

Der Z. decided to visit Gallepach over weekends, although there were no passenger trains. There were no autos or buses because there was no rubber and no gasoline. There were no horses. There were only a few freight trains between Vienna and Linz, the capital of Oberoesterreich. He had to climb up to the roof of a freight car and make the trip lying flat on his stomach, holding on to something, in icy weather, through smokefilled tunnels. There were people in Gallepach too, who needed him, and Monday or Tuesday he would come back the same way, with as much of real country bread, butter, eggs and even milk -- as much as his remarkable muscle and willpower would permit. How he did it was hard to imagine. I went with him to the railroad yard repeatedly. On the way we could talk. I could not meet him when he returned because he had to get off the train somehow, before reaching Vienna. In the general panic they had passed a law forbidding anyone to bring food from the country into starving Vienna. I never could find an explanation for that. But, although it seemed quite impossible, he somehow managed to bring a load of strong, healthy food for Gustl and other needy patients week after week. The rest of the time he kept on experimenting and constructing new machines, new instruments. Although his guiding thought was already formulated centuries ago by Paracelsus: "Du muess helfen wollen und der Geist der Wahrheit wird dich leiten und fuhren" ("You must have the will to help, and the spirit of truth will lead and guide you") \* yet Z and some of his ideas and

---

\* Paracelsi opera omnia: Geneva 1658. Paracelsus discovered hydrogen, rediscovered the magnet, was persecuted by the

methods were ahead of his time although by now they have become generally accepted by the medical world and some of course were partly improved. It seemed like a repetition of the Paracelsus story except for the fact that to my knowledge Z did not write books. He must have made many notes about experiments or ideas but I don't know whether they are ever to be published, if they exist.

Once he took me to the study in the next upper floor. It was a smaller room, a workshop with tables, cabinets, wires, switches, etc. There were many objects lying around on the tables. It was the place where he worked without being disturbed and where no maid or other help was allowed to put things "in order." Here he found everything where he had left it.

From one of the trays he picked a very big deep red ruby with an almost "living" quality. He told Hedi to knit a little tight-fitting bag of silk for this stone with a fine silk rope, so I could wear it under my shirt, on my chest. I was to wear it for a certain length of time and then return it to him. He did not tell me why or what for, but he made one feel as if a rare thing was happening to a rare person. When I took it off, and before I returned it, I made a picture of the stone in watercolor. I still have this little portrait of the ruby

---

Roman Catholic Church; he was teacher of animal magnetism and electro-magnetism, he had a theory of a concealed power of the magnet, a sidereal force, the unity of the universe, and a theory of dreams. He wrote on the al<sup>ch</sup>emist, taught that three spirits activate man. He removed some diseases by contact with healthy persons, was persecuted as a magician, received true initiation. The Alsaciens believe him not dead.

"His real name was Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim (1493? to 1541). He opposed the humoral theory of disease taught by Galenus. He wrote in German instead of Latin and introduced opium, mercury, sulfur, iron and arsenic for medical use. He

but I have never told its story. Obviously it had something to do with a relation between personal vibrations and the vibrations of certain gems.

Another time he took me upstairs again. There was a throne-like chair on a platform, elevated from the floor and leaning against a wall. He asked me to take a seat in that chair. There were little steps to reach the chair and I sat down. He moved a certain circular ring of numerous wires from above until I was quite surrounded by those wires. I thought it would be another kind of electrical massage. He walked to the other wall and turned a switch. There was a mild humming sound around me for a while and then he turned it off. He lifted the ring of wires back to its upper place and helped me down. I did not know what to say, how to ask -- and yet I was bursting with the desire to know what this was all about. He only said, in a calm but certain voice, "This is something which is done to very few."

That much was apparent, that I had not been exposed to a shower of little electric projectiles, but rather to a "field" of some energy produced by the currents in the wires of the ring. I still don't know what it was.

Since all this happened without any hocus-pocus gestures, it seemed it could have been a form of encouragement which one certainly was in need of. Or was it a confirmation

---

believed in experimenting and refused to bow to old conventional methods. He was attacked by the physicians of his time. He found the association of cretinism with endemic goiter and of paralysis with head injuries. The first English translation of his writings was "One Hundred and Fourteen Experiments and Cures" (1596)" Columbia Encyclopedia, 3rd edition.

of my quest? Although I had given up, long ago, the compulsive expectation of painting horses so well that they would come to life, I still was completely filled with the need to know and to understand life. What was this miracle of life? What were its secrets? Academic science had no answer. I read ferociously, trying to get some esoteric or occult information. If life was a vibrating phenomenon and thoughts were vibrations, how can one learn about them? I was still young and my own knowledge was certainly facing dead walls on all sides. Yet, it had already become quite obvious that I had had many experiences, mentally and artistically, which I never had mentioned to anyone and which I would certainly never try to explain or to "teach" to any one. Therefore, I found it perfectly natural that Z did not try to explain his methods to us laymen or even to professionals, unless he had specific reason to do so. In our family, there was no doubt that his method was very beneficial and it still is an open question whether we could have weathered those critical years in as good a shape as we did, if "der Z" had not been there.

