

KOSMOS

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SPECIAL ISSUE

THE GOLDEN BAPTISM OF FIRE

THE EARLY YEARS OF
MARTINUS' SPIRITUAL WORK

PAUL BRUNTON ON MARTINUS

MY BEST PRESENT



An Anniversary Edition

by Mary McGovern

Martinus was born on 11th August 1890. We have used the occasion of the 100th anniversary of his birth as an opportunity to bring articles looking back on the history of his spiritual work.

First, an extract from Martinus' *Memoirs* in which we are given a glimpse of his life as a clerk in a dairy in Copenhagen, and a description of the spiritual experience that transformed his consciousness and enabled him to describe the eternal, spiritual laws and principles of life.

Next, an article by Lars Nibelvang, Martinus' first pupil, confidant and almost daily companion from 1921-28. Here he describes the transformation that took place in Martinus in 1921, and the subsequent early years of his spiritual work. The reader is given some insight into Martinus' attitude to daily life and his way of relating to people.

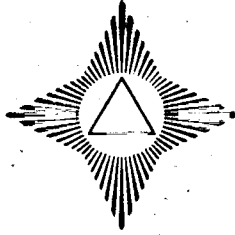
Then follows an article by Paul Brunton, an English writer known for his works on

the occult. The article, written in the 1950's, was intended as a Forward to Martinus' book "Mankind and the World Picture", and gives a presentation of Martinus as a person as well as an overview of his teachings.

In "My Best Present" Ulla Andersson describes the beneficial effect her recent meeting with Martinus Cosmology has had on her daily life.

And to round off the issue the announcement of the publication in English of Martinus' book "The Road of Life".

The annual get-together of those interested in Martinus' works will this year take place on 11th August in Sindal, Martinus' home as a child. On that day the house in which he was born and brought up will be opened to the public as a museum. A brochure about Martinus House, as it will be called, forms a pull-out centrefold in this issue.



The Golden Baptism of Fire

When Martinus was about 70 years old he got the idea that he ought to write his memoirs. He soon realised, however, that he would not have time to do it - he was writing "The Eternal World Picture" at the time. He decided therefore to record his memoirs on tape. These tapes could later be transcribed and edited, and made into a book.

Martinus was helped in this task by Sam Zinglensen, a publisher and long-standing personal friend. In the spring of 1963 he and three others joined Martinus on three evenings where they made a five-hour tape recording of Martinus' answers to their questions about his life.

His memoirs were published in Danish in 1987. The following is an extract in which Martinus describes the spiritual experience that transformed his consciousness, and enabled him to describe the eternal, spiritual laws and principles of life. MMcG

I began working in the office of Enighedens (Unity) Dairy in March 1920.

There were about 100 drivers employed in the dairy. They had each a horse-drawn milk float.

Every day the drivers had to fill in order forms specifying the goods they should deliver the next morning. It was a question of full-cream milk, skimmed milk, buttermilk, certified milk for children, cream, whipping cream, butter, cheese and so on. I had then to collect all these order forms, and calculate how much of each product should be produced during the night. In the morning at 4 o'clock when the drivers arrived, all the goods had to be standing ready to be loaded onto the milk floats, and the drivers then drove out to the customers who were spread over the whole town.

The clerk whose job I had taken over was to help me the first days. But I didn't get much help from him since he got influenza, and I had to manage by myself.

My monthly salary was 285 kroner while

I was employed on a trial basis, and it was a good salary. It was the same as I had earned at the Post Office. And as I after a short time became permanently employed I received a raise of 65 kroner.

We were 15 clerks in all, and we sat in a large office, each with his own desk. The others were a little younger than me. I thought that Enighedens was a lovely place to work.

The bookkeeper sat by the window, and the door to the manager's office always stood open.

We had a lot of telephone calls with orders from the city's many dairies, and I, together with another clerk, had to take care of them.

There were, as I mentioned, about 100 drivers, and when they were not out driving they were down in the stables. The first day a clerk had to show me around the stables, and presented me to the drivers. I was somewhat frightened when I heard how the drivers addressed the clerk as "stupid pig"

and other things that one certainly cannot repeat. They were also very hard with one another.

I thought, "Oh - is it the likes of this I will have to work with here?"

But since I was always friendly but firm with them they soon liked me very much and we worked well together.

It could happen that a driver got himself drunk, and forgot to fill in his order for the next day. When he then arrived the next morning there would be nothing for him, and he could risk losing his job. But then I came to his aid in that I filled in the order form for him as well as I could.

And then the driver came the next day and thanked me: "That was nice of you!"

Some days later there was another driver who on purpose neglected to fill in his order form. He was not drunk but he apparently believed that I would help at any time. But I realised that it would go too far if I let myself be misused in this way, so I did not fill it in for him.

The foreman of Enighedden Dairy was called Lyngsie, and there was a clerk who had warned me against him. If I one day were to take the telephone when he called, I should at all costs do everything I could to comply with what he said, otherwise I could be fired.

And so one day I answered the telephone when he rang. He wanted to talk to the manager.

"Yes, one moment!", I said, and rushed to find him. He was not in his office, so I ran down to the stables where at long last I succeeded in finding him. But Lyngsie had become furious about the long waiting time, and he wanted to know what sort of an impossible fellow he had been talking to.

The manager warned me to be more careful another time: "You have no idea how furious he was!"

"Yes, but I had to try to find you!"

"No, you should just say that I am not in my office, but that you will see to it that I will ring later!"

I gradually got a good relationship to all the clerks. I was, as I mentioned, the eldest; I was about 30 years old.

But the relationships between the clerks

were not good, there was a lot of hostility and quarrelling.

But I tried to make my influence felt, I talked to them, and finally they became very nice and we got quite another pleasant tone in the office.

As I mentioned I was to answer the telephone. One day there was a man who rang and asked to speak to the manager. He sat at his desk and I told him that there was a telephone call for him.

He asked me who it was, and I told him the caller's name.

"Tell him that I am not here today!", he said.

"No, I can't say that", I answered, "because it is not true!"

The manager was a little taken aback, and then he said, "Yes, but tell him that I've gone to lunch!"

"Yes, but that isn't true either!"

The manager was not used to being contradicted in this way, and all the clerks present were now anxious to see his reaction. But surprisingly enough he did not get angry. After a moment's deliberation he said, "Good - then let me speak to him!"

In periods I speculated a lot about what would become of me. I did not have the same desires or tendencies as my colleagues who devoted their time to falling in love and to marriage. I realised that I would never marry. The thought that I should be bound to another human being horrified me.

But I thought too that it was a terrible thought that I should continue as now going to work every day and writing 10,000 numbers, and then going home and eating, and perhaps going to the cinema now and then. And then the next day again off to work to write 10,000 numbers and so on.

I wanted so very much to find a job where I could be of benefit to other people. I speculated about becoming a missionary, but as I was not particularly church-minded, I had to put that idea out of my head.

At the office there was a young man who had an extra job. He was, like me, a clerk during the day, and in the evening he was a musician. His name was Ove Hubert. He played every evening in the Apollo Theatre, which was situated near Tivoli.

One day he showed me a book that he had borrowed from one of the other musicians at the theatre. This musician also had an extra job, he was a writer during the day. His name was Lars Nibelvang, and he was very interested in religious philosophy.

He had now lent one of his many books to Ove Hubert. I don't remember what the book was called, but it was about reincarnation and meditation. Things like that were completely foreign to me. I asked him what reincarnation was, and I got the answer that it was something to do with us having lived before.

Although it was completely new to me that we have lived before, I thought immediately that it sounded right. He explained to me a lot of what he had read in the book on this subject, and I thought that it was very exciting.

I said therefore that I would also very much like to read the book, and some days later I got the message that Nibelvang would like to lend it to me, but that I should come out to him myself on Amager and pick it up because he would like to talk to me. So, a few days later I went out to him.

- Can you remember what his address was, and when it was?

He lived in Christian Svendsens Gade. And it was some days before the Easter holidays in 1921. I think it was 21st March.

He received me in a very friendly way. He was in his early forties. I was very impressed when I saw the mass of books he had on his shelves. Almost all of his books dealt with theosophy, anthroposophy and similar religious philosophical subjects. He was very well read and very taken up with things of that nature.

He asked me about my work and my interests.

I had to tell him that I had no knowledge of these new spiritual directions, but I was religious, and I had, as long as I could remember, prayed to Providence every day.

I learned that the term prayer also formed a natural part of the new spiritual directions, and this reassured me. If he had said anything else I would have left quickly.

I cannot remember what else we talked about, but as I was about to leave I was per-

mitted to borrow the mentioned book.

As I took leave of him he said, "You will see, you will soon be my teacher!"

I thought it was strange that he could say such a thing, because I could not imagine it.

A couple of days later I took out the book in order to read a little of it. I didn't manage to read more than a couple of chapters. There were instructions about how one could meditate on Providence, and I thought I would try it.

I later realised that I came into possession of this book exclusively in order that I should carry out this meditation.

I followed the book's instructions, switched off the light, rolled down the blind, put a blindfold over my eyes and sat myself comfortably in a wicker chair.

Now it was completely dark.

Suddenly something wonderful happened. I was thrilled by a feeling that I was confronted with something indescribably elevated. A shining point appeared in the distance. It came closer, and took shape as a humane figure. I recognised this figure. It was Thorvaldsen's Figure of Christ. I stared in wonder at this phenomenon.

Then it became dark. I could not move myself at all. It became light again, and now the figure had appeared in a natural size, and it was completely alive. It was brilliant white with blue shadows. The substance was as if made of thousands of microscopic sparks of fire. The light was so intense and alive that it reminded me of the sparklers one uses at Christmas.

For some moments I found myself again in darkness. But the light came back, and now the figure was enormous.

It went up through the ceiling and down through the floor. I could only see the area around the waist of this Christ-figure of blinding sunshine.

I sat as if nailed firmly to the chair while the figure slowly moved itself forward towards me. And in the next moment it went straight into my flesh and blood.

I was gripped by a wonderful elevated feeling.

The divine light that had thus possessed me gave me the ability to see the entire Earth.

I saw how the Earth rotated, and new horizons with mountains and valleys, countries and cities, continents and oceans appeared continuously.

Now I could at last move myself and remove the blindfold from my eyes. The divine experience was over. I was back in my modest material world.

