited adaptability. Just like water can flow in any kind of form without changing its character, the friends were able to shape the sound frequencies of the radio waves by instantly modulating the existing sounds. It was the same sort of sound metamorphosis that could turn the barking of a dog into words or that could shape a new and separate sentence out of a torrent of voices.

However, these sound transformations by no means exhausted the contact methods of those who had passed. The use of radio waves could be considered merely as a bridgehead. Another contact opportunity was provided in the form of what was called "radar."

## CHAPTER 25

They observe me and read my thoughts- The “radar” phenomena and time change - The tasks of the ‘copyists’ and the ‘popsers’ - Virtuosi of free improvisation - The central investigation station

As soon as I was able to establish a radio contact with Lena’s help, I could be sure that I was being observed by her via a kind of radar screen. Lena did not only see my body sitting in front of the radio receiver, but she was able to read my thoughts at the same time and even before I had thought them out completely.

However, I did not always succeed in catching Lena’s rapid instructions correctly. For instance when certain wave lengths seemed irrelevant to me, but were important for Lena, and when I lost my patience and started to turn the dial, Lena popped in fast as lightning and shouted impatiently: Maintain!...maintain!...direct contact!

In such cases of these direct contacts I only had to pose my questions mentally after which I received an answer immediately via the radio directly to my tape. These direct recordings provided the best proof of

how the radar method succeeded flawlessly in executing the connecting function.

An additional task of the radar consisted in interpreting our earth time to the denizens of a timeless and space less dimension. For this purpose the radar method made use of a certain “time change” mechanism. In this connection the radar (used by our contacts) was described as a “time radar” and our “earth time” as “standard time”. I am sorry that I am unable at this time to report in greater detail concerning this function, not to mention the construction of this mythical radar.

I frequently recorded the word “radar” via microphone or radio, that is to say every time when direct transmissions were beamed in my direction. As of today I am familiar up to a point with the technical side of these recordings with the cooperation of several German scientists who managed on the one hand to build an electromagnetic bridgehead in an amazing, not to say genial fashion, and on the other to localize the source of the sounds through a very complicated screening and amplification process. It is difficult to predict when this long-term research will yield concrete results.

Let us now turn our attention to the activity of the so-called “copyists” and “popsers” who have been made responsible for a significant as well as interesting liaison task. The word “copyist” is meant here as “imitators”, whereas the English word to “pop” has been rendered into German as a “popser”, but one could also say someone who ‘pops in’ glides into (the conversation).

The work of the copyist centers on linguistic technology, that is to say the modulations of the human voice. On the other hand the popsers are masters of oscillation in song and music. Basically both are using the

enormous advantage of their location beyond and outside of our own time environment. They are able by means of a certain contracting and stretching of time to change unnoticeably the syllables and words used by radio announcers or the sounds of any musical instruments.

These vocal changes and metamorphoses are taking place completely unnoticed and without any interruption of the song or spoken word. They only change the text and not the sound of the speaker or singer.

In these cases the radar performed a kind of text filtering function in which the exchange of text would by no means extend throughout the

entire broadcast band but only include my receiver whether located in Stockholm or Moelnbo.

I wish to emphasize especially here that these word transformations can hardly be spotted without the assistance of an operating tape recorder. In the course of “listening” to a transmission one is unable to detect the lightning fast changes even if one listens very carefully, besides the copyists prefer to make use of exotic languages to which one rarely pays any attention.

In spite of my many years of training and Lena’s indispensable assistance, I only succeeded on rare occasions to detect such word changes in the course of an original transmission. Even today I am irritated with myself about this, but I also have to admire the virtuosity of the copyists and popsers who succeeded in a masterful way to carry out these textual changes imperceptibly. Unfortunately I only discovered later that I terminated many of these superb text exchange transmissions prematurely because I was convinced that they were ordinary radio transmissions.



In most cases the actual wording of the communications could only be picked out after numerous repetitions. Once I understood it correctly there were no longer any difficulties.

But then it could happen that, for instance, an Arabic announcer would begin speaking in German, Swedish, Estonian, Italian and also Russian without any change of emphasis in his voice! Suddenly he would call me by name, bring me personal news, mention Moelnbo, Maelarhoedjen and the names of my friends that had passed on, mix in a few Arabic words again, and once again quickly, casually, send words of greetings to my wife Monika and our poodle Carino and then end his commentary in the original language.

Occasionally it even happened that the copyists delivered themselves of fictitious commentaries in exotic languages using their own voices, but actually spoke German or Swedish. The changeover could be detected more easily in these cases especially when the voice of the copyist was familiar to me.

Such direct imitations were often voiced at normal strength using the so-called “radar” (connection), which acted like a kind of loudspeaker. The same exchange technique was used by the popers in the case of songs and instrumental music.

In the case of comedies, operettas or classical oratorios where spoken and sung words, recitative segments and music alternated, the copyists and popers worked together. The popers are masters of improvisation, they know how to use every appropriate occasion in a flash and they always sound innovative because they consistently avoid the stereotypical.

Whereas the copyists cause surprise with their amazing voice imitations, the abilities of the poppers seems to be pure magic. The musical inserts of the poppers are always filled with a rapturous joie de vie that one could describe most appropriately as Dionysian. It really is admirable how spontaneously and easily these unseen human beings are able to present humor and drama, high spirits and poignancy in iridescent variations.

As the virtuosity of these artists knows no bounds, it is sometimes difficult to determine in which case we are dealing with imitation, text-exchanges or original presentations. I am convinced that no normal radio listener could detect these contact attempts without the help of certain keywords, the transmission of personal communications or most of all the multilingual confusion.

One time I received a transmission in which the poppers had exchanged the voices of a Czech male choir in such a way that a personal communication to my wife and myself was clearly received in four languages. At the same time, they maintained the orchestra and the applause without any change.

These multilingual song presentations were textually put together so unequivocally and personally that any doubt as to their intent would have to be completely excluded. Our first and family names were often called out or sung to clarify even further the personal character of these transmissions.

All of these cases involved sizeable groups of trained musicians, singers and actors who used free improvisation to display their artistic talents. There were also certain performances that were given by amateurs as well as children involving smaller comedies, dialogues and choirs that were presented informally and with lots of humor.

All these countless transmissions that were captured by me in the course of around eight years doubtlessly represent a highly interesting, invaluable and above all an objective basis of evidence for my contacts.

Just the fact that these mostly expensive presentations were transmitted on Europe's strongest radio frequencies is of decisive significance. One needs hardly to make the point that no radio station in the world would dare broadcast such completely senseless and incomprehensible transmissions to the general public without triggering an immediate avalanche of protests.

However despite my irrefutable evidence I have to assume the determined resistance of certain circles who deny the existence of a

higher dimension or that of another worldly sphere, and since my tape recordings obviously could not originate with a legal radio station I will probably be suspected of operating my own, secret private radio transmitter. Of course such allegations could easily be refuted because which private person would be able to broadcast such curious transmissions over a period of several years without causing notice or opposition, not to mention the huge costs that would be associated with such a risky enterprise. And it would be impossible to realize such a pirate radio station with its varied program without numerous technicians, artists and well-equipped studios. And how would one make sure that all of these fellow conspirators would keep their mouths shut? No, the idea of accusing me of organizing and operating a secret radio station is plainly absurd.

No matter how strange and fantastic it may all sound, it is certain that what we are dealing with here are the voices of dead people who are

seeking from their own perspective and with their own initiative to bridge the abyss between their sphere and ours.

For this purpose the organizers on the other side are not only using a radar-like installation, but they evidently are in control of their own electromagnetic carrier frequencies that they know how to “fade in” at will, with our short, medium and long wave frequencies.

All contacts that are started with our sphere are subject to the supervision of a so-called “Central Investigation Station” and evidently cannot take place without the latter’s mediation.

For instance if the copyists and poppers exchange words within radio transmissions or put new texts into more extensive performances by

means of their radar, this takes place exclusively in my radio receiver or tape-recorder either in Stockholm or out in the country in Nysund near Moelnbo. However, the radio transmissions of the Investigation Station are crossing the ether unchecked and can be heard simultaneously in the entire world. This fact is of decisive significance because it presupposes the creation of an ongoing future connection between the two worlds.

The radio transmissions of the investigation station differ substantially from the radar contacts of the copyists and the poppers not only because of their special strength (loudness), but also because they can be recognized by their special security measures that are drastically enforced.

These security measures are based on the following considerations:

Since the planned connection with our world is intended to create a new mental attitude, the general public will have to be confronted gradually with the undeniable facts. Inasmuch as this entire action is intended to create an easing of tensions, (the organizers) are concerned to avoid as much as possible all elements of surprise that could cause confusion or shock. This is the main reason why all announcements over direct transmissions took place in a camouflaged fashion. One who does not recognize the different voices and their multilingual expressions gets the impression that it involves some ordinary radio interference. In the case of these transmissions my family name and location was never mentioned, a security measure that was deemed essential for the peace and quiet of my work. I owe it to my invisible friends that I did not have to prove to representatives of the Swedish security services that my radio contacts had nothing to do with the Fifth Column, but only with the Fourth Dimension.

As mentioned, the electromagnetic waves of the investigation station could be inserted into the radio transmissions of all stations. Sometimes when I listened to an ordinary musical program of the radio, I heard faint voices in the background that brought me items of information. On those occasions, pauses or the endings of a pianissimo were cleverly used for this purpose.

While these notices were generally transmitted in discrete tones, the investigation center disposes over means that permits the amplification of sounds up to deafening fortissimo. I received samples of such maximum sound strengths, sometimes only a few words, but enormously loud that I winced in surprise each time.

In this connection I have often asked myself what would happen if the voices of well-known deceased personalities like Einstein, Pope Pius

XII, Annie Besant, Hitler, Stalin, Count Ciano, Caruso, etc., were suddenly to be heard full force on the radio. Probably this would lead to general confusion and reactions of shock. It is also possible that East and West would accuse each other of provocative actions and that science and religion would also chime in.

Without a slow, rational preparation of the general public it would all lead to misunderstanding, damage and contestation, eventually remaining as an unsolved puzzle that would heat up popular emotions just like the UFO's.

Undoubtedly those on the other side also have to face connection difficulties and over time I realized that we ourselves could make a contribution by means of technical improvements, better directional antennas, filters and amplifiers that will lead to a substantially clearer and more flexible connection.

## CHAPTER 26

Eight perennial questions and their answers – The four dimensional levels of unrestrained psychic impulses – Many questions and problems remain open

Before I talk in greater detail about the communications of those who have passed on, I consider it important to clarify a few basic concepts. I believe that the questions that will surface in each reader can best be answered if I consider all of the frequently asked questions as if they had been posed by readers of this book and if I answer them one after the other. After all most of these questions cover the same ground.

### Question 1

Has it not already been proven by science; that after physical death, which is to say after the disintegration of the body, all consciousness ceases and that life without a body can be absolutely excluded.

Answer:

This purely materialistic view of human life has lost much of its authority in the age of nuclear research, electronic brains and computers. On the other hand, an entirely new branch of science known as parapsychology has been developed. Even in Soviet Russia there exist no fewer than eight parapsychological research institutions.

I just want to mention a few internationally known researchers: C. G. Jung, Nobel Prize Winner Sir Oliver Lodge, Prof. Rhine, Prof. Broad, Prof. Mattiesen, Prof. Hans Driesch whose revolutionary research not only demonstrated the existence of a sphere of life and consciousness outside of time and space, but also proved that the human being has the capability of greatly transcending the limitation of his physical body and the five senses.

Today there exist parapsychological faculties at several universities and special sections of the American and Soviet armed forces, which are studying telepathy, clairvoyance, hypnosis, telekinesis and other extrasensory perceptions that can thus be considered to be recognized by science. Besides, the exploration of the subconscious – mainly to the credit of C.G. Jung – has opened entirely new areas for psychology and psychiatry that unavoidably lead to parapsychology.

Among others, the research conducted by the Swedish physician Dr. Bjoerkhem has placed the problem of reincarnation (the repeated sequential earthly lives of human souls) in an entirely new light.

These millennial teachings that have been forgotten or denied for centuries in Europe because of church doctrines and materialism can no longer be ignored today since there are scientifically proven cases of reincarnation. In this connection let me mention the case of Shanti Deva whose memories of previous lives have been demonstrated as absolutely accurate.

The results obtained by C. G. Jung, Dr. Bjoerkhem, Oliver Lodge and many other researchers in parapsychology have the same great and revolutionary significance for the exploration of the human soul as the results in physics obtained previously by Einstein and Max Planck.

## Question 2

Is it not possible that the voices that can be heard on your tapes are the product of your imagination that you unconsciously transfer to by suggestion?

Answer:

Of course, it could be imagination or suggestion if this would only involve very weak and unclear words or shouts. It happened to me on numerous occasions with my 140 tapes that contain five to six thousand recordings, which I misinterpreted one or another communication because of strong interference or faulty reception.

Such mistakes are unavoidable in all research activity. But even if I reduce the number of my recordings to one third by eliminating all those that are doubtful, there still remain approximately two thousand recordings characterized by clear text and unmistakable communications that can be understood without any doubt by all who



possess normal hearing.

I have tested a large number of recordings with different groups of listeners without revealing the text beforehand. It became evident that 80% of the listeners could immediately understand the text with the remaining 20% not completely understanding words, especially foreign words unknown to them.

We should not ignore that the art of concentrated listening is a relatively rare gift. It is one that can be learned under certain conditions with much patience. Basically we are dealing with an introspective concentration capability to focus exclusively on the sounds or frequencies that need to be researched without allowing oneself to be distracted and mistaken by simultaneous interference.

In conclusion I would like to add that I possess a few tape segments that can be understood 100% by everyone immediately and correctly. They belong to my most excellent recordings and they suffice to render any suspicion of suggestion absolutely absurd.

### Question 3

If we are not dealing here with the power of suggestion or the transmissions of a secret radio station, the possibility still exists that you, Mr. Jürgenson are able to project this sound and voice phenomena completely unconsciously unto a tape through the power of your subconscious. Perhaps you are a kind of medium with the peculiar gift, possibly for the first time in the history of psychical research, to produce electromagnetic impulses and to send these into the ether. What would be your answer to this?

Answer:

I should feel extremely flattered by such a supposition if vanity had been my strong suit. But if want to get to the bottom of the issue of a possible mediumistic capability on my part in a rationally we will first have to clarify the physical origin of the voice and sound phenomena.

We know today that all sounds whether generated by the larynx or mechanical instruments not only produce sound waves that travel through the air but consist of electromagnetic oscillations that spread through the ether depending on their power source either as radio waves or as sound waves. Since our phenomena cannot be sound waves - otherwise every one in the room would hear the voices - they must consist of electromagnetic frequencies sent into the ether by some kind of power source.

Now if we want to suppose that my subconscious represents such a power center I would have the honor of being the biggest genius in the world capable of subconsciously producing the entire dynamics of a radio station including antenna, studio, technical personnel, musical instruments, choirs, soloists and commentators of all kind. Besides, I would need to possess the magical gift of imitating perfectly the voices of dead people of every gender and age in the most varied languages including voices never previously known or heard by me. But that's not all.

The most absurd "miracle" would consist in my ability to overpower willy nilly any radio wave oscillating in the ether, namely to totally or partially alter any current radio transmission, such as the British BBC or the West German Radio Network using the "program" of my own "subconscious transmitter." Not even the most powerful Russian jamming station would be capable of such an achievement.

Such a heroic act would not only exceed the achievements of good old Baron von Muenchhausen but would allow me to claim godlike capabilities. A man with such capabilities would be employed right away by the secret services of the major powers with a fantastic salary and retirement benefits.

Humor aside, Question 3 conceals a mental attitude on the part of the questioner that is far from humorous. In fact, it is a doomed mentality that fights desperately for its survival.

Without a doubt, the number of leading researchers that have succeeded in eliminating the underpinnings of scientific materialism in the varied branches of knowledge keeps increasing.

But since we humans are ourselves the sources of all hypotheses, dogmas and ideologies and human nature resists - be it from ignorance, cowardice or to save face - to freely admit errors and failures, the defenders of the materialistic world view have to use all means to protect their threatened dogma against revolutionaries from within and without.

It is a fact that there still exist researchers in our day and age who would rather credit my subconscious with the most absurd magic tricks than to admit honestly and courageously the proven fact that the human personality survives after death in another dimension. If these researchers had only paid attention to other possible insights rather than to the excessive cultivation of their own intellect, they would gain the courage and insights necessary to revise their obsolete views of the world and mankind. How much damage has already been wrought in our world by ideologies built on cold intellect alone!

Question 4

Why do the dead make use of a so-called polyglot or mix of languages? Why can they not talk like normal people in a single language?

Answer:

Since the dead are completely knowledgeable concerning our ignorance when it comes to “death” and the “beyond” and are also aware of our skepticism and our suspicions, they decided to establish a link that could not be mistaken for any kind of radio transmission.

For instance if in the course of microphone recordings the dead would only use the respective national language, suspicion could arise on listening to the tape recording that the words were spoken by one of those present.

But if suddenly Russian, Hebrew, Greek or Italian words with a strange intonation are heard in the middle of a conversation conducted in German or Swedish, none of those present could be suspected of having spoken them, irrespective of the fact that none of those present even heard them.

Concerning recordings from the radio, we have to take the following facts into consideration: The circumstance alone that the dead appear on radio transmissions with the same characteristic multilingual voices indicates a goal-oriented consistent intent.

Since there is no radio network in the world that would transmit choirs, ensembles, soloists, announcers or commentators using such a curious mix of languages we have evidence that the source of these voices cannot be found in the radio stations of the different countries.

However if the dead had spoken to me in a “normal” language how could anyone have been convinced that these transmissions originated in a different four-dimensional sphere?

I assure the reader that I would have been called an idiot or a clumsy swindler if I had tried to present such (normal) “voices from the beyond”. The attempts of the dead to link up with us would thus have been condemned to failure from the very beginning.

However this does not by any means resolve the questions posed by this bizarre multilingualism. One has also to consider the possibility that the way the dead express themselves has been altered by the change in their spheres of existence.

Since the beyond (or the fourth dimension) is the sphere of the subconscious freed of the brain, it is entirely conceivable that strict language limitations and grammatical rules are loosened in the sense that henceforth expressions are based on unfettered psychic impulses.

One could describe the language of the subconscious as an unvarnished pictorial and symbolic language as experienced by the living in certain dreams, that is to say a language that originates in an archaic world of ideas and that is not bound by mundane language limitations.

### Question 5

Why do the dead prefer to speak on the radio, could they not reach us exclusively via the microphone, which has less interference?

Answer:

The old principle of “twice sewn lasts longer” seems to apply here as well. As concerns the recordings with the microphone, it has been demonstrated that this method is limited at present by technical difficulties that are not as yet clearly understood. Even though this method evidently results only in the formulation of short sentences, single shouts or soft whispers, their purpose is usually achieved. These transmissions via the microphone not only have a drastic effect, they somehow speak directly to the listener. Dr. Bjoerkhem has said: “It suffices to hear and record a single word of an unseen being in a quiet room. Stronger proof is not needed because a tape recording excludes ascribing these phenomena to subjective experience.”

Links established via the radio appear to offer much greater and better possibilities. I have recordings that last more than half an hour and whose decibel level, content and purely personal character is so totally convincing that the even the smallest doubt is excluded from the very beginning.

### Question 6

Why did the dead opt for such a technically prosaic method as the tape recorder? Would not a living medium be more impressive, as has been the case until now?

Answer:

No matter how prosaic and sober a mechanical tape recorder may seem, its construction excludes that it is subject to any personal errors, imaginings, wishes and desires.

A tape recorder will function a hundred percent objectively, it registers in a purely automatic fashion those electromagnetic impulses that come its way, either via the microphone or via a radio receiver connected directly to the tape recorder. However, in the case of

microphone recordings other reception possibilities also seem to exist, namely under certain conditions that have not yet been entirely determined, there are other parts of the tape recorder that can be used as access channels. The supposition lies close that the communicators and singers on the other side can also make use of other parts of the instrument instead of just the microphone. As already mentioned, there is the justifiable hope that this problem can be solved soon with the assistance of scientists.

There is no doubt that a mechanical tape recorder cannot be compared to any medium because of its absolute objectivity. We know besides that genuine and dependable spiritist mediums are extremely rare; certainly this is the case in Europe. No matter how talented and basically honest a medium might be, he or she cannot completely eliminate subjectivity. Thus for instance, no medium can differentiate with absolute certainty whether the impulses arriving from its subconscious originate from the dead or from those present, because the borders in this case are fluid.

I also consider it a disadvantage when participants in spirit-séances unavoidably become to a certain point dependent on the medium. Such a dependence relationship can easily paralyze personal initiative and independent research.

### Question 7

Mr. Jürgenson, can you give a rational explanation why precisely you have been selected for this path-breaking work and what were the reasons that motivated you to suddenly give up your artistic career?

Answer:

First of all, I would like to counter this question with one of my own, a

question that I have already asked hundreds of my visitors, and that I now direct to readers of this book.

Would you be willing to give up your profession and leave your comfortable home in the city to bury yourself in isolation in the countryside to devote all your resources, strength and time to a really dubious kind of research that consists of getting to the bottom of some mystical and initially barely audible voices that appeared seemingly by accident on an audio tape?

As you already know, this is exactly what I did out of a clear, inner conviction. The fact that I was willing to reorganize my life completely both externally and internally was of great, but not decisive significance. Much more was required, an entire series of inbred and acquired capabilities that motivated the dead to entrust this difficult task to no one but me.

My endowment by nature, with a very sensitive ear and good musical talent along with the fact that I spoke five languages relatively fluently and had a working knowledge of three others was an essential precondition. Otherwise I could not have understood the multilingual shouts and communications of the dead. I also have the gift of concentration and psychic relaxation (meditation).

I have been occupied my entire life with the problem of death. In my youth I thoroughly studied religion and philosophy for five years. I did not fail to become closely acquainted with theosophy, the cabbala, yoga and anthroposophist teachings. I did this in a country in which all religious movements were persecuted ruthlessly, and I risked losing my freedom because of my secret studies as I had formed a small esoteric group. At the same time I could not avoid becoming acquainted with the basic theses of the Marxist dialectic.



I owe it on the one hand to my insatiable desire for knowledge, but on the other hand also to those chaotic external conditions that thickened the atmosphere, which made it possible for me to analyze the different ideologies thoroughly, and to free my mind from the all of the single-track doctrines and dogmas.

As a result of these studies, as a witness and victim of two world wars and of a destructive revolution, I discovered the source of the failures and sufferings of humanity. I started to look at life candidly and without prejudice and I was pained deeply by the suffering of humanity. Most of all, I recognized that all our anxieties and miseries could not be eliminated until we had incontestably solved the problem of death. All this too might have contributed to the reasons why it was me who was chosen to build the bridge between our world and the beyond.

### Question 8

Did not the publicity that has surrounded you and your work result in many advantages, much income and benefits for you?

Answer:

I understand that this question might be justified under certain circumstances. For instance if I had been a poor and unknown artist, motivated and ambitious to make a name for myself at any price, or if I had been seized by some fixed ideas and decided to create a sect or movement around myself. But, as already mentioned, I was at that

time at the peak of my artistic career. I had been charged with an extremely interesting task at the Vatican, had painted several portraits of Pope Pius XII and had just been planning to take part in an archeological mission in Pompeii when the voices spoke to me.

An artist who stops painting and does not exhibit his work not only loses his customary clients, he is also soon forgotten. As concerns me personally, I was suddenly required to sell the rest of my paintings, which is practically impossible to manage from a little bungalow far out in the countryside.

Since I also had to acquire expensive tape recorders and large quantities of recording tape on a continuing basis, my wife Monika too was financially affected. Together we formed a very successful deficit enterprise that also had the advantage of operating without competition.

At that time we had no inkling that our quiet house would be turned into a kind of beehive, or more accurately visitor center, after our first international press conference. Today I don't remember any longer how many hundreds of press articles were published about myself, and the voice phenomena in Sweden and abroad.

But of one thing I am certain, namely that as long as I live, there won't be any sect or movement, ideology or school that will form around me. I also have always received and will continue to receive all of my visitors without any charge. I was not only born in a country where hospitality is a matter of course, but I would become disloyal to my own principles and lose the confidence of my friends on the other side if I were to turn their bridge, built with such hard work and selfless dedication, into an income source.

Of course my publicity has also had some positive effects. I got to know many people who had lost all of their joy and courage for living through the death of their loved ones. Even the wisest counsel and solace would not have lightened the burden of these grief-stricken people because words are powerless in these cases.

However, that which I recorded on my tapes and what I played for them and what we sometimes recorded together changed the situation altogether. I have rarely seen people laugh and cry so happily. And I don't want to give up these "advantages" in the future either.