And, after all, that was the year 1918, which was not only the end of the war, the end of the Hapsburg dynasty, the end of the Austrian empire, the end of Austrian aristocracy, and the end of many other things, but it was also the year of the Spanish or Asian flu. After that heroic or stupid bloodletting in many recorded and many forgotten battles of the First World War, Europe was attacked by what is still mentioned today as the "greatest medical catastrophe in history." The

sulfa drugs (miracle drugs) and antibiotics were two decades or more in the future. Twenty million people died in 20 weeks.

I remember "der Z" gave us a supply of some fine sulphur powder to be put in our socks or stockings. He suggested that the sweat of the feet produces some chemical change which makes it possible for the substance to enter through the skin into the bloodstream and to give protection. Was this just using the power of suggestion?

So many people we knew died. It went usually quite fast. Some doctors <sup>still</sup> will say it probably was a variety of the Bubonic plague. We were so fortunate not to have a single case in the family. Only a very close friend of Hedi, a classmate from the conservatory and the daughter of a physician became very ill, and Hedi persuaded Z to visit her. It took a lot more persuasion in the family of the patient to permit that visit, because Z was not a doctor. By the time the visit was permitted, it was too late and he was unable to help. Real doctors, now, half a century later, still admit their helplessness when it comes to the common cold or flu, although there has been considerable progress in the treatment of pneumonia and other infectious complications.

At that time Egon Schiele's wife died from the flu. Schiele had just received notices of his success in Belgium and other places after a long period of very hard times. Schiele attended the funeral without an overcoat. It was a cold rain, and he became ill and died a few days later. I already mentioned that Klimt also died (from other causes)

In 1918 and that the Guggenheim museum is holding a very big show of those two artists who had been completely ignored for half a century by the art world in this country. The way critics and lecturers now evaluate the qualities of that art is really nauseating. Perhaps somebody who might someday read my description of "those years" in these pages will understand how it sounds when this exhibition is mentioned patronizingly as an example of "decorative art nouveau."

This sudden appearance of Klimt and Schiele's work on such a grand scale here in New York has contributed a great deal to revive my memories after such a long time. Considering the fact that it must have taken long drawn out efforts to conquer Austrian red tape, to get all the permits, insurance, etc. until those paintings and drawings from state galleries and private collections could be shipped to arrive here just in time -- all this certainly represents again a strange coincidence. However, it is a fact that it took me several months to cover this story of 1918, mainly because I have been suffering all this time from varieties of the flu. The weather was cold, humid, windy and changing. Being alone, I had to go out in bad weather, and besides, almost everybody in New York and other places here and abroad seems to have it too. It probably would be going too far if I tried to add this epidemic situation to the rest of our coincidences. All I can do is call it a "mere coincidence" -- an "accidental coincidence," unless one considers the possibility of a subconscious connection that might perhaps explain my own flu. However, the widespread epidemic appearance of the flu would

still have to be explained differently. Luckily we have now antibiotics and sulfa drugs to fight back, but my physical resistance now seems rather low.

Returning to the fateful year of 1918 I have to report a few more experiences. My hunger to find some answers to my many questions had reached the imperative phase. I kept reading Madame Blavatsky's books. The theosophists believed in the existence of spiritual supermen, the Mahatmas, who lived in certain isolated regions of the Himalaya mountains where few men of a most unusually high moral and spiritual caliber could communicate with them. The word "Mahatma" -- "great soul" -- possessed an indescribable magic. It suggested absolute holiness, command of all secret knowledge of the laws of nature, of man, and of the powers of the spirit, incredible longevity, etc. It produced a picture of supermen. It had the stamp of all the Faustian longings expressed in the story of the "Holy Grail" and it really was "in fernem Land unnahbar Euren Schritten") ("in distant land, unapproachable to your steps) like in the Lohengrin song. Yet there was no dying Titirel, no sinful Amfortas moaning for the healing of his wound. It sounded like perfection, a place of the "Masters" to whom nothing seemed impossible and for whom distances did not exist. Many years later I met Nicholas Roerich, the Russian artist, who had been in India and Tibet and seemed to be a kind of liaison man between the "Masters" and the members of the Theosophical Society. He was able to collect enough money to build a skyscraper institute which was to house the Museum of Roerich's paintings, mostly scenes from Tibet and other parts of the Himalayas, a collection of Tibetan art,

