

# *Death and the Future Life*



**Maurice Magre**

# DEATH AND FUTURE LIFE

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THE WORLD AND THE MOON OF THE HINDUS

THE KA OF THE EGYPTIANS

THE SPIRIT OF THE BONES IN THE KABBALAH

THE TRUE SECRET OF DEATH

THE SUICIDE OF MEN AND THAT OF ANIMALS

THE POWER OF SEXUALITY

PERFECTION THROUGH LOVE

THE MEANING OF INCARNATION

THE POSSIBILITY TO CHOOSE THE NEXT INCARNATION

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD

THE CHOICE

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## Preface

I aspire to make men happy by understanding death. I aspire to set back the limited prospects of their future, until billions of centuries. I aspire to multiply the inner treasure of each. I want the patient to stop fearing, the old man to think of his future youth, the agonizing to thank because of the next light, and families to sang with joy during funeral ceremonies.

I know the vanity of my aim. I know that human beings carry with them their initial doubt with the fervor of the one who carries a Blessed Sacrament during a procession.

I know that when it comes to the subtle life of the afterlife, one demands instantly material proofs of this existence which has no matter. I know that man is like a blind man to whom one describes in vain the beautiful landscapes which are before his eyes and who only believes in the parcel of substance touched by his hand. That is why I will present no decisive proof, no forceful argument for the unlimited joy I promise, I will offer no beverage of certainty, no nectar of mathematical demonstration, I will provide nothing, only the testimony of a sincere man.

I am not writing for scholars hallucinated by the light of their science, nor for the ecclesiastics who crush the brass cap of dogma, or for the ones who call themselves oculists and who lost themselves in the void of their secrets. I am not writing for those who are indifferent, for those that the everyday enjoyment of life has made short-sighted, nor for the stupid ones who cherish their ignorance, or for the too intelligent who know everything. I am not writing for those who are respectful of old customs and of ancient thoughts, for the fathers, for preachers of salons, churches or café, for the glorifiers of modern life or even life itself. I am not writing for the defenders of order, nor for those who wants to destroy it. I am not writing for the rich because the word does not cross the obstacle of possession. I am not writing for the poor who

only aspire to eat and sleep more. I am writing for the others and they are maybe more of them.

And perhaps they will not believe me. It is the gesture of the messenger who gives value to the message. One knows the meaning of the words by the mouth which will pronounce them. I have not clothed myself with the immaculate robe and with the hieroglyphic miter of a venerable indicator of death. For failing to appear important, it is possible that one doubts me. Yet I will pass on the message.

Those who will hear it for the first time will undoubtedly say that they have known it at all times and that it is old as the world. It is at his age, indeed, that one recognizes the excellence of a truth. Pure as a diamond, polished like the rock crystal, fluid as the solar morning light, these are the virtues of this truth. It lies in the heart of every man, but it has to be extracted from the hard earth of ignorance. It lay dormant in me and it awakened. I do not know at what time of my life the seed was filed, or whether it was by the hand of a sower, or by a cosmic stream responsible for fertilizing souls. But this seed is hatched. It grew up, it is like a tree which opens its branches, which shades and protects me.

I am sitting under the tree of the joyful certainty. The knowledge of death is the greatest wisdom of life. Several Sphinx smiled at me and talked to me benevolently. Others, which are still on the heights might come down to me.

I learned in what way the river of evil took its source and I could safely contemplate its French Riviera waters where pass blind fish and dead bodies with sirens busts. I discovered that I cherished in me without knowing the monstrous dragon of selfishness. I wanted it out and I realized that this was impossible and that it was powerful and beautiful. I was sad at first, then I thought that the fate of monsters was to perish sooner or later, heart pierced by a loving thought.

Through the beatitude of understanding, I saw that on the balance of destiny, every happiness had an exact counterweight of intelligence. I learned that earth's poison came from the rot of hypocrisy and that the old Satan was always beside us, dressed as a good man. With joy, I heard around me the snap of rotten societies near to collapse. I tasted



an endless happiness while feeling my soul expand, seeing the stars a thousand times more numerous than before and the multiplication of solar systems in spaces which will be granted to me to pass. I owe all this to the knowledge of death.

Praise be to death which when one meditates on it, divest of its funeral rags, drops its bones of parade in order to take the body of beauty and the face of hope.