## CHAPTER 27

The hope for "wise space aliens" proves illusory - The "Old Jew" -  
Functioning of the "central radar station" - Hitler's characteristic voice  
- Two of my childhood friends check in

Let us now turn our attention to the communications of the dead, to their own characteristic way of expressing themselves as well as to the humor that shines spontaneously through their communications.

As I mentioned previously, the name Maelarhoedjen came through very frequently. It seems strange but this identification of a Stockholm suburb seemed to be used by communicators on the other side simultaneously as a key and/or as a code word.

I suppose that this key word had an important function at the beginning when I had not adequately mastered the technique of radio recordings, because when, for instance in the middle of an English BBC broadcast the name Maelarhoedjen was pronounced, my attention was triggered immediately and I turned on the tape recorder that was already connected to the outlet. (At that time, in the spring of 1960, I had not yet given up hope completely that I might be able to get in touch with some space aliens. (Note: the author calls them 'planetarians')

However this hope was quickly deluded. Reality was sober and devoid of romantic notions. This too was the reason why I hesitated before reaching the decision to write this book.

Then one day I received a short communication over the frequency of the Warsaw radio station, right after the conclusion of Chopin's Revolutionary Etude. Two male voices that I recognized were speaking immediately. This time too, they spoke both English and German. "What is this death – Friedrich? – We know it!" began the German speaker and added a few words that could not be understood.

"No matter how you imagine him." the English speaker started, "with

suppositions, secretiveness, condolences, unreasonable repetitions...” the rest of his words were swallowed up by the din of static. After a little while the German speaker started again and said quickly and insistently: “Don’t you have a pen - what do you think? Tips will be coming for Freddie’s pen. Conviction is very easy. Where are we staying, Freddie?” He added a few personal remarks and then the transmission ceased.

Without the help of a tape recorder these whispered communications could not be understood at all, they took place inside the original transmission not only much too fast, but they had to be amplified and then listened to again several times. This camouflaged appearance on radio transmissions (at the beginning of our contacts) will also have been difficult for the discarnate communicators, in any case they too would have had to undergo a certain training to develop into good “copyists” or “popsers”.

I noticed for instance the voice of an older man whose hearty intonation was reminiscent of the Viennese comedian Hans Moser and whom I called “the old Jew.” This speaker evidently liked to make snide side comments using a bizarre mixture of languages consisting of Yiddish, German, English, Italian and Swedish. Besides, he had a dry and somewhat profane sense of humor, if not directly obscene, certainly not entirely appropriate in mixed company.

I first discovered the ‘old Jew’ during a transmission when I misunderstood Lena’s signal and subsequently received a beeping sound.

On that occasion some sleeping dead were awakened in the following manner: First one heard a ringing switch-on sound and then an energetic male voice called out: “Song of the Dead!” “Service for the

Dead!”

Two times a powerful choral ensemble cut in that I had unintentionally turned on and off several times. “Your radio interferes!” a male voice shouted.

I had not reacted previously because I thought that I was listening to a normal radio program until I heard that strong signal.

The “old Jew” was directly in front of the microphone or (communication device). Somehow the system wasn’t working satisfactorily because his voice cracked several times and words slipped out of his mouth evidently violating the rules, but he succeeded each time in getting on top of the situation by quickly imitating a Polish or Yiddish announcer.

“Contact with little Hitler...” slipped out once again at a high decibel level. Hurriedly he added, “copyright”, was silent for a moment, and then mumbled to himself in an annoyed mix of languages: “With this radar the devil won’t dine.”

Whatever this curious mixture of German, Italian and Swedish meant, he hummed it with the solemnity of a Sabbath service.

One evening I got a very lively choir performance that seemed to be an original transmission emanating from Cairo, but was actually sung in a mixture of German, Swedish and Italian. The choir sang about a routine drive across Hitler, Ataku and Maelarhoedjen. The “old Jew” was inserting jokes as usual in his dry manner. During a short pause he turned to Lena and said among other comments: “Lena ni most starten!” (Lena, you have to start!) Whereupon the choir continued in the same rhythm addressing Lena: “Now there – you have the time

radar. And you have your task besides, only Friedel can't do anything ...he is sitting in the dark, poor Friedel..."

In conclusion the "old Jew" spoke clearly and with emphasis: "These (are) the dead, you have to understand – in the North – Skol."

Most communications from the dead arrived in this humorous pictorial language. Evidently the dead had overcome the boring monotony of our earthly rationalism; they spoke spontaneously, symbolically and cheerfully.

It was evidently Lena's task to assist me who was sitting in the dark and to give me signs or signals because she was in charge of the time radar, which is to say, the link that enables a connection between the fourth dimension and our own earthbound time.

Towards the end of May I received a transmission that even today, years after, I consider one of the most impressive and interesting. Its contents has such significance that even today I do not dare to publish the entire text before I have succeeded to accurately transcribe the entire transmission with the help of certain filters and amplifiers.

After some German researchers will have helped me to remove the interference completely I will be ready to publish the text in the form of a brochure with the addition of several very interesting transmissions that have not been analyzed completely to date.

However, I will wait until all of the reception noises will have been eliminated and we have the exact clear text.

This transmission can be considered a historic document because it was Adolf Hitler speaking in his characteristic voice.

New transmissions arrived almost daily in those days and with it grew the number of my invisible friends. Dead friends of my youth, relatives, numerous acquaintances some of whom I had completely forgotten contacted me, called out their names or waited anxiously whether I would recognize them by their voice. However not all of them introduced themselves by name. There were also voices that wanted to remain anonymous, others hid behind code names. In such cases we were generally dealing with publicly known personalities who preferred for understandable reasons to bide their time and act with caution.

Two friends from my young days, Burchard W. and Herbort B., were the first who revealed themselves to me, and whose voices and inflects were familiar to me.

The last time I had seen Burchard W. was in 1930. It was a very strange encounter that took place in a Berlin subway. At that time we had not met with one another for twelve years. Burchard had been studying for years at the Berlin Technical University and I had just arrived in Berlin to continue my voice training. When I suddenly saw my friend sitting in front of me in the metro compartment I was overcome by a kind of paralyzing embarrassment. I looked at him wordlessly and couldn't make up my mind whether I should embrace him or remain seated without speaking. I noticed that Burchard stole glances at me, but then gently shook his head with a melancholic smile flitting across his face. His whole being seemed to say: No, no, this cannot be Friedel!

Neither of us said a word. At the next station Burchard left the train and disappeared among the crowd.

I never saw him again because he died after half a year of a lung



disease. I never forgave myself for my stupid embarrassment.

My second childhood friend, Herbort B. had already left Odessa secretly in 1918 and had fled to Romania with his family. Common interests and a deep friendship linked me with Herbort as with Burchard. But both friends differed markedly from one another in their character. Herbort was a brooder and a searcher in his passage through life; he was mild and conciliatory and carried a burning desire to get to the bottom of things. Burchard on the other hand was more practical. He was an easy learner in school and he judged things and events clearly and objectively. He had developed a dry and highly individual humor behind which hid a very sensitive and kind nature.

Towards the end of the Second World War, Herbort was drafted into the German army as an interpreter. He disappeared in Russia; perhaps he died in a prisoner of war camp. His younger brother Waldi who was also a good friend, died of typhus as a Russian prisoner of war, reported in much later.

I soon noticed that Herbort played a leading role in the hereafter. He often was engaged in waking the dead and his communications were generally characterized by certain serenity and seriousness. It was he who got into contact with me already in the fall of 1959.

In several recordings Herbort's first and family name came through very clearly. On the other hand, Burchard only used his first name a couple of times. Burchard liked to make jokes and he incidentally maintained his somewhat youthful diction, which consisted in his

connecting of long sentences in a galloping, syncopated rhythm and

then rattling them off rapidly with a change in emphasis.

Burchard seems not to have forgotten our curious encounter in the metro because he asked one time quite suddenly with a hidden grin something that sounded like: “Did you recognize your Burchard again?” Since both of us grew up in Russia we spoke both German and Russian. Now, however, Burchard had acquired the habit of inserting Swedish words and sentences, he did this with a faultless pronunciation.

At that time I was also in contacts with Count Ciano, the brother-in-law of Mussolini. He introduced himself immediately. He spoke in a comfortable and cultivated voice. He said first of all that he was familiar with the new method that used radio. He called this link “porta nova”.

Ciano spoke mainly Italian but also mixed in a few English, Russian and Spanish words. Like a typical Italian he found it difficult to pronounce the letter “H” at the beginning of a word if it was followed by a vowel. Thus for instance he used to say “’itler” or “’immler” when he spoke of Hitler or Himmler. Otherwise Ciano seemed quite popular among the dead. His name was mentioned fairly frequently and wherever he appeared there prevailed a cheerful, friendly atmosphere.

Most of the dead addressed each other in a familiar way using first or family names; titles were never employed.

Lena surprises me one day by coming through suddenly with the name of the “old Jew”. I will call him “Montedoro” here. In reality, Montedoro was one of the most talented and biggest financial geniuses in Europe whose name even today calls forth admiration and respect.

He too was familiar with numerous languages. His French was perfect and he spoke Polish like a Pole. Despite his great age his mind seemed filled with a kind of youthful mischief.

A Swedish industrialist, whom I shall call Cantander, greeted me one day in a sincere and friendly manner. Cantander, whom I knew fairly well during his lifetime, surprised me with a quality that I had not suspected in him. He sang amusing songs with an excellent rhythm and a bubbling humor and also took part in small comedy sketches.

His appearance was of special significance to me because his sparkling temperament and his excellent diction gave his recordings a particular clarity. Besides, Cantander possessed a special, easily recognizable timbre that resonated unmistakably through the entire transmission.

## CHAPTER 28

The problem with the correct identification of the speaker or singer – “Get rid of cigarettes!” – A curious fantasy language – An existence without class, rank or race – What kind of flying and driven objects are those? – Heaven and hell, as the church claims, does not exist.

There was no problem in recognizing the voices of deceased relatives, intimate friends, associates and certain prominent personalities whom I had heard on the radio.

When the voices of people whom I’ve never heard of before, and of whom a recorded tape does not exist, identified themselves by name or were announced by Lena, so the question “who’s who?” presented me with a real headache. I never had any doubt to the authenticity of their claims, but the difficulty was that the deceased mostly appeared in groups and spoke quickly and all together

Not all voices could be recorded on tape, for there were also some muffled and nearly soundless mutterings that were hard to understand even by a trained ear.

I have already briefly mentioned the case of Chesman. The contacts that came in May of 1960 had very interesting contents, however of bad sound quality. I would like these recordings to undergo a technical analysis and cleaning, and only then make the text available to the public. I can say this much, based on the first contact with Chesman. He seemed to be on some sort of “craft” (airplane or vehicle), and that the term Maelarhoejden was somehow impressed on him. I found it remarkable that the name Maelarhoejden was repeated insistently by

Chesman several times even though it is hard to pronounce for an American.

Chesman by the way never mentioned a word about his execution or brought up his painful problems. His new situation seemed to take up all his time. Apparently he felt great relief, for his voice revealed a happy tone, yes, at times it sounded almost exuberant and it was noticeably hard for him to contain his high spirits.

The next afternoon a remarkable event happened. At the time I had not quit smoking yet, and a half empty cigarette pack was lying on the table next to the radio. I pressed “record” and had contact immediately. A known female voice spoke. First she said two keywords and then calmly and clearly added in Swedish and German: “Listen Friedel, our friend must lay low...flat to the earth...”

At this point I had turned the dial by accident and suddenly received an English report on the wedding of princess Margaret. As I went back to the previous wavelength the well-known woman’s voice was gone. I sensed that the transmission was for Chesman and waited yet a while. Suddenly Lena started to whisper hastily; “Cigarettes away!...towards bottom!...take away, away!...” She called quickly and excited. I automatically grabbed the pack of cigarettes and threw them into the wood-burning stove.

After I placed the headphones back on again, I was to take part in a performance that would leave a very peculiar, almost surreal impression on me. I had at first the acoustic impression of a large room or hall in which different voices were audible with a kind of hollow echo. At the same time one could hear the long distance calls being switched on, a sound with a unique melodic component.

As I later found out, the origin of these musical sounds was a so-called “radar” or robot, of which I still knew very little then.

There was a great excitement amongst those present in the hall, and everyone was talking a colorful mix of languages. I could hear German, Swedish, English, and Yiddish, and on top of that a real fantasy language, which the people on the other side apparently understood, but to me it seemed like gibberish.

Apparently this was about Chesman who was a heavy smoker and besides that he seemed to be in a half-awake state.

Although, as mentioned, the quality of the recording left much to be desired, it sufficed for me to give up smoking definitely and without any difficulties from that moment on.

When at times some of the conversations of the deceased seemed peculiar and incoherent, there still seemed to be a hidden purpose within those remarks. It must be mainly about humans who have gone through tough mental crises, and now find themselves in condition of totally unfettered reaction. One got the impression that the deceased seemed constantly to work through their feelings in a spontaneous and uninhibited manner. From this viewpoint one could have considered the hereafter as the life plane of the total subconscious, where all feelings are free to roam without restraint.

In other words, it was the sphere of existence where emotion, imagination and feelings predominated. Everything seemed to happen quickly, changing, forming and then transforming again. It was this way with the language too, which in lightning speed could be transformed into a multinational conversation colored by the character

of the participating language groups. The change wrought by death, seemed not only to break down the barriers of language and nationality barriers, but also class, rank and race differences seemed to lose their sense and meaning.

Despite the confusing way the dead expressed themselves, their language seemed to be filled with an inner logic. Perhaps one could speak here of a “consistent irrationality” freed from the shackles of the cerebrum, carried and guided by the “truth of emotion”.

Since human nature, with some exceptions, is drawn to humor and not to sadness, so in the hereafter one finds mainly a happy and informal tone. Conditions in the new sphere of existence favor uninhibited and natural manners, and often result in for childlike high spirits and effervescent liveliness.

While we who live on earth can hide our feelings, intentions and thoughts behind the thick shell of our bodies, the subtle high natural vibration of those who have passed over reflects all of their thoughts, they have no need for words to communicate among each other. In a certain way, the spirit community could be compared to a nudist colony.

It is this general divesting that automatically exposes all deception and hypocrisy and also results in completely natural relationships for where one cannot conceal anything, one also need not fear anything.

As it would soon turn out, there is really no reason for fear in the postmortem plane of existence. However, at the beginning, fears can live on in memories of the past life and can be conjured up in one's

imagination. This often happens in the 'half-sleep' of the new arrivals and because of this the awakening proceeds with special care.

Apparently, Chesman also has found himself in such an uncomfortable condition in which awakened memories of his desire for cigarettes plagued him. My attention was often drawn to certain statements that apparently were connected with the puzzle of those mystical aircraft.

The words; "Frederic, we're flying" or "Friedel we're sitting in the ship of the dead", as well as expressions like "teleship", "craft" and so on, were heard by me often, and recorded on tape. Although I had not obtained any more details, it still was obvious that this had to do with some kind of means of transportation, most likely a way of flying. One could fly without attachment through space and time; this kind of flying overcame our earthly limitations. One could pass the speed of light when flying and end up in a condition that Einstein recognized, and of which H.G. Wells wrote about in "The Time-Machine". The fourth dimension would have to provide an answer to this problem.

Now that the fundamental question (the survival of death) has been answered through the contacts with the deceased via tape recorder, it seems to me that the question about what kind of flying vehicles is only of secondary importance, though of course interesting. Of course the evidence that the human being will live on after death as a conscious entity is of utmost importance as is the fact that the departed can reach us by means of the tape recorder.

Prominent personalities of classical antiquity, the medieval or early baroque ages have never checked in with me. I suspect that most of them have been born again and died again many times and are



currently living with other names on earth or in the hereafter.

Just the astonishing fact that people like Hitler, Stalin, Trotsky, Lenin, Van Gogh, Elenora Duse, Annie Basant, my mother, d'Aununzio, Goering, Himmler, Felix Kersten, "Montedoro" and many other well-known known Jewish and Christian savants, musicians, composers and singers, along with simple workers appear together, call each other by their first names, and together accomplish common tasks, this fact alone is of supreme importance.

If reconciliation between the executioners and their victims has truly taken place in the hereafter, I can only welcome this fact greatly. In this I saw and recognized the first practical proof of the possibility of achieving "a community embracing all humans". I had no doubt that all these departed have understood the true meaning of the law of cause and effect, and have tracked down the elementary secret of life and death.

This is not to say that all the dead persons are suddenly transformed into pure angels. The decisive transformation that took place in the psyche of the deceased only depends to a certain extent on the deliverance from their frail human bodies. The most significant role is played by the influence of their dimension outside time and space, a synchronicity that affords the dead the great advantage of direct perception. The practical results of this timeless perception can only be perceived with difficulty from our perspective, or not at all for most of us.

So for example, the deceased can comprehend the cause and effect of events and things as a simultaneous event. That is why it is possible for them, practical even, to see through the nonsense and distortion of all ideological doctrines, no matter if they are religious, scientific or

political. The dead know probably more than enough. Since on the one hand they watch over the dying and on the other receive and welcome the dead, they are well versed with the cause of what we call death.

They know that even if people do not destroy each other every now and then because of class, race or religious wars they shorten their own existence anyway through a lifestyle that flies in the face of reason because they rush, drink, smoke, brag, love and hate each other to death. Yes, basically they rob themselves of most of their lives, and only a few die at an old age of natural causes.

The departed know all about it; in the hereafter the facts speak insistently and unmistakably for themselves. All of the concepts and opposing ideas that today motivate our thinking, such as annihilation and afterlife, heaven and hell, God and devil, moral and immoral, hatred and affection lose their time related character and imaginary strength beyond the grave, they perished by their own senselessness.

That's why the torturers and the tortured, the judges and the judged, the powerful and the weak can start anew again in a completely harmonious balance of the opposing forces that divided them on earth.

The dead did not find Dante's inferno or any personal God. Also the concepts of Heaven, Hell and Devil as found in the Holy Scriptures have proved to be nonexistent. Humanity alone in its imperfect imagination has created the likeness of a personal God.

But since the reality exceeds our imagination and cannot be comprehended by our three dimensional thought processes, we have created a scapegoat who can be blamed for all suffering and misery.

With a personal God and devil as the basis for our worldview, humanity has shut the door to a true understanding of its character. The dead know all about this vicious circle and its fatal results since many of them have been transported onto the other side directly from the abysses of our earthly hells. They also know because from their timeless dimension they have an objective overview of human history with all of its cause and effect relationships.

The dead look back with great concern, for the number of earthly hells has dramatically increased in the last centuries. They understand the origins of this fatal cycle, which consists of errors in thinking and feeling that has somehow gripped humanity in a hypnotic bondage.

Yet despite all seeming hopelessness, the dead know that this vicious cycle can be broken. The main difficulty lies in the fact that those of us who still live on earth, are ensnared in a dreamlike state and hold this dream to be reality.

We have heard the wake-up calls of the awakened consistently in our dreams, but take them to be the voices of our dreams.

How should the awakened dead communicate with us when we have failed to heed over the past millennia all of the wake-up calls of the teachers living among us on our earthly plane?

Most of all: Did we not reject, hunt and kill a large number of these wake-up callers? And our sisters and brothers, did they not get carried by us with grief and tears to their “eternal rest”, buried or cremated and then forgotten? In truth, how many are concerned about the fate of the dead? Do we not lament and cry for our own pain, our loneliness

after the loss?

And who among us really wishes to contact the deceased, that is to say the ghosts with their doubtful reputation?

The obstacles have existed and remain exclusively on our side, because from the side of the dead, the bridge has already been built.

## CHAPTER 29

He who is about to die, Dr. Bjorkhem – “Radar music” and signal melodies – The number of personal messages is constantly on the increase.

Day after day I sat in my attic and registered my new recordings. When my wife and children joined me in the country the white narcissus and the meadows were in full bloom. Midsummer was right outside the door. However I still could not decide how to write the introduction for my book. I would have preferred to remain anonymous, but unfortunately that wouldn't work, because someone would have to answer the questions, which would arise from readers. So with tentative steps and hesitation, I started one day to write my introduction, which I drafted in four versions and discarded again. But finally I had an idea and decided on a fifth version.

One day Dr. Bjorkhem and his wife Eva H. came to visit. Despite the happy reunion I was troubled inside, for I knew that Dr. Bjorkhem's health was very poor. I played my most recent recordings, among them Hitler's monologue and a very clear English transmission. Dr. Bjorkhem possessed an unusual ability to concentrate; he could listen as only a few of my friends. We were a little crowded in the tiny attic, it was a quiet afternoon with sunshine and birds singing.

“You will be achieving completely different results...” Dr. Bjorkhem said before we bid our goodbyes, and his eyes were shining brightly with the excitement of pure research. The truth of his statement would be proved soon.

With the increase of new transmissions my interest and enthusiasm grew literally day-by-day.

The connection that had developed between my friends and myself was of such unusual kind despite its clear and undeniable evidentiary character that in reality I never really got used to it and I always found myself anew in a state of wonderment.

The workload frequently threatened to envelop me. I always had to count on surprises and unknown factors, and besides these transmissions were of such iridescent variety that the work never became routine.

Among these daily variations in our contact modes there was one that I found especially pleasant and that brought me much joy. My friends had devoted their special attention to musical transmissions. Not just performances like a solo, ensemble and choir, they formed their messages using “radar-music”, by which the transmissions took on a humorous character. Some singers used specific “signal melodies” chosen to identify themselves, and reflecting their taste and character.

It was in July, when I heard Lena sing for the first time. She sang unaccompanied, free and uninhibited. The song presented a curious combination of Italian opera arias and Neapolitan popular hits. Lena improvised like a child would do at play. Her voice sounded lovely and pure. She sang from what she called a ‘devotion building’ in English, German, Italian and Swedish.

From that time on, I could recognize her high timbre effortlessly, even when it appeared in the midst of a choir.

A sonorous male voice, which I had recorded frequently on tape,

puzzled me considerably. I was sure that I had heard the voice before, its pronunciation reminded me somehow of Hitler, but the voice level was deeper and the speaker used a cultured High German.

It would not have surprised me if the speaker during his time on earth was excellent with speeches, for his diction was flawless. One day I managed to record a longer monologue of his, which again reminded me somewhat of Hitler's musings to himself.

Also the "old Jew" and a few other male voices were present and took part in the conversation. The "old Jew" threw in humorous remarks, often with a double meaning and pulled the speaker out of his drowsiness to which he tended to succumb every now and then.

The rest of the conversation seemed like a look into the past. I had the impression that the speaker reached far into antiquity. Pompeii, Plinius, Titus, Olympus were mentioned along with my first name. Despite some atmospheric I could clearly understand the voice.

An instrument like an Hammond organ, played pleasant sounding final chords at the end, and then you can hear Lena say: "Take away!...abort quick!"

It was in this summer that my wife and I received mostly personal messages, among them were some very detailed ones, which for understandable reasons I cannot make public.

I just want to mention this much, these never dealt with detailed guidelines, direct advice or particular admonitions. Our friends understood how to use humor and pictorial language to put our view

of problems into a new perspective from which the solution could be found with our own insight and understanding.

At this time, July, August and September of 1960, transmissions were flooding in almost daily. I could hardly keep up with the work, for even if the transmissions were no longer than 10 to 15 minutes, the checking of the text and logging it in required much time.

It was through the minute and monotonous testing of details that gave me a profound insight into this timeless plane of existence, whose processes repeatedly surprised and occasionally shocked or appeared strange to me. Only after I trained myself to accept the most curious events without bias, did I succeed to overcome my inhibitions and prejudices.

However, I still had to count on misunderstandings, for there were often atmospheric disturbances, and also some indistinct recordings. But for the most part the bridge was constructed, and I was often able to register clearly audible recordings on my tapes.



## CHAPTER 30

Olga's song – Constantly new speakers and singers – Kotzik's Berlin humor – A baffling prophecy

In late spring we began to tidy up our property and stone cottage in Nysund. It was a hard and dirty job. The ceilings and walls were painted, the windows replaced, the old floor was sanded and sealed, and at last we installed a modern water heater, so that our whole family could move in the house by Christmas.

Suddenly I felt sorry to have to leave the quiet cottage, if only because it was located in an out-of-the-way and enchanting location that gave the best conditions for undisturbed work.

The first winter spent out in the country proved to be unusually mild and short. The snow was already melting in February, and the first blue anemones were blooming at the beginning of April.

The mild weather lured our friend Hugo, the tomato grower, often out into the country. He began immediately with his usual desire to work, to straighten up the greenhouses, yes, he even sowed salad seeds outside, though the earth was still frozen below.