But the kingdom of God still shone and sparkled in my consciousness.

I was completely overwhelmed and enthralled, but also very disorientated.

I did not yet realise that it was an "initiation" I had undergone.

The next day was Maundy Thursday, 24th March, and I decided to try sitting in my "meditation chair" again.

I was very anxious to see if something happened again.

I pulled down the blind, covered my eyes with a blindfold and took my place in the chair.

I had only sat in the darkness for some few moments when I was again surrounded by the divine light.

I found myself in a weightless state in the middle of a brilliant sky. A shadow so-to-speak swept across the sky, and with this the sky became even clearer and more brilliant. It repeated itself, and each time the sky became more and more radiant. At length I found myself in an overwhelming golden light, an ocean of fire.

I no longer had a body, and I felt that this was the consciousness of God.

Now I had to tear the blindfold from my eyes because I felt that my brain was about to burst.

I found myself now again in my primitive, sparsely furnished room. But I was completely spellbound, and I felt the need to confide in someone.

I went out into the kitchen to my hostess, Mrs. Henriksen. I told her about the wonderful experience, how it was as if I found myself in the middle of an ocean of fire.

"Oh dear, you must not try such a thing, it can make one mentally ill!" was her answer.

It was of course well meant that she said this, but I dared not tell her more. And neither did I dare tell others about it.

But I now noticed that I had undergone a wonderful expansion of my consciousness.

Every time I met a question or a problem the answer came immediately. It was completely as if it was all "old knowledge". And I gradually realised that my knowledge had no limits.

* * *

But I had to go about my work as usual, but when I came home in the evening I speculated intensely about what it could be that had happened to me. It was obvious to me that it must be connected to the book I had borrowed, and I therefore wanted to get hold of it again in order to read more. But then I discovered that I couldn't. Every time I wanted to take hold of the book it was as if a hand laid itself on my forehead and held me back.

But then I discovered that I did not lack the information I could find in the book.

I discovered too that it was impossible for me to read other books.

I had sometime previously bought myself a used piano on hire purchase, and I now had to sit myself down at it and play in order to get peace from the many thoughts that were flying around my head.

Some days later I went out to Amager in order to return the book to Nibelvang, and I told him what I had experienced.

He was completely enthralled. He was very well-informed in spiritual areas, and had knowledge of initiation, cosmic consciousness and the like, and he realised immediately what had happened to me.

Not for nothing had he spent years studying all the religions of the world. I have never before or since met anyone with such great insight into psychic matters.

But there were, however, many holes in his spiritual knowledge, and he now confronted me with a mass of questions.

I was never in doubt about the correct answer to his many questions, but at the beginning I very much lacked experience in formulating myself. The only things I had written up to then were some letters home to my foster parents, and now I had to answer

a mass of complicated or profound questions.

I answered the questions as well as I could, but it was seldom that he was satisfied with my answers immediately for they did not always harmonize with what he knew from other sources.

But it always ended with him exclaiming: "Yes, now I can see it! You are right! No one has ever been able to see that as clearly before!"

Nibelvang and I became inseparable friends for a number of years.

The powerful experiences of light that had accompanied my "baptism of fire" had been such a strain on my brain that for a while I was plagued by headaches.

But I said a prayer that I might be freed from these pains. And now the pains were replaced by a pleasant warm feeling down my back.

As my work at the dairy did not begin until about lunchtime I visited Nibelvang almost every morning. He was originally called Lars Peter Larsen, but when he began his literary activities he changed his name to Lars Nibelvang. But among family and friends he was never called anything other than "Lasse".

Thanks to Lasse my cosmic analyses became very strong and unshakable. He was the very incarnation of the spiritual questions of the whole of mankind. He knew almost better than I myself which cosmic analyses or information people needed.

He was stubborn and he was not satisfied until every problem had been turned over and over again, and completely elucidated.

He was so full of enthusiasm and zeal that it rubbed off on me, and because of him my explanations became so stable that they could not be overturned.

We realised, of course, that this spiritual knowledge was designed for the whole of mankind, and that it should therefore come out in book form.

As he had much more experience of writing than I had, it was a matter of course that he should write the book, and that I should merely explain and narrate.

But there was nevertheless something in me that said that I must be able to learn to

write, and I therefore bought a typewriter.

And one day I wrote what is now the Postscript to "Livets Bog (The Book of Life)".

When Lasse read it he said, "I should not write anything! You must write the book yourself!"

And so I began to write.

But later I had, however, to edit everything I wrote in the first years. I was without experience, and I wrote such long sentences that they filled half pages. In the beginning I thought it would be easier for the reader to understand the analyses when one did not interrupt the line of thought by using too many full stops.

Seven years actually passed before I was really ready to begin my main work "Livets Bog".

There was a prolonged bodily cleansing and spiritual self-examination in store. I had never drunk alcohol or smoked tobacco, but I had eaten some meat. I had always been sorry that the animals had to be slaughtered, but I had always heard that it was necessary because one could not exist without eating meat. At that time there were not many people who were vegetarians, but I myself had, however, never been any great meat-eater, and it was not difficult for me to stop it completely. I felt, however, I ought to cut it down not too quickly, but after a few months I had completely stopped eating meat and fish.

I ate at a boarding house, and while the other boarders ate steaks and potatoes, I had at the beginning to be satisfied with eating sauce and potatoes.

And on open sandwiches where before I had had liver paté and salami, I now had Italian salad, vegetables and other vegetarian foods.

There were also quite a number of other things, which had nothing to do with food, that I realised I had to avoid. I wrote about this later in my books and articles.

Translated by Mary McGovern, 1990 from "Martinus Erindringer" published by Zinglersens Forlag, Copenhagen in 1987. Copyright Martinus Institute.

The early years of Martinus' spiritual work 1921-1928

by Lars Nibelvang

As Martinus' first pupil, confidant and almost daily companion from 1921 to 1928, a time of great poverty and hardship, Lars Nibelvang (1879-1948) had every opportunity of following Martinus' first draught of "Livets Bog (The Book of Life)" and the first symbols. Nibelvang describes these seven years of hardship here.

I was a musician but my greatest interest was spiritual science, theosophy, anthroposophy and similar religious philosophical subjects.

I had collected a comprehensive library of books dealing exclusively with these things, and I had myself written some philosophical articles.

But it was music that gave me a living, and after a time I had played in many different places: in theatres, in Tivoli, at family parties and union dances.

At the beginning of 1921, when I was working at the Apollo Theatre, I spoke to one of my musical colleagues.

His name was Ove Hubert, and he was, like me, very interested in religious philosophical subjects. I had sometimes lent him some of my books. He had an extra job during the day employed at the office of "Enighedens (Unity)" dairy.

Now he told me that at the same office there was a young man employed who had a remarkable ability to have an elevating effect on everyone who came within his atmosphere. His name was Martinus

Thomsen, and he was 30 years of age.

"Is he religious?", I asked rather casually.

"I don't know" was the the very telling answer. "He has never said a word about religion to any of us or expressed any criticism of our conduct. His personality is simply such that it has a calming and pacifying effect on us all!"

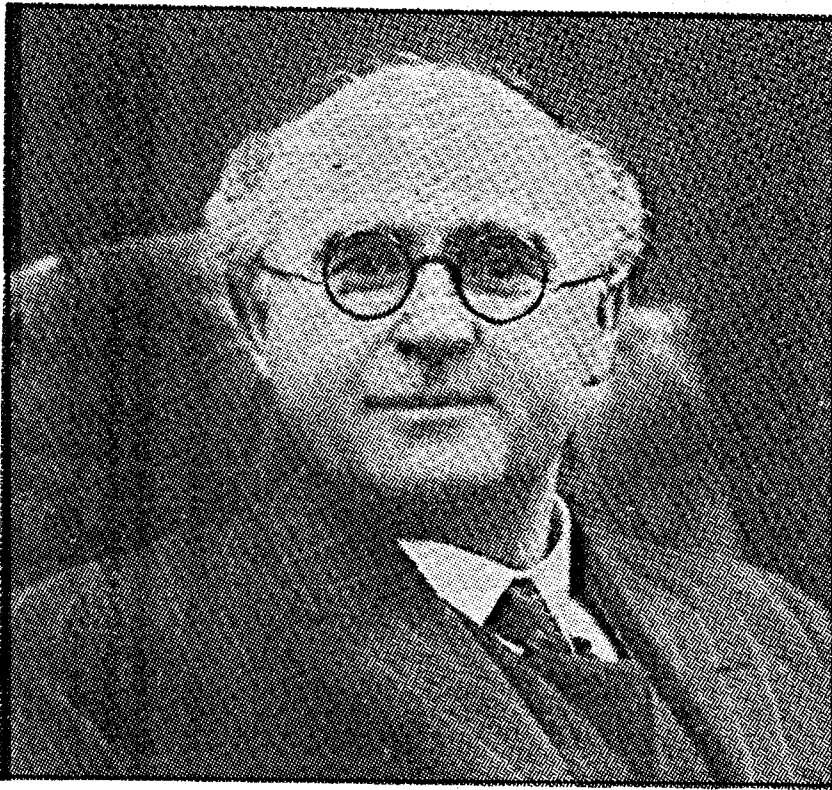
When I, some time later, again talked to my colleague he told me that the young man he had talked about would like to borrow one of my books.

I answered that he would be very welcome to do so if he would come to my home on Amager (1).

One day the following week my doorbell rang. Outside stood a young man with strong, calm features. He presented himself as Martinus Thomsen. I asked him in, and we sat down by my little coffee table in the living room. I asked him a little about his work and his interests. He answered that he was very intensely interested in the occult, and that he thought himself to be in possession of certain spiritual abilities. He was re-

1: Amager is an island forming part of Copenhagen.

*Lars Nibelvang
(1879-1948)*



ligious, but he had no knowledge of theosophy, anthroposophy or similar "modern" religious philosophical directions.

I still see before me how infinitely modest he appeared, and I noticed, above all, his beautiful, penetrating brown eyes and soft voice.

In order to test his inner attitude I gave him the titles of some books giving instructions about how to develop psychic abilities.

"One can more easily put such abilities to financial use when one knows the rules one should work by!", I added.

He immediately fixed his eyes on me with such intensity that I had to cast my own eyes downwards.

"I do not want to acquire knowledge in order to serve myself, but only in order to serve mankind!" was the unhesitating answer.