## From the necessity to study death

I was surprised that I had been capable to go through life without being concerned by the knowledge of death. I was surprised of having so much carelessness, or rather indifference. Thus, loved ones had ceased to live beside me and I had done nothing to know how the essence of their beings had transformed! I had let them move away in the opacity of shadows without seeking to understand the color thread of sun that could have united me to them.

I was also surprised by the small number of people who had a similar concern to mine.

I noticed that, generally speaking, individuals could be divided into two classes, depending on whether they were turned towards the afterlife or whether they had of the afterlife an instinctive fear and were content with phenomena that stand to reason.

I like those who think of death. The death of those they loved and their own death. They form a small family whose members recognize each other by the first words exchanged with them. They are neither smarter nor more virtuous in the narrow sense of the word. As I have observed it for myself, the study of death develops certain qualities that one might equally call moral than immoral, but which are the sign of a certain decrease of selfishness. One cannot say that they are more likely to make good deeds. They are not less than the others attached to pleasure and sometimes they are even more. They look like men who would have once breathed the scent of a goddess and could not forget it.

But one should not look for the secret of death because of the terror one feels about it. It will not reveal itself to you.

The terror inspired by death is the result of the lowest superstition. Many people begin to fear the beings they loved and that they have lost, from the moment they come to shed the smallest opportunity of being impressive. It is neither by curiosity nor by fear, but by love for

others that it is necessary to take a look from the side of death. And then an unexpected phenomenon takes place. One sees very far in this unexplored area and the more one looks with a sincere heart, the more the view is unlimited.

Thus, it happened to me, by fixing in meditation the problem of death, to see emerge in me truths that were unknown to me and that contradicted everything I had believed until then. No proof confirmed them. However, they were of an unquestionable character and it would have seemed laughable to me to doubt them.



There was one day when it appeared to me with clarity that I had to discover this magical key which is the secret of death.

I considered that suffering was widespread on earth in a proportion infinitely broader than joy. What was then called joy of life was only an instinctive joy to breath, eat, and satisfy sexual instincts. But as soon as intelligence manifested, pity appeared at the same time. One could measure the moral value of someone to his capacity of pity. It would not be possible for a truly superior man, that is to say totally pitiful, to bear the existence. It is because our life represented a lower order, and it took place in the shallows of creation, in a sort of cosmic hell. It was essential to get out of it.

I wanted to have an immediate revelation on the way of starting, to be set in few hours on the human destiny. Yet, there is no book where this revelation is clearly enunciated. There is undoubtedly no man who can give it orally. It is furthermore mysterious. Perhaps it is a vital law of the universal order, one of these strange laws that govern us, that man should not know his fate after death. Fortified with the certainty of a better life, all those who suffer down here would hasten to commit suicide, and nature in its love of life, did not want this extinction contrary to its purpose.

Religious dogmas have an infantile character and look like imageries whose aim is to scare or make someone laugh. If one asks those who

teach these dogmas they say that they are sacred in their simplicity, that it is necessary to honor their naïve symbols, but they add in a low voice that they are not to be taken to the letter. Great western philosophers have wanted to establish systems so great that they lost themselves in labyrinths of abstraction and that one gets lost after them. They are always tormented by the shadow of their religion. Nothing can be awaited from their philosophy for the knowledge of death.

The knowledge of death comes out slowly from the study one makes from it and doubts by which one is seized during this study. It is necessary to doubt a lot in order to believe. Many men have written books where they have accumulated documents, comparisons and the affirmations of other researchers and in these books is reflected the constant will not to discover the truth. Their reading is more useful than those of the publications of sincere faith. I believed for a long time that I had found nothing in their writings, and I doubted with the skeptics. As for me in the middle of the ocean of those books, as this sailor who, believing himself lost very far from the coast, through the fog, saw when he despaired, that he arrived in the calm waters of the harbor.

It is not the faith that must be found, but the certainty of its reason. Just as one reaches the knowledge of any science in an evening's work, one cannot perceive lives from the afterlife and the transformations of the man during these lives without a long preparation.

After many readings, and many meditations on different beliefs, I only saw that since the beginning of the world, wisest men and the shrewdest of humanity had reached the same conclusions. Saints, mystics, a great number of philosophers, despite the mold of their religion, had agreed on a certain number of points, the essential points. This agreement came most of the time without having communicated between them. With different details, they all made of the future life a similar description. This description was found in the discrepancies of visionaries and of those who claimed to see by a gift of clairvoyance. It was also found if one looked carefully under the vast puerilities of primitive religions.