Since my wife Monika drove the children with our car to school in the city, I would be preparing the meals. To be honest, this occupation was enjoyable, mainly because I never used particular recipes, but rather liked to experiment and combine the ingredients as I pleased.

We wandered daily, Hugo and I, through the thick forests that stretched out for miles around Moelnbo, and when we then returned tired and hungry, the meals would taste twice as good. Hugo by the way, was of the opinion that my mental contacts were more important than the recording sessions.

Hugo's view on life was based on the philosophy of the followers of Buddha and the teaching of Krishnamurti. At the same time however, he followed with lively interest the development of the Soviet Union. He even believed that the great rejuvenation of the "western world" would be realized through the engagement of Slavic people.

Hugo didn't know if the rejuvenation would come through communist ideology or through some still unknown mental and social synthesis. However, he hoped for the quality of all people and the victory of intellectual socialism.

Yet in the last couple of years, Hugo had noticeably started to change his way of thinking, which was no doubt thanks to my spiritual experiences. It did leave me sad however, that Hugo showed little interest in my tapes recordings.

Despite all of his intelligence and open-mindedness, Hugo did not grasp the significance of the bridge to the deceased built on the foundations of physical science. The deceased however, often spoke of Hugo on the tapes. A few times they voiced concern about his health. He suffered many times from lumbago, which would bother him tremendously during his gardening work. He defiantly brushed off all symptoms of illness; yes he was tough on himself. In a sense he muted his instinct for his physical needs, and only when the illness

forced him into bed he would, while muttering, unwillingly relent.

That spring I received a very curious transmission. I got it in the form of a sort of symbolic presentation that sought to convey a personal message to me through song, short remarks and exclamations.

The singing was done by a woman's very beautiful voice that could have belonged to Grace Moore or Lina Cavallieri. At the end of the transmission, the name of a friend of my sister in her early years who was also a friend of mine was mentioned.

Our friend's name was Olga Z., and though she married and later divorced, we still addressed her by her maiden name. I had not seen Olga for 23 years, and all contact was lost since World War Two. By a strange coincidence my sister Elly came upon Olga's address. The bottom line: Olga visited us in June at Nysund, and when she departed, she took with her my typed manuscript.

Meanwhile new transmissions were coming in. A delightful soprano voice with a soft and warm timbre sang a Hungarian song, which was sung in German, Russian, Swedish and Hungarian. Her singing was accompanied by another woman's high voice that seemed to be coming from a distance and was also presenting her text in a mix of languages. This woman spoke of Hitler's activities over there, and clearly mentioned my name and Maelarhoejden. At the end a rather untrained male voice joined in, loudly singing "Babanzef ljubit (loves) very much Maelarhoejden!" and I immediately recognized the voice of a white Russian officer who was married to my cousin in Estonia, and had died as a German officer on the eastern front just before the end of the war.

In June the voice of an old acquaintance became audible on tape. Paul Kotzik, who had been working as a massage therapist in the same

sanatorium as my father. I met Kotzik for the last time in 1915. At that time he was treating the wife of Odessa's governor, which gave him free movement through the city despite the war and the fact that he was a German citizen.

Kotzik was an excellent massage therapist, totally healthy, who would go all year around without wearing a hat or coat. He always had a fresh sense of humor, was nice to us children and introduced me to the art of photography. He, by the way, was very successful with women, but preferred to go through life as a bachelor. Kotzik was from Berlin and his sense of humor was typical Berlin, fresh dry and insolent.

After so many years I was hardly able to recognize his voice if it had not been pointed out to me. Kotzik spoke very clearly with a pure Berlin accent. It was the voice of an older man. Far in the background a violin was playing a curious melancholy melody. Kotzik spoke with intensity, quick and with no pauses. It sounded like he was in a hurry, his voice sounded wistful and sad.

Right at the beginning there was a mechanical male voice audible, which as if through a megaphone said "Hear Kotzik!" The same megaphone voice turned itself on one more time and said in-between clearly: "It was Kotzik!"

Kotzik closed his lecture with a loud calling: "Ahh,...now comes the Moelnbo wagon!" I will make this recording public after an exact analysis and elimination of interferences.

In May I received a short message that I had passed by without understanding its meaning. I would find out only in August. It was the voice of my friend Herbot B. who said quietly but clearly, "Friedrich, so that you know - Serapo!"

The continuation followed after a few days, and it spoken by a different voice. I suspect it belonged to my singing teacher Danni from Milano.

The voice revealed a humorous tone and said astonished:” Three pieces in a airplane-mamma mia!” I just shrugged and passed over, what in reality turned out to be an amazing prophecy.

But first I have to talk about an event that happened suddenly in July, and that plunged our whole family into deepest grief.

## CHAPTER 31

Dream visit to a receiving station for the dead - The man without a face - Modes of death have importance - The strange tubs for corpses

On the night from Friday to Saturday, July 30, I had a dream that can be considered one of my most interesting and strangest visits to the other side. I awoke around 5 o'clock in the morning and wrote the experience down immediately.

I was outside in the open, in front of a wide underground entrance, that led into the deep like a gently sloping incline leading to what seemed a parking garage.

A curious greenish yellow light shone from a clear evening sky, strangely dark and light at the same time. Many friendly people surrounded me. They were working at the entrance, improving and widening the way into the deep for the so-called dead, who were really alive even though they sometimes cannot free themselves for quite a while of the notion that they are dead. I am surrounded by well-meaning people who are willing and pleased to fill me in on the conditions of the hereafter.

It is strange, but with every shift in my feelings, my situation changes with lightning speed. Suddenly, without any transition, I find myself in a very large hall that is constantly expanding in front of me. It

represents a curious combination of train station, church and public baths or swimming pools. Adjacent are countless waiting halls, storage rooms, public restrooms, shower stalls and swimming pools.

I enter a large room that is illuminated by unseen sources of warm golden shining light. I understand immediately that this room is very special and that it is connected somehow to something important. I view this curious place with amazement. It reminds me in one-way of a funeral chapel, in another of a decorated funerary chamber, and yet it hides something else of utmost significance. The place is filled with people that stand in small groups softly conversing. There is a happy, yet somewhat solemn mood. Most are smiling quietly and contentedly, and all the faces exhibit the same certainty; it is done, we made it!

New people arrive unnoticed, and suddenly it became clear to me; this room represents a place of transition, a portal through which the dead pass through after a church burial.

The scene changes again. I meet an artist, a stonemason and a known museum director from Stockholm. I'm told that the upper floors are comprised of numerous studios, which can be used by all the artists. Yet most of them prefer to take part in collaborative work down here that includes a change in attitude and orientation.

It is becoming increasingly clear that I have found myself in a sphere that is suffused by human feelings where our emotions not only bring about changes in the external space, but that reflect our inner drives visibly on the surface of our bodies.

Here nothing could be hidden for it was precisely the nature and purpose of this place to bring to surface and work through everything

that was suppressed, hidden, incomprehensible and displaced. This would not reach the point of total exhaustion but only up to where the role they played in the human life just passed was fully understood.

I came upon three women that were sitting across from one another, who were occupied with a curious “emotional demonstration”.

The women were visibly changing the shape of their bodies. They obviously competed with one another with the goal of outdoing certain movie stars in the grotesquely exaggeration of their female curves, which were visible temptations too. This performance seemed repelling and ridiculous. However, it revealed the urgent necessity to relieve an obsession. Perhaps these women were lonely in life, or ugly and deformed.

In the next moment I find myself in the middle of a very luminous reception room that is connected to a mysterious burial chamber by a broad, open entrance. A man is standing in front of me and is speaking to me eagerly. I can clearly see his body, but I can't make out his facial features, they seem dissolved or erased.

“My name is Hugo F., I was a cavalry officer when I was young.” he introduced himself. I was surprised, for I didn't know that my friend Hugo F. had a relative with the same name. The man led me to a kind of monument that had a metal emblem.

“This is our family crest,” he said with emphasis. I looked at this curious thing, which reminded me of a decorated brass wreath, and tried in vain to comprehend its symbolism.

In the next moment the scene changed again. I'm walking past a long



row of rooms, corridors and hall that claim my full attention, because of their curious appearance. I come closer to what looks like the main hall of a train station with many doors.

I stop in front of a large storage room. A faint smell of flowers, pine needles and palm branches flowed towards me. It was the typical smell of a funeral chapel for it also smelled like corpses. This depositary is filled to the rafters with funeral relics and utensils; fresh and partly wilted wreaths, bouquets of flowers, funerary ribbons, stuffed suitcases and the like. All these are things that express the sorrow expressed towards the deceased. These are surely ether representations that follow the deceased who was impressed by them into the afterlife. With that I mean certain astral copies and replicas of physical things that like the astral body of the deceased continue in the fourth dimension. All these things were laying around in profusion. Who was supposed to pick them up and what was the purpose of it all? This question occupied me for a long time, only much later did I find an answer.

Initially I understood that in all there are three types of “physical dissolution”:

The usual burial

Cremation

The destruction of body by accident, (This wasn't all that clear to me then) for example, by drowning, massacres, explosions of various kinds and so on.

One could ask the question: Isn't death – death, and what does it matter in what manner our body is destroyed? This argument is only

partially true, because the mode of dying influences the transition into the next life. Certain laws apply in this process and the deceased have to undergo different cleansing procedures, though these proceedings are done during deep sleep.

It also became also clear to me that certain deadly illnesses, such as various cancers, leprosy and so on, somehow affect the astral body of the affected deceased i.e. they continue to exist in the imagination of the disembodied mind. Anyway, all those illnesses must be cured and eradicated completely. Special bathing facilities exist for this purpose, also semicircular shower niches, odd looking massage and cosmetic salons, and various treatment rooms in which the deceased are delivered from the remnants of their illness.

It smelled badly in these rooms. I don't know if these smells were brought upon by the fixed imagination of the deceased. However, I left the unpleasant smelling cleansing rooms and found myself in an adjoining swimming pool hall, which has left me with the deepest impression of all experiences during the astral walk.

In reality, it wasn't only a swimming pool, but a whole row of pools that lost itself in the distance. The light was reddish yellow and a little dim, it reminded me of candlelight the source of which I could not detect. On the floor of the hall were rectangular bathtubs, hundreds maybe thousands of them. I was unable to overlook them all.

I stepped closer to the tubs in which charred human shapes are lying motionless. The bodies are totally black and mostly shapeless, one can only recognize the contours of the head, the shoulders and the chest that protrude from a dark, to me unknown liquid. Here it also smelled like flowers and corpses.

In the hall are a few tall nurses who remind me of a little of visiting social welfare nurses. Strangely, they lead small black dogs around on a leash, which remind me of Scottish terriers because of their scraggly fur. The most curious thing however, is that the dogs seems to be smiling at me and wag their tails affectionately.

The nurses are carrying on a subdued conversation, they look kind and content.

In my notes from that night, I had marked this spot with “normal deceased”. Unfortunately I can’t recall actual true meaning of this notation. I can only remember that the majority of the deceased had to go through these cleansing baths.

As I approached the bathers, I discovered that under the black charcoal crust of the bodies, that delicate childlike pink skin would shine through here and there. Some of the faces had regained their normal skin color. I understood that some of the deceased were being bathed to health again after some kind of cleansing procedure involving fire. The dead were all sleeping, that is to say, they were unconscious.

In another friendly illuminated room stood around hundreds of waiting people. A somewhat solemn, religious mood seemed to pervade these premises. I was told that these people were waiting to cross over after the cremation of their bodies. The important condition was that the deceased had to discard many of their ways of thinking and feeling, after which their crossover to the astral plane would gradually take place. This, however, applied only to those who died a normal death. Others had different passageways available that were unknown to me.

I awoke with the clear feeling that I had received an important glimpse into a particular sphere of the hereafter, a kind of reception center maybe, which had to be passed by most of the deceased.

## CHAPTER 32

Hugo's death, commented three times by himself – The age old question about the reason and purpose of suffering – Greetings from Hugo brings solace and promise

The next day, it was Saturday, Hugo's friends had arrived from Stockholm, and I told Hugo about my dream. "Curious, very curious", said Hugo puzzled; "I don't have any relative named is Hugo F., but I myself was a cavalry officer when I was young..." We also spoke about the dream with Hugo's friends; however, no one could explain the mysterious relative.

A heavy thunderstorm moved over Moelnbo on Wednesday afternoon. I often lived in the cottage during the summer, and since it didn't have a lightning rod, I got up and woke my sister up who was sleeping downstairs. The thunderstorm lasted for a couple of hours and was accompanied by a violent downpour.

The next morning Hugo stood in front of my door. He looked troubled and suffering, his forehead was covered with beads of perspiration.

"I had a terrible night", he said with a hoarse and a tortured voice. "I

think I have angina pectoris, for my whole chest and heart seem to want to explode with pain. It was frightening, terrible! I don't know what to do with myself..."

I was horrified and recommended that Hugo should drive to a doctor immediately. "Every time lightning flashed", Hugo continued, "my heart cramped together and a searing pain tore my breath away."

I believe it had something to do with electrical discharges into the atmosphere. After a lengthy discussion Hugo decided to call a well-known doctor.

The next day he felt much better, so good actually, that he started to work in the greenhouse again. This time however I stepped in to help. I sent Hugo into the city and asked him to get a thorough check-up.

I was very worried about Hugo's health, mostly because I knew that he always ignored his physical complaints. As soon as he was feeling a little better, he would forget all about his pain and show no concern for his body.

On Saturday night Hugo was supposed to come with his friends to visit us in Nysund. The day was humid and moist, and fog started to appear around evening. I had thoroughly heated Hugo's cottage, for I wanted to spare him from having to chop wood.

It was a little after nine in the evening when Hugo arrived with his friends. He was lively and in a good mood. I called out to him that the cottage was well heated, and then I went to bed. I was tired and fell asleep immediately. Though I have a very light sleep, I mostly sleep relaxed and calm.

This time however, something wasn't right, instead I felt a tortured unrest that in some semi-conscious state was pulling at me as if from a distance. It was a frightening, alarming feeling, I wanted to wake up, but was constantly overpowered by leaden sleep. Suddenly I awoke. It was my wife's voice calling me from outside. It was an anguished awakening, for I knew instantly that Hugo was dying.

Without waking my sister, I hurried in my bathrobe towards the large house, from which my wife and Birgitte R. had just called for an ambulance from neighboring Soedertoelje. Outside was thick fog, and my wife decided to drive to Moelnbo and to meet up with the ambulance along the way. Hugo was sitting on the edge of the bed with a blanket wrapped around him. His eyes shone feverishly and his forehead was covered with perspiration. A frightening rattle came from his chest. Yet Hugo was fully conscious. When he saw me coming, he stammered: "I can't talk..."

I opened the window immediately, sat by his side and fanned some air towards him with some magazine. Hugo's friend, Gunnar R., was pacing restlessly back and forth in the room. He had a heart problem himself and looked very concerned. "We gave Hugo my nitroglycerin tablets," he said, "but they didn't help."

Birgitta came later; we sat next to Hugo and supported him from both sides. I checked Hugo's pulse, which was beating rapidly. My whole attention however was directed to Hugo's groans. I was suffering terribly from his breathing difficulties, but I just couldn't help him.

For a short while he seemed to be doing a little better, and he even told Birgitta a few gentle words, but then began his final fight with death.

People who have witnessed their loved ones last struggle with death know what that means. They also know how helpless we humans are when we stand before the force of death.

Only once more did Hugo speak, and he said short and matter-of-factly. “It is easier now...” A thought flashed into my head: “Hugo is leaving his body, so the pain will subside...”

Twenty minutes past one the ambulance arrived. All attempts to revive him were in vain, for Hugo had stopped breathing ten minutes earlier. After Hugo’s lifeless body was carried to the ambulance, and the paramedic was about to fix a roll of gaze bandage under his chin, I experienced something that was very curious.

I felt split internally, due to the shock of death, as if I was present in two worlds, which is why I wasn’t surprised when I heard Hugo’s voice say contentedly: “That went well” However, I don’t recall if I heard his voice within me or if it was outside in the open. There was thick fog. Hugo’s cottage was brightly illuminated, the ambulance had all its lights on, and long shadows were lost somewhere within the mulchy mass of the forest. Then came Hugo’s voice again: “Too late, too late!” he said amused, and I heard how he was trying to suppress his laughter.

As I went tired and dazed to bed at 5 o’clock, I heard Hugo speak for a third time, which was right before I fell asleep. “What a wonderful feeling of deliverance”, he said with relief. I seldom heard Hugo speak with such conviction.

In the three days that followed, I experienced the transforming power of death in a totally new way. The reader may perhaps ask himself here how could the departure of my friend cause me so much pain,

when I know that he still lives on and is free of all physical suffering?

First of all, I grasped that in most cases, death is perceived as a terrible brutality. Only with very old and very sick can one speak of deliverance, but even then there remains an emptiness and stillness, which is perceived by family and friends as depressing.

It started in my reliving the death scene with all its gruesome clarity. I would see Hugo's helpless figure sit hunched and shriveled on the edge of the bed.

I heard his terrible groans, felt his pulse racing. A humbling feeling of powerlessness and deep grief tightened my throat. Also the thought that one could have possibly helped him followed me relentlessly.

When Birgitta and Gunner drove to Stockholm in the afternoon, I decided to go into Hugo's cottage. It was a clear summer evening, and the evening sun was shining warm and friendly into the room. Though Birgitta had lovingly straightened up the room, I was still surprised by the feeling of oppressive abandonment.

Everything was undisturbed in its place. Hugo's glasses lay on the table, a couple of magnifying glasses and his electric razor. I entered the bedroom. There was the bed, the blue blanket. Everything was painfully close; time stood still here.

It was a gruesome game, everywhere I looked memories came flooding over me. It wasn't only the past, for suddenly I realized that the future crept into the game as well. Not only were things asking me questions like; do you still remember? Remember, back then? They were actually announcing what will never happen again. The gardening shears, the work shoes, the bathrobe, all of his private things called to me simultaneously: "Never again, never again!"



Yet future and past, were they not pure fiction of my imagination?

When I became aware of this mental maneuver, which was really nothing more than an automatic memory reaction, my grief started to lessen noticeably. This sobering discovery not only changed my mood but it returned my inner peace. Stop! I said to myself, something special is happening here, something that I have to get to the bottom of right then and there.

I sat down in Hugo's chair and tried to sort out my thoughts. I asked myself why do we suffer, and how does suffering come about? Were we not being pulled back and forth between the millstones of time, torn between past and future, between two interacting opposites?

Our suffering is created by "that's how it was" and "that which will never be again". But this condition can only prevail as long as we fail to see through the erroneous bases of this conclusion.

The assertions "that's how it was" and "that which will never be again" are only accurate in part, only to the extent that they refer to our physical bodies. As every human consists not only of his body, but represents at the same time a spiritual entity that has as yet barely been mapped by us, a mistaken belief could develop here, a half-truth that we accept out of ignorance as the whole truth.

I left Hugo's hut with mixed feelings of sadness and confidence, for the pain of the great loss just suffered was still with me. At the same time I was filled with a faint presentiment I had successfully survived major surgery on my soul.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when I again took a seat in

front of the recording equipment, which by the way was a final present from Hugo, because my old tape recorder was in very poor condition.

As I turned on the radio, Lena answered right away. I fixed on a wavelength and let the tape run. The message that now resulted was brief, but conclusive. Not only did it contain a greeting from Hugo, but also brief clarifying remarks about to my “visit to the astral reception station”, which happened a week prior to Hugo’s death.

A known male voice, which I heard often, spoke with a typical Estonian accent.

The man used four languages; these were English, Swedish, Russian and German. What he said would translate to: “Directly before the base fire”, Hugo comes back sleepily “It is the self-discipline.”

There was a pause here, then I heard Hugo calling out happily and excited; “Freddie!” The rest of the transmission was not intelligible. Only the words, “Who drives is in base from Churchill...” is what I thought I heard.

Right away I had to think of my dream of June 30, one week before Hugo’s death as I had visited the curious funeral chapels and public swimming pools. “Base fire?” I had to think about the charred bodies in those baths that were undergoing some sort of mystical cleansing process. “Base fire”, maybe here could be found the meaning of a long forgotten truth with the age-old name of “Fegefeuer” (purgatory), around whose core so much disagreement has formed.

A question was open however, for it wasn’t so clear to me if this was

about a fire on a “base” or if a “base” was a place where pain was removed from the deceased. And then it came to me like lightning, I had encountered Hugo in person as the faceless man, who introduced himself as Hugo F., and who showed me his curious family emblem, a wreath seemingly made of brass that was supposed to be a crest of his deceased family members.

It was obvious that our encounter took place outside the borders of time and space, and that such a prophetic glimpse should not be

frightening anymore. Our encounter needed to be kept secret however, until Hugo’s death had provided the answer on its own.

With Hugo’s appearance on the tape my grief faded. Certainly I still miss Hugo, but the certainty that he was present and was able to get in touch with me filled me with peace and a cheerful confidence.

## CHAPTER 33

How Serapo fits in – Boris Sakharow prophesies correctly

Almost a week after Hugo's death, we received an anticipated monetary refund from an administrative office, and since my wife did not have a vacation for a year and a half, we decided to travel to Italy, taking along my sister.

We flew to Rome, rented a car there, and after we visited Pompeii for a while we drove on to Paestum. After searching for a while we settled for a somewhat modern hotel in a peaceful location, which was located near a beautiful strip of sandy beach. Luckily the idyllic countryside hadn't lost its natural charm, and other tourists had not yet discovered the town. There were fantastic wine gardens, tomato fields, and olive groves in which black cattle were grazing. Here and there, you came upon small farms with lots of children, goats and sheep. You would come upon women carrying water while walking straight as a candle and it smelled wonderfully of thyme, fig tree leaves, pine needles, smoke and fertilizer.

One day Enzo B., who is a dear friend of ours, arrived with his car. His intentions were to take us with him to Serapo, a strip of beach by Gaeta, where his family spends the summer. It was a beautiful beach, though the town was pretty crowded.

Strange, only much later, quite a while after our return to Sweden, did I discover a spot on a tape that I had passed up with a shrug up before

and which said: “Friedel, just so you know, Serapo...”, and then again “Three in an aeroplane, mamma mia!”

As I finally understood the connection, I was so speechless, that I wasn't even able to call out “Mamma mia!”

No matter how baffling this prediction may seem, I believe to have uncovered its origin given the following considerations:

My friend Enzo B. was searching for a summer residence in Serapo in the month of May, where by pure chance he met the widow of a deceased friend. Since the widow always rented out rooms for the summer season, Enzo rented with her for the summer, Serapo thus became a “fixed point” for him from then on. The second “fixed point” was the fact that we received the notice of the forthcoming funds also in May, though the official correspondence came in July.

My invisible friends no doubt knew all these factors, so they could easily draw some conclusions for the future, especially since they knew that my desire for Italy had grown greatly over the last years.

Since we could not travel by car due to time pressure, air travel was the only alternative.

While I was satisfied with this attempted explanation, I was to be taught better three years hence, for as logical and sensible my deductions were, I had by no means succeeded in grasping the extended mental time horizons of the hereafter.

One morning, it was in the spring of 1964, when I checked an old recording from March 1960, from when we still lived in Stockholm,

that I suddenly discovered the voice of my childhood friend Boris Sakharow, who said clearly and emphatically: “Boris nota – Serapo!” and after a while he added softly: “Serapo – sunshine!”

Thus it was not two months, but one year and four months earlier that my friends must have known of my trip to Serapo.

It was obvious that our three-dimensional calculations meet up with totally unknown factors in a sphere beyond time and space that is far superior to earthly logic and cause and effect relationships.

## CHAPTER 34

At the death bed of a friend – The power to transform misery and death into exuberant joy

Around the end of September I received a message that an elderly lady, who was close to me, was dying. The ill lady had called for me several times by name during lucid moments. The next day I went to the hospital with a heavy heart because I felt that this would be the last time we would see each other.

It was already evening when I entered her private room in the hospital. The atmosphere that one finds in these rooms of the dying is so depressing, that one almost has the impression of feeling the physical suffering and the hopelessness of those marked by death.

The room was sparsely lit. The small night lamp threw a faint light on the intravenous equipment next to the bed. My gaze was unwillingly locked on to a glass retort in which a light pink liquid slowly pulsated,

connected to the patient by a small rubber tube leading into her veins.

The patient was in a semiconscious state, with fever and quick breathing; in-between one could hear her moaning softly. It sounded like a helpless child in pain. I sat very close to the bed and gazed at her features so well known to me.

Without waking her, I felt her pulse. It was irregular; sometimes it stopped, and then came back hastily with a feverish rhythm. It was apparent that she suffered from great pain that seemed to come in cycles because each time she would emit those feeble cries which made me freeze in dread.