Here I had the words I had been waiting for, which I needed in order to place my own experiences and my facilities at his disposal. And I went on to tell him about the thousands-of-years-old culture of the East, about its ancient wisdom, and about how this wisdom, under the name of

"theosophy", had gradually in a newer and more appropriate form been implanted into the people of the West.

He sat quite still and listened.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Tell me, does theosophy teach people to pray to God, for I have so often experienced that people do not establish sufficient connection to Providence!" And with the most extraordinary wonder in his eyes he continued, "I do not understand how people dare exist without praying!"

As an answer to this question I told him that theosophy also encourages man to pray to God, since it teaches the law-bound effects of prayer.

This answer satisfied him, and he told me that he regarded himself as altogether unread, he had never had the opportunity to read anything other than a travel journal and a large history of Denmark.

Before he left me I lent him one of my small books, and I instructed him in the most elementary rules for meditation.

I felt that I stood before a very advanced personality who in the near future would certainly attain everything I had myself

sought in vain during a lifetime. I could not of course know anything with certainty, but I had a living feeling that he, in one way or another, would come to mean infinitely much for my own future development.

As we took leave of one another, I exclaimed, "Today I have been a teacher for you, but I feel that we two will soon come to change roles!"

Not much time passed before he again stood in my living room, and it was obvious that he has changed.

He told me that he had made an attempt at meditation, and the result had been some highly unusual experiences of light.

It had been as if he had found himself in the middle of a golden ocean of light, and an enormous figure of Christ of blinding sunshine had gone straight into his flesh and blood.

These experiences of light had apparently given him some entirely new sensory faculties, and I realised gradually that it was in reality an "initiation" he had undergone.

But as such an event is of such a rare and outstanding nature, I succumbed at first to a certain natural scepticism.

My heart was not to be allowed to run away with my reason.

But now he became, over a very long period of time, an almost daily guest in my home. As his work in the office did not begin until about lunchtime it was, as a rule, in the mornings that he visited me.

I had long since realised that I had been right when, at our first meeting, I said that we would soon come to change roles.

He was to be the teacher, and I the pupil.

His whole atmosphere breathed confidence and peace, and there arose a very close spiritual affinity between us.

Everything he taught me, and everything his feelings and thoughts demonstrated for me was not only in keeping with, but even an amplification of, the hitherto highest known precepts.

One therefore understands that it gradually became a sheer spiritual pleasure for me to observe how this teacher's new views melted my own arguments, and drew my previous views up into a higher all-embrac-

ing light.

He could say: "Always remember that I turn down my own thought so much so as not to blind you. I could tear you apart with a colossal speed, but that would be against the divine laws for growth.

You will grow peacefully and surely, harmoniously and beautifully. There is balance in things. Providence does not let a sun come so close to our Earth that it burns up all his creations. I keep myself at a similar distance. You will not be under stronger influence from my spirit than will allow your own consciousness to analyse every single step you take on the way, and you will have your full freedom to return to your own opinions and views if you find them better than what you learn from me!"

Happy is he who meets such a teacher, and happy is he who is able to familiarize himself with the concept of God that he later gave to the world.

And through his own example he showed me that one can come to the infinite consciousness that Christ called "the Father" without the very least anxiety. He lived in such an intimate and personal relation to his heavenly Father that he could not undertake anything serious without praying for the Father's blessing.

One want to associate very much with the one one loves, and he therefore had to continuously address himself to the eternal Father through prayer.

"I have to pray almost unceasingly", he said, "in order to keep my consciousness uninfluenced by the pressure of the many streams of influence that go with the atmosphere of a large city!"

After such a confidential pronouncement I understand better his astonished outburst at our first meeting: "I do not understand how people dare exist without praying!"

At the moment I have perhaps no more appropriate answer than to quote the old saying: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread!"

* * *

At our first meeting he professed, as I have mentioned, a strong longing for the

study of occult literature, but already at our next meeting, which took place immediately after his "baptism of fire" and the other unusual experiences, I noticed a significant authority in his consciousness and an increased authority in his otherwise so mild being. His antipathy towards literary studies was now just as strong as his longing for these studies had been previously.

"I feel that I should not read books", he said, "I don't really know why yet but it pulls and tears in my brain when I as much as take a book in my hand!" And with a little smile he added, "I am not immodest, but I really cannot learn anything from reading books!"

He apparently later realised that the reason for his reading of others' books being thus made impossible was that people must never be able to say that he had taken any of his cosmic analyses from other sources.

* * *

His daily work at the office consisted, among other things, of calculating how much of the various products: full-cream milk, skimmed milk, buttermilk, cream and so on, that the dairy should produce in the course of the night. And then all these products had to be ready when the dairy's 100 drivers arrived early in the morning.

His normal working hours were from 12 noon to 8pm, but because of his immense conscientiousness and accuracy it was not uncommon for him to not leave the office until 9pm or 10pm. One day I suggested that he should have a little talk to a superior about his long working day.

But he answered, "It is possible that someone else could do my job in less time, but it cannot be otherwise for me; I must tackle things in my own way. The main thing is that I get it to go without a hitch, as correctly as possible. I go through all the numbers several times in order to be as sure as possible before I leave it. It would be a pity for those people who would suffer from it if I made a mistake!"

Such was his nature. To the finest detail his consciousness was tuned to serving people. He gave without demanding.

I remember how he one day with almost childlike joy told me that one of his superiors had shaken hands with him on leaving. I interrupted him and said, "No, now listen here, dear friend, is that not turning the relationship upside down? There is a man who possibly shook hands with a subordinate in self-satisfied condescension, and the truth is that he, in moral and spiritual development, does not reach up to your knees - he should just know how great you are!"

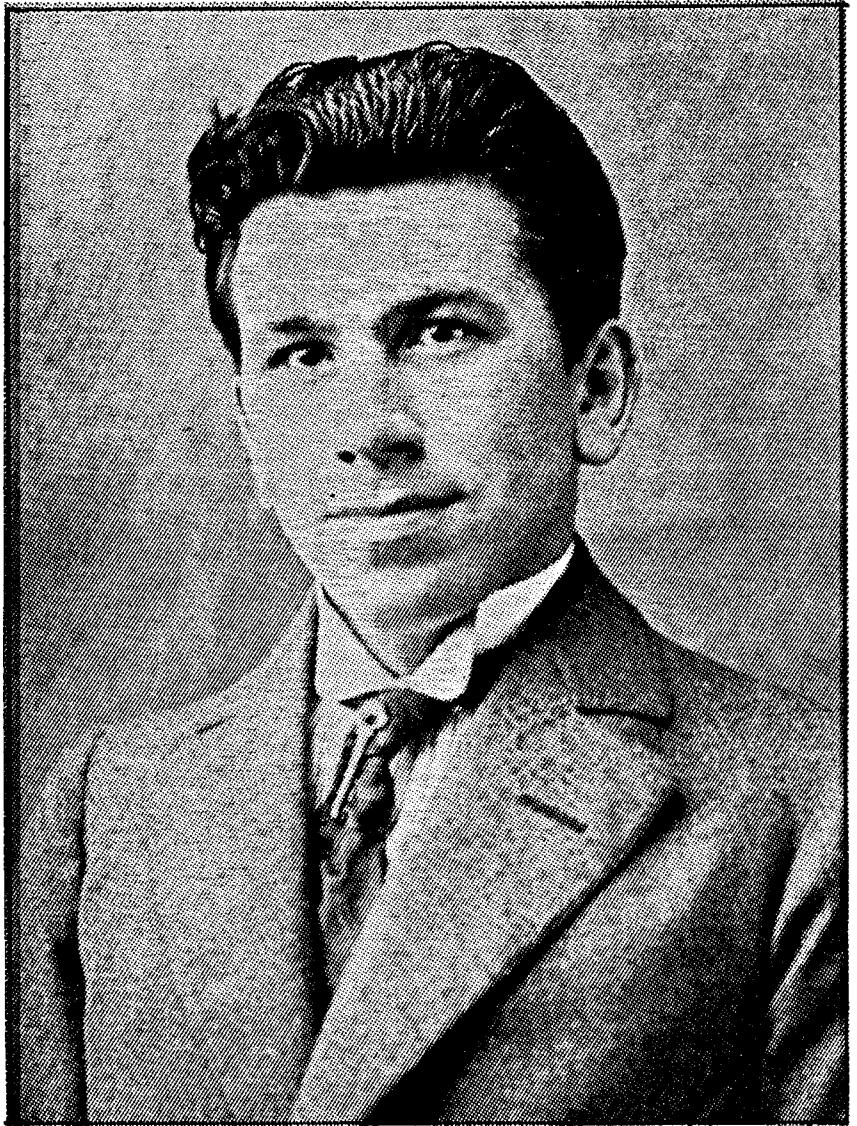
"No, that is just what he should not know!", he answered. "On this plane he is placed in a position that I ought to respect, in him as in all others in similar positions. That he cannot see me on my own plane is a matter of course. I cannot therefore demand that he judge me according to what I am!"

One day I exclaimed, "Martinus, could you not once in a while let a little of your own knowledge shine through so much that these people could become aware of some of your ideas and thought; they would perhaps be received with both enthusiasm and joy if only the people in question got an idea of how superior your thought really is!"

"No, my friend", he answered, "there you make another mistake. I know their state. As long as people have not become tired of hearing themselves, they have no use for me. Their time has not yet come. If you want to help people do not try to show their mistakes or touch their so-called bad sides. Try, on the other hand, to win their full confidence through your being. Let them feel that you feel sympathy and warmth for their good sides. Then they will gradually come to like you. And only then is there a possibility to talk. A person does not reach a step further in morality than to that point he can practice with his own being. If he ventures just one step further his knowledge will be theoretical, and he himself will cause offense!"

I understood that when really great spirits never contradict anyone or retaliate any tactlessness, it is due not only to their profound knowledge of the perfection of the divine laws but also their almost inconceivable great love for all living beings. They would rather be considered naive and ignorant than have the heart to show themselves to be su-

*Martinus in the
summer of 1921
at 30 years of age*



perior to even the weakest or least gifted.

* * *

His way of living was very simple and modest. He could easily manage with five hours sleep, and his diet consisted mainly of water, milk, bread, margarine, tomatoes and potatoes.