Yet, when I had realized this impressive concordance, I saw that it was supported by something powerful and irrevocable which was my inner

certainty. These essential points on the future life of man and his possibilities in the afterlife, these points to which had believed the best, smarter and more reliable men, they were in me as dormant truths. These truths had slept under my ignorance and under my doubt. They awoke by making contact with the feeling of their existence that the greatest intellects than mine had before me. A new faculty had appeared in my soul that allowed me to recognize truths from lies. I had connected with my intuition to the chain of the wise who passionately scrutinized the problem of death.

All man of good faith, following the same stages that I followed, will be able to reach the same certainty touching the same truths. I will indicate these stages by apologizing myself of quoting myself too often as an example. But an experience can only be well understood if one indicates the personal reactions of the one who made it. I wish mine provides to those who will follow it, the same benefits of the soul.

One should not expect too much from these benefits although they are vast. They do not alleviate the portion of the element of pain in which everyone must live. The disease is no less painful, the forgetfulness of those we love, less heartbreaking. It is even more harder since it practices against an element to which one recognizes an eternal character. But we know now the quality of the current that carries you. A limit is given to its hope. We know that the passage of death does not bring the reign endured of justice. We know that the same laws, with their transcendent lack of morality continue to perform for the dead as for the living. We can prepare to use them to avoid pain, not to lose the ones we love, to become more perfect by love. In view of the rule of life, one come to understand the mystery hidden in the most admirable and most dangerous of the words : life is beautiful!

It is with the magic of these four syllables that men deceive themselves, limiting their horizons. The knowledge of death makes understand the beauty and its relation to life. There is beauty whenever the inner spirit appears under the movement of forms. Life is beautiful indeed. But it is not only the superficial life where the setting suns throw fugitive lightning, where beautiful female faces light up for a moment, it is the

immense life, the one which precede and the one that follow ours. The more we get away from the terrestrial world the more we get closer to the world of the mind. It is through the door of death that one comes to beauty.

## The silence of the founders of religion

There has been great founders of religion, wise men who by going through life have provoked stirrings of peoples. Several have been deified, either because the perfection of their life characterized them as divines, or because they invoked themselves in their speech a direct filiation with God.

Those, I said to myself first, have owned the secrets of the afterlife. They have not revealed them to everyone. They are not red in the sacred books of their cult or in the abstracts of their interviews. But perhaps they have revealed them secretly to their disciples. A truth of a universal order and of a so powerful interest is difficult to keep to oneself.

It had to be voiced under some symbolic form. It should let its light pierce in the corner of some conversation. It is important to know in all their details, the life of God's envoys, of the masters of illumination and to know the words only by sunset, under some oriental tree with silent leaves as the mystery of the soul, they have told to young men dressed in white and eager to learn.

The teachings of the great masters stored for me a disillusion.

— When one ignores what life is, how one is supposed to know what death is, said with a powerful logic the Chinese Confucius. Buddha repeated continuously that his doctrine was only a method to escape the suffering of successive lives and that it was not necessary to take care of metaphysics. The ideas of Pythagoras were surrounded by numbers as much of the small mysterious creatures which defended its entrance. By his constant interrogations, Socrates in the Athens's crossroads, seemed to have wanted to instruct himself, instead of instructing the others. Jesus had spoken of a kingdom of God that is reached after death, but he had indicated no precise data about this kingdom, only the absolute impossibility for a rich to get there, which, in some cases, could contain some injustice. Mahomet's paradise, on the contrary, offered certainties

of enjoyment so precise, that it was unlikely as a child's dream.

All the prophets seemed to have known nothing exactly of what happens to humans after death.

And another disappointment, more bitter perhaps than my unsatisfied desire of knowledge, came from the legendary history of prophets.

I add faith to the legend. Anecdotes, character traits, spicing stories transmitted from mouth to mouth seem to me the best certainty of history. I found them more authenticity than the events which reality has been scientifically established. I do not doubt the existence of the legendary characters and if a word full of substance was able to come down through the centuries, I believe it has every chance of being true. It is therefore the voice itself of the prophets I heard, by following the story of their life, these are their real actions that took place in front of me and I felt as deeply their nature by the effort of intuition that I could feel those of the living men who were moving around me.