As with Hugo, I was again overwhelmed with a choking powerless feeling. Something wound up in me, something wanted to scream: “Why don’t you help? – Save her life! – Ease her pain!”

Not being able to help is terrible, and so is watching the death struggle of a dear friend.

I don’t quite recall how the whole thing continued, I remember only that I was suddenly struck with such a feeling of pity that there was no room for other feelings and thoughts. Then everything changed as if by a stroke of magic. The whole death room seemed to be filled with joyful anticipation.

The patient opened her eyes, and her questioning gaze was directed at me. I understood in an instant that I was supposed to tell her all I knew of the hereafter that my dying friend was beginning to discern.

I believe it was the strangest conversation that I ever had. Me, speaking from the depths of my heart and she, hanging in silence on



my every word. Here and there she nodded in agreement. I believe it was more the truth of “sensing”, rather than the words that connected us, and allowed us to understand each other. It was like something everlasting had pulled us out of the current of time and suffering, it was a condition that is indescribable.

Much later, after my friend had died, I frequently thought about that magical experience, about the unfathomable power that can change the fear of death into indescribable joy and I vowed never to give her a name.

## CHAPTER 35

A message from Annie Besant, the late President of the Theosophical Society – The tenor who sings in seven languages

One day I recorded a beautiful bass voice. The voice was unaccompanied, and was a free improvisation. The vocalist used English and German. I didn't recognize the transmission at the time, and had turned the dial much too early. I regretted this very much for the transmission was directed to me personally. It started with: “Dear Friedel...” and ended with ”...love Moelnbo and the Magie...”

It was one of the most interesting transmissions that I had recorded until then, it was a message from Annie Besant. I had not known her personally, but it was Hugo who did. When he was Secretary General of the Theosophical Society of Sweden he had visited her in Adyar on the occasion of the convention of the International Theosophical Society, which took place in 1925 at the headquarters of the Society.

Annie Besant started her address in German, but switched to English later, she also added a few Italian and Russian words, and ended in Swedish. The content of this message, which was directed to a mother (known to me), was by in large the following: Annie Besant was investigating the causes of the apparent depression and developmental problems of a young man who gave the mother many problems. Annie Besant suspected that the causes would be found in his early childhood.

First of all, because the mother had to work during the day, the child was confined to a playing pen, so that he would not cause himself any harm during her absence.

The constant confinement in conjunction with a radio constantly playing in the background created an isolation and fear complex, which restricted his free development in later years, especially in school. Annie Besant's explanation was very important to the mother, since she could now understand the developmental inhibitions of her son. Based on that, she later succeeded to steer her boy in a positive direction by changing his environmental conditions and surroundings.

Annie Besant's explanation about looking back into the boy's childhood proved to be absolutely correct. From that we can conclude that Annie was able to reconstruct the past clairvoyantly and to draw conclusions from it. She began her seven-minute talk with the words: "I am only Besant and I speak..." and closed in Swedish "...this was Annie Besant speaking."

A musical recording was very clear, which was first introduced by a clearly defined rhythm. One could hear a sort of bass-drum and a woman's voice said in German: "Freddie we're watching...the

dead...we're sitting on the ship of the dead...the dead are sitting too..."

What followed next was a direct transmission. A tenor - one of the dead - was singing loud and clear. His voice was unknown to me. It is likely that the singer used an orchestral selection of a radio station as his accompaniment. The tenor sang in seven languages, his diction was excellent, and he seemed to be fluent in all those languages.

He sang in Italian, German, English, Russian, Yiddish and Estonian. He even included a Swedish "Jaha", however the seventh language, perhaps a fantasy language, I could not understand.

The whole thing was a real hit, an excellent proof of the virtuosity of the 'popser'. The text also transmitted a personal message to me.

By the way, at the time, the term "Cosmo People" was mentioned for the first time. I assume that this meant the living dead.

The melody of the song was lively and high-spirited; the whole thing seemed full of life and funny. As the song came to an end, the deep male voice said humorously in Swedish: "...and a ten on the table!...", with that he possibly meant the reward deserved for his brilliant performance.

I have given this recording the title "The Polyglot Song". It represents excellent proof how clear, loud and skilled a 'popser' could blend in with a radio broadcast.

## CHAPTER 36

An organ-solo with radar confirmation – Voices of the living – The two spheres penetrate each other – Trotsky's monologue – The apple aria – Children too sing and speak

As I already reported, I often missed the direct transmissions at the beginning of my recording activity. I discovered my carelessness only much later, in part on reviewing my old recordings, and also because I gradually got familiar with the voices of the dead and their ways of expressing themselves.

I want take this opportunity to tell you about a very interesting recording made in 1960 that I discovered only after a year, shortly before Hugo's death.

It was on a July afternoon, and I had recorded an organ solo, when

suddenly Lena's call reached me, and I received "radar confirmation", that identified the correct wavelength. But since I believed the singing that followed was part of a radio broadcast, I simply didn't give the text a second thought. I was busy searching around and finally left the wavelength with its song altogether.

But what really happened was the following: Lena called excitedly "...tag kontakt med aanden..." (make contact with the ghost), where upon a very beautiful, somewhat tremulous woman's voice started to sing. I would like to recount the text in its original language.

"Aus Maelarhoejden!..." she began with expression, "...ich komme tala om Hugo, aus Maelar...Hugo min vaen, min mother van dog hon?...hon dog I autolyckan..."

Translated it would be: "From Maelarhoedjen!...I'm coming to tell Hugo, from Maelar...Hugo my friend...my mother how did she die?...She died in an automobile accident..." I was startled, because this could only have been about Elsa P. from California, a friend of Hugo who had lost her mother in a car accident. Did Elsa die too? Since Hugo had not heard from her in a couple of years, he decided to write her in California. The answer came back quickly. Elsa was doing fine, she had not been able to write for various reasons. Nonetheless, Elsa sang on the tape with her very special unmistakable voice.

Up to the time of this writing (October 1963), I have been able to record eight voices of people still living on this earth, seven female voices and one of a boy. Except for the boy, all must have been asleep, yet in wakeful and conscious state, knowing that their message reached me and that they were being recorded by me on my tape.

Here it must be stated unconditionally that we know from experience

that there exist states of consciousness separated from each other, such as the normal waking consciousness and the dream conscience. The memory bridge from one to the other conscience does not exist with most humans, since they lack the practice. An exception to that was a Russian psychic I knew who lived in Sweden. I had recorded her voice one day on tape, and after two years she wrote me telling me that during the “dream visit” she was on board the so-called “ghost ship”, and had conversations with the other occupants. Also, that these conversations were recorded by me on tape in Moelnbo. The baffling thing about this was the circumstance that the woman appeared spontaneously on my recorder. She later came to visit me in Moelnbo, and wanted to find out on which calendar day this event took place.

She was of the opinion that it was during this year at the beginning of July. The good woman was stunned when I said and actually proved to her that the recording took place during the summer two years ago. It seems that “time” is not something fixed and permanent, but that it is something that is infinitely malleable and expandable.

Now, the above-mentioned boy was an exception, for his voice sounded as if he were half asleep. Of all these people, only one was seriously ill. But on tape her voice seemed totally awake and normal, despite a difficult brain operation that had left her half dead.

It was is a good friend of my wife, who underwent brain surgery to remove a tumor. She was lying in the hospital semiconscious, even the doctors had given up hope. One evening, quite late, my radio assistant Lena spoke to me on the radio and called out: “Nimm Kontakt mit Aanden!” (Make contact with the ghost!), and finally “Now comes

Kiki!” I knew right away that this nickname was that of my wife’s friend who was lying in the hospital.

The recording was clear, without any interference. Suddenly the voice of her mortally ill friend Kiki appeared, and clearly called out distinctly and intensively, yes even happily: “Margit...Monika...Space...I sleep...”. My wife and I recognized the voice of Margit instantly and unmistakably.

In this connection, I want to mention yet another recording, which is both interesting and informative, that has to do with the same person, and gives such an unusual glimpse of the conditions in the border region between the living and the dead that one is tempted to ask oneself: where really is the border between here and there.

In this remarkable recording, the dead undertook an experiment to awaken that unconscious, deathly ill woman in the hospital and they eventually succeeded in having her come to her senses, and with that she left me a message on my tape. The woman spoke of her illness and seemed despite her destroyed brain to be completely clear and rational. Only one thing was curious, she was already using the polyglot language, even though she was Swedish.

Later, I mean after her death, Margit often appeared on my tapes. Her mood was always upbeat, not to say exuberant.

I have to admit that even though I was getting used to the strangest things happening over the years, still these recordings always left the deepest impressions on me. I found them simply gripping, for they proved factually and objectively that we humans can visit the other

side during our life without having to experience physical death.

I now want to tell you about a transmission that was broadcast during a so-called “routine flight” (of the spirit ship), when, if I’m not mistaken, Trotsky served as the pilot. I had the impression that the voices of those aboard were very melancholic; at any rate the company was made up of very sleepy or even sleeping people, who were not interested in taking part in a conversation.

Towards the end Trotsky started a kind of monologue fully aware that his words were being recorded by me. By the way, he gave me a helpful hint, for he said suddenly very loud: “Listen Friedel...your car is falling apart”.

How right he was would prove itself soon during a thorough inspection of my vehicle. Our car was totally rusted through from the inside.

At one other point on the tape you could hear his ironic murmuring “Hear...Dante has messed up the faith of humanity...you can hear them coughing...” His voice sounded resigned and tired as he started to speak again: “Does humanity have mercy? We live Friedel, we work and build...” some unclear words followed, among them: “...the other side of the medal...the faith...”

Suddenly the tunes of the song “The International” were heard. It was a very old version, as I knew it from the beginning of the Russian revolution. The way it was played was curious, very dragging, it seemed like a funeral precession. As the music subsided, a deep male voice said: “Divorce victim, my God, he is dead...hanged...”

For a long while it was very quiet, then music started playing again.



This piece was familiar to me as well, it was an old Russian military marching song that I had often heard as a child.

“To believe...to buy...” Trotsky suddenly started in a dejected voice, “paying...collecting...today we are driving (or moving)...is humanity aware of the suffering?...It is sour... very sour...”

As the macabre tunes of the funeral precession vanished into the distance, Trotsky said with emphasis: “Driving, sleeping...fear!” The last word he said was with a forced voice. Shortly thereafter you could hear him continue, his voice now sounded totally normal: “Farmer come with us...Kotzik!...are you sleeping?...”

Here the transmission broke off, very suddenly actually, and I was unable to find the wavelength again.

It was a very curious transmission that gave one lots to think about. Just the music alone! I had the impression as if Trotsky had conjured it up magically appeared from the dark depths of the past. Did Trotsky’s talk intend to reveal his opinion that the entire Russian revolution along with Tsarist Russia was being carried to its grave? Or did he want to say that all dictators are digging their own grave? Perhaps he meant something totally different that I didn’t understand?

By the way, Trotsky appeared frequently among the dead. One time when I was listening to a female popser who was just about to change the text of an aria from the opera Lacme when suddenly a deep woman’s voice came on and said clearly in Swedish: “Last night we saw Trotsky on the water...”

With that the transmission was not ended yet, because at the same time as the singing began a lively conversation started between the

dusky woman's voice and a friend of mine. Both voices were speaking about me, about some sort of strength that I was supposed to have. Lena's signals, the singing soprano and the conversation flowed together, and I could only pick out some words. But then the popser succeeded to form a clear text: "Friedel hears only a quarter, and Lena is interfering...come on Maelarhoejden..."

The humorous ways of the deceased often helped me to overcome problems. It is my firm opinion that we who live in the flesh have still not fully understood the constructive power of genuine fresh humor, or at the least it is difficult for us to distinguish among the different types of humor.

One day I recorded a short but clear singing choir whose text reminded me of the poems by Wilhelm Busch (the German humorist). I had to think back immediately to the day in September when Carino, our poodle was romping playfully on the grass, and I discovered the sliced apple way up high in the tree.

The text that was sung stated literally: "Starting tomorrow, oh what hopes, how apples will be recognized outside that taste so well, Herbort as many years ago drives out of Maelarhoejden!"

The strange thing was that Annie Besant one time mentioned apples too. She did that during a very interesting and revealing message. Without any reference to the text she suddenly said: "One thinks, I take apples..." and right away continued with the lecture.

I'm not sure how I should understand these remarks. I only know that I somehow was reminded of this woman's voice that said then when Carino was playing on the grass: "Snouth, are you blind..." and where a short time before the apple was cut through.

I had turned my special attention to the appearance of children on the broadcast station of the dead. The fact that they appeared in comedies and choirs and here and there words, sentences and greetings were called out to me, proved that the children are conscious and awake and take an active part in the hereafter. Both children and adults spoke in the same way.

In the 1961, I recorded the following children choir. I'll present it in its original language:

“We're driving gamla (old Swedish) parapluie,  
Vi (We, in Swedish) will drive with Wicander,  
Know gamla (old Swedish) ferry...”

Apparently the children meant the Ghost ship, the old ferry, and why they call it the old parapluie (umbrella) is a riddle. But here also the pictorial language of the subconscious comes to the surface no matter how grotesque it may sound.

A small Russian boy said one time directly via microphone: “...and Nikolai did that!” Judging the tone of the voice, he must have been small, maybe around 4–5 years old.

A girl was supposed to tell me something. A male voice was encouraging her very much to do so.

“I'll tell you...” the little one started in Swedish. “What should I talk about? Farbror pelle...” (Uncle Pelle)

“It's so easy...”, said a male voice encouragingly in German.

The girl apparently had stage-fright, started hesitantly and with a shy voice: “You know what?...Hm!...Papa pelle...la radio io imparato (I learned) perfect! Good bye!...”

Something similar happened at another time as a older male voice said: “Why did you put me in front of this transmitter?”

Because the dead have kept their pure human side, they understand each other and us whom they have left behind. I have never heard the dead moralizing. Their objective view facts and their sense of humor help them overcome all difficulties. One evening Lena signaled that I had direct contact with a friend whose name was Tjema W., and whom I had last seen in the year 1938 in Palestine. Tjema was a Russian Jew, I met him in Tel Aviv, where he and a few other Russian Jews were living in very reduced circumstances. Tjema suffered from epilepsy. He was as practically unable to work, lonely, poor and basically a deeply unhappy human being. I only know that he immigrated to Bulgaria after the war and had committed suicide there. I was extremely happy about the contact, unfortunately Tjema didn't come through, and finally instead of his voice I heard my childhood friend Herbort B. say quietly: “Friedibus...love never dies...”

## CHAPTER 37

No doubt possible: Stalin speaks – Conversation between Stalin and Hitler – The sleeping and the awake, the clear and the confused – A song for Hugo

The transmission continued, and Lena announced a new contact. This time she whispered very fast and excited: “They are waking up Stalin!...” Upon this a woman's voice said calmly in broken Russian: “One should not kill...” “Forgive me!...” said a tortured male voice. The voice spoke Swedish with a Russian accent, it sounded as if the

man was in a half sleep. I had earlier heard Stalin speak on radio broadcasts and I think I can recognize his voice, which had a special timbre, and a typical way of speaking. But I could make out very little from this short sentence, since it was spoken in Swedish and apparently distorted by fear.

Later, I received at several occasions recordings with Stalin's voice, which was so clear that I have no doubt about it, and not only because he was addressed by those present by his name.

During a different recording, one could hear Stalin call Hitler by his first name, very strong and loud. Lena was commentating the short conversation. "Adolf!" Stalin called with Russian expression.

"What do you want? I am dead..." answered Hitler from a distance.

"They are waking Stalin!" Lena signaled.

Right after that a rapidly spoken sentence, which sounded so distorted that I had to listen to it at (the slower) 9.5 cm speed. The result was

baffling, a voice that was very similar to Stalin, said in a normal way and volume: "Friedrich, Pravda (truth) is dead!"

In September the transmissions from the realm of the dead continued. Among them was a certain Jakup, who was also called Mufti. I knew his voice from previous recordings. The man spoke German and Arabic. He had a beautiful, expressive voice, and in between he would sometimes laugh so heartily that his voice would crack.

This time Stalin spoke again. His Russian pronunciation wasn't flawless, it revealed a Georgian accent. He addressed Jakup and said

with humor: “Jakup friend, do you hear? Don’t joke around...because if he’s not afraid of the souls of the dead, then Friedel like us is not afraid of the devil with horns...”

Count Ciano and two female voices also took part in the conversation. The mood was very relaxed and they laughed a lot.

But what I got to hear from the deceased wasn’t always something funny. On the 12<sup>th</sup> of September I had a recording that at the same time seemed oppressive, shocking and tragic. A well-known voice to me of a German Jewish woman spoke in what seemed to be half-sleep.

The woman was very excited almost desperate and she was trying to express her feelings and inner unrest with a grotesque poem. A male voice tried unsuccessfully to calm her. But the man too was agitated and confused. Both spoke German.

I thought a long time about this seemingly confusing conversation, about this agitated female voice that apparently lost all control over her words. Why did she express her feelings in such a way?

As concerns this song, it brought me a very special message when it was repeated for the third time. For chronological reasons I will revert to it in depth later.

Maybe these two people died a violent death, perhaps they were tortured in a semiconscious state by distorted memories?

To my great relief I could hear both voices later speaking calmly and fully awake. Still it happened a couple times that the two would fall back into a half-sleep and experience their painful nightmares anew.

Luckily these hallucinations didn't last long, these episodes were getting shorter with time. In these cases fully awake spirits stepped in and awoke the confused. Sometimes it would happen that the frightened souls were lulled into a deeper sleep more or less in the way used to calm small children.

In the late fall of 1961 I received numerous, purely musical transmissions. I was very pleased because they consisted of solo, ensemble and choir songs of the most diverse variety. All of these musical offerings from short current hits up to classical operas and oratorios were used to transmit purely personal messages to my wife, my sister Elly and myself, and all of this in clear, unmistakable ways.

I would like to point out that all the messages were presented tactfully, lovingly and humorously, so that we always felt inwardly touched and encouraged.

There were songs, operettas and operas, whose melodies and chords were used by the poppers with preference. For example the Hebrew dance song "Nagila hava" was brought to me four times, every time with a new text, and every time in that strange polyglot language to which I have become quite used over the years.

The opera "Rigoletto" was often used by the poppers for their messages. The explanation could be found in the fact that I sang its leading role years ago and knew the opera practically by heart. When I heard these familiar tunes on the radio, I immediately turned on the tape recorder even when Lena wasn't signaling any contacts.

It was especially through Verdi's Rigoletto that I was able to receive a curious, funny and drastic contact where Lena took part in the

performance with her lovely soprano.

One evening I was able to record a very peculiar transmission in which five people took part and which was presented in the form of a comedy skit. A woman and three male voices that I recognized were speaking. In the distance I heard a wonderful female voice that I had heard many times before but did not recognize by name. The singer had a dark-hued mezzo soprano voice, she sang in a minor key in Italian, English, Swedish and German. The song was dedicated to Hugo, and I shall present it to you in translation.

The singer started out in a strong voice then politely quieted down when the other voices started to talk, and you could hear her sing mainly in the pauses.

“Maelar...listen! Listen, listen, hear...we’re driving...hear...we speak from the other side of the sky...listen our program...for the radio the sky is clear...it...in sky your relative... little Hugo was in Moelnbo, we couldn’t...he was already dead...”

“listen you should appear in our life (i nostra vita) Hugo wants to listen over the radio Frederico...Friedel loves...” “Bengt!” (A small boy who is liked by our family) “We’re coming to Hugo...listen a good path, for Hugo a good path today...Hugo was a good human being...Hugo was so undemanding, so humane...Hugo was a good human...in Maelarhoejden...”

These naive childish words were expressed with such inner warmth, with so much softness and gentleness that you were unwittingly swept along by the song.



I often heard her singing “your relative”, but I was never able to find out her name.

## CHAPTER 38

A recording session in the presence of guests – The transmissions come in droves – A visit by Doctor Bjoerkhem

In the beginning of December I received a transmission, which after Hitler’s monolog, could be described as the “historic recording number two”. The transmission in its own way was unique. It represents an astonishing document of the human psyche.

One receives a glimpse into the depths of a human soul, which recently played a very great role in our religious world. In consideration of his family, I will call him “Aristoanimus” here, and will not go into any further detail. I would just like to point out that with the appearance of Aristoanimus on my tape recorder, I once again became aware of the extent of our moral bankruptcy. I hardly noticed the winter’s passing. Time seemed to have doubled its speed.

In the spring guests started to arrive more frequently. Most could not believe their ears when I played my tapes to them. They couldn’t grasp a thing. Only the ones who had some personal experience with the supernatural were more understanding.

Only after the first shock had passed and my guests became convinced of the real nature of these contacts, did the mood change and a kind of radiant anticipation begin to prevail.

Most listeners found it difficult to be relaxed and to concentrate at the same time. Especially when observing someone listening you are able to recognize the inner character of a person, especially how far he has been damaged by the general rat race because restlessness, impatience and internal fragmentation is typical of the condition of the soul in our day and age.

I noticed that even my friends and associates were having difficulty while reviewing the tapes, despite their open and positive attitude towards my research work. Most tired quickly and became impatient, especially when they did not understand the text immediately. When I told them the words then they seemed so clear and simple to them, so that they were annoyed with themselves (not to recognize them right away). Most of them did not consider that I had many years of hard training behind me, a fact that is of decisive importance. It was only

the very loud and distinct recordings that were understood by all.

A Swedish author visited me one day. Since he was an open-minded and unconventional person, I decided to do a recording in his presence. I never knew if my friends on the other side would come or not. Well, this time they came. We obtained a recording that had a dramatic impact. The wife of the author, who had committed suicide, was being awakened. They called for her by name and she awoke with a startled scream.

I saw the anguish and shock with which my guest took in the scene. With him I did not need to mince any words, here the facts spoke for themselves, realistic and indisputable.

I have not received any messages from Hugo for a long time, but instead I received news about him.

“Hugo knows facts, Hugo benone (“he’s doing good” in Italian)...Hugo is examining moon satellites...Hugo is making space flights”, and finally “Hugo is examining a nuclear plant...”

I had a short contact with Hugo in April. A woman’s voice called quickly: “Hugo, make contact with Federico!”

Upon which Hugo called out his characteristic “I’m cooomiing!”

Other voices appeared, but nothing further came of it. I had the impression that Hugo missed the radar. Half a year would pass before Hugo spoke on tape clearly audible again.

A phenomenon that became more noticeable in recent years consisted

of the fact that the number of contacts were subject to periodic fluctuations. There were weeks where only sparse transmissions arrived, but then came one transmission after another. The deceased called this the “quantum”. I just never knew when these “quanta” began and when they ended.

Individual spirits appeared to be taking turns, which is to say, certain personalities were dominant for a while, until others moved to the foreground.

My wife and I were invited to Dr. Bjoerkhem on April 14<sup>th</sup>. Since the health of Dr. Bjoerkhem had declined lately and since he was not up to driving a car, I decided to take my equipment along, including a few tapes, which I normally would not have done.

Dr. Bjoerkhem looked tired and as if suffering, but despite that his interest for the recordings was awake and alive as never before.

After I played a few recordings to him, we tried to do another recording session. Since we could not connect the radio directly to the tape recorder, we recorded via the microphone instead. For this purpose we used two smaller radios, I remember that Monika held one of them on her lap.

Despite the unfavorable conditions, a few transmissions came in. A woman’s voice known to me spoke and then the Italian Count Ciano, who mentioned in passing that the “piccola radio” was better for reception than the larger models.

We left some time later. Dr. Bjoerkhem accompanied us to our car.

For some time I could still see his tall figure standing there. He seemed to be lost in thought.

## CHAPTER 39

A flashback to 1918/19 – Was that Hitler's baritone? – Erna Falck's testimony – A masterpiece of four-dimensional technology

In the spring and summer of 1962 transmissions were coming in large

quantities. Most of the recordings held personal messages from childhood friends and acquaintances. Among them, we received a very suggestive presentation that was dedicated to my sister Elly.

“Finally we have contact with Elly” began the transmission. We could recognize most friends by their voices. A song that Elly used to sing often as a young girl among a circle of friends was sung in German and Russian.

The scenes and pictures that were awakened by this performance were about the eventful years of 1918 and 1919, when Odessa found itself under Austrian occupation. Back then the city experienced a short, but very intensive economic upturn. It seemed that sounds of the Viennese music had conquered far more hearts of the people from Odessa than weapons ever did. One danced, sang and flirted, one savored life to the fullest, until suddenly the hell of civil war broke loose and all merriment abruptly ceased.

One evening I had recorded a unique singing solo. The voice was a resounding baritone that reminded me vividly of Hitler. Hitler could also have been responsible for the text of the song, for it resembled Hitler’s postmortem mentality. However, I didn’t know then that in fact Hitler had a sonorous baritone voice, for only in the spring of 1963 did I come upon a interesting article that was written by two Viennese musicians, and from which I found out that in his youth Hitler had auditioned for the Vienna opera.