It was at a very critical point in my life that his helping hand intervened, and there was never any effort that was too great for him if he felt that he could support or raise my consciousness a little.

I was thus confronted with the most remarkable of my life's many remarkable

events. A great and distinctive talent had suddenly crossed my path, and intervened in my fate with a strong but cautious hand.

It is undeniably a remarkable feeling that grips one when, after a lifetime's study of occult subjects, one is suddenly placed face to face with a man who, without a trace of previous knowledge or outer guidance, reveals step for step the highest truths from the depths of his own consciousness.

One day I asked Martinus, "Which is the shortest way to becoming conscious of God?"

The answer fell promptly, "People must begin by praying to Providence. Even if Providence has not yet become a reality for

them they must pray all the same as best they can; gradually it will become a habit, and the habit will become a faculty. One gradually gets to know someone one talks to a lot.

When your eye radiates love to everything and everyone without exception, God will begin to reveal himself everywhere that you direct your consciousness!"

If I on one occasion or another in the presence of others came to let myself be carried away with pronouncements about his higher nature he overruled me instantaneously. "Always remember that I want obscurity and privacy about my person. I want only to appear as one of your own. People generally ought to know me only through my manifestations. It is best so!"

We accompanied each other on many walks. When we one day stopped in front of a second-hand shop he pointed to a little nondescript porcelain figure.

"Can you see that little figure? How beautiful it is!"

"Do you really think that it is beautiful?", I asked astonished.

"Yes, in my eyes it is", he repeated calmly, "I look only at the idea itself, but you fasten so much on the form and its imperfect exterior that you are cheated out of the beautiful impression that the idea itself gives. You must make more of an effort to see behind the form. But of course - people must begin by admiring what they can see. First one admires the clothes, later the body and finally the soul!"

We walked on through heavily trafficked and densely populated parts of the city, and came into one of the many churchyards that lie at the outskirts of the city. It was spring, and there was a mass of flowers everywhere sending an almost intoxicating scent to all sides.

I pointed to a tree that stood up against a wall. "Don't you think that that big lilac tree is wonderful?" I asked enthusiastically.

"Oh yes! Everything is very wonderful for me, each on its step. But if I were to favourize something it would rather be the little yellow, almost withered flower you see there, in the corner. It has to fight for life, because it almost never gets either sun or

moisture. Indeed, I love it more, not because it in itself is either better or worse, but because it needs more care than the big lilac tree, which reaps everyone's admiration and friendly thoughts!"

We sat down on a beach and looked at the many gravestones and beautifully decorated graves, which has such a particular ability to tune the mind to devotion and peace. Just outside the churchyard life bustled noisily and intensely with cars and people threading their way between one another. But in here everything breathed peace and security.

Here and there we saw some older women taking care of their loved ones' graves.

A little chaffinch hopped around the bench on which we sat. Slowly Martinus stretched out his hand towards it and said, "Come here, little bird, come!" The bird stopped and looked a little at him, then it spread its wings out and began to sing. He went on talking subduedly to it, and now I became witness to something quite exceptional, that the little bird flew up and sat itself on his knee. And it sang on while flapping its wings.

I have mentioned this beautiful little incident only because it, in such a wonderful way harmonised with the surroundings and with the atmosphere.

The episode let my consciousness cast a glance into the golden age of the distant past where the animals fed from the hand of man, and where never a hand was lifted against a creature unless to caress and bless.

* * *

Who was this strange guest who had become my daily teacher and intimate friend? I could not compare him to a single one of the adepts or masters of this century, since he was infinitely indifferent to all their teaching.

His thoughts flew high above everything that I had up to that time seen or heard.

* * *

The great work of writing "Livets Bog (The Book of Life)", which he knew was his

mission, was not yet begun. He felt that he still lacked routine in being able to formulate himself, and he had as yet made merely some few rough draughts and sketches.

My questions to him could therefore sometimes seem a little naive.

"Do you know that there are various planes?", I asked one day incidentally in the course of a conversation.

"Yes, of course. But do you know", he added with a smile, "that strictly speaking there are just as many planes as there are forms of consciousness - or that there is, in an even deeper sense, only one single plane, namely the Divine Plane!"

At the thought of the immense distance that, during our conversations, could suddenly be revealed between two people who apparently walked and talked together like friends and equals, I exclaimed one day, "Dear Martinus, there is really just as great a spiritual distance between you and me as there is between me and a dog!"

I noticed how much it simply grieved him that he had come to divulge something of his spiritual distance, which he otherwise tried to hide, and he then answered my outburst with words that were so characteristic of his modesty: "One should never make comparisons. There is nothing that is great, and nothing that is small. Neither is the difference between us is not as great as you think. You are like fledglings that cannot yet see over the edge of the nest. I am just the adult bird that flies around and brings you food. One day you food. One day you too will unfold your wings, and then a huge panorama will open before you eyes!"

I saw into his deep, unfathomable eyes. My words died on my lips but we understood one another.

I formulated a question I had long been impatient to ask: "Don't you once in a while want to explore some of the wonderful things there are in the astral world, or perhaps your own past?"

"No, if I, in my own interest, directed my consciousness towards one thing or another that was not in the service of mankind, and that did not serve the development of its morality, I would not have come to where I am!", he answered. And he added,

"You must understand that as long as there is curiosity involved, the consciousness belongs to a lower plane!"

So speaks only he who has completed his course, and become "the way, the truth and the life".

I seized a book containing the occultist Percival's wonderful descriptions of adepts, master and mahatmas, and looked up the place showing us a mahatma in the spiritual world beyond time, space and the world of forms. I read aloud for him. He dropped his head and smiled to me.

"Yes", he said, "it is correctly described, that is how it is.

I see through the various world of forms and perceive everything as a whole. Wherever I direct my attention, I am conscious. Things seem to pass before my eyes according to my wish.

But my centre is given over to the divine laws, and I place myself completely at their disposal. The world must be allowed to draw everything out of me that it might need, and not what I myself personally could wish!"

"You are a mahatma, a world redeemer!", I almost shouted excitedly.

"Shh! We must not talk about who I am, or make comparisons. I am for every individual only a little, a great deal or nothing according to what the person in question can himself feel and see. You must absolutely not discuss this with your friends and acquaintances. My time has not yet come. Besides, I am no admirer of the many social classes; there is only one class for me - and that is sons of God.

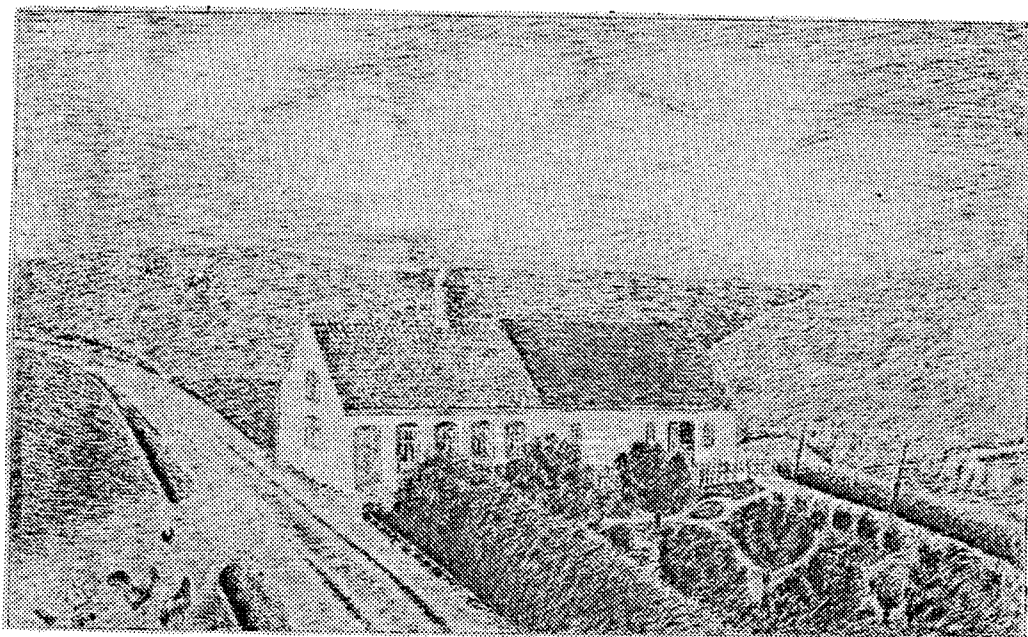
I am the teacher God has given you, and you just have to listen to what I have to say to you, and try, to the best of your ability, to follow my example.

Incidentally I am everyone's friend, and servant to the least of you!"

I remember that our conversation one day turned to the smoking of tobacco.

"Certain occultists teach", I said, "that tobacco has a damaging influence on the development of the higher faculties; but when one has already reached so far that these faculties are flourishing fully, it should, on the contrary, not be able to do any damage.

The home of Martinus as a child near Sindal



Drawn by Martinus from memory when he, at 28 years of age, had settled in Copenhagen



Martinus was born in a small holding called "Moskildvad" near Sindal on 11th August 1890. His mother, Else Christine Mikkelsen, was housekeeper to the landowner Lars Larsen on his farm "Kristiansminde", which lies 7 - 8 kilometres from "Moskildvad".

She was unmarried, and lived in "Kristiansminde". When she, in the beginning of 1890, realised that she was expecting a baby she arranged with her half-brother and his wife that they would take care of the child as soon as it was born, since she could not have it with her on the farm. Her half-brother was called Jens Christian Frederiksen, and his wife was called Kristine. They owned the small holding "Moskildvad".

In spite of the fact that they were poor and had already eleven children they agreed to take care of one more child. Most of the eleven children were, however, so old that they had "flown the nest". They had gone into service, and there were only two boys, a three-year-old and a five-year-old, left.

Martinus came into the world shortly before midnight on Monday 11th August. His mother had left "Kristiansminde" a few days before and had gone to "Moskildvad", where the birth took place.

And now the little Martinus grew up with his foster-parents in this little modest home where he was brought up with his two slightly older foster-brothers.

His foster-father earned a living as a road mender. He carried out roadwork in the neighbourhood, and in the winter he felled trees in Slotved Forest with the forester. To the house belonged about 5.4 acres of land, where his only cow and some sheep could graze. He also had a pair of pigs and some hens.