a hotel, an auditorium and studios. This building was erected on Riverside Drive in New York and was called "The Master," because it was claimed that the features of one of the "Masters" had been impressed into the cement cornerstone by a mysterious long distance method of one of the "Masters" will.

This institute did not escape the usual financial, legal or tax problems and the connection with bankruptcy rumors and changes of management, etc. have not helped to preserve the original purity of the word "master," just as the daily familiarity with the tiny figure of Mahatma Gandhi and the publicity and popularity during his political career removed some of the godlike quality and the faraway glamour which the word "Mahatma" had for a European ear half a century ago. Also the "Lost Horizon" novel and movie, with its Shangri-La story, somehow brought other sides of the Himalaya retreat idea into visible and verbal description, thereby destroying some of the magic of imagining what is "unnehbar," (beyond reach).

Well, in 1918 all those words and ideas collided within my mind with the full force of undiluted mythological super-reality. Z seemed to know. He gave me several pictures (photos of portraits) of some of the "Masters." They were obviously strongly idealized for effect. He also gave me a photo of himself dressed in Hindu fashion. The turban was not convincing but in the books with reproductions of Mogul art I found miniature portraits of men from the court of Shah Jahangir and Aurangzeb. Some of the heads looked just like der Z.

In one of his rooms I saw a little statue of an Egyptian priest which was a pretty good likeness of our Z. I made a pencil sketch of it.

I kept reading about different Yoga schools, the unbelievable physical and mental training of yogis, about the Ida and Pingala and the strangest of all awe-inspiring stories, the secrets of Kundalini, about the gurus, initiations and many other things.

Naturally, I wanted to know where and how I could find a guru and get initiated. All Z ever said was: "For some, there is such a thing as self-initiation." That did strike home because, ever since my strange experience in Roumania, I found myself incapable of belonging to any organized religion or any organized group, no matter how old or new. I could respect Z and his attitude because he seemed to be familiar with many things, he even seemed to be actively connected with many people and groups, but he did not seem to belong to any one of them exclusively.

Most of those groups, sects, cults were exclusive in their attitude. This exclusiveness was, however, not a matter of judging others as inferior. I had learned that people have a need to choose a philosophy, a religion, a Weltanschauung, an ideology, or any kind of a political party, or group for many reasons -- practical reasons, idealistic reasons, emotional or chauvinistic reasons, etc. The desire of an individual to be a part of something he considers bigger than himself or the loyalty to groups one was born into is not difficult to understand. Yet, having experienced

that glimpse into a universal totality, it had become for me mentally impossible to adjust to the usual competitive exclusiveness of groups, even when they originally were based on universal ideas. Human life, as it is, offers many confining obstacles to a spiritual development and to a creative life. I realized that my "experience" was not the first or only one. Perhaps much greater revelations had reached men in the past and present. Of course, I do not mean that such experiences of something universally total can be measured in any terrestrial or human way. Even the idea of a longer or shorter period of an enlightenment has to be dropped because timelessness is one of the characteristics always emphasized by mystics who mentioned or tried to describe what happened to them. But we definitely can speak of differences in the way a person and a mind is capable or prepared to utilize such an experience for himself and for others. When it comes to this problem of application or teaching, one can use relative comparisons of the scope or calibre of an influence on man and society, and what followers did with the memories of such phenomena, that I could not take.

There were naturally occasions when my intellect rebelled or doubted some of the reading material. For example, Mme. Blavatsky tells an absolutely fascinating story about a mysterious expedition, led by fearless masterguides into the thickest, almost impenetrable jungles of Cambodia -- and then she adds an admirable description of a dead city, swallowed up by the tropical jungle, inhabited by tigers and serpents;

and so I read a description of that fabulous lost civilization of Angkor Wat and Angkor Tom. Well, well and well -- I was not a stranger to archaeology and I could believe that there were literally hundreds of undiscovered Buddha statues or other gods in the deserts or mountains of Asia, but such a fabulous unknown complex of palaces, temples, pagodas, plazas of the most enchanting architectural beauty -- well, that was too much.