However, because he didn’t have a tailcoat he was not allowed to take part in the dress rehearsal. A tailcoat could have changed Europe’s fate, is how the article closed.

At the beginning of August a friend in Italy died suddenly. An acute chest inflammation ended his life abruptly. At first his death seemed

inconceivable to us, because the deceased was in his best years.

Moreover he was a patient and industrious human being, whose personality radiated a calm balance and tolerance. Though he went through the horror of war and concentration camps, you could not detect any grudge or hate.

Since this involves an unusually interesting tape contact followed by a series of baffling events, I have to provide some explanations without which the events might not be correctly understood.

I had mentioned this case in a Swedish article in January of 1964, however out of respect for the privacy of the widow, I had changed his first and family name.

Before I organized my second international press conference in June of 1964, I asked the widow to come and visit us in Nysund, for I thought that after two years her great grief might have subsided a little so that I could dare play the voice of the deceased to her.

What actually happened is difficult to describe. The words emotion, consternation, rapture do not suffice. You need to have been a witness to grasp the liberating and redeeming effect of such recordings.

Together we discovered a series of personal references and details, of

which I could not have had any knowledge, but were understood by the widow immediately. At the end, the widow asked me if she could appear as a witness in the upcoming press conference. In addition she authorized me spontaneously to make her own name and that of her deceased husband public.

But now back to August 1962 when Mrs. Elna Falck - that was the name of the widow - visited us in Nysund shortly after the death of her husband Arne. Mrs. Falck told of strange sound phenomena occurring right after the death of her husband. She had the clear feeling that her husband was somehow trying to make contact. Since she was still grieving strongly I did not propose any tape recorder contacts at the time for I knew that not all people can face hearing the voice of their departed love one soon after their death.

After Mrs. Falck drove away, I put a new tape on the recorder and turned on the radio.

It didn't take long until I came upon that familiar static noise that meant Lena was coming through, I let the tape roll. I was very excited then, for I knew that the noise originated from the carrier frequency of my friends. This time you could hear an accompanying melodic tone that seemed to vibrate and create an echo in rhythmic beats.

Then I heard a female voice well known to me that brought me a personal message alternately singing and speaking. Once again the voice sang and spoke in Russian and German.

From the contents of her message it was clear that she was familiar with my private family matters. Even though I have heard this voice often and it reminded me vividly of someone from my childhood, I could not think of who it could be.

I regret that to this day the voice has not identified itself. As the singing stopped the characteristic radio noise appeared.

A male voice called out "Contact!...", which reminded me of Churchill. The voice sounded like a long distance call or a radar



conversation.

Out from the singing acoustic emptiness a male voice suddenly started to speak quietly. “Falck”, it whispered. “Falck” it repeated louder and clearer. “Now comes Falck” it added half-singing in Swedish.

“Churchill, now comes the old friend...” it said again, the last words spoken in Swedish and German, and that which followed was spoken in the polyglot language mix.

“That is Arne...is Mrs. Falck coming?” asked the voice half singing. I recognized Falck’s voice immediately. He was Norwegian and he spoke with a characteristic Norwegian accent.

“I know...I live...no dying...I can talk with Pelle!” (Monika and the children call me Pelle) came the loud voice.

“I...with Jürgenson...on tape...” “Here lives Falck, and there...tralalalaaa!”

The last words were sung out loud, the voice sounded content, yes even a little amused. “One gets a ship soon!” Falck suddenly went into a minor key and sang in a pure tone.

A few unclear sentences followed in polyglot and fantasy language. Falck mentioned his name twice more, and then an extended pause took place. Suddenly the first male voice resumed, it sounded as if from a distance, it spoke German and the intonation seemed friendly and happy.

“Speak with the little radar...Friedel controls the dead...”

“Oh let it be! Here lives Falck” continued Arne singing without worry.

“Falck, Berlin...East Berlin...aah-aaah!...”

Again you could hear the switching on of the long distance call, and the lively male voice called out in Swedish: “You’re getting to book!”

“Jürgenson...thank you...”, sang Arne half aloud, then he finished his singing with a satisfying: “Here lives Falck...and there, ...la,la,laaaa!”

A robot instrument, perhaps an artificial voice from a popser, announced in a mechanical German: “Moelnbo sit and listen...Maerlarhoejden!” The voice could have added “calm, happy and thankful” because I was sitting excitedly in front of my equipment and was as happy as a little child about this unique transmission.

Does one need further proof? What could have been more convincing than the contents of this tape?

At the same time this whole thing resembled a masterpiece of four-dimensional technology, for it was a direct transmission from the ether that apparently runs parallel to the radar screen. This recording would stand up to all skepticism in the world, it spoke for itself and needs no commentary.

Actually I should have done an international press conference then, but I hesitated still. It seemed that the right day had not come yet.

Basically, it was in part my own uncertainty, and lack of self-confidence that kept me from going public. Meanwhile I came to the conclusion that the dead expect something from us who are alive, at least from those of us who want to be involved in the building of the new bridge. It was also obvious that the external contact work represented only part of the bridge construction .

As far as my work was concerned, it was not enough that I kept records of the transmissions, tested and translated them. The whole thing came down to me making this connection known to the world.

But this did not complete my task. Already in the summer of 1959, I had received a hint in that direction, when during my first microphone recordings I found a mysterious sentence on tape: “Friedrich...when you translate and interpret during the day, every evening try to solve the truth with the ship...with the ship in the dark!...”

Evidently the dead still expected more from me, but what that would be I had to decide for myself, and to find the “true course” despite my personal inadequacy.

I only grasped this slowly, but my wife had understood this much sooner. Since I was chosen to be the first contact person, it was my duty to interest people living on this earth who could work in their own ways on this bridge construction depending on their mental maturity, objectivity and open-mindedness .

## CHAPTER 40

Altogether: ten relatives, fifty personal friends, thirty prominent

personalities and about fifty others – My first international press conference – A summary of my perceptions, plans and goals

During that fall and winter of 1962/63 the number of my invisible friends increased considerably. Ten relatives revealed themselves. Fifty personal friends and acquaintances and about thirty prominent personalities who until recently had played a leading role in art, science, religion and politics. The others – about fifty voices – appeared under code names or entirely anonymously.

In the spring of 1963 the number of transmissions increased enormously. Never before did I receive that many recordings, and since the transmissions followed each other closely, I succeeded only in making short notes for myself. At the same time the quality of the transmissions in respect to their sound volume improved to the point that even an untrained ear could hear the texts without any problems.

One evening I recorded the voices of several prominent dead people who until recently had claimed the attention of the entire world. This made me realize once again how completely we had become stuck in the blind alley of our own erroneous ideas. The dead did not hold long speeches, moreover they did not accuse anyone.

The little they said however, or more correctly put, how they presented which was said, was so humble and human that one became filled with an intense desire to blow up the temple of our fraudulent double standard as quickly as possible.

On March 30, I had turned on the radio after 10 p.m., which was not my usual habit. I was tired and sleepy and when Lena suddenly came through, I let the tape run for a few minutes and then went to bed

without having listened to the recording.

When I picked up the mail the next morning and glanced at the newspaper on the way home, I was shocked by the news that Dr. Bjoerkhem had died the previous day, that is to say March 30, 1962.

I immediately turned on the tape of yesterday. At first I did not understand anything because the communication took place at such a rapid pace that I had to switch to the slower speed of  $3\frac{3}{4}$  i.p.s. The first thing I heard was: "Dr. Bjoerkhem has died..."

The private character of the communication that followed would make its publication inappropriate.

Dr. Bjoerkhem's great engagement in the field of parapsychology has not been fully realized and respected up to the present day. It is my firm conviction however that the time will come when his significant research activity will gain the recognition it deserves.

At the beginning of June 1963, I decided to have my first publication appear in the press. Engineer Kiel Stenson, the leading sound engineer of the Swedish Broadcasting Corporation had already given positive press comments after visiting with me. While he did not try to explain the phenomenon per se, he completely excluded any kind of forgery or deception. Most of all he was ready to join me in making recordings using his own equipment in Nysund, which completely met my own expectations.

On June 14<sup>th</sup>, I organized my first international press conference, which took place in Moelnbo/Nysund where we were located and which lasted more than seven hours. While it was marked by occasional heated debates, the results were predominantly positive. I

summarized my perceptions, plans and goals to the press as follows:

Today one can hardly predict how everything is going to proceed. But I think I may assume that the bridge builders on the other side are planning that parallel tape recordings will take place real soon throughout the world. (Incidentally, this has already started.) But I want to emphasize especially at this point that no researcher will obtain positive results without an alert, open, but also very critical attitude. To eliminate any possible deception, including self deception from the start, it would be desirable to form small research groups everywhere to make recordings jointly with the cooperation and/or in the presence of acoustical experts, radio engineers, electronic experts, parapsychologists and other reliable witnesses.

As concerns myself personally, I have made the firm decision not to allow the creation of any kind of mystical movement, sect or esoteric school around this bridge to the dead. All organizations created by mankind carry the dangerous seed of dogmatism and ossification. I will also never play the role of a “psychic prophet” or leader, because I detest every form of tutelage, and because everyone needs to ingest and digest his or her own psychic sustenance.

For this purpose I have already placed my little hut in the forest at the disposal of interested researchers. The structure will need to be improved appropriately under the management of some technical experts.

With the creation of such research centers under scientific management and supervision we will take the first step towards a fruitful collaboration between the broadcasts over here and in the hereafter.

Those who are seriously interested in taking part in the bridge building

here and there will also need to devote much time, patience and effort because positive results cannot be expected without personal engagement.

First of all – and this is the essential point – it all depends exclusively on the motives on which we base our desire to initiate contacts with those who have died.

If we wish to ultimately banish the suffocating fear connected with death, we have to become conscious of our ancient inner distortions in which our thinking and feeling has become ensnared in a vicious circle of time, space and causality. We all need to go through a kind of twilight of the gods and demons to rediscover the path to the human heart after the shattering of our illusions.

Nysund becomes a kind of pigeon cove - A voice from the car radio  
-Lena sends us to bed - The unknown Hilda warns us and gives advice

What happened afterwards was unavoidable. Out of the depth of the unknown something new had forced its way through, tough and determined. Something had been born, grew and unfolded and could no longer be ignored. What concerned me personally was that my situation had changed overnight.

Even though certain rationalistic, doctrinaire circles resist admitting the existence of the hereafter or of a higher dimension, they could no longer deny the phenomenon as such and besides since the broadcasting experts had excluded trickery and fraud, the question of my reliability was no longer raised by anyone. It was precisely this circumstance that lent the entire experience strength and conviction.

However, it was the end of my peace and quiet. It started by me being inundated with letters. Journalists, broadcasting people, sound experts and scientists of all kind contacted me almost daily. The telephone had suddenly turned into a kind of domestic tyrant. In those days I experienced for the first time the elastic, almost metaphysical fabric out of which time is fashioned. It simply didn't suffice for me. Hours and days raced past feverishly. No matter how much I tried to apportion the hours of each day rationally, I simply was unable to stick to my plans.

Everything around me had changed. Whereas previously I had been in touch with well-known personalities and interesting people as a singer and painter, my contacts had always involved the arts, directly or indirectly.

But the situation had now changed completely. Death, one way or



another, now had affected most people that came to see me.

Since death seeks its tribute without regard to social position, race, age or gender it came about that I came in contact with essentially different types of individuals and became aware of the most astonishing and often gripping turns of fate.

From now on it was the dead who had suddenly placed me into the role of a confidant, a highly delicate and responsible task, that I would not have been able to discharge properly without the help of my unseen friends.

I can only try to summarize the numerous happenings that now rapidly succeeded one another.

But before I turn to these sometimes-telegraphic summary reports, I want to describe a couple of recordings whose substance, clarity and presentation imbued them with exceptional validity.

As the reader might recall, the Jewish song “Nagila Hava” was offered in four versions with its text changed every time. When I recorded the song for the third time, it turned out to be a very clear and in part even very loud recording. I discovered that two of my dead friends had appeared simultaneously. They were Arne Falck who talked about the fate of a singer and provided additional comments concerning him, and the singer was my Russian friend Gleb Bojevsky, a former navy officer, who had been displaced to Palestine by the Russian revolution. Bojevsky was a generous, cultivated and very versatile human being who was constantly surrounded by a crowd of young people, all of them very poor. Sometimes they excavated a Phoenician gravesite, at other times they built boats and sailed to Cyprus to fish for mackerel. Despite their serious deprivations, that spirit of adventure and

enterprise, which made their humble existence seem abundant and livable, was alive in all of them, including Bojevsky. Bojevsky died in 1945 from pneumonia. And now he sang cheerfully and Falck commented his song extensively.

It was clear from the text that Falck knew of Bojevsky's fate. This time Falck spoke mainly Swedish but interspersed some German and Russian words here and there. Bojevsky on the other hand sang alternately in German, Russian, Italian, Swedish and Arabic. He improvised freely in the form of a poem.

At first he brought details concerning an acquaintance who had died recently in Stockholm. Afterwards he mentioned the significance of the contacts, called my family name and twice repeated the words: "We are riding...Friedel is looking for us!"

In translation the text of his song sounded as follows: "When desired...polyglot. Hello, Jürgenson...it's true, the Yogi listens...melody seven...Bojevsky is Moelnbo's spook...Friedel searches for the bridge of death that is feared...no, no...all will be pleasantly surprised. Touch me...a Brahman with a water pipe...a watermelon is examined in the market all examine the heart in Moelnbo..." and some more.

It should be mentioned that his remark "Brahman with a water pipe" refers to himself in a previous life in India. The "examining of a melon" refers to joint experiences in Palestine where we squeezed watermelons to determine whether they were ripe.

In this case it was meant to infer that those on the other side were examining my heart for its maturity.

A female voice with a Russian accent now interjected: “Bojevsky... Jürgenson”.

In the summer of 1963 my wife, my son and I traveled to Italy. We visited Enzo and Gioconda in Serapo when the following happened;

One evening Giocondo, Enzo and I were driving along the Quai of Gaeta. Enzo was driving and had turned on the radio. After the news there came a short pause when a female voice called out suddenly and intensively: “Friedel, Friedel, tomorrow!”

Gioconda tuned to us excitedly: “Did you hear, they called Friedel!”

Enzo almost ran into a street post from sheer excitement. Fortunately he could hit the brake at the last moment and managed to bring the car to a stop though on a slant. We were very excited. It was the first time I was called over a car radio.

The next evening we met at Enzo and Gioconda. Enzo brought out an old tape recorder and a fairly dilapidated transistor radio. Since he was unable to connect the tape recorder to the radio, we recorded via the microphone.

Outside the weather was oppressive and I had a headache. Even though I busily turned the tuning knob. It didn't take long for Lena's high voice to appear: “Go to bed? Go to bed! It's too late!” she said in Italian and in German. We all hear this sentence on replaying the recording and there followed a loud and agitated discussion in Italian. We didn't get to do any further recordings, the radio began to crackle with terribly loud static.

After an hour we had a huge thunderstorm. It became pitch dark,

lighting and thunder crashed continuously. I was seized with the question whether Lena already knew about tomorrow's thunderstorm yesterday when she called out "Friedel, Friedel, tomorrow!"

Despite the brevity and curious character of this recording it brought Enzo and Gioconda clear evidence and their interest was aroused.

When I returned to Nysund from Italy at the beginning of September, I turned on the radio the same afternoon. I immediately got into contact with Lena and there followed three completely different transmissions of which two were made by a male and one by a female voice. They were of a purely personal nature. The most interesting and curious feature of these transmissions was the fact that they differed completely not only in substance but in loudness and sound quality. During the first transmission there were no disturbances of any kind. Even though the sound was fairly low, one could hear the entire text without any problem and also recognize the voice of the speaker.

In the second transmission the voice pushed through a saxophone solo and then spoke later but only during pauses in the music. After the end of the musical selection the voice switched on immediately and one could understand every word despite the atmospheric interference.

The third transmission was a direct hit. Even though in the beginning one heard music and extra voices, and the female voice started to speak softly, not a single word was lost because the voice utilized the pauses cleverly. This transmission not only exceeded all the previous ones up to that time as concerns loudness and clarity, but the voice of the female speaker was filled with such an intensive emotion that you were unintentionally gripped and occasionally had cold shivers run along your spine. It was a kind of high-pitched singsong that started in the piano, and the female voice sounded as if it was coming from a

great distance. Then the voice came closer and closer until it gradually increased to a fortissimo.

But something in this shuffling crescendo implied a hidden glow of compelling intensity. This message too was directed to me personally. It represented a warning and a counsel. The woman recited in five languages that she alternated rhythmically. Her pronunciation was correct, but she joined the words ungrammatically. She did this intentionally in order to eliminate in advance the suspicion that it was a normal radio broadcast. Here are a few excerpts translated from the original languages:

Listen, my god, (German) thanks (Swedish). Message the dead, message, my go, Hilda if she is talking (Mixture of German and Swedish) if you are talking, people will hear (Swedish), many people (mixture of Swedish and Estonian), dropping deep out (mixture of Swedish and English), Friedrich Kontakta (Swedish), dead people in atmosphere...and they speak!...welcome...Friedel from Serapo...(mixture of Swedish and German).

Up until today I do not know who Hilda might be. At any rate she warned me of bad people and counseled me at the same time to take up contact with the dead because they can talk and give advice.

I have been able to convince myself of the correctness of her warning in reading this original transmission, one has to note that the ungrammatical way of speaking is intended to sharply differentiate these transmissions from conventional radio broadcasts.

Please also note the rhythm in the alternation of the languages. The last three words, “Friedel from Serapo” refer to the fact that my return flight from Serapo had just arrived that day.

## CHAPTER 42

Voices in the Thorlin family – Recitations with piano accompaniment  
– A choir in three languages

Let us now pass to the most important events of the past two years, this is to say the period after my first press conference.

A gentleman named Claude Thorlin who was of English origin living in Eskiltuna visited me with his wife Ellen. He had obtained voices on tape accidentally under the following circumstances. The Thorlins had bought a new tape recorder and wanted to record the voice of their friend Koge O. They put in a new tape and Koge recited his poems. While Koge's voice was heard clearly upon listening to the recording, he is accompanied in the pauses by a sonorous soprano. She started by singing, "Listen...your karma..." in Swedish.

Koge continued by reading aloud a newspaper article about myself and the voices I had recorded. Here too a song was inserted, this time a children's choir also singing in Swedish: "Listen, listen to the radio...listen to our contact."

During another recording when Thorlin was recording the voice of his British brother in law, a female voice came through loud and clear and delivered a sentence in German and Swedish that turned out later to have been a direct message for the Thorlins.

Encouraged by these recordings, Thorlin actively continued his research. He actually succeeded in recording several very interesting

radio transmissions. His mother appeared and sent him greetings. A choir sings in three languages: “We are en route to Moelnbo...Friedel is getting company...”

I could recognize numerous voices, also the voice of the “old Jew” could be clearly heard. A voice reminiscent of Lena announces the frequencies and she too speaks quickly in Swedish and German: “Keep, keep contact...”

We become good friends with the Thorlin’s.

## CHAPTER 43

The Swedish Broadcasting System wants to know precisely – The objections of Stensson – The radio engineers can only marvel

A well-known Stockholm journalist, Urban Stenstroem, incidentally it was he who published the first articles about me in the “Svenska Dagbladet”, also suddenly heard mysterious voices on a tape recording. Mrs. Stenstroem, a journalist in her own right and a theater critic, bought a portable tape recording for her professional use. Her interest was aroused and she sits with friends until late at night in front of the microphone. A female voice comes through in German and Russian: “Listen! People-owls!” Someone who works until late at night is known in Swedish as a “night owl”.

The Swedish Broadcasting System contacts me. They want to devote a program to me, but are not quite sure how to go about it. First of all, the sound engineer Stensson was asked to conduct experiments at my home in Nysund. He arrives with an assistant and a Ms Dasie Kelberg. The latter is a journalist and has published her first article about the voice phenomena in “Stockholm’s Tidningen”.

The guests arrived in Moelnbo during the late afternoon, until everything was prepared and by the time we had eaten it was already around nine in the evening. Stensson had brought with him his own recorders, control instruments and tapes in sealed containers.



The result of the first recording is negative. I suggested to Stensson that he should remain in Nysund a whole week because in order to obtain good results one needs lots of time and relaxation. Also, one ought not make recordings late in the evening. The best time is between 19 and 21 hours.

Stensson agrees. Ms Kallberg also wanted to come with several friends.

In the meantime Swedish and foreign newspapers and magazines publish extensive and attention-getting reports on the “ghostly voices of Moelnbo.” And some Swedish stations transmit a few short radio reportages to Germany and Austria. The Swedish Broadcasting Corporation engages in further negotiations with me.

My conditions are: I want a series of broadcasts in which leading parapsychologists from Sweden and elsewhere will have the floor. Arne Weisse should direct the broadcast and play the tape that was recorded in December 1959 in his presence and that of Dr. Bjoerkhem. If the conditions turn out favorable, we would like to try for a few direct recordings. In the meantime, however, Arne Weisse had joined Swedish television and some difficulties arise.

What the Swedish radio would prefer would be to eliminate the voice phenomenon altogether through a technical and completely “natural” explanation. Since no “natural” explanation can be found, they want the “ghostly voices” at least to be clearer and louder. The whole issue is contradictory in an amusing way, because on the one hand, one doesn’t dare to acknowledge the existence of the voices as those of the dead, but at the same time desires broadcast quality recordings. During one of these silly discussions I asked the question: “Will the Swedish Broadcasting Company (SBC) offer an honorarium to the dead?”

Arne Weisse appears at my place with a colleague. They are both ready to prepare several television transmissions with me as the lead person. But the SBC insists on having the right to the first broadcast. The tension increases between radio and television. My sole concern is an objective and comprehensive presentation of the most important facts. Both parties know exactly that I would rather forgo the broadcasts altogether than allow that the entire affair would be placed into a dubious light for publicity reasons.

Several weeks pass. Stensson is overloaded with work. We meet now and again for lunch in the old town. We enjoy a friendly and open relationship. Stensson is a thoroughly open-minded and kind individual. Of course he would prefer to find a harmless and completely normal explanation. On the other hand I insist that the facts alone need to be heard. The listeners themselves should form their own opinion. Stensson is of the view that the kind of program I would like to see would cause an enormous shock in the outside world.

I assert: "Only in the camp of nationalist materialism." "And the church?" Stensson injects. "She will recover quickly from the shock, because she believes after all in the existence of the soul after death." In conclusion Stensson promises to come to Nysund next week for new recordings.

The evening after our conversation I am sitting next to my tape recorder. I am apprehensive, I feel insecure. A timid thought races through my head: "What if my friends from the other side will again refuse to appear?" I am ashamed of my doubt, but on the other hand there is so much to be ventured.

My wife is firmly convinced that our friends are a hundred percent certain to appear on such an important occasion. I turn on the radio and the tape recorder and begin to turn the dial gingerly. I scan the frequencies slowly, as usual from left to right. As always I am in the medium wave band. But there is no Lena, nor signals!

I sit indecisively a little while next to the radio. Suddenly I hear Lena's energetic voice: "Keep, keep! Direct contact!"

I turn on the tape recorder immediately and listen intensively. I hear a couple of male voices singling, it sounds like an Italian hit tune. Lena signals additional contacts, I listen with even greater concentration but am unable to understand the words right away.

Suddenly I hear my first name called twice. It is sung by a male voice that sounds a lot like Arne Falck. I can hardly wait for Lena to signal the end of the transmission. Finally the song ends in the roar of the ether.

The recording is a new direct hit. It provides a direct answer to my question and my doubts. It is really Falck who sings and who is accompanied in the background by a few more male voices. The entire message has the purpose of informing me in a humorous way of the promise of the dead. Falck sings in Italian, German, Swedish and Russian: "Soon the people will hear you...Friedel you will be happy, we never deceive...Friedel you will be pleased...who deceives is the stupid, wicked moon, Luna is a cheat..."

Our poodle Carino too gets a greeting, then Falck turns to his son Bengt and says: "I find Bengt so sweet ...". With "the moon alone deceives..." he ends the transmission.

The mention of the moon needs to be taken entirely seriously, because I have frequently had the experience that the phases of the moon play a very large, possibly even a decisive role in the electromagnetic interference that is used for the transmissions. The most favorable conditions are provided during a full moon when the sun, the earth and the moon are lined up in a straight line.

When Stensson, his assistant Koistinen, Ms Kallberg and several gentlemen make their appearance I am completely relaxed and filled with joyful confidence.