A small area of the land was laid out as a garden with vegetables and flowers, and in a corner Martinus' foster-parents had fitted up his own little private garden with a table and a bench.

Martinus was very fond of sitting on the top of a hill near the house. From here he could see far around. He could see the train that ran between Hjørring and Frederikshavn, and he could sit on this hilltop and dream himself far away. The boy felt that something other than this little world must exist.

At the age of 12 he got a job as a herdsman on a large farm called "Ulstedbo", which was situated near his home. It had large fields, which were later divided into sites for houses.

After having finished his schooling and having been confirmed Martinus had a number of short-term jobs for a few years in the neighbourhood, for example with the parish executive officer in Sindal, where he did any odd jobs. He weeded beet fields, he looked after cows, he milked and much more.

When Martinus was 17 years of age he left the part of the country where he was born, and for a number of years he earned his living as a dairyman on the island of Fyn, among other places.

At the age of 30 he had a profound spiritual experience that totally changed his life and enabled him some years later to write the cosmology that has since made his name known the world over.

When Martinus' foster-mother became a widow in 1920 she sold "Moskildvad", and moved in with her foster-daughter.

In the ensuing years the house has had several owners. But in 1954 it was bought by Sam Zinglersen, an editor from Copenhagen, who had it restored because he wanted the house to be preserved for posterity. Martinus explained in detail how the interior and the exterior of the house had been furnished in his childhood, and everything has now been brought back to its original state.

In this way the house stands as testimony to posterity showing under which conditions Martinus spent his childhood.

MARTINUS HOUSE, ULSTEDBOVEJ 15, SINDAL.

For opening hours ring

98 93 42 80.



Martinus Institute, Mariendalsvej 94-96, DK-2000 Frederiksberg.

Martinus lived here from 1943 until his death in 1981.



Martinus at 11 years of age



Martinus at 46 years of age, Copenhagen 1936

A master should, by all accounts, be well able to allow himself to smoke tobacco!"

But here I was interrupted.

"No, I cannot really imagine that a master would permit himself to smoke. If one is what I understand by a master one cannot possibly be so insensitive towards one's own body, one's own universe. He would be a bad god in his own universe if he, out of egoistic interest, began to break the law of love. Imagine if our own macrobeing, the Earth, also indulged in one or other poisonous stimulant that resulted in us all walking around so dizzy and half-poisoned that we could not really manifest ourselves!"

On one of our walks we passed a meadow where we noticed a woman who was picking flowers.

"Imagine", he said, "that people can have the heart to rob these beautiful creations of their own element. Every flower that is picked faces death. But even in death they send out their scent and charm. Still - people cannot of course act otherwise than on the basis of the step to which they have reached!"

* * *

From the depths of my memory a recollection came into my head one day. I could suddenly vaguely remember that I had once, several years ago, received during sleep a remarkable prophecy.

The gist of this prophecy was that I one day, in my own home would meet a great spiritual reformer. The prophecy had, however strange it may sound, slipped my memory completely.

But now it turned up again with renewed strength. I had thus long since received the first hint from the invisible world about the coming of this teacher.

And it was not to be the only hint.

One day, as I sat absorbed in contemplation of my own dramatic and eventful life, I suddenly felt myself pervaded by some awe-inspiring waves of warmth. A little door seemed to open in my brain, and I felt the presence of a great invisible consciousness that sent me a silent but clearly defined thought, which my brain converted into the

following words:

"Be good and caring towards your new teacher and friend. He is the greatest spirit God has sent to the world in thousands of years!"

* * *

We had known each other only a year, but I had already learned more in this year than in my many years of laborious study of books.

I would here like to render from memory some of the things he said:

"I can only teach you in relation to the possibilities the Earth possesses at its present step in evolution. If the Earth's collective material of experience had been more advanced I would have been able to show you even more details in my mapping of the cosmos. In any case I can only give you a fraction of my personal knowledge. It is as if I stood in a wagonload of corn, and took some handfuls here and there, and distributed them to you!"

"People must prepare themselves to see something that they have never seen before, and hear something they have never heard or thought before. Otherwise it had not been necessary for me to come!"

"Previously one preached the religions at a level so far below your present intelligence that you almost find it ridiculous; but now I preach it so high above it that you perhaps find it ridiculous too!"

"For my own centre all these things are clear as soon as I direct my consciousness onto them. But the difficulty for me lies in finding the words and symbols that will make it intellectually clear to you!"

"No new thing ever arises without there instantaneously arising a counterbalance to it; time is necessary to digest, and everything is digestion. My teaching will, therefore, be planted like a little seed that must be allowed to grow slowly and surely. The consciousness of the world must be allowed to develop so much that it can receive it!"

When I here have mentioned these powerful quotations from many intimate conversations of our private life it is only in order to show that he was already at that time

conscious of his position and his responsibility. He spoke as one having authority and power, but he spoke also with the humility and modesty characteristic for one who is conscious of the true source of his inner abilities - namely, the eternal Godhead.

That his consciousness was always tuned to removing all forms of personal worship by always giving God the glory, is shown in the following pronouncement, which I found among his rough notes:

"It is thus not *I*, but *You* - by virtue of the part of your divine being and the rest of your principle that You have given me for practical and theoretical demonstration for the eyes of the world - that is the world redeemer of the coming thousands of years!"

* * *

He now began little by little to write his main work "Livets Bog (The Book of Life)". At the beginning he lacked routine as an writer, and he later had to edit most of what he wrote in the first years.

But how then were the conditions and outer circumstances under which he began his spiritual mission?

Did he live in some beautiful villa with a view of a forest or beach?

Did a peace-filled countryside shine its sacred and inspiring peace over his work?

Was there an admiring and understanding host of people by his side ready to remove every concern about the daily bread?

Oh no, prosaic can the difference be between what is and what ought to be.

Born an "illegitimate" child among simple and unlettered farmers, herd boy, dairy man and office worker, with the necessities of life sparingly measured during his entire childhood and adolescence - and finally, ready to be a teacher for the whole world, but even then with poverty and all its shadows of lack and limitation hanging over every single one of his steps.

Such was his existence in a nutshell.

He lived in the middle of the bustle and noise of a large city in a centre for cars and trams. He had a very small sparsely furnished room where there was peace neither by day nor by night.

When he was finished with his daily work at the office where he was employed - only then could he begin to devote time to the investigations and analyses that should go into "Livets Bog (The Book of Life)".

In other words, every spiritual concentration, observation and writing down had, so to speak, to be carried out at the expense of his sleep or rest.

In this bleak way his existence passed the whole of the following year.

That his life had to mean self-denial in a world that was not suited to him was a matter of course. But I found that it would be a parody without comparison if he had to bring an entire world its spiritual food, and this world could not then in return offer him his daily bread.

Since I was now for the time being the only person who knew his true nature and sensed the scope of his mission, anyone would be able to understand how painful it was for me to witness how he was forced to dissipate his consciousness and capacity for work on things that must lie very far from his real nature.

I would therefore not have been worthy of meeting him face to face one single time if I had not used my own power to the utmost to help him and to alleviate him in his work.

In spite of the fact that my annual income was never higher than what one regards as a normal income, I had, however, succeeded over a number of years to set a little reserve sum aside.

With this as a basis I now decided that I would offer to support him financially so that he could give up his office job in order to devote himself completely to his spiritual work.

And as he understood exactly the motive for my decision and would not rob me of the joy of extending my modest effort to the advance of his work, my offer was received on the condition that it should be regarded as a temporary loan to be paid back if and when his work gave the necessary surplus.

My modest means were now thus to be stretched to the utmost so that they could cover rent, gas, lighting, washing, food and heating in two different places in a large city

in an expensive time. Indeed, the first year I even had to pay taxes for us both.

Although our needs did not stretch much beyond water, milk, bread, margarine and a few vegetables, money had to be used every day.

But despite this, we took the risk.

He had been so well-liked at the the big office where he had worked for a few years that his superiors offered him the possibility of returning at any time, if it later became necessary.

For the first time he now got unhindered access to being able to dwell on his own inner world. Now he could concentrate himself entirely on his real life's work without having to spend his time slaving for his daily income.

And he saw not only inwards, but also outwards. His consciousness absorbed mankind's mental material experience - the material of experience that in the future was to decide the form as well as the extent of the scope of a future message.

It was not enough for him to perceive the principles and laws of the inner world, his conscience also commanded him, through experience and personal inspection, to investigate the ways these principles operated on the physical plane. In other words he had to penetrate the numerous branches and ways of combining of the various zones of thoughts, and follow the human thought from its most law-abiding joy in creating to its most refined excesses and derailments.

It was the will of Providence that "Livets Bog (The Book of Life)" should not only contain a reflection of the laws and principles of the universe, but also a limited period picture of the birth pangs and the darkness that must of necessity go before the birth of a higher and more God-conscious culture.

He came with his self inspection in its purest form, and with the most hairfine ability to observe the phenomena of both the inner and the outer world.

And he therefore lived a life based on self inspection. He wanted to make the facts of life speak in such a way that they in the long run could not be ignored by the human intelligence.

He came as a teacher for everyone; he had therefore to familiarize himself with all views and outlooks. Every subject must be able to stand the judgement of the future. They had therefore to be supported by the facts that were the speech of life itself.

It cost time, and time was money. We both, each in his own way, had to pay the price it cost. Providence did not send its messenger to the Earth in order that his life should be a dance on roses.

In this period of time he made sketches for many symbols, and he made rough drafts of a number of sections of "Livets Bog (The Book of Life)". But he was quite aware that he had not yet reached the culminating peak of his spirit, and that these sketches, as a consequence of this, had to be regarded merely as a kind of preparation for his real life's work.

The years 1922 to 1928 contained a sum of self-denial and privation. Personally, I was familiar with poverty in all its nuances and aspects. The struggle for the daily bread was as good as sung at my cradle, and had followed me during my entire childhood and adolescence.

It had taken me a number of years to pull myself free of the claws of poverty, but now they pulled us both slowly but surely back.

Since I, moreover, went through a long period of unemployment, our situation was worsened considerably.

Rent, lighting, food and heating in two different places made a noticeable cut into my modest reserves.

In periods I could not catch a glimpse of a single bright spot.

From day to day one had to train oneself in the difficult art of wandering along the edge of a financial abyss without fainting.

But one takes a day off, flies away from it all to visit some relatives out in the country. Only in order to feel for a few hours a breath of air from another world that was a little less hard pressed than one's own.