Today, people travel to Angkor Wat after it later had been discovered and carefully cleared from the jungle at tremendous cost by the French when they were still in possession of that territory. To many travellers it is today the most impressive excursion one can make anywhere in the world, but at the time of Blavatsky it all seemed too hard to believe. Now I hear that trip advertised on the radio.\*

Another doubtful item was for example her discussion of the sun in which she wrote:

The "adepts"...deny most emphatically (a) that the sun is in combustion, in any ordinary sense of the word; or (b) that he is incandescent or even burning though he is glowing; or (c) that his luminosity has already begun to weaken and his power of combustion may be exhausted within a given and conceivable time; or even (d) that his chemical and physical constitution contains any of the elements of terrestrial chemistry in any of the states that either chemist or physicist is acquainted with....Though the body of the sun... cannot be said to be constituted of those terrestrial elements the state of which the chemist is familiar, yet that these elements are present in the sun's outward robes, and a host more of elements unknown so far to science.

That was printed in 1883 and in 1918 it still sounded most unscientific; but now in 1965 it sounds exactly like what scientists have to say on the subject. It is certainly true according to today's knowledge that the sun does not contain

any of the elements of terrestrial chemistry, in any of the states that either chemist or physicist was "acquainted with," before the hydrogen bomb became a dreadful reality and nuclear fission and fusion produced temperatures and other physical conditions undreamed of in the past. The discovery of Helium also fits.

By some strange coincidence I was later the first layman to see the indescribably<sup>e</sup> fury of the Hydrogen explosions on the sun through Dr. George Ellery Hale's new Heliospectrograph in Pasadena, California, before any of it was published. By that time the idea of combustion as the cause of heat and light on the sun had long become one of the quaint old superstitions. Today, it almost seems incredible that anyone believed such a naive explanation. The new concepts of nuclear energy make one realize the fundamental danger in science, especially when confronted with one's old school day's scientific beliefs.

The sensational story of the recent discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls has also confirmed what Mme. Blavatsky wrote about the forgotten importance of the Essenes in relation to the life and the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

Thus a number of highly significant statements in Mme Blavatsky's writings had to wait many years until they were scientifically understood and confirmed. I was particularly interested in her comparisons of man's visible and invisible structure as taught by the Hebrew Cabbala and by esoteric Hindu schools. Like the Egyptian concept, the two teachings represent a complete sequence from the solidly material state

to a number of semi-material and totally nonmaterial, spiritual components. And this continuum within the individual is perfectly enshrined into the symbolic design of the different layers of the macrocosmos. In other words, the esoteric teachings of the different religions seemed to agree that there were worlds within worlds. Besides the physical, tangible and visible world things go on in an invisible world and man himself consists of several worlds within worlds -- that is, of a physical body, an ethereal body, an astral body and some layers or sections of a purely spiritual nature. Those terms, "ethereal, astral and spiritual" represent an attempt to indicate the existence of man in planes or worlds of higher subtleness than our normal physical senses are capable of perceiving. When dogs or bats hear high tones which our ears are not able to hear we are dealing with sound vibrations of different frequencies. They are still of the same dimensional nature as the sounds we are able to hear. The ethereal, astral and spiritual worlds would belong to altogether different dimensional categories of phenomena which can be experienced only under very extraordinary conditions by specially gifted or specially trained individuals, whose inherited or acquired abilities, though natural, cannot be called normal.

All this presupposes a kind of invisible ether behind, between and within everything physical. The Hindus named it "Akasha," a kind of matrix for higher or finer frequencies into which all vibrations are projected or recorded. It is like an endless book of the world into which all lives, all forces, all thoughts or experiences, conscious ones as well as uncon-

scious ones, are inscribed, indelibly, in an invisible medium which adds the present to the past and anticipates the future. At present, we would perhaps prefer to call it a kind of ethereal subphysical tape into which all sorts of electrical, magnetic and mental or biological waves can be recorded whenever and wherever such vibrations are produced. Such a picture has lost, today, the stigma of the supernatural. (Laser experiments)

Our scientists report that a laser, a thin ray of coordinated light, can carry many hundred thousands of messages or reports simultaneously and at incredible speed through space. Such achievements sounded "for ever" impossible only a short time ago and perhaps we shall have to accept the idea of some type of Akasha which does not have a unidirectional continuum of time. Perhaps it does not contain a time element or a final dimension, as we experience it at all. From such a matrix we could imagine a projection into our spacetime dimensions where events have to appear as rolling from the future into the present and from there inevitably into the past -- or perhaps we should say that events of the past happened first, before the present present, and that future events shall appear later. This would be a description of the same events in the opposite direction. In the Akasha this time problem would disappear. A mind capable of "reading" the Akasha could reach the future as well as the past.