We start with some longer microphone recordings that are registered simultaneously with two tape recorders. One recording is being made with Stensson's the other with my tape recorder. Stensson states that he never experienced any kind of extraneous voices in insulated studios during controlled recording sessions.

“Nonsense!” a male voice interrupts this interjection that was heard later by all those present. Ms Kallberg is scribbling furiously. We turn on the recorders again. I report on the occurrence in my attic in September 1959, when Carino was alone in the room and I was on the telephone with my wife in the apartment below. After I said a little agitatedly “and then...” and make a slight pause, a loud bang is heard just as if someone had clapped his or her hands loudly.

I continue and say: “It was completely quiet in the room, you could only hear the soft rolling of the tape...” They were repeated after a second by a strong male voice.

Stensson is aghast. His assistant Koistinen likewise cannot understand this phenomenon. Stensson opines: “The bang is even stranger than

the voices. One should have been able to hear it in the room.”

Around half past eight we start with the radio recordings. I sit in front of Stensson’s radio, which is connected to a Norwegian tape recorder. Koistinen has attached a room antenna and grounded it on the heating pipes. Koistinen is sitting directly next to me; behind me stand the acquaintances of Ms Kallberg and my son Peter. Stensson and the other guests are drinking coffee in the parlor, which is located directly below my study.

I turn the dial carefully and hear Lena’s voice on almost every frequency. I have a little difficulty turning on the Norwegian tape recorder since every time it is switched on a siren-like static interference sound is heard. Koistinen monitors every phase of the recording carefully. Every now and then he turns on the tape recorder according to my instructions.

Right at the start one hears the voice of the “old Jew.” He makes some disparaging comments about the “junky connection...” Perhaps he has in mind the temporary antenna that Koistinen had mounted in the study? Then Tatjana’s aria starts from the opera Eugene Onegin. I know the text and have myself sung the role of Onegin. But what we are hearing here in no way matches the original text because Tatjana is singing: “Friedrich, the dead stands alone!...” I am too excited to listen carefully to the subsequent text. Lena too urges more recordings. I am nervous and we switch the machine off and on several times.

And now came the high point of the evening. At first one hears that howling “switch on noise” through which a male voice calls out: “Contact!” and then one hears above all the static Felix Kersten’s eager, excited voice that calls out to me loud and urgently: “Friedel! Listen to me, Friedel! Turn below!”

Peter calls behind me: “This is Kersten! Kersten!” I jerked and lost the frequency. Koistinen jumped up and hurried downstairs. “Lets go, all of you, Kersten is on the radio!...” Everyone hears the tape recorded text and talks at the same time. Stensson repeats continuously: “Strange, strange; I don’t understand anything any more...”

After a while we take up the contact again over the radio. Now Bojevsky chimes in. He sings a song, and first greets Carino with “Shalom!” He sings about the dead and identifies himself. However, the tone quality isn’t good and one can only hear some of the words. It is late. We are excited and I start to get tired. The last thing I hear and record on the tape is Kersten’s voice, who calls out to us in Swedish a little irritated: “Problem! Do you hear really?”

The dear Falck had kept his promise.

When I received the tape recording a few days later, I discovered a series of interesting details that we overheard in our hurry at the time of the recording. I was annoyed that the howling switch on sound blocked out a sentence of Felix Kersten. But I succeeded in recapturing it after all with the help of a provisional filter.

“Dear Friedrich...” Kersten started, “in Sweden the sixteenth contact...” after which followed the clear text mentioned above.

## CHAPTER 44

A professor is consulted – the press reacts positively – Prof. Dr. Hans Bender of Freiburg is interested – An experiment with students

The Swedish radio still does not dare to share the voice phenomena with its listeners. Stensson's recordings suddenly were not persuasive enough. A senior professor of the Stockholm Technical University is now in the picture. Double is better. The whole affair starts to get on my nerves. Still, I agree.

Professor Laurent, that is his name, comes across as a friendly and understanding individual. He will retire soon and would like to research the voice phenomena as a private individual. Unfortunately his hearing is no longer very good, and since he often works until late at night it is difficult for him to stay awake in the case of lengthy recordings.

We conduct microphone recordings together; a few voices are recorded. The “old Jew” has a little fun with Laurent. A tenor sings in a monotone in Swedish: “Uncle Churchill contacts Ove...thanks,

Ove!” I asked Laurent if he knew what Ove meant. Laurent answered that he knew exactly.

Two artificial speech generators, which could be used to record artificial voices with a tape recorder, had been built at the university. These gadgets had been christened humorously as Ove I and II. Laurent promises to return to Nysund.

This fall and winter I was visited by numerous well-known personalities. We conducted recordings together. Most of the time the results are satisfactory. Dr. Alf Ahlberg, Sweden’s adult education expert gets a direct reply to his question though in a humorous tone of voice.

Dr. Ivar Alm, a student of C.G. Jung is addressed in Danish. A group of journalists, Ivan Bratt of the “Folklet”, Evert Hallin of the “Ekiltuna Kuriren” and Anders Elmquist of the “Aftonbladet” visit me frequently and we conduct joint recordings. The results are again positive and the journalists share extensive reports with the public.

One evening editors Bratt, Olsson and an engineer from Oerebro came to visit. They arrived late because a serious traffic accident had blocked the road. A Scottish tourist had died; the other passengers in the car had suffered serious injuries.

We talked for a while about the tragic incident. Afterwards I put in a new tape and switched on the record button. It was a normal microphone recording without a radio connection. When we later listened to the recording, we discovered a male voice that called out in a loud and urgent tone: “Hurry up!”



There were no further recordings because there was a telephone call from my English friend Thorlin calling from Eskiltuna. He was considerably agitated and reported that had made a recording a short while ago during which a strong male voice spoke the English sentence “No fear of death!” He spoke with a Scottish accent, which led to the conclusion that the recorded voice was that of the unfortunate Scotsman.

Next Sunday numerous guests arrived at my home in Nysund. It was already late and the guests were getting ready to leave when I received a phone call from Eskiltuna again. It was Claude Thorlin. His voice sounded happy and excited.

He had managed to obtain an unusually clear recording from the radio. He asked me to switch on the recording mode of my tape recorder and to put the microphone next to the telephone receiver.

He wanted me to listen to the text because he was convinced that I would be able to hear the voice clearly even over the telephone. After I recorded his recording over the phone, the tone quality was a little distorted of course, I could hear without the least difficulty a choir that sang in German and Swedish: “We are traveling to Moelnbo. Friedel has company!...”

Prof. Laurent also commented positively in the press. However, he added that it would be better for science if it could be proved that the voices did not originate with the dead.

In the meantime I had come into contact with Prof. Hans Bender in Freiburg (Germany). Prof. Bender directed the Institute for Borderline Research in Psychology and Psychohygiene (mental health). He is a parapsychologist and his interest in my voice phenomena is evidently

high.

Other foreign parapsychologists take up contact with me and I receive the most interesting sorts of offers. However, the Swedish Broadcasting Company still cannot decide.

Television contacts me once again. The newspapers repeatedly pose the question: "When are we finally going to hear the ghost voices on the radio?" Swedish and foreign publishers offer to publish a book of mine. I opt for a Swedish publishing house that had earlier published my cultural history articles.

The book is supposed to appear in January 1964. I write it in short and compressed intervals. It is a relatively hasty effort with lots of corrections and unnecessary details. I lack time and a certain necessary distance to the events. During the time that I am writing the book I do not receive any transmissions, only here and there short greetings from Lena.

The Thorlin's come to visit frequently on weekends. Claude has succeeded in getting some excellent recordings. Claude is a fine clarinetist, very musical and with quick reactions to the slightest sounds. He speaks English and Swedish and also understands some German. The situation fascinates him to an extraordinary degree. He stops smoking, becomes a vegetarian and uses his spare time exclusively to make recordings. Claude works quietly. He doesn't publish. He wants to let the situation mature and to join me later at a proper occasion for an appearance.

Almost all of the voices that Claude recorded on tape can be recognized without any problems. Some of the voices speak Russian and Yiddish. One recording seems to be in Stalin's voice, his name too

is mentioned several times. The “old Jew” is present. At one time he says: “Historic recording...you can make a thousand copies!...” In another transmission a clear female voice sings a song in three languages. She ends her presentation with “...now comes an iceberg... that is Stalin when he dies!...”

The Thorlin's are with us New Year's Eve. We turn on our tape recorders and make two microphone recordings simultaneously. We converse freely. Our son Peter spontaneously calls out “Skol!” to toast the dead Hugo. When we listen to the tape we hear Hugo's voice twice. The first time he calls out “Friedel” in a strong voice, the second time he says in Swedish: “Clink louder!” after Peter's Skol. Both tape recorders register the same message with equal strength and clarity.

Professor Laurent suggests a test. Young students at the Technical University are to listen to my tapes and write down their texts. I have some concerns since I have no knowledge of the receptivity and concentration of the young people, nor do I know whether they have mastered any foreign languages.

Nevertheless I agree. First off the tape recorders of the Technical University turn out to be extremely obsolescent. Their counter mechanism does not work in tandem with mine. The sound is abominable. The whole thing doesn't work and besides the young people play all kinds of tricks. They start to get on my nerves to the point where I am forced to “read them the riot act.” While the classroom quiets down, I have lost the urge to conduct further demonstrations. Laurent is much embarrassed by the whole situation and I finally suggest undertaking a new demonstration with my own equipment.

The hall is much more quiet during the next demonstration. I have invited two friends, the Swedish author Sture Loennerstrand, who reported the Shanti Devi case in the world press, and the engineer Ivan Troeng who has great technical skills and besides is very active in matters of parapsychology. I am doing this with the intention of having two reliable witnesses, because Laurent had made the offhand remark that possibly we are dealing with suggestion.

First off, my equipment functions without any problem and I find the desired tape segments easily. A couple of technicians have connected an amplifier to my tape recorder so that the voices can be heard clearly and distinctly. Most words are recognized spontaneously.

There are only differences of opinion when it comes to foreign words. No one is present who understands Russian, Hebrew and Yiddish. Gradually the mood changes the students open up, become involved and everyone starts talking at the same time.

Skepticism seems to have been dissipated; the voices are there and can be heard by everyone.

Sture Loennerstrand turns directly to Laurent and asks with a loud voice: "Are you of the opinion Professor, that we are still dealing with suggestions?" An embarrassing pause ensues, then Laurent replies a little shyly: "No, no, I only meant in certain cases..."

Afterwards, Troeng, Loennerstrand and I meet for dinner in a restaurant in the old city. We are in a good mood and the food tastes great.

From now on I see clearly: Only hard facts can break the resistance.

## CHAPTER 45

My first public lecture – a professional magician is convinced – an editor and publisher arrive from Freiburg (Germany) – the second press conference with special preparations and successes – my hardest ordeal in Nordheim

Friends ask me to give a public lecture in Stockholm. I hold this lecture, followed by a free public discussion. Many questions are put. An individual tries hard to drive me into a corner. An interesting discussion ensues with lively participation from the floor and the combative gentleman finally ends his questioning.

After a few weeks a gentleman who asked to visit me calls me, he wants to tell me something important in connection with my tape recordings.

When he appears in my home I recognize the adversarial questioner. His name is Johnie Lindell and he is a magician. What he tells me is unique. Lindell bought a mini tape recorder for my lecture that he kept hidden on his knees. He had pinned the tiny microphone to his lapel like a flower. He had done this with the intention to unmask me as a swindler.

When he listened at home to his recording, he suddenly discovered a singing female voice that commented on my lecture in German and Swedish.

Most interesting was the fact that the female voice started at exactly the moment when I began to talk about Lena's assistance. The voice sang, i.e.: "Listen – listen contact, listen, in Moelnbo the sun shines."

I made a copy of the recording. Lindell gave the impression of being agitated and friendly, he found the incident sensational even though a little embarrassing for himself. "I wanted to unmask a bluff..." he confessed, "instead Lena anticipated me, and look...", he pointed to the window, "the sun really shines in Moelnbo today, though it has rained for many weeks before..."

In March two gentlemen visited me from Freiburg/Breisgau in Germany, Mr. Kirner of the Hermann Bauer publishing house and a Mr. Geisler who represented the periodical "Die Andere Welt" (The Other World).

The results of their visit in Nysund: we made several microphone and radio recordings together that were reported extensively in two articles in the March and April 1964 issue of the publication. I want to add that I found in Mr. Kirner and Mr. Geisler two open, objective and

amiable individuals. I am convinced that their active participation in the border sciences is of much significance for Germany and other German-speaking countries.

After my book had appeared in Sweden, I got a short breathing spell. During this time I wrote a series of articles about the second “Last Days of Pompeii.” The excavated portions of Pompeii had been invaded in recent years by destructive weeds. A third of the antique town had already turned into a kind of jungle that had severely damaged numerous frescoes and mosaic floors. My newspaper articles and photos aroused the interest of the public and Swedish television suggested that I produce a short documentary about Pompeii.

In the summer I received a visit from America. President W.G. Roll of the Parapsychology Society of North Carolina and his wife came to call.

We conducted several recordings. The mood was relaxed and cheerful, and we obtained several very clear and mostly humorous recordings.

In the meantime, Prof. Bender had taken up contact with several well-known German physicists and sound experts and succeeded in organizing a scientific team for the coming fall in Nordheim with the participation of a member of the Max Planck Institute.

I invited Mrs. Irmgard Kersten and her son Arno to Nysund. We had not met after the death of Felix in April 1960.

I played the first recording of Felix. She could understand the text but wanted to hear louder recordings.

I demonstrated Hitler’s monologue that both of them could understand

word for word.

I then put on Stensson's tape and did not say whose voice I was about to play, but when Felix called me twice by my name, both jumped up and called excitedly: "That's daddy! daddy!"

Mrs. Kersten wrote me a letter afterwards in which she confirms explicitly having recognized her husband's voice on the tape. She also agreed to take part in the upcoming press conference in Nysund.

I had also invited Mrs. Falck to the press conference, which took place June 12, 1964 in Nysund. This time we had made several special technical preparations. A friend of mine, Toernquist, who is an engineer, placed two loudspeakers in the room and had connected my tape recorder to a highly sensitive filter. Toernquist was endowed with super sensitive hearing. Although he is past forty, his ears can detect tones up to 20,000 cycles. This time too, there were about forty journalists present, however, what a difference from before! I was no longer alone. Right next to me sat Claude Thorlin with his tapes and tape recorder. Mrs. Kersten, Arno Kersten and Mrs. Falck were among the journalists and gave me a friendly wink.

A relaxed and friendly atmosphere prevailed in the room. Almost all of the journalists were well informed and had followed the developments attentively. I started with a short talk, then switched the tape demonstrations on, having selected recordings that were made in the presence of noted researchers and reliable witnesses.

After Mrs. Kersten and Mrs. Falck commented spontaneously and with deep conviction, I played the respective recordings over the loudspeakers and the last traces of doubt among the journalists seemed to disappear.



When Claude Thorlin stood up and started his presentation, you could hear a pin drop in the room. In simple words he reported how he had discovered the voices for the first time by pure accident, and how he had gradually overcome his initial skepticism and had obtained new communications step by step. Afterwards, when he started to play his recordings and the two of us alternately presented some of the voices, the conference seemed to have reached its high point. But there were still other surprises in store.

An Italian and a Swedish journalist suddenly proposed that we do a joint recording. I agreed, though with mixed feelings. My concerns involved, and I said so quite openly, that an objective control of the microphone recordings would be nearly impossible with so many listeners in the audience.

I also doubted that we would manage to sit still. Above all I was not convinced that my friends on the other side would chose to appear promptly, just at this moment. The journalists promised to sit still and not to speak at the same time.

In fact, on replaying the tape, we heard a male voice that said during a short pause: “Elna...the work....”

Mrs. Falck spoke up. She was agitated and had tears in her eyes. “That was Arne, my late husband...my name is Elna!”

The journalists urged further recordings. A female voice spoke out in German: “Listen...contact!...”

Now came a loud babble of voices and I suggested turning on the radio. Under these conditions the audience could not cause acoustical

interference with the recordings

In short; we obtained two recordings that could be heard by practically everyone present. The first was an older male voice that said in somewhat subdued tones and monotonously: "Listen to the dead at the press conference...we are contacting Moelnbo." Afterwards a clear female voice sang. We first thought that we were listening to a radio broadcast, but when we listened more closely, we could hear the following German and Swedish text: " Little Claude, Freddie...listen to Lena over the radio!" The word radio and Lena were fused; I had often received such "synchronized" abbreviations, i.e. apparadio, a contraction of an apparatus and a radio, or Moelnbo, instead of Moelnbo-bro (bridge). The press conference ended around midnight. In the following days the newspapers carried a series of unusually objective and loyal reports.

Soon after, my wife and I left for Italy. The Pompeii excavations had in the meantime been overgrown by even denser and rougher underbrush. I made my short documentary, drove on afterwards to Paestum where I came down with a bad case of rheumatic fever.

I had not recovered completely when I visited the members of the scientific evaluation team in Nordheim. President Roll had also appeared. We started our recordings under conditions that were most favorable for the scientists, numerous control installations, stereo microphones, etc.

Since we still are in a initial testing phase and had projected a second meeting with newly constructed equipment at my home in Nysund for the fall of 1965, I want to give only a short mention to the following.

Despite my poor health and a somewhat forced work tempo, several

voices appeared and were recorded simultaneously with all the tape recorders.

I can add that after our joint recordings in Nordheim, which was a difficult challenge for me, I experienced such a feeling of relief that I started to paint again after seven years!

## CHAPTER 46

The risk is too great for television – A major part of the scientist's defects – Eight persons beside myself receive voices of the dead – much depends on the personal attitude of researchers – The Anderson case

In the winter and spring of 1964/65 I received several most interesting visits, among them appeared Dr. Nils Baehrendtz, the program director of Swedish Television and his wife. In their presence I obtained and recorded two clear voices using the microphone and the tape recorder.

Prof. Laurent was a frequent guest. On one of these occasions I had also invited the Thorlin's and put aside for them several very clear communications received from a certain editor Sting Soederlind that I will refer to later. Also the engineer Toernquist had arrived with his loudspeakers and filters. We could start confidently with our series of experiments.

The first day we heard Lena's voice just once. She said resolutely: "Today we'll draw a blank!" And that's how it turned out despite all our efforts. The next day, it was a Sunday, a new leaf turned. Not only did we get several clear voices over the microphone, but also there were voices on the radio. The same tenor who a year ago sang "Fabror Churchill Tackar Ove" this time sang a short: "Limit the frequencies!..." Laurent had the impression that the recordings were somehow connected with the moon, and he told reporters later that he was ready to install a directional antenna in Nysund.

The television situation too had not come to a conclusion. There was a circumstance, or rather an attitude that gave me pause for thought and which demonstrated a scary weakness of the responsible people, to put it mildly. It was also characteristic that despite all the publicity and the positive testimony of widely known experts, there were no efforts made for the scientific side to get to the bottom of the phenomenon using technical methods. To reduce the cost of such research to a minimum at the outset, my wife and I had put our cottage in the forest, four rooms, kitchen and bath at the disposition of researchers as an experimental and residential facility. We could not afford to do more. However nothing at all happened.

Now after the news had spread that German scientists not only were studying the phenomenon with great interest, but had also started to

demonstrate successful improvements with their amplifiers and filters, in other words that they were achieving a method that was stabilizing the bridge building between our world and the beyond, the interest of Swedish broadcasters was stimulated anew. Finally people were found who were willing to pull the chestnuts out of the fire. From now on here in Sweden one only had to wait quietly and politely for a publication from the German side to stay safely and comfortable in the wake of the worthy Germans.

At our last meeting in the Broadcast House I had postponed everything to an indeterminate future, I stated that in my view the privilege of a premiere performance had rather been earned by German TV just by the fact that German researchers had taken up the problem objectively and with an open mind and were assisting with word and deed.

Before I left for Italy, the following persons were active in Sweden and Germany with the type of tape recordings that I was conducting:

1. Claude Thorlin, Eskiltuna,
2. Mr. and Mrs. Urban Stensstroem, "Svnska Dagbladet" Stockholm,
3. Stig Soederlind "Eskiltuna Kuriren",
4. Evert Hallin, "Eskiltuna Kuriren",
5. Anderfs Elmquist, "Aftonbladet"
6. Mr. Ture Feldin, Sunsvall,
7. Mr. Berndt Anderssonb, Keeping,
8. Engineer N., Stockhom,
9. Dr. K. Raudive, Bad Krozningen/Baden (Germany)

I had copied and examined most of the recordings made by the researchers mentioned above. The same voice phenomena could be

heard incontestably in all of them. The polyglot phenomenon too, appears everywhere; however in the case of Feldin and Anderson the voices spoke predominantly Swedish, possibly in consideration of the fact that these two could only speak Swedish. In the case of Feldin, his late parents made frequent appearances.

They were bringing personal communications in their typical northern dialect. But Mr. Feldin also had a recording that was made in two languages. The sound quality is excellent. One hears the characteristic roars, the switch on noise and also the curious echo. A male voice calls out “No, shouts!” with a metallic timbre that seems to fade in as if in a giant meeting hall: “Attention! Turei (Feldin’s first name), he is listening to the radio!...”

The editor Soederlind is in possession of possibly one of the most convincing recordings. He had invited two of his friends. His wife was out of town and it had turned late. The conversation was informal and Soederlind had explained to his friend: “The voices don’t only speak Swedish, they can come even in Aramaic...”

Here we were interrupted by a strong female voice that declared in Swedish “Det kan vara vilket ord som helst! (This can be any kind of word, whatever!)”

Two days before my departure I met with a German engineer who was employed as a managing technician and sound expert by a Swedish firm that distributed German television and tape recorders. Engineer N. had succeeded in taping a clear male voice in a pause after a piano solo. The voice spoke German and it said: “Here I am.”

Afterwards, the engineer conducted an extensive analysis of the tape that, incidentally, agreed in all substantial respects with that of the

German physicists. He came to the conclusion that the voices are not only using the microphone as the access channel, but that other sensitive parts of the tape recorder could be used by them as a receiver. An interesting circumstance consisted in the fact that in case of these recordings all of the tape tracks are irradiated at the same time and that a strange sound can be heard on all of the other tracks that are normally inaccessible for recordings.

As concerns Dr. Konstantin Raudive of Bad Krozingen (Germany) I want to make especial mention here of his research activity. He visited me in Nysund for the first time in 1964 at which time we achieved good success and jointly made recordings that were intended for Dr. Raudive personally.

After his return to Germany, Dr. Raudive decided to conduct his own intensive research concerning the voices, he set up a small, but intelligently equipped laboratory for this purpose. It was his chief concern to examine the phenomenon with purely scientific means and methods. In the course of the years he managed to invite numerous important scientists and experts to Bad Krozingen, all of whom witnessed the recordings of the voices and confirmed the existing phenomenon.

Denial or ignoring of the voice phenomena from the scientific side is no longer possible today, especially due to the work of Dr. Raudive.

Dr. Raudive has summed up the result of his multi-year research in a book that is available in German. This work can be considered the scientific underpinning of my present volume.

In this context I would like to clarify a concept. Since these voice phenomena are the first of their kind in the history of mankind, received by technical and physical means, they represent first of all a

completely unknown field. Everything covered by these phenomena is beyond our scientific competence, irrespective of whether we are dealing with sound experts, physicists, psychologists, psychiatrists, parapsychologists or physicians. If we continue to refer to scientific teams, tests and other technical experiments in relation to these voice phenomena, their task can only consist in the objective definition of these events. We must not forget that these inquiries consist of a groping in the dark.

One is concerned not only with the elimination of illusions and trickery, one also seeks to find the energy source of the phenomenon, and one seeks to filter and amplify the weak voices and to screen out interferences.

It depends however, on the openness of mind and inner maturity of the respective researchers to capture in an objective way this entirely new, never before experienced event. The decision depends not only on the technical arrangements, but very much on the extent to which a researcher is free of any kind of ideology or doctrinal barriers and whether his personal courage is up to the task of freely publishing that which is new.

Too much factual knowledge can often represent a major obstacle especially when we are dealing with theory, hypotheses and doctrinal speculations.

I want to mention a small example at this point. At my first press conference a Swedish radio technician asked me why I did not complain to the broadcasting company about the technical interference.

“What kind of interference?” I asked in surprise.



“Your voices of course!” to which he quickly added. “These could have been caused by network problems.”

Thus every person uses his own small yardstick because it is difficult for people to go beyond the limits of their specialty.

Incidentally, since 1964, I have also been able to make numerous recordings with portable tape recorders both outside in the open air and in enclosed spaces. This battery-operated equipment excludes in advance any possible “network problems” and indicates plainly that the voices originate directly from the ether. One day, early in the morning, I even received Lena’s greetings in the quiet gardens of Pompeii at a time when this antique city was closed to all visitors.