Towards evening one returns to a cold and comfortless room, which no loving hand has made comfortable.

There lies a note on the table in the kitchen:

Dear Lasse!

I have been here to see you. I have taken some pieces of bread and margarine, and a little cup of cream and water.

Thank you for the meal!

*Loving greetings,
Martinus*

One wakes one morning to the ringing of the postman, and a couple of letters fall in through the letterbox. One opens the first, and behold - a little bright spot! An offer of a job as a musician at a union party. Even though it was only a one-off phenomenon, it was, however, a bright spot since the fee offered was a tidy little sum.

Expectantly one opens the other letter - a tax bill for nearly double the sum!

One is again woken up from the world of dreams, it is reality that calls. The going has become so heavy. Is it quagmire that is sticking to my feet?

If one allowed oneself every few months the extravagance of freshening the mind in a cinema, this lavishness had to be paid by extra self-denial.

* * *

Martinus had, during a period of time, to return to his job at the "Enighedens" dairy. His superiors had offered that he could come back at any time. But this time he preferred working in the dairy itself instead of in the office, since he thought that this would burden his brain less.

But it became apparent every day, when the work was over, that he was far too tired to devote himself to his spiritual work.

* * *

Let me, before I finish, point out that it has not been my intention to leave behind a personal "Memory of Woe" or a new chapter in "The Book of Lamentations", but I feel that I have a duty to show posterity a little of the difficulties with which Martinus had to live in the first years of hardship before his name gradually became known by a larger public.

In such a large public it could of course

not be avoided that there arose a few unkind critics who doubted that Martinus himself could be the true source of these many epoch-making cosmic analyses.

But any suspicion that Martinus should have "borrowed" some of his original thoughts, ideas and analyses from other sources than his own is quite absurd.

For who has rendered intelligible the spiral principle's full cycle in such a way that the unity in the universe is revealed?

Tell me too who has shown us the eternal basic principles from such a comprehensive point of view that the one revelation leads to the other so that any discussion about this or that is dropped by itself long before one has come to the subject?

Only he who has such an outstanding, comprehensive and earth-moving preparatory work behind him can formulate such a sentence as: "Reincarnation is actually merely a renewal of bodies!"

For the first time one faces a world picture showing the universal cycle in such a way that the end of every combination of energies runs into the beginning of a new combination.

* * *

It is a strange thought that a quite unread man in the middle of the bustle and noise of a large city could compose a message to the people where the highest mysteries and laws of love, with the aid of words, symbols and colours, were revealed to an extent and in such depth that our high eastern and western culture could never outdo.

With Martinus "The Journey through the Fair Kingdoms" is of such a fairytale-like nature that the idea of this could almost not be grasped by the ordinary human brain.

*Translated by Mary McGovern, 1990
from "Martinus - som vi husker ham
(Martinus - as we remember him)" edited by
Sam Zinglersen and published by
Zinglersen's Forlag, Copenhagen (1989).
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Paul Brunton on Martinus

In 1949 Paul Brunton read a summary of Martinus' teachings and a translation of his book "Mankind and the World Picture". These inspired Brunton to study with Martinus, and from May to August 1952 he lived with his wife at the Martinus Institute in Copenhagen where he spent 2 - 4 evenings a week with him. In these sessions Martinus systematically explained his symbols for Brunton, and Brunton had the opportunity to have his many questions discussed. "Mankind and the World Picture" has not yet been published since the translation needs to be revised. The following article was written in the 1950's by Brunton as a Foreword to "Mankind and the World Picture". MMcG

In the course of extensive travels around the world, it has been a part of the research work, which is my vocation in life, to delve into the philosophic, mystic, and religious literatures, organisations, and traditions of each country I have visited. But another and not less important part of this work has been the deliberate ferreting out of unusually gifted and spiritually advanced individuals in much the same way that was recorded many years ago in the books, *A Search In Secret India*, and *A Search In Secret Egypt*. Some of them have been obscurely hidden away in private life, but others have been the heads of influential movements.

This is how I came to meet the man who composed this work, which is now presented for the first time in an English translation. We became good friends. He prefers to be known only by his first, or Christian, name which is Martinus.

His principal work is *Livets Bog (The Book of Life)*, of which five large volumes

have already been published. The sixth is still in the course of composition, and the seventh, which is to be the final one of the series, is yet to be started. In addition he has written three medium-sized books. The first, entitled *Logic*, is an attempt to get its readers to question their conventional ideas and traditional beliefs, especially religious beliefs, and to rethink them in a more courageously logical manner. The second, *Funeral*, is a treatise on different ways of burying the dead and recommendation for their disposal in zinc-lined coffins placed in above-the-surface mausoleums. The third and only translated work(1) is *Mankind and the World Picture*, which will be described later. He has also written several short monographs and books on such varied subjects as *Mental Sovereignty*, *The Ideal Food*, *The Longest-Living Idol*, *What is Truth?* and *The Mystery of Prayer*.

When I first met Martinus some years ago in Copenhagen, I found him a simple,

1: For an up-to-date list of Martinus' books available in English contact the Martinus Institute. MMcG

unpretentious individual who dressed, spoke, and lived in quite an ordinary manner. No one looking at his physical exterior could easily guess that it concealed a man who must be regarded as the outstanding living seer of his own country, and who, his disciples assert and his teachings predict, will eventually be recognized as the prophet of the modern world. In some ways he reminded me of Jacob Boehme, "the illumined shoemaker of Goerlitz".

Since he is virtually unknown outside Scandinavia, it may be useful to the reader to give a few facts about his life. In 1950 he celebrated his 60th birthday. His parents lived and worked on a lonely farm in the part of Denmark called Jutland, which is a large peninsula lying to the west of the country. His home was situated in a region of few inhabitants, forests and open rugged fields. This solitary environment developed within him a close kinship with Nature, made him accustomed to being alone with his own thoughts and fostered his innate religious yearnings.

He spent the summers out in the pastures looking after herds of cows. The nearest house was about two-thirds of a mile away. He especially liked to play in a little neighbouring wood. Each day in winter he had to walk for half an hour to reach the school house, where he was taught enough letters to be able to add, to write, and to read, but little more. He told me that the most visible fruit of this simple and brief schooling was that it enabled him to read The Holy Bible. For this he is immensely grateful, as he considers it a book of inestimable worth when correctly interpreted. It is a work of which only certain parts should be taken literally, while other parts must be taken symbolically or allegorically. Apart from this scripture, he never cared for reading and is unfamiliar even with the limited amount of literature with which any Danish schoolboy of the present day is familiar.

Approaching adulthood, he was called to spend eight months in the Navy on compulsory service, after which he changed his whole life by settling in the town of Copenhagen instead of returning to the country. He found employment in the office of a great dairy-company and remained there for several years.

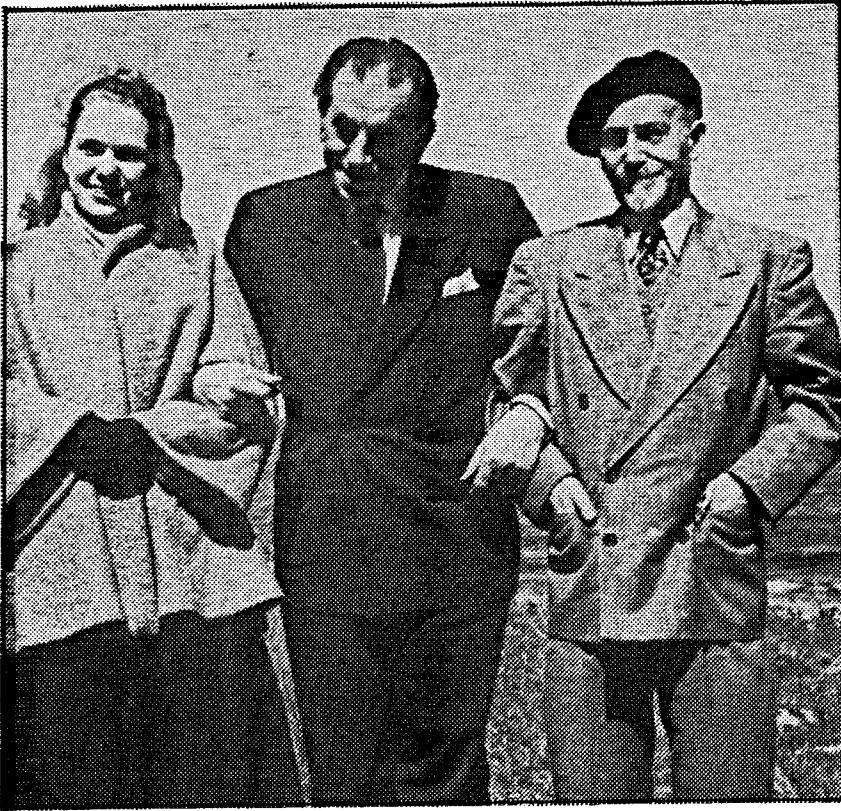
Hitherto, the two signs indicative of the course of his future development had been a deeply religious temperament and the resolute adoption of a fixed attitude when confronted by any situation calling for a moral decision. He then always asked himself, "What would Jesus have done in these circumstances?" The answer that evolved out of his own mind became his guide for action.

One day someone lent him a little book about Theosophy, a subject about which Martinus knew nothing at all, and handed it to him with the suggestion that it might be found interesting. Martinus, unaccustomed to reading as he was, idly turned over two or three pages and then his eyes alighted on a reference to "meditation". This single word was enough to ring a bell deep inside his inner consciousness. Obeying a sudden urge, he lay down in a chair and started to meditate on God. Almost immediately his first "cosmic"(2) experience followed.

Far off he noticed the appearance of a tiny speck of radiant light. It then moved slowly towards him, enlarging itself as it did so, until it took the visible shape of a man - none other than the master Jesus, himself. This luminous form then entered into Martinus' own physical body and since that time has lived within him as the Christ consciousness.

The next day he went into the same deep state of introverted consciousness again, and during this experience there was revealed to him the fact that God was present in every part of the universe, that a perfect pattern was hidden behind the move-

2: The terms "cosmic experience" and "cosmic consciousness" are used to refer to a fully conscious, completely controlled awareness of a higher dimension of being which accompanies and does not cancel out ordinary physical dimension. It is not used by Martinus for any mystically-occult or yoga experience. P.B.