Such a world view might, perhaps, produce a theory that could, some day, illuminate the mystery of our strange coincidences which appear here simultaneously with certain events, although they need preparations of weeks or years.

Man's normal or average mind is mercifully protected by the limitations of his sense-perception. Only sometimes, certain persons are able to contact this ethereal world of the akasha and only sometimes some of them can remember in their physical mind something that can be translated into our verbal language (the third translation).

Z more than indicated that he had that faculty, besides being able to send a part of himself into distant places. However, those were not matters that could be performed on a frivolous basis, for money, for entertainment or to accommodate someone's curiosity. He also spoke of visitors from outer space whom he had contacted. That was long before the flying saucer craze. Z described the spaceship as a cigarshaped vehicle somewhat reminiscent of a Zeppelin. Once he even mentioned some experiments made by adepts in great secrecy in completely inaccessible parts of the Himalayas where whole mountaintops had been removed by some superexplosions of hydrogen or helium. Of course, any discussion of space travel or hydrogen bombs sounded at that time like pure fantasy and had none of the awesome sense of reality we automatically experience today when such things are mentioned.

In a way this book reports events in my life from 1887 to 1918 (so far) and sometimes I include related events of many years later (half a century or more) like in a diary. In other words: many events, covering all those many years are recorded here and exist simultaneously on paper. A tape recording and a moving picture film also hold a great number of sounds and pictures which we, with our sense equipment, can experience

only gradually in time. When we are dealing with events or experiences which seem generations ahead of their actual date it is only natural to mention them in relation to later actual developments. It would feel unnatural to act as if the whole revolution in our general outlook had never taken place. In a way memory acts very much like the mystical akasha. It contains innumerable recorded impressions which can be "recalled" and even regardless of the original time sequence. A later event can reappear before an earlier one and the mind can contemplate a present or future detail <sup>possibility</sup> between the past events, and so can this manuscript. Therefore I try to recollect all those sensational statements. I write them down in these paragraphs as I remember them. In reality weeks or months passed by, between them, and all one could observe was much work to help people. If one reads this condensed report about Herr Zeelats today, here in America, one could easily be reminded of those oriental, semioriental or Brooklyn-born swamis who, with or without turban are in surprising numbers invading the big cities of the United States, especially Los Angeles and New York. There they are on the lookout for gullible victims who individually or in large groups are willing to pay. As I emphasized before, Z never asked for anything from us or from others at that time. Only later, when he left Vienna and had to rebuild the castle of Gallapach into a more efficient institute, because so many patients came from near and far and he had to train a considerable <sup>of assistants</sup> personnel -- then he charged a certain fee to those who could pay. Those who could not pay were treated without fee and in many cases he paid the hotel

and transportation for them. He had a place where he could work but his financial situation must have suffered considerably in those continuous crashes of values.

In 1918 and 1919 he was still living in Vienna. He talked to me about occult or esoteric subjects only because he knew that I was trying to find out as much as I could, in that direction. I took it for granted that he was equally kind to people who needed his treatment without ever having heard of occultism. Even catholic nuns and a Mother Superior were among his visiting patients, although he knew how relentlessly the powerful church in Austria had persecuted freemasons and any other group of a non catholic direction. The only question that seemed important was whether he could help or not, and of course there were cases, where he was not able to win the fight.

It was with real sorrow that we learned about Pappa Heilig's illness. Before the war he used to make trips to Vienna to visit a certain Dr.Saxel whom he considered the right man for the treatment of a heart condition. This treatment was a rather brutal affair. Dr.Saxel used buckets of icecold water to cure nerves and the heart and, since Saxel was a doctor, Pappa Heilig went willingly through that ordeal and it seemed that it improved his condition.

As I had mentioned before, Heilig at first was a veterinary Doctor and probably loved this profession which kept him in contact with the life of animals, men and outdoor nature. When he got married he probably realized the social and economic limitations of his profession and accepted an opportunity to become a partner with his brother in law, in one of the better factories of mens suits in Prossnitz. He used the weekends to counteract the effects of an office life and made

regular bicycle tours or walks into the vicinity of Prossnitz. His two boys and Mrs. Heilig or Fräulein Lagoschinsky, the blueeyed, devoted secretary and some friends would accompany him and the whole group developed an uncanny ability to discover every bug on, in or under bushes, trees or in the thickest grass. Heiligs collection of carefully mortitioned beetles and butterflies was second only to Professor Zoufal's collection in Prossnitz. Even Anna, the loyal housemaid could recognize a "coccinella septempunctata" or a "scarabaeus Ulrichi".