Before I summarize my presentation, I want to make a short mention of the Berndt Andersson case whose simple contours provide a good example of many parallel cases. Mr. Andersson lost his wife in 1963 through a (then) incurable kidney ailment. The tragic event brutally destroyed his happy marriage. His entire existence seemed meaningless to Andersson. He simply could not understand that such a kindhearted young woman had to suffer such a painful death. He found this cruel and unjust.

His three daughters also felt the loss keenly. They did not only lose their loving mother, but they suffered having to helplessly watch the deep grief of their father.

One day Andersson read in some magazine about the “ghostly voices of Moelbo.” A spark of hope ignited in him.

One night his wife appeared to him. He knew that he was half asleep but he saw his wife and heard her voice. “I live – I live!” she whispered to him and then disappeared. Was this reality or a wishful

dream? Andersson bought my book and decided to visit me after he had read it.

In short, Andersson arrived at my home in Nysund and already during the first recording the following happened: I had just greeted my invisible friends when a soft female voice added in Swedish "We know that..." After a little pause the same voice whispered "Eivor..." "That was my wife..." Andersson said deeply moved. "I recognized her voice immediately, her name was Eivor..."

Next week Andersson made a return visit and brought his two daughters Marianne and Rigmor who also recognized the voice of their mother.

Today, the Andersson family has new hope. The recordings that Andersson received were not only of a personal kind. I too received some information and obtained a reliable collaborator whose life has new meaning. However it is obvious that with the best of intentions I can only act here and there as an intermediary, as in the case of Andersson. To do more would be impossible for me because of time limitations, and it is just not possible to act as an initiator of contacts for more than a few chosen ones.

## CHAPTER 47

Hope for all who grieve and are lonely - What one should not expect - How the "language of the dead" should be understood - A few technical counsels - Cautions against internal illusions and wishful dreams! - The start of a new epoch for humanity

I am convinced that for whoever seeks a connection out of inner need, love, longing and concern with the fate of a loved one who has passed

over, whoever wants to participate in building the bridge between this world and the hereafter with a pure heart and much patience, for that individual the barrier will open.

This is not to say that the seekers will be able to establish contact with the desired person on the other side right away. Not all are awake and aware of the transformation they have gone through when they died. What is required is not only endless patience, but one should not allow oneself to become discouraged if one fails to establish contact right away.

There is also the possibility that if one attempts to reach certain persons on the other side, others, perhaps relatives or friends will suddenly come forward. Anyway, this is a good beginning, and means one should patiently continue the search.

To a large extent success depends on us. Much depends on the way and means with which we seek to take up contact. We ourselves can promote or inhibit the contact. It is best to act completely naturally, to avoid all solemn, exaggerated, pompous moods.

Better cheerfully agitated than unnatural and fulsome. We should never forget that the dead are people like us. We better not use the word “ghosts” because this concept is linked with an endless series of erroneous preconceptions. Whoever is conscious of these distortions finds it easier to approach the consciousness level of the people on the other side.

So frequently have I recorded on my tapes the same assertions in a variety of versions, and with intensive emphasis they were spoken, shouted, recited or sung: “We live! We live! We dead, we live!” Or: “Friedel! The dead live because they are not dead!” Or: “We are

PEOPLE! The dead are people!...”

I will never forget how the chorus from Verdi’s “Traviata” brought me an engaging rhyme that moved me deeply and brought me much joy. Through these verses, presented in a humorous tone, yet with deep meaning, I became aware once again of the chasm we the living have fashioned between the dead and ourselves.

The stanza ended with: “With Friedrich one doesn’t have to be a spook, with Friedel one can feel human...”

And one more thing: No one should expect that the dead would deliver themselves of edifying sermons. Let it suffice that we have managed over the millennia to preach loudly about love, brotherhood, freedom and equality, justice and humanity until we have lost our sense of truth and reality.

It doesn’t matter whether the failure has been ours or that of the philosophical and religious systems we have built. The fact remains that we have created a world of conflicts and misery in which two superpowers wage a war of nerves on each other with their hydrogen bombs.

Therefore do not expect from the dead tracts on political morality, philosophy or ethics. All this mental shadow boxing has lost its significance on the other side; we have to leave it behind on our deathbed whether we want to or not, along with our checkbook.

If we want to understand the unpretentious language of the dead we have to free ourselves from the tyranny of our intellect, because wherever there prevails pretense and coldness of spirit, the heart grows rigid.

The language of the dead is the unvarnished pictorial language of the subconscious. Free of any compromises whether these may be caused by false politeness, stylistic prettiness or moral concerns of any kind, the “language of the dead” transmits directly the truth of the heart. Children who have not yet been affected by the spirit of hypocrisy speak this way. We ourselves should become children, not childish, but childlike, as people who have finally liberated themselves from the heavy burden of the past, because we will never be able to comprehend the new without a change in our mental attitude.

I have often been asked the question as to the best method to use to get into contact with the dead. As I have already said before, it depends exclusively on our motives, but also on our patience and persistence. This being a very subtle affair one cannot provide precise instructions or readymade recipes. On the other hand I am very pleased to share with the reader the results of my experience of seven years.

First of all, a few technical suggestions; a well-made tape recorder, not too small, two tracks are sufficient, has the advantage of not wearing out too quickly with frequent use of the forward and rewind mechanism. As a rule, use the higher speed (19 cm/sec – 7 ¼ i.p.s.). This not only results in the best sound quality, but it enables one to lower the speed at will for a better comprehension, control and monitoring of the taping sessions.

An audience that is too large usually turns out to be a hindrance. Place the microphone at a distance of two to three meters (from the tape recorder) and select a normal recording level. Act completely naturally but do not speak too quickly or in a mixed up way and try and leave small pauses here and there. It is best to start the recording by announcing the date, hour, and names of those present. Do not let the

recording run for more than three or four minutes because it takes a lot of time to listen carefully to longer recordings.

Before I get into the most important details, I want to issue a warning. The more objective and vigilant we can be, the less we are likely to be fooled by our own hopes and dreams, because we have no greater enemy in this enterprise than our own wishful thinking! One is tempted to hear that which one desires most ardently. I have received for my verification and control numerous tapes that are supposed to contain “ghost voices” but that in reality do not show the least trace of the transcendent voice phenomena.

In the case of soft voices it is better to listen attentively fifty times than deciding hurriedly or too easily on customary syllable associations that later turn out to be erroneous interpretations.

The art of listening is a difficult art that has to be learned slowly. It needs to be practiced not only during recording sessions but daily, even hourly. Which one of us is still able in our day and age of tension and haste to manage the concentration and patience needed to listen attentively in a balanced way to anyone who talks to us? Are we not in reality always engaged by the hasty succession of our own thoughts that chase one another?

The art of listening requires four elements: relaxation, vigilance, the quieting of thoughts and inner stillness.

Today’s civilization affords us almost no opportunity for contemplation and leisure. On the contrary, the constant stimulation overload brought about by our technical achievements has robbed human hearing of its natural sensitivity.

This is not only true of the cities, nowadays even the countryside is not much different. All these noises, whether they are caused by jetliners, vehicles, motorcycles, radios, tractors, power saws or ordinary street traffic have a deafening, even deadening effect on the absorption capacity of our brains.

Not only are our eardrums and auditory nerve stupefied, our brain too loses its capacity to absorb subtle sounds and timbres. If you think about the fact that dentists today are using sounds and music instead of narcotics to deaden the pain perception of patients, one can understand the disastrous effect of constant noise on human hearing.

If we wish to obtain good results in listening to the tape recordings, we need to strain our ears as little as possible with high decibel radio and TV music.

Search for quiet, in nature if possible. Listen to the birds, the wind, the surf, just listen deeply into the stillness of an enclosed space, it will do you good.

Under favorable conditions it happens in most cases that the voices appear right at the beginning of the recording. Sometimes it can be a short sentence, a name, a greeting, or a shout.

Do not expect too much at the beginning. There may be days in which no voices at all will be captured. Do not allow yourself to become impatient and do not try to force recordings.

I remember one time suddenly hearing Kersten's voice on the tape recording when two scientists were visiting, calling out in broken Swedish but with great determination: "We want to come without being forced!"

The spontaneous moment is the decisive one. Especially in this field where two dimensions touch one another and we are confronted by still unknown factors, it is precisely here where nothing, not the least snippet at all can be forced. Too many preparations and expectation lead to meager results.

While a relaxed and dispassionate mood is of great, almost decisive significance in the case of tape recordings, listening to the recordings requires a sober objectivity. A vigilance of spirit and a good physical condition are essential above all.

That the departed can read our thoughts is a simple fact of which one becomes aware quickly. But there is nothing uncomfortable in this, nothing that should inhibit or prevent one from being oneself. On the contrary, the certainty to be able to be oneself completely without being criticized by the seeing eyes (of the living), has a liberating effect and results in an unaffected attitude.

While the dead are aware of our weaknesses and will refrain from criticizing us out of tactfulness and understanding, this is not to say that they will support our weaknesses or that we can manipulate them with craftiness and sophistry to undertake actions that do not accord with their intentions.

As concerns the radio connections it would be premature to give instructions before the link by use of the microphone has been mastered. Besides, a radio link cannot be realized without the help of an assistant on the other side. But I assume that an assistant will be found for those who are ready, like me, to devote them totally to the building of this bridge.



In conclusion I want to emphasize the following. We the living, who are still located on our earthly plane, should never forget that we are being afforded the opportunity for the first time by means of this bridge building to gradually solve the problem of death through a purely physical and objective method. Expressions like breakthrough, path breaking, epochal, unique, etc., do not suffice to accurately characterize the significance of this event for our time. We know that mankind depends on its relation to the environment, in isolation it would remain a sterile nothing without the possibility of progress and development.

While life and death cannot be separated, and the temporal and the hereafter represent a unity, we instead have built a wall over the millennia between the departed and ourselves. That is why our development has been one-sided. We have stubbornly tried to hop on one leg through our existence and have created a world of intellectual cripples. That the bridge to the hereafter has been realized in our day is due primarily to the efforts of the departed, because it required the initiative of a higher dimension to provide this opportunity for a connection. However, a hundred years ago such a connection could not have been realized because the technical conditions, for tape recorders and radios were not yet present.

As concerns my contribution to this effort, it is only of some preparatory significance. Incidentally, I have already received my reward in advance, because no work ever has provided me with such joy, surprise and food for thought than my work on this magic puzzle.

Let's say it once again: The problem of death holds the key to life.

With its solution there disappears not only the choking fear of death itself, but that endless chain of suffering that is connected with death.

However, we will have to change our way of thinking from the bottom up. Many attitudes of thought and feeling will have to disappear. It will take much time and cause much resistance, but in the end the grave will lose its macabre character. If you can hear the living voices of the dead at home, who will want to put on black mourning clothes to visit them in the cemeteries.

I started to write this book seven years ago in Sweden on a calm, mild October morning. I was living at the time in my quiet cottage in the woods from where I enjoyed a colorful view over the surrounding wooded hills. I am ending these lines in Pompeii today. It is a crisp October morning, sunny, cloudless and a little windy. A little while ago a violent storm moved across the countryside with lashing downpours, thunder and lightning. But now all is verdant and grows with new strength, the air is fragrant with ozone, rosemary and moist earth.

The grapes in my pergola are starting to ripen. They hang over my head in heavy blue black bunches and swing gently in the breeze. The walls of Pompeii washed by the rain are shining anew. The dust is gone and numerous puddles cover the cobblestones of the Via del Abbondanza. From my terrace I can watch the groups of tourists moving below, but their voices barely reach up to my perch. Here the tranquility of the countryside is still about and I am really sorry that I will have to leave this place soon.

Below my feet slumbers the non-excavated part of Pompeii. Strange that it was precisely here where I was to start seven years ago with the excavation of a villa that was to be known as the “Casa Svedese”. But instead I have penetrated into the depths of an unknown cavern linked to soul and spirit. Today, when the “bridge” is already

practically built, I have returned to the same point of departure. Accident? Destiny? Karma?...How little we still know about the secret ways in which the fabric of life is fashioned!

One thing however, is certain! The secret of life and death lies hidden in the depth of our consciousness whose dark niches we cannot penetrate without knowing ourselves.

Summary

In this book I have tried to avoid such general concepts as God, Love, Spirit, the Good and the Bad. I know from painful personal experience how words of this kind always lead to misunderstanding and turn into huge barriers.

We only need to look more closely, for instance, at the concept of spirit and spirituality. Under spirit we generally understand the opposite of the material, more or less like energy and matter, light and darkness. But today we know that energy and matter are basically the same, and that energy can turn into matter and matter into energy. In other words, we have defined the concept of spirit as the opposite of matter without however having discovered the border between the one and the other.

Considered biologically, for example, a flower consists mainly of water and in short represents a physical reaction process. How prosaic this may sound, it is correct and cannot be denied. But at the same time a flower represents beauty and grace that reveals itself through color, form and fragrance; a fact that also cannot be denied.

The objection from the materialistic side that the flower just consists of water doesn't change a thing. Just the fact that water, combined with other elements can contribute to the creation of a flower only increases the miracle of a blossom; because the work of art in itself is what matters.

Where are the borders here, what is beauty, fragrance, spirit?

Without question we have only managed to explore our coarse material dimension in a one-sided fashion. This applies in the first instance to ourselves and our fellow humans whom we assess,

measure and treat according to their checking account, title, position, race and standing.

We transfer the same snobby yardstick to the “spiritual level” that we ourselves have constructed. This is true all the way from “student” to “master”, from the “Earthbound astral plane” up into “Nirvana”.

But all these remain empty words until we have experienced with our own flesh and blood our true essence in all the density of matter. Only then will we understand that all of the dividing layers are boundaries put in place by the selfish consciousness, because the essence of spirit knows no demarcation and denial – spirit is being.

I have often been asked whether it is better to use headphones to listen to the tape recordings, or whether it is sufficient to make do with the built in speaker. This depends first of all on the strength of the sound, the timbre and clarity of the recording. Headphones do not always reproduce all of the frequencies, they exaggerate certain sounds and can reduce some of the hissing background noise. The speaker, on the other hand, conveys in a more “general” way the content of a recording. In both cases, the decisive role is played by the individual absorption capability of the human ear. In any case it is advisable to make use of both opportunities in that one primarily employs the built-in loudspeaker, but makes use of the headphones for control purposes in difficult cases.

## Postscript

### The Case of Rigmor Andersson

A year has passed since I finished this book in Pompeii. I have returned once again to my beloved Italian countryside, this time with the intention of participating in the excavation of a house in Pompeii. I have actually succeeded in obtaining the necessary resources and authorization for the excavation from the authorities concerned.

My task consists of making a documentary film for Swedish television that will cover the excavating process from the first turning up of the sod to the complete excavation of the house. The selected house with its facade already excavated is located very close to my terrace.

It is strange that at the time when our excavation plan began to take on concrete form, in June of 1967, there occurred a tragic event in Sweden that forced me back to my tape recorder for a considerable time.

To put this back into perspective, I have to ask the reader to refer back to Chapter 46, in which I wrote, i.e.: “Today there is new hope in the Andersson family”; I also mentioned that his two daughters, Marianne and Rigmor came to visit us several times in the summer of 1965.

The younger, Rigmor, 16 years old, a lovely and very attractive girl, seemed to have understood the significance of the recorder contacts despite her youth. It was she who motivated her father to make new recordings and since she was endowed with acute hearing and had no trouble concentrating, the two had a very effective collaboration.

I copied and listened to most of Berndt's recordings and was certain that the voices recorded by Berndt, which incidentally showed the same multilingual character as my own, originated with people who had passed on. However, the voice of the late Mrs. Eivor Andersson could not be heard in any of the recordings, it was missing completely. I could not conceive why such a loving wife and mother consistently avoided such contacts. Berndt had told me that his daughter Rigmor greatly resembled her mother in her looks and demeanor. She had the same mild manners, was kind and patient, it was clear that the father nourished a deep affection for his younger daughter. My sister Elly, who was a good friend of the Andersson family, told me one day that Rigmor had become engaged. Afterwards half a year passed and I did not hear any more from the Andersson's.

At the beginning of June, we were just sitting with visitors from Naples, my sister called me from Koeping (Sweden) in great agitation. She reported that Rigmor had been missing for four days and that authorities feared foul play. Two unsolved sex murders of women had recently taken place in Koeping. A missing person report issued by the police had been broadcast and police and army search teams were combing the surroundings of Koeping.

So much for Elly's report. Since the Swedish press has covered the case extensively, it suffices that I summarize the following facts:

After eleven days Rigmor's body was found on a forest slope. According to press report, she had been choked to death. It turned out later that she had been murdered by her fiancée after she had ended their engagement.

The event seemed like an awful nightmare. I could only hope that the

poor child did not suffer long; at any rate for her the worst had passed. However, I doubted that her father could ever recover from this blow.

At the beginning, before the murder had been cleared up, the papers printed all kinds of speculations and it was hoped that she would be found alive. As I found out later from Berndt, he knew of the fate that had befallen Rigmor from the first day on. I will return to this statement later.

Right after my sister's call, I postponed the Pompeii project and decided to devote my time and attention to the Rigmor case. At first I let several days pass before I took up contact with my invisible friends. I hesitated for the following reasons. If someone had murdered Rigmor, it was the task of the police to find the murderer.

My own task in connection with the tape recorder contacts was to stabilize the bridge, certainly not in operating a crime information bureau. If Rigmor had died a violent death she would need time to recover from the shock.

I knew from experience that even people who had died as the result of illness had to overcome orientation difficulties in the initial period after their passing and that they sometimes were in a considerably confused state.

I felt that I had to act very objectively in this matter. Rigmor's voice had a distinctive warm timbre and she spoke with a regional (Vaestman) accent. I was sure that I would be able to recognize her voice.

But to eliminate any possible errors and self-delusions, I decided to copy all the recordings in which Rigmor's voice had been registered



on the occasion of her visit. I did this in a chronological manner and made efforts to amplify her voice for greater clarity. This provided me

with an objective basis for comparison, a fixed point on which I could depend.

Around October 6, 1966, I started with some hesitation to take up tape recording contacts in the hope that Lena, my assistant, would give me some tips. I need to emphasize here that at this point the question as to whether Rigmor had died or whether she had left her home for some reason had not as yet been cleared up.

Initially I tried to reach Lena via the microphone in the following way: I voiced a question into the microphone and, as usual, employed that  $7\frac{1}{2}$  i.p.s., 19 cm/sec speed. After the recording of my question I switched the speed to  $3\frac{3}{4}$  i.p.s., 9.5 cm/sec and listened to Lena's reaction. I knew from experience that Lena spoke in whispers and gave her answers either in gushing haste or sometimes in a dragging fashion.

It was evident that Lena was using certain frequencies of my own voice and external noises. She did this in a masterful fashion taking into account a certain stretching of the time frame that would result from the switching to the slower  $3\frac{3}{4}$  i.p.s. speed.

When I put the question as to Rigmor's fate for the first time, I was expecting as usual Lena's whispers on replay of the tape, that is to say I concentrated my attention on a certain hissing frequency and paid no attention to the other sounds.

To my great surprise I did not receive any kind of a direct reply at that

time, except for a whispered sentence at the beginning: “This evening via the radio...”

A little disappointed I decided to start the radio contact in the evening. I was in a rather tense mood. The case had not been solved by any means and the possibility that the unfortunate girl was perhaps still alive could not be excluded.

It was this agonizing uncertainty that made objective listening more difficult. Thus it happened that I completely overheard a clear reply that was given at the time. Only half a year later I discovered that which I had missed in Pompeii. It happened in the following way: Since my excavations had been delayed considerably for various technical reasons, I decided to devote my spare time to a thorough examination of the Rigmor case.

At the time, Florence and northern Italy were affected by devastating floods, and heavy thunderstorms had hit southern Italy. I had borrowed a larger tape recorder and whenever thunder and lightning had subsided outside, I replayed my recordings of June 1966. I try to listen in a completely unbiased manner when I replay an old tape recording for control purposes. I listen to the tape inch by inch, more or less as if I had never heard it before. It is not difficult to achieve this mental attitude because it is impossible to remember all of the details.

I had copied my recordings pertaining to the Rigmor case on both tracks of a large reel of 540 meters. It so happened that the registering mechanism of the recorder I had borrowed in Pompeii did not agree with the time sequence numbers I had noted, which turned out to be a blessing in disguise because it forced me to start literally afresh.

I had much time on my hands and was in a harmonious mood. Moreover, I was rested and could devote my entire attention to the monitoring of the tape recording.

As already mentioned right at the beginning there appeared Lena's whispers: "this evening via the radio..."

But before I had concluded my question to Lena, and this is the essential point, a clear male voice came through and said quickly but firmly "Rigmor dead!" The voice, reminiscent of Felix Kersten, spoke, it did not whisper.

It happened to me only in rare cases that voices I recorded at normal speed could be heard with equal clarity clearly after switching to the slower speed of 9.5 sec/min.

This is an extremely curious phenomenon because if you consider that the recording was made at a speed of 19 cm/sec, all voices and sounds that were recorded along with the questions I put in my own voice should have been lowered by an entire octave automatically after switching the speed to 9.5 cm/sec. However, the male voice that said "Rigmor dead!" spoke in a normal tone of voice exactly as if it had been recorded originally at a speed of 9.5 cm/sec, which represents an absolute technical impossibility.

But the voice was present, everyone could hear it. However, I had overheard it in my haste and my narrow concentration focus at the time of the recording.

On June 11, 1966 eleven days after Rigmor's disappearance, some young people engaged in outdoor training exercises discovered Rigmor's body in the woods. Early morning the next day Berndt Anderson phoned. Somehow internally I had been prepared for his

call. Berndt did not say much, he identified himself and lapsed into silence. I answered that I was expecting his call, that I had already started taping contacts a short time earlier and that I would do my best to bring about a connection. Then I asked him to visit me in Nysund to which Berndt agreed, adding “but only after the funeral”.

That which was not spoken during this short conversation made me understand the decisive significance a contact with the departed held for a person in deep grief. Especially in Berndt’s case it could only be a personal identification of the departed that would ease his suffering.

I knew from experience that a contact could be made but never forced. It was now my task to establish and strengthen the needed contact with the greatest patience and persistence possible. In other words I needed to feel my way in the dark to reconnoiter a suitable means by which the desired contact could be established.

The same evening I turned on the radio and began to monitor the frequencies as usual. As I mentioned already earlier, such a procedure cannot be undertaken successfully without the help of an assistant on the other side. Since I depended personally on Lena’s cooperation, I first needed to get into contact with her that is to say to understand correctly her mostly hasty whispers.

I must confess that in spite of my eight years of experience I do not always succeed right away in understanding Lena’s words without a doubt. Surely Lena is also facing major technical difficulties, not only due to electromagnetic interference, but also many other factors that are still unknown to me.

The fact alone that now and then Lena is able to speak clearly and distinctly, but in other cases literally tosses out her communications in

hasty and fragmented parts of words and sentences, speaks for itself. I often got the impression as if our time frame, perhaps measured in seconds, was of decisive significance for the departed even if a favorable contact could be established. One got the impression that all the participants were in an extreme hurry, as if they had to use a very brief time window very quickly, like calling out a greeting to a friend from a passing car. Fortunately one can also establish clear contacts at normal tape speed without these time expansions.

These contacts provide the best evidence, they are direct hits that do not require any additional comments. A message of this kind brings to those who experience it not just the fresh fragrance of eternity, but is addressed here directly by immortality.

In the evening after Berndt Andersson's telephone call, I sat before my radio receiver when Lena cut in suddenly, and shouted quickly and emphatically: "Maintain contact!"

I switched on the tape recorder immediately, regulated the sound level and listened attentively to the sounds of the ether.

Let me emphasize the following at this point: We should not forget that on such occasions even if the reception is clear, only a portion of the communications can be understood right away.

The process not only takes place too quickly, but in most cases there is also static and atmospheric interference to contend with, which can confuse an untrained ear. Only after a recording has been completed can an objective and thorough control be accomplished. This can take lots of time even given clear reception.

In short, here is the result of the recording. Fortunately this time there

was no atmospheric interference. One only heard that characteristic hissing sound that occurs almost always in the case of direct contacts. Then came Lena's emphatic shouts: "Lena, Lena! – take up contact – radar contact!..."

For a little while all was quiet in the ether. From somewhere in the distance, I cannot put it more precisely, a female voice started to sing or better said, formed itself out of a ringing sound that suddenly changed to a clear text, which was recited at the same time in German and Italian.

I knew this melody, it was a typical sound sequence that was often used by the departed, but I had never before heard the vocalist, a clear, nearly child-like soprano. The whole thing consisted of a humorous greeting to me that said in translation: "Pelle (that was my nickname at home), honored Pelle! The dead greet you – Skal! A skal for the young man!"