Paul Brunton and his wife with Martinus in May 1952

ments of everything and the lives of every creature within it. There was meaning and purpose behind the activities of suns, stars, planets, seasons, and all the grand panorama of Nature.

What he thus saw intuitively constituted a large revelation which he set himself to communicate to his fellow men. The method of communication which naturally suggested itself to him was two-fold. The first, writing descriptive and explanatory books, was the conventional and traditional method, but the second one was most striking and indeed the unique feature of his contribution - since so many of these teachings are already familiar to students of these subjects. It was the series of coloured drawings and geometrical diagrams which he calls "Symbols", because they explain the laws, forces, entities and evolutionary movements active in the universe.

He tried to resume his everyday life but found it impossible to continue in the old groove. He had to withdraw from his employment and start a new life, one entirely devoted to the mission which, he knew, had

been invested in him. This was made possible for him by the financial help of a few good friends. Henceforth, he occupied himself with writing at a feverish ardour, setting down in long sentences, sometimes a whole page long, the truth which had come to him, but on a later day rejecting and rewriting most of his manuscripts because he then regarded them as being imperfect or inadequate. He found it difficult to obtain the right words with which to describe his knowledge; the latter came, and even to-day still comes through, with such an uprush that he recognizes it to be a great mass of knowledge from former incarnations suddenly revived again. His literary does not conform to any known Danish styles; even there he expresses *himself*. It appears closer to Latin than to any other European language. This period of rapidly developing knowledge and improving capacity to formulate it lasted for seven years. It constituted a kind of apprenticeship to the full proficiency with which he started the second period of work that was deemed fit to find its way into print.

During this apprenticeship he also experimented with various regimes of ascetical living to purify the nervous system of his body, so as to receive with less resistance the higher vibrations of spiritual forces which were daily entering into it. It was a time of great stress and suffering as his physical system slowly adjusted itself to the influx of these forces. Now, however, he laughs at extreme forms of asceticism and declares them to be either premature or unnecessary. Nevertheless, both he and his convinced followers feel it quite natural not to smoke tobacco, drink alcohol, eat meat and fish, since these things are regarded as pernicious poisons which impair the body's health, and hinder spiritual development. Indeed he predicts that the perfectly developed human being of the far future will subsist exclusively on fruits, but says it would be foolish for the present-day man to imitate him. Martinus himself has never married, yet celibacy is not encouraged.

Along with some of his written "Analyses" of the world picture, Martinus during this time began to create the series of coloured geometrical patterns, "The Symbols", which now number nearly eighty.

A large copy of his most important symbol, drawn during the third year of his apprenticeship, hangs always on the wall beside his desk. It is a symbolic representation of "God's Living Universe" with the circular course of the evolution marked out for all the beings, including the earth, within the cosmos. Martinus himself explains the purpose of his Symbols in these words, "...I have considered it helpful to give visible material expressions of those mental realities so that instead of forming mere mental manifestations, of use only to the trained thinker, or occultist, they now will appear as palpable material picture, which are amenable to physical sight and hence can be explored in the same easy and plain way as a far-off landscape with its rivers, mountains and cities can be studied on an exactly prepared map. Thus the intention with my illustrations is to make the access to the study of the cosmic or spiritual universe just as easy to humanity in general, as the study of the physical, materialistic terri-

ories now are accessible to each pupil in school by help of geography."

Every winter Martinus lectures to public audiences of five to six hundred people in the city of Copenhagen, and in addition and during other seasons, to somewhat smaller audiences of convinced followers and interested listeners. Martinus says that by such occasions new cells may be born in the brains of his audiences as a result of the forces playing through him the auditorium. Until he was sixty-two years old he had never stepped across the frontiers of Denmark, but at that age he went to lecture in Iceland at the invitation of the Theosophical Society.

A small magazine entitled "Kosmos", which has a circulation of nearly 1000 copies per month and carries a serialized contribution from Martinus in every issue, is made up of articles written by students of his teachings. His secretary, Erik Gerner Larsson, has also composed a six-volume course, *An Outline of Martinus' Spiritual Science*, which is an attempt to express fluently the teaching in easier and more popular and less detailed form. Gerner Larsson was one of the first disciples to recognize the worth of these teachings, and he has devoted his whole life to the work of ardently propagating them since they were launched by Martinus, a quarter century ago.

Gerner Larsson also edits and writes the major part of a fortnightly *Newsletter* in mimeographed form. The main article deals at length with some problem sent in by a reader, whether a personal or religious or occult problem, which is judged to be of sufficiently wide interest to be worth treating in this form. The next article is an instalment of a serial course explaining, in easy popular language, *Livets Bog's* teachings. Formerly, Martinus himself wrote a page answering questions submitted by readers, but he dropped this out lately.

About a hundred kilometres northwest of Copenhagen Martinus has established a colony and vacation home on the coast near the village of Klint. Here he spends some summer months and together with two secretaries delivers two or three lectures a week. About two hundred persons spend short holidays or long periods here in a

friendly, cheerful and elevated atmosphere. This friendliness emanates from the teacher himself and spreads around the place, but the teaching itself must have some power in producing it. Martinus once summed it up as being fulfilled in Jesus' admonition to love one's neighbour as oneself. Indeed, his entire cosmological scheme, with its descriptions of the movements of Life and Mind through the boundless space of the cosmos, is intended solely to supply a scientific foundation for the rightness of this admonition, and to bring popular knowledge of it on an intellectual basis instead of an emotional one.

Such is the importance the Danish seer attaches to this attitude that he ardently expects that a motion picture film will be made one day, whose scenes will be drawn by hand as those of a Walt Disney cartoon are drawn. The great circular symbol already mentioned will be its central theme. This picture will be an attempt to provide for the masses of theatre-goers proof that the only sound ethical basis for their lives is that love towards all creatures, including the animals.

I have heard it said a number of times that Martinus does not show any outward signs of being an extraordinary individual. He has a bespectacled face, massive head, wide shoulders and a figure of medium height. But his black hair and the dark colour of his eyes is unusual in a Nordic Scandinavian country, while their large dilated pupils bespeak to me an indication of his clairvoyant seership. Moreover for a man of his age his vitality he is astonishingly youthful.

He does not want to glorify his personality at the expense of his principles, does not seek to push himself forward so that a disproportionate attention is given to the man at the expense of his message, and he discourages worship of, or dependence on, the master by the disciple, in the Oriental manner. Hence he gives no initiations to individuals, offers the followers no free gift of a sudden expansion of consciousness, and bestows no spiritual cosmic glimpses to aspiring candidates.

Martinus has the useful knack of falling

instantly asleep if he has nothing to do. This happens often when he is in street cars and trains, for instance. In his private talk he is quite animated, speaking rapidly and fluently. In public discourses on the platform his manner is equally vivacious, and at times even excited. It is full of gestures with his hands; his arms wave and he emphasizes points by pounding the air. Indeed he seems almost carried away by his subject but in reality he has himself under complete control.

He answers only the most urgent of his letters and grants only the most urgent interviews. He says that it is more important to attend to his true mission of serving humanity by writing books, than to let himself get involved with individuals who seek him out for personal motives. So important does he regard *Livets Bog (The Book of Life)* that he lets no other work or activity come before his daily writing on it. He some days even starts at 4 a.m. or 5 a.m., composing directly on a typewriter, and continues until about 10 a.m.

He is fully convinced that Providence deliberately kept him away from education, teachings, cults and movements in order to keep him free to express his own inner knowledge unimpaired by other people's ideas and uninfluenced by their work. Even the work on the *Symbols* was technically self-taught. From 12 to 30 years of age he wrote nothing except a few letters to his parents and read nothing except the *New Testament*. He says that he learned in former lives the art of literary writing and the art of drawing, which both now enter into the activity of his mission.

He had, especially in the earlier days of his movement, his share of that criticism and even slander which every public spiritual teacher or writer who is really effectual or who follows an unorthodox path must expect to receive. One who was close to him said to me that his usual response to it was: "What a pity that they are making more bad Karma and hence more suffering for themselves! I feel so sorry for them."

All through his career he has found that his mission receives the help it needs. He does what he can for it, but at the same time

he believes that Providence is taking care of its success. So even when troubles or setbacks occur, they do not trouble him. And the help he receives outwardly is, he feels, inwardly inspired by unseen higher beings who are allotted to this task and who also protect him. He has complete faith in this protection. During the war, he was walking one night in a blackout when a man suddenly appeared and warned him not to continue in that direction as a shooting battle between Germans and members of the Danish resistance movement was happening there. The figure of this stranger immediately vanished. This turned out to be his protection, for he would have walked straight into the line of fire and his life would have been endangered. He says that it was a psychic not physical appearance, sent to enable him to continue his mission of earth.

It may startle many students of these subject to hear it, but it is needful to mention here that Martinus disagrees with the teaching of most mystics, whether Western or Eastern, about the necessity of meditation. Indeed, except in the case of highly advanced types, he is strongly opposed to it. Most readers have become accustomed to consider it inseparable from mysticism. But in his view the dangers of meditation are too great, while its necessity was valid only for former epochs when the human race was primitive and intellectually underdeveloped. In our epoch its place is fully taken by the use of prayer combined with the use of intelligence. He considers the development of logical intellectual thinking an absolute necessity in the spiritual progress of the human race at its present stage. Anything which detracts from it is therefore to be given up and he asserts meditation does lead away from it.

A further surprise for students is his coupling of religion with meditation as likewise suited only to primitive mentalities, of course quite apart from the previous exception. He considers the era of blind belief to be a dying one, and the era of rational intelligence to be the dawning one. He says that whereas people in the past accepted religious doctrines, whether the latter were true or false, on the sole basis of authority, they

now will increasingly accept them on a basis of proven scientific factuality alone. Any doctrines which cannot meet this test will be rejected by the coming generations. Therefore, he does not even view the spread of atheism and materialism with undue alarm, since they are the products of the young intellect asserting itself in an unbalanced manner, and with the passage of time better balance will be restored.

On the grounds of out-of-date and unsuitable primitivity, Martinus discourages the growing European interest in Oriental religions, mysticism, and yoga. He is himself quite unfamiliar with those teachings, literature and scripture except by hearsay. He has not even read the *Bhagavad Gita*. He regards the works of all the Asiatic prophets, including Krishna, Buddha, Christ and Mohammed, as being merely preparatory to the unfoldment of the Christ-consciousness in mankind.