During the war he was commissioned to serve as a captain-veterinary in the famous "Reitende Eins" a regiment of the mounted artillery. This enabled him to arrange for my acceptance into that regiment. I wrote about those experiences in the earlier chapters. As an officer in the cadet at Krakau his life was relatively <sup>cony</sup> comfortable and later, when he was transferred to the front in Rumania, his work was usually behind the fighting line, mostly at headquarters but he was a man who believed in duty and was always eager to be wherever his service was needed regardless of personal dangers.

At the time of the disintegration of the Austrian Empire I was in Vienna and Heilig managed somehow to get home to Prossnitz, to his factory and his house on the Havlickova ulice. My picture of the events of that time is necessarily hazy, because Prossnitz was way inside of the new Czechoslovakia and the Czechs tried to make the world aware of the complete separation from Austria and Vienna. Therefore I knew practically nothing about friends in Prossnitz or about the fate of Tobitschau Castle with my murals. Later I heard that the Czechs were interested in keeping the factories functioning and were anxious to revive the economy of their new republic. Czechoslovakia was <sup>in</sup> a more

favorable condition than Austria. Of course, all the fragments of the former <sup>Austro-</sup>Austria-Hungarian Empire were in a severe postwar shock condition. There was a great loss of professional manpower, <sup>and</sup> the sudden interruption of economic, industrial, agricultural, educational, and diplomatic ties and ~~interdependencies~~ interdependencies. But when it came to listing natural or national resources Austria had beautiful mountains, the esthetic and historical attractions of Vienna, Salzburg, Innsbruck for example while Czechoslovakia was much richer in Agriculture with world famous spa's (Karlsbad, Marienbad) internationally popular beer (Pilsen) and cheese plus of course very rich coal, iron and steel industries. It is a strange paradoxical situation which seems to indicate that Austria has had a remarkable rejuvenation economically after two lost wars (with American help) <sup>while</sup> ~~and~~ Czechoslovakia under communism does not seem to find its full realization - except in recent international success of movies.

At the time of the declaration of independence in 1918 everybody had to become a Czech citizen, of course.

Among my good friends in Prossnitz was Otto Katz. We were distant relatives but since my family was poor and his father owned a textile factory, there was no social contact between the two families. Otto Katz attended the same class at the Realschule. He was always a friendly, intelligent and very decent <sup>C</sup>classmate. When his father died, shortly after the maturation, Otto became the owner and director of the factory. During the war he was in the army and was wounded. The longer we knew each other the more developed a real friendship. He married Dr. Goldschmied's (the Rabbi's) daughter, Stella.

It was ~~through~~ through Otto that the story of Heilige's illness

reached me. It sounded like kidney and bladder trouble in an advanced stage. We immediately talked about it with Z. How I wished that Heilig and Z could have met but that seemed impossible. At that distance Z could do nothing but he gave me a bottle with radioactive water that "perhaps" might have some effect. Somehow, Otto Katz, who also adored Heilig, managed to get to Vienna and carry the bottle in a suitcase back to Prossnitz. I don't know exactly what the bottle contained. I knew that Z had radium and tried radioactivity for medical purposes. (He gave me once a bit of radioactive paste to mix with my paints for experimenting.) Anyhow, he seemed to have the desire to do "something" but at a distance it was a shot in the dark. Some time later we heard that Edmund Heilig had died. The doctors were unable to help and it is improbable that the content of the bottle was used because it was not of medically recognized origin. Heilig was a person who believed in science and academic medicine. There were many friends, who with profoundest sincerity wished to help and hoped for a recovery - yet all we could do was wait, while an organic disorder brought a torturous end to an admirable life. Again I suffered the agony of total helplessness. All the many hours of studying and absorbing old and new sciences, religions, magic, philosophy, astronomy, and esoteric teachings, and knowing more about the most superhuman manifestations of genius in art like the Sistine Chapel or in music Beethoven's Ninth or Wagner's Ring - it all seemed to add nothing to the poverty of academic medicine or the nonacademic Z when a life like Edmund Heilig's could not be saved.

It was a great loss to the family and to a great many friends. The longer I live the harder I miss him in this more and more