Immediately following the song a male voice interjected in German, emphatically and urgently with a message that seemed to be directed at Lena: "When she talks with him, bring a message!"

At this point I accidentally cut off the recording. But who was that clear soprano that had greeted me in that typical polyglot language? As mentioned, I did not know the voice, at any rate I had never before heard this female sing. Could it possibly have been Rigmor? After all that had happened to her I could not imagine what the occasion was for this unfettered cheerfulness?

I put a few questions to Lena, but did not receive a reply.

"We are working keep the machine going..." was all that Lena said.

On June 16<sup>th</sup>, in the evening, I switched on the radio once again that was connected to the tape recorder. This time Lena announced “direct contact” with an acquaintance that had recently died. She mentioned his family name clearly but his voice got lost in the noise of the ether.

A couple of friends greeted me. All of them seemed well-informed about my plans in Pompeii. A male voice called out quickly: “Here from your Pompeii – one hears Bojevsky”.

Then sounded the voice of the old Jew who added in Swedish: “Farewell, I await in Naples!”

A friend of our oldest son Sven who was visiting us in Nysund, asked my permission to participate in one of my recording sessions. He had lost his father a few years ago and I agreed willingly. In sum: the young man actually was greeted several times.

I am not sure whether the greetings came from his father. At any rate he was addressed twice by his first name and once by his rather unusual nickname. I have rarely seen an individual weep as emotionally during recording sessions.

When I was alone later on, I once again turned on the equipment. Lena announced “direct contact”, but I was disappointed to hear the voice of a female Russian announcer. My first impulse was to change the frequency, but I knew from experience that Lena did not usually make mistakes and I let the tape roll on. Here is the result of this recording:

It started with a known male voice announcing in German and Swedish “Here is Sweden!” Almost simultaneously Lena signaled

“direct contact”. A male voice called out hurriedly “girl!” Afterwards the well-known hissing sound through which one could hear the voice of the female Russian announcer. Her last words were: “With the following word...”

At this moment came the clear, girlish voice, the same soprano that had greeted me previously. “Friedrich, I want to help”, she sang distinctly in Swedish. Then came a longer pause and the same voice singing in German from what sounded like a greater distance: “Believe it, we are coming!”

Lena signaled quickly “radar contacts!” which was followed by a purely personal message for myself. Three friends addressed me almost simultaneously. The clear soprano emerged again, her voice sounded a bit agitated and she sang in German: “Friedel is looking for us!”

And then came the high point of the transmission, when the same voice broke through suddenly, moved to the forefront reminiscent of the way a particular scene is emphasized in a film by means of a zoom lens, and sang with a loud and clear voice in German and Swedish: “I need help – I am with Freddie!” With this the transmission ended.

Now it became my task to determine who had been the soprano. Since Lena did not provide any information I had to find out for myself. One thing was certain, namely that the singing voice with its high, girlish tone came through much clearer than the other voices. Its higher frequency broke through the lower sounds and static effortlessly. This too must have been the reason that the young girl had selected a song as the medium for her message. Also, she must have known me because she called me twice Pelle and Friedrich, and one time Freddie. I was especially interested in the Swedish words for “help”, because in



both cases one could distinguish a broad regional (Vaestman) inflection. Could the singer have been Rigmor after all? My suppositions seemed justified but it would be easier for Rigmor's father to make the determination.

At every radio contact in the past few weeks I had steadfastly addressed Rigmor in my thoughts with a request that she come through with a message for her father. I was fully conscious that her appearance on a tape would be extremely significant, not only for her father and sisters, but also for all those who had lost their next of kin in a sudden accident. The circumstance too that Rigmor's tragic fate had been covered so extensively by the Swedish press could be a positive factor in the case of a tape contact.

The sentence "Friedrich, I want to help!" did it not sound like a direct promise of future collaboration? If the soprano turned out to be Rigmor, she had recovered unusually quickly from the shock of her passing. Just the circumstance that she made use of the polyglot language of the dead indicated an alert and elastic assimilation skill because as far as I knew she had never been taught Italian during here life on earth.

If the connection and cooperation with Rigmor could be strengthened further we would receive an insight into conditions on the other side if someone who had been murdered a short time ago could report on tape for the first time about herself. And not only that, her testimony would help us recognize the effect of a violent act on the human psyche, to help us track down the laws of cause and effect.

I waited impatiently for Berndt Andersson's visit, but Rigmor's funeral had been delayed because of the autopsy. But then something happened like magic that put the Rigmor case into a clear perspective.

I received a transmission that vastly exceeded my expectations. I had no idea that this would be just the beginning of a planned series of transmissions, which I would receive in the course of the next eight days.

It was June 21, 1966, the evening of the summer solstice around eight p.m. As usual I had connected the tape recorder to the radio and was turning the dial gingerly in the hope of establishing a connection with Lena. After a little while, Lena appeared on a frequency that had almost no interference.

After Lena came a female voice known to me speaking in Swedish and Italian. She was conversing with someone about the vice of smoking. He had the impression that the conversation was carried on in the foreground near a microphone. A little while later a male voice became audible saying: “Friedel – Maelar is listening!”

As I had mentioned earlier, the name Maelar or Maelarhoejden, a suburb of Stockholm on Lake Maelar, represented a code word for a special transmission center on the other side, from there, I was told, originated all of the transmissions that were destined for me. The same male voice continued in forced haste so quickly that I could catch only a part of the message. Then came a distinct change in the tone character of his transmission. A mild female voice came through the hissing sound saying in Swedish “try...” in a tone of affectionate encouragement.

When I heard the voice, I had a flash of clear certainty: This is Rigmor’s mother! I did not know Mrs. Eivor Anderson when she was alive. The few sentences that I tape recorded after her death were certainly not enough to allow for a clear identification of her voice. But I knew intuitively with complete certainty that I had just heard her

voice.

The rapid male voice came through again in German, Swedish and Italian. I could not understand the entire text but it seemed to make comments about tape recorder, my radio and myself. At the same time it seemed to me that someone was being encouraged to make contact. The voice of a young woman suddenly sounded in the foreground, saying shyly and with some hesitation in Swedish: “Fred – this is Rigmor Anderson...”

It was a wonderful to hear Rigmor’s warm voice at that moment. She spoke exactly as in life with her broad Vaestman inflection.

Right afterwards a female voice began to speak in German and Swedish, but I could understand only a part of her words. She said emphatically: ”Rigmor you have to (go to) Fred...Pelle speak German also”.

Again the rapid male voice called to me in three languages: “Frederico I will report quickly. Eivor (which was Rigmor’s mother)...the dead...”

Here Lena interjected a quick whisper: “Take up contact mother” and then added distinctly, “one loves, one has peace...”

In the foreground again Rigmor’s voice, speaking slowly and with pauses: “Fred...I have...Munthe...” and then added with emotion “I regret...” A strange organ chord was heard and then the voice of our friend Arno Falck half singing in Swedish with a Norwegian accent: “Where does one get the bill?”

A new chord and the same rapid male voice from before interjected

again, saying emphatically in Swedish: “Rigmor think about karma!...”

In the foreground Rigmor sang pensively in Swedish: “This is karma” adding rapidly, “hungry...” The rest was drowned out by background noises.

Once again the lively male voice conveying its message in a rhythmic German and Swedish cadence: “Federico, an important communication, the Maelar is in touch with Moelnbo, keep contact, Rigmor reports Mikael...we are coming through the radio, we bridge the apparatus of the dead...we bridge...Lena has the connection and the interval. We bring through the radio...examine the radio...” and then at the end with special emphasis: “Rigmor wants a contact...”

This was the result of the first examination of the tape.

Even though a part of the transmission was affected by atmospherics and could not be heard clearly without filter and amplifier, it was of unique significance.

I called Berndt and reported my contacts briefly. Berndt promised to come to Nysund, Sunday, June 26. In the course of the next weeks I continued to receive detailed daily communications by radio. With exception of a few personal messages, these dealt mainly with Rigmor and her closest relatives. With Berndt’s permission I will report just the essentials of these personal communications, things that can greatly benefit all of us. I also want to emphasize that Berndt Andersson who has been tested by fate so severely, and I do not think that we can comprehend the depth of his pain, has permitted the publication of his personal experiences out of genuine concern for his fellow human beings.

Berndt visited me Sunday morning, June 26<sup>th</sup>. I purposely had not shared with him the details of my recordings. I wanted to convince myself of the extent to which Berndt would be able to recognize and understand the voices and the text. Unfortunately, Berndt had to return the same day to Koeping, that is why we decided not to make new recordings together but instead to subject my recordings of the 21<sup>st</sup> of June to a joint examination.

It was a nice, sunny morning and we were having coffee together in the parlor. Our conversation involved mainly small talk and I had the decided feeling that Berndt wanted to tell me something important, and was hesitating perhaps awaiting a suitable moment such as a question on my part. I don't know whether it was telepathy, intuition or accident, but in any case I suddenly turned to Berndt and asked him directly: "Was the uncertainty about Rigmor's fate not more painful than the naked fact?"

Berndt looked at me quietly. He seemed to have expected the question. "I want to tell you something...", he began in a serious voice, "about which I have not yet spoken with anyone. When Rigmor was murdered the evening of June 1<sup>st</sup>, I knew that she had died."

Here is a summary of Berndt's story: "Since my work this spring required my presence in the vicinity of Stockholm, I stayed in Stockholm and visited my daughters in Koeping only during the weekend. On the evening of June 1<sup>st</sup>, around 9 p.m., I was lying on top of the bed, I was tired and sought to relax a bit. I don't remember what I was thinking of, but I was awake. Suddenly I was seized by an acute shock, a mortal agony, an icy fear of death and I knew with dreadful clarity: Rigmor is dying!

I know that words fail me here, but the certainty of Rigmor's death was so real that I could not move on the bed, I was as if paralyzed and then a new experience also washed over me, a feeling of calm and comfort: "Rigmor is with her mother! She is well...all the fear and pain is over..."

A longer pause ensued. I used the occasion to ask: "Did you call Koeping right away?" "No, I didn't do it, perhaps because I did not

want to extinguish the last spark of hope in me; it was a kind of self-delusion and faintheartedness. Berndt was silent for a while.

"And what happened then?" I interrupted the stillness.

"Marianne, my oldest daughter, called me after a few days. Rigmor was living by herself at the time in our apartment in Koeping. Marianne was called from Rigmor's place of work. For me everything was clear. We notified the police. The rest you know already."

"Did you have any idea who the murderer was?" I asked after a while. Berndt nodded. "I suspected it, but I did not want believe it. Janne was a nice boy, but when I saw his scratched up face, I knew. I hoped that he would confess, because it pained me that Rigmor's body was somewhere in the woods subjected to the elements and possibly tainted by animals. As you know, this was not the case."

The rest I knew. The newspapers did not fail to cover in great detail all the elements of the tragedy. The bridegroom confessed his crime the day of the funeral. I knew that Berndt's action in this case was of decisive significance.

I also knew that in spite of his great grief, Berndt had forgiven the murderer out of human compassion. He felt sorry for the young man who had gone berserk and committed the crime in a state of mental confusion. If you reflect on the tragedy it became difficult to decide whom fate had dealt the hardest blow.

Perhaps the dead could give us a hint. We arose and went to my study in the upper story of the villa. From here one had a nice view of the lake. One could work undisturbed here and enjoy the tranquility of the countryside. I had prepared the tape with Rigmor's recording and now

switched on the recorder to play. I knew that Berndt had acute hearing due to his own tape recordings. And one more thing: Berndt knew the hidden pitfalls of wishful thinking and for this reason was extremely critical of himself. When the clear voice of the soprano came through, Berndt asked me to repeat the segment several times. He understood the text just as I had written it down, but was not entirely sure that the voice was that of Rigmor.

“If she would talk, I would recognize her voice immediately”, he said on reflection.

When the soprano appeared the next time, Berndt moved his chair directly in front of the tape recorder. After I had played him the song several times, Berndt could get the text perfectly he said pensively: “This broad hjaelpe really sounds like Vaestman dialect, perhaps it is really Rigmor...”

“Wait a moment”, I interrupted “now comes the recording of June 21<sup>st</sup>.” Berndt was hunched over the tape recorder. His entire being reflected utmost concentration. I pushed the play button and let the tape roll. When the mild female voice spoke the word “Try” Berndt

jerked. “Once again!” he called. His voice was filled with happy surprise. After I had replayed the word several times, Berndt leaned back exhausted in his chair. I knew already what he would say now and I was delighted in advance.

“That was Eivor!” he shouted in agitation. “That was her voice. I know it for sure!”

“Listen to what follows now!” I interjected, and then came the high point of the transmission: “Fred, this is Rigmor Andersson...” I don’t know any more how many times we replayed this segment, in any case both of us were quite exhausted by the afternoon.

“Which part of the recording made the greatest impression on you?”, I asked Berndt.

“The vivacious sound of the voices!” he replied spontaneously. “Of course also the content of the words, but above all, the voices themselves. There is doubt. The dead are alive!”

“So Eivor’s voice did not change?” I asked. “Not at all! If anything she sounds perhaps a little more vital than in the last year of her illness, but the timbre has remained the same just as with Rigmor. Beyond anything I am so happy that both are together now.” Berndt promised to return next Saturday. When we said goodbye he looked really happy.

In the course of the next week I was occupied entirely with the tape recordings. Mostly the transmissions came in the evening. Since I am not a night owl, I always started early the next morning to check the transmissions of the previous evening. The day was not long enough. Never before did I receive so many lengthy transmissions.



The loudness and clarity of the communications were quite uneven. There were recordings of superb clarity but also those in which the voices overlapped and spoke at the same time. I received a number of personal messages, mostly from old friends who came from Russia, Estonia and what was then Palestine.

Arne Falck, for instance gave his message in his usual singing style. Bojevsky, my Russian friend from Palestine, repeatedly called out his first and last names. He spoke Russian, Yiddish and German. Our Swedish friend, Hugo F. who had died in Nysund in my arms, suddenly chimed in and called out distinctly in German and Swedish: “God evening – you are very tired!”

And right afterwards came the voice of my mother who called out to me: “My Friedel, you are very tired!” Actually it had turned very late and I had worked hard all day. Incidentally, I was frequently warned by Lena not to work at night.

The reason for this is not only lies in the fact that one overworks one’s hearing and nerves, when one is tired one loses the capacity for objective evaluations. The same day, June 28<sup>th</sup>, I had recorded a strange sentence spoken by an older man and that in translation says the following: “Rigmor lives after the flesh (physical body) much more comfortably.” I had not heard this voice earlier.

The next day, something very interesting happened. As the reader might recall, I have often reported on the activity of my assistant, Lena. Her engagement is unique and invaluable. Without it no radio contacts of any kind would be possible and since Lena also provides important communications over the microphone, hers is a leading role in this bridge building effort between our world and the hereafter.

Although I had been in touch with Lena almost daily in the course of

eight years, I had not managed until now to identify her without question. The evening of June 29<sup>th</sup> I received a very extensive communication. Several friends spoke, among them Hugo F. It was a purely private transmission.

Suddenly a female voice known to me spoke up and said in broken German with an undeniable Russian accent: “You are hearing an opinion from the dead.” And then she told me who Lena had been when she was alive.

It was a happy surprise, but at the same time I was a little puzzled by the strange circumstance that many of the departed change their names after death. As concerns Lena, I will maintain her pseudonym, she was a mature and highly spiritual person throughout her life on earth.

Her whole being radiated kindness and candor, I cannot say it any better. Despite her subtle sensibilities and clairvoyant talents she had a practical bent and was able to master in a sovereign fashion the daily gray life in the Soviet Russia of that period.

Her mother was Russian, her father was a Swede. Lena was married to one of my childhood friends in Odessa, and after I left Russia in 1925 all contact with her ended. I only know that she was separated from her husband by the political events of the day and I have no knowledge of her subsequent fate.

On July 1<sup>st</sup> I received a series of interesting communications. A female voice reported extensively about Rigmor. Among other things she reported that Rigmor had received a guide who was going to instruct her in German and that the greatest problems were behind her. After a while Rigmor’s voice sounded. She sang happily in Swedish: Pelle – Rigmor! Pelle is struggling with the radio – Pelle? Can you

help my father?...” I was almost shocked. Here was a young woman murdered a little while ago who sang happily, even a little teasingly...was this death?

The next day, a Saturday, June 2<sup>nd</sup>, Berndt came to visit. When I played him the male voice that had said calmly: “Rigmor lives more comfortably after the flesh!” Berndt called out spontaneously: “That’s my father, he died a short while ago!”

At Rigmor’s song Berndt moved right up to the tape recorder, his eyes were shiny. “That’s Rigmor, her voice, I recognize it!”

I was especially pleased that Berndt could understand every text word for word without me having to explain the text in advance.

He even managed to contextually get the German, Russian and Italian words without understanding their content. We spent the entire afternoon at the tape recorder. After we had consumed a light meal, we agreed to make a joint recording. I turned on the radio and got a contact immediately. A soft female voice sang a song in three languages.

Lena was also present but there was atmospheric interference. After both of us had understood the text, Berndt was convinced that the singer was his wife Eivor, then something very strange happened. The lady sang about Berndt, she mentioned a day in Dalarma and concluded her song with the following words: “Berndt is now haunting the radio...”

As Berndt told me later she was talking about a trip to Dalarma. Eivor, Berndt and a mutual friend had parked their caravan at Lake Siljan. It was shortly before Eivor’s death, but the patient was feeling unusually well and the mood was cheerful.

Later we recorded several more voices, most of them purely personal messages. First of all came a male voice that shouted briefly: “Berndt, d’aer Einar.” Berndt jumped up and called out happily surprised: “Einar Johansson – my dear friend! He was with us that day in Dalna, he died just a little while ago!”

That evening I could not fall asleep. I sat at the open window and contemplated the play of colors on the horizon. The lake stretched before me like a shiny mirror, the night was still and warm. It was the hour when the green gleam of night begins to turn timidly into the morning glow.

Suddenly I had the urge to do a tape recording. It was a strange impulse because I hardly ever searched for radio contact after 10 p.m. But this time I turned on the tape recorder. Since I knew from experience that Lena could not be reached late in the evening, I did not turn the dial but left everything to chance. There was not the slightest interference, no hissing sound, static, voices or music.

Suddenly I heard a metallic switching sound and a male voice known to me called out, no, recited clear and sharp in a kind of half song: “Burchardt – Moelnbo, we are waiting for Lena!” Then the voice of my childhood friend Burchardt came through and chanted clearly: “Lena has Sweden.” (He mispronounced Sweden as Schwaerige, instead of the correct name Sverige, which was typical for him). After a little while came a soft switching sound and then Lena’s voice, a little apologetically: “So many people...”

Afterwards it became entirely still. Was it one of these mystical radar contacts of which Lena spoke so frequently?

At this point I would like to clarify a concept that can otherwise lead to much misunderstanding. By radar or radar-screen one normally understands a movable antenna-like instrument that emits electromagnetic impulses in certain directions. These impulses are reflected back like an echo to their point of origin if they hit a compact mass, aircraft, mountain or cloud and indicate the object they have hit by means of illuminated points on the radar screen.

In case of darkness or fog the radar screen serves as a substitute for the human eye. If the departed use a similar instrument it would mean that our world and we are normally invisible to the other side. In this connection I recall a communication that I recorded here in Pompeii in the spring of 1967. It was a clear male voice that said somewhat forced and hurriedly: “Elli and Friedel, we know your thoughts, we receive them with the radar...”

I regret today that I was not trained in electronics and physics. I am sure that an experienced physicist could improve communication with the dead significantly by means of directional antennas, filters and loudspeakers.

It would already be great progress if we could achieve an uninterrupted reception more or less like it happened on that quiet night in July. The next day, Berndt returned to Koeping. He looked pleased and relieved. A week later, my wife, my sister and I left for Pompeii.

I have finished this book several times, but unanticipated events forced me time and again to continue the account.

When I returned to Sweden for a short while in the spring of 1967, Berndt visited me over a weekend in Nysund. On this occasion we

took up contacts with the tape recorder that proved very positive. Among others, Eivor Andersson greeted her husband with the same melody she had sung the previous year. Also Rigmor appeared in song and recited the same with the same pitch and rhythm in German and Swedish.

The cheerful tone frequently used by the departed no doubt has a deeper reason. One should seek the explanation for it not only in the fact that they have successfully overcome a “serious operation”, but rather in that they see and grasp the true nature of suffering from an entirely different perspective.

They know not only the fleeting nature of fear and suffering but also how mankind is constantly entangled in worry and misery. It would lead to negative results if the dead were only to console us and to respond to our sorrow. “We live – we are happy!”, is the kernel of their message.

This actually tells us everything: the immortal nature of life; the transforming power of death and the existence of the bridge between our world and the hereafter.

If we could only comprehend the true sense of these words, we would be free to change our attitude towards life fundamentally. The essence of life reveals itself in timeless creation. Where fear and sorrow prevail, spirit cannot unfold freely.

## Corrections and Supplements

I am using the occasion of the sixth edition of this book to expand through corrections and supplementation certain important communications from the departed.

Friedrich Jürgenson  
Hoor, October 1987

## Correction

On pages 211/212 I wrote about a communication from a certain “Hilda”. But at the time when I wrote the book I left out a sentence at

the beginning of that segment because I did not understand it and it seemed senseless to me.

I wrote: “Until this day I don’t know who Hilda is”. The missing sentence was spoken in Italian, Russian and Swedish and said in translation: “No night, not for six there was no night!” In connection with this recording I was cleverly referred to a book that held the key to Hilda’s mysterious sentence and also to another very important statement to which I will come back shortly.

The title of the book was: “The Death of Adolf Hitler.” It was a Soviet report by Captain Lev Besymenski, published by Christian Wegner in Hamburg, 1968. The book was written after the fall of Berlin in May 1945 immediately upon the capture of the Chancellery and Hitler’s command bunker. It included numerous maps, autopsy reports, photos of corpses and dealt with the terrible drama that took place the evening of May 1<sup>st</sup> 1945 in the command bunker the day after Adolf Hitler and his wife Eva committed suicide. It took place in the last moments before the Russians stormed the last fortress, the chancellery. Hilda was the eleven-year-old daughter of Josef and Magda Goebbels who was put to death by her mother and a doctor along with her five siblings with cyanide after first being put to sleep with morphine. “No night, not for six there was no night”. There was death.

But now back to another statement that I also misunderstood and that was clarified for me by Besymenski’s book.

In chapter 19 on pages 86/89 I reported a statement of Hitler that I recorded in March 1960 and that said: “My head is dead. Death came from above!” As we will see right away, this had nothing to do with Hitler’s illness but with a dramatic incident that was not known until the publication of the book “The Death of Adolf Hitler.” It had to do



with the so-called 'last order' that Hitler gave his adjutant Guensche, namely to put a bullet through the Fuehrer's head ten minutes after he had poisoned himself with cyanide. After Hitler's partially burned corpse was uncovered a big hole was found in his head: "Death came from above!" a precognition that turned out to be true after nineteen years.

## Supplement

This recording was made November 18<sup>th</sup> 1963 in Nysund/central Sweden in the presence of engineer Kjel Stensson, the technical director of the Swedish Broadcasting Company and his assistant Koistinen.

The recording was made under strict controls, with the equipment and a sealed tape provided by the SBC. I only operated the tuning dial of the radio. When I got a copy of the tape a few days later, I did not know that all SBC recordings are made on a single track tape which means that on replay with double track tape recorders the recording would be reversed on track B. For instance the (German) word Morgen would turn into Negrom, Sonne into Ennos, etc.

After I listened to the tape recording on track A of my recorder and had discovered the clear text and voice of Felix Kersten: "Friedel listen to me, Friedel turn below!" I decided to also listen to track B. I listened patiently despite the chaos of the distorted sounds, until I clearly heard the voice of Felix Kersten in the middle of the recording calling out emphatically in Swedish: "Problem – can they really hear?" Right afterwards there followed a musical selection recorded backwards.

On close examination it became clear that at the spot where Felix

Kersten called out “Friedel listen to me Friedel turn below” there appeared the text quoted above and not the gibberish that was to be expected. In other words, Kersten had succeeded in coming through with a completely normal statement. His following musical passage, like all the other sounds on the tape was recorded backwards.

Electronic engineers and sound experts who examined the tape were baffled and held their tongue. For them the phenomenon was an “inexplicable technical impossibility”. Nevertheless it is a fact no matter how unbelievable it may seem. Kersten succeeded perfectly to demonstrate his postmortem appearance in an SBC recording undeniably in the ‘forward’ as well as the ‘reverse’ mode of the tape.

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