A very controversial feature of the practical consequences of his teaching, and which is hard for most people to accept, is that of the refusal to bear arms in the event of war. Martinus asserts - just as Gandhi did in India - that truly spiritual persons could not and would not take the life of another, not even in self-defence. Therefore, they should not take the lives of invading soldiers even in defence of their own country. However, since the great majority of present-day people do not seek to emulate such an ideal man, he sees no likelihood of the danger of any innocent country being left defenceless against an aggressor nation.

Martinus declares that he is acting as an invisible helper at night, when out of the body during its sleep, on the Korean battlefield, helping newly-slain soldiers pass through their ordeal peacefully and understandingly, instead of being bewildered, or self-deceived into the belief that they are still physically alive.

Martinus has selected this book *Man-kind and the World Picture* as the introductory volume to put his work before English-speaking readers because although it is of modest size, it contains many of his basic doctrines. It should constitute a revelation to a number of people as to what can be

done by keen intellectual analysis to bring the human being into a truer understanding of its relation to the universe, to other human beings and to God. In it, he proves, by a scrupulously logical argument, the eternal existence of the "I".

He asserts that the wars which afflict mankind, being fought by the physical weapons produced by modern science, can only be ended by the psychological weapons produced by spiritual science. He describes the limitations of scientific instruments and shows why they cannot bring man to the discovery of the ultimate truth of life, which is hidden within himself and not in the external surroundings, with which these instruments deal. He calls the materialistic conception of the universe a dead one, because it fails to include as a separate principle the really living elements of thought and consciousness. He declares that the correct explanation of life is to be sought and found exclusively within the "I", which seeks the explanation, and not in the body, which is merely the organism of the "I".

Martinus gives some new and interesting interpretations of certain teachings of Jesus. The belief held in many religious sects that Jesus will return again in a physical resurrection or, alternatively, reincarnation, is rejected as erroneous. Martinus looks upon Jesus as a world redeemer whose teachings, when correctly explained and expounded by spiritual science, are destined to be spread throughout the globe, and this alone will constitute his second coming. This spreading of the truth by its intellectual acceptance and inward realization is said to be the inner meaning of the phrase, "the descent of the holy host".

Martinus looks forward to a golden age in a few thousand years when the leaders and rulers of mankind will themselves be spiritual initiates, truly wise men gifted with the power of clairvoyant insight into the cosmic realities.

The value of a movement must be judged partly by its effects. The moral effects of Martinus's teachings are definitely good. This is doubtless due in part to the fact that his followers are constantly urged to stop blaming others for their troubles, or

events for their misfortunes, and to scrutinize their own characters for the true causes of these troubles or misfortunes. This inevitable leads to constant endeavours in the improvement of character and the discipline of emotion, with beneficial results to the individuals concerned and to their relations with those in their immediate surroundings.

At this point the reader may see that a man and a teaching of living spiritual value have appeared in Scandinavia and it is not proper that the rest of the world should remain ignorant of them. Although Martinus has been at work in Denmark for twenty-five years as a lecturer, a magazine contributor and an author, his name and ideas are still unknown to the reading public of English-speaking countries. That is a gap which should no longer be left unfilled. Therefore, I take pleasure in helping to make him known to my fellow students. He is a man whom to know is to take into one's heart. He embodies the intelligence, the selflessness, and the love, which constitute the essence of his moral and practical teaching.

My Best Present

by Ulla Andersson

That which was to change my entire life happened 2 years ago. I had heard about Martinus but knew very little about his cosmology.

Suddenly one day I became curious and wanted to borrow one of his books from the library, and luckily the first volume of *The Third Testament* was there. It was as if I had to read that book. After having read a little of it I understood the meaning of life. My heart warmed and I felt that something had happened to me. Everything I had speculated about and pondered now stood crystal clear for me.

I forgave people whom I had previously detested, and whom had plagued me, and something inside me said, "Yes, that is how it is! On their level in evolution they could not have acted otherwise than they did." I experienced a great feeling of happiness, like an intoxication, and I felt relief that I now understood that everyone has an eternal life and that everyone has the same value.

I was here on Earth to learn and I was not finished with the task I had as a human being. I became curious to read more about cosmology and read more books by Martinus. I found that everything fell into place as in a jigsaw puzzle. I got an explanation of everything.

I understood that I had gone with all these problems inside me for a long time and had not understood - and then the book came to me at the right moment as a present, and I got the explanation. It was like an explosion. Afterwards everything went so quickly. I heard lectures about Martinus Cosmology in Eskilstuna (Sweden), and la-

ter started a Martinus study group in which I still participate with great interest.

It resulted in my whole life changing. I saw my fellow human beings with entirely new eyes, and understood that we should learn from one another and get the best out of a meeting.

It suddenly became important for me to think correctly, and I felt that I received energies of love in return. I understood that the thought has an incredible power - and I send good and loving thoughts to those people that I find difficult to deal with.

Because of my altered thought-climate I can now spend a little time with one of those nearest and dearest to me to whom I previously could hardly talk without feeling pain. I have understood that it has eased my heart that one cannot lay the blame for an unhappy childhood on one's parents. One gets the parents one must have for one's future development. The sufferings I have gone through I now see as something good for my spiritual development.

I have been helped very much not to get angry or feel bitter towards the "instruments" Providence has sent me, and which have contributed to my development.

Prayer has helped me very much. Several times a day I pray the Lord's Prayer, and send good thoughts out to my fellow human beings. It has helped many in difficult situations, as well as having helped me.

I try to remove those sides in myself that harm or damage me, such as envy, laziness, irritation, anger, impatience and egoism. These tendencies have been a great burden for me.

I have changed my diet, I am now a vegetarian. This has contributed to my sluggish stomach becoming well and to the eczema on my hands disappearing.

I feel that people around me have changed in a positive direction. It has helped to radiate light energies. So it is true that one can oneself become a living light spreading warmth and love.

Death does not frighten me any longer, and I feel a contact with those of my nearest and dearest who are now on the other side, and I know that they help me and are with me.

The science about the eternal I and the spiritual bodies makes me happy. I feel like a spectator of my life, and I see my body as a radio. It is a matter of practising tuning in to the right channel so that there will be no disturbance in the machine.

Everything is love, and when I look at life in this way and try to live accordingly, I become happy. Now I understand that those people who have attacked or hurt me are God's instruments for promoting my development - without them no life, and life is movement.

I understand too that I have undergone an accelerated development, and have had to receive a mass of negative energies because I *myself* in previous lives or in the present life have sent out such energies. Previously I saw sufferings as something meaningless and unjust, and thought: "Why me?" But now I am grateful for my life. It was the so-called "unpleasant good" I experienced.

When I think back on my earthly life I understand that "everything is very good".

I thank Martinus Cosmology for the best present life has given me.

Translated by Mary McGovern, 1990

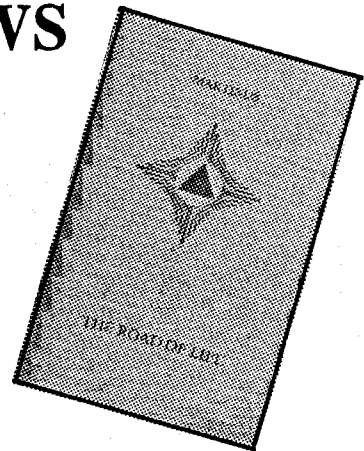
BOOK NEWS

THE ROAD OF LIFE

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MARTINUS COSMOLOGY

Martinus Cosmology provides an all-embracing world picture logically describing and analysing the spiritual laws of life. In his works Martinus describes a concept of life which can be summarized as follows: All living beings have eternal life. Man has reached his present stage through evolution through the mineral, plant and animal kingdoms, and is at present a sphinx being, part animal and part real human being.

The temporary goal for our evolution is the establishment of a real human kingdom, a union of all nations in one global state capable of guaranteeing every living being on earth peace, justice and a completely happy life.

Through reincarnation and evolution Man gradually develops new faculties which change his way of

thinking and acting. The law of karma, "what you sow you must also reap", guarantees that he gradually becomes perfect, a moral genius capable of differing between good and evil. The human being of today will thus finally appear as a real human being - "man in God's image after His likeness".

THE MARTINUS INSTITUTE in Copenhagen was established in 1932 in order to make Martinus' literature available.

THE MARTINUS CENTRE in Klint, Denmark is a school for the study of Martinus Cosmology. Courses are available in English.

MARTINUS COSMOLOGY is not the basis for any kind of sect or association.

LITERATURE

Martinus (1890-1981) was a Danish writer. His entire output is known collectively as "The Third Testament", and comprises "Livets Bog (The Book of Life)" in 7 volumes, "The Eternal World Picture" in 3 volumes (symbols with explanations) and about 30 shorter books.

At present the following publications are available in English:

Livets Bog (The Book of Life) Vol. 1
The Eternal World Picture vol. 1
Logic
The Ideal Food
The Road to Initiation
The Mystery of Prayer
Marriage and Universal Love
Martinus Cosmology - An Introduction

COVER SYMBOL

The symbol on the front cover, which is called "The perfect man in God's image after His likeness", shows the perfect way of behaving or what it means "to turn the left cheek when one is smitten on the right".

At the bottom of the symbol we see the course of evolution through many lives from animal (orange) to the perfect man (yellow). The rectangular areas symbolize our physical earthly lives from birth to death. The smaller pale yellow areas between these show that we find ourselves in spiritual worlds between our physical earthly lives. After each stay in these worlds a new earthly life begins based upon the qualities and talents we have developed through previous physical lives. The orange and yellow arcs show that our fate is

a result of our own actions from previous lives as well as our present life. The large orange arc which stretches from the left side to the middle symbolizes an unpleasant or so-called "evil" action which is sent out towards someone. This is answered by friendliness and understanding symbolized by the heart and the yellow arc. The symbol therefore shows the perfect man's total initiation in fate and the mystery of life, his understanding of eternal life, evolution and the law of fate: "as thou sowest, so shalt thou reap".

Through this eternal law we will all learn to differentiate between what is evil and what is good. We will become perfect; we will become "the perfect man in God's image after His likeness."

KOSMOS

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