Whoever had moralized a third of humanity and printed in the soul of the Chinese, for twenty-five centuries, the love of rituals and the cult of ancestors, Confucius had given in his life the example of a wretched ambition. He had not ceased to have as ideal to become the minister of a king. He placed above all filial piety and himself never visited the tomb of his father. He flattered ridiculously the powerful to the point that he gave to his son, when he was born, the name Carp, because the sovereign of the country had sent him that day a fish of this species. He saw once a father hitting his son with a stick. He reproached to this child of receiving stoically the blows instead of fleeing. The stick of the father was heavy and could have caused death. Therefore, he had lacked of filial piety by risking his father to become a murderer. At the time of his death he told his disciples that since no one has told him the direction of any state, it means that there is on earth no smart prince and one of his last concern is to remember he descends from the emperors of the Inn dynasty, assertion that was based on nothing, and that was a sign of excessive pride.

Buddha's life is a sequence of poetic and moral events and it forms the most beautiful story that has been written since the beginning of



the world. However, by reading the stories of Buddha's interviews with the kings of Magadha, seeing his extreme prudence toward the authorities of his time, his respect for the social order, I could not help myself to prefer the formidable independence of Jesus. Buddha was the chief of a great congregation of monks. Of this congregation were excluded slaves, those who had a position in the royal government in order not to disrupt the organization of the temporal authority and more unfairly, those who had an ulcer or a boil, one-eyed persons, eunuchs and those who had on their bodies traces of flagellation.

Yet, Buddha received as a disciple Angulimala the bandit, who wore around his neck a necklace made with the fingers of those he had killed. When the king of Magadha who murdered his father, comes to ask him if such action may have adverse consequences for his future life, he answers ambiguously and do not wither the parricide because he is king. If one is free from the yoke of the gods, one must also know how to free oneself from the yoke of men.

Socrates' death, as told by Plato, fills the soul with amazement. However, it must be recognized that the contempt of death is a virtue that is found in many ordinary men. Personal ideas that I made myself from the highest virtues do not allow these higher virtues to be practiced in conjunction with those required of a soldier. Yet, Socrates was a courageous hoplite and if he did not exercise command, he was renowned among his comrades for his fearlessness. He had to cross the body of the enemies of his homeland by throwing javelins or by hitting them with an acute lance during hand-to-hand combats where men loose conscious of himself, sees his native piety faint and allows himself to be dominated by the love to kill.

The physiognomist seer Zopyros, recognized on the face of Socrates signs of a powerful sensuality and when the disciples of the wise protested upon hearing this statement, Socrates said: what Zopyros has seen is true.

A certain violence and to some extent, a taste of vengeance surprised me even more in Jesus' life. That is was one reproaches the most to oneself, what appears to be the lower part of human nature, one would not

want to meet in the great models of humanity. Seized by fury, he shouts:

— Snakes, brood of vipers, how will you avoid being condemned to the fire of Hell!

He chases with whips the sellers out of the Temple. There must have been there many small harmless traders who supported their families from the product of their trading talismans or objects of worship and who did not deserve this brutal aggression. He brought out the demons of the body of a madman and he passed them into a herd of swine that he sends to the sea to drown. I pity the innocent swine and the owner of the swine, unfairly dispossessed.

A woman came to him, says the Gospel, with an alabaster vase full of perfume of great price she spread on his head when he was at the table. Those who are with him regret with reason the price of the perfume that could have been sold in order to give money to poor people. But him, he is pleased with this homage which yet obviously belongs to the kingdom of earth.

Muhammad, whose religion is, of all, the one which now makes most of the proselytes, disconcerted me even more. The fact that he had, in the last years of his life, ten women instead of four that tolerates the Koran, that he has dyed in black his eyebrows and his nails in red with henna, that did not scandalize me. But this clever leader of the warlike tribe of Medina who defeated the Jewish tribe of Banu Qurayza, gave the order to massacre the hundred prisoners he made and sells women and children as slaves. In another victory, he takes hold of a Nadr ibn al-Harith, literate man who once in Mecca, had contradicted him. He thought for three days, then he put him to death. He takes advantage of a quarrel between the inhabitants of Medina and the Jews to remove his personal enemies. There are two things that delight me, he said, women and perfumes. Once he saw the beautiful Zeinab, the wife of his adoptive son and he likes her perfume. His adoptive son must divorce right away to give him the possession of this new woman.

I apologize for having brought back so few light of the journey I made with those who held the light and who have shown prodigal of it to all. I have yet accompanied them faithfully. I watched the smile

on their lips to see if the irony was associated with wisdom. I admired the sometimes theatrical fold of their coat, happy that a certain beauty of attitude is not incompatible with great compassion.

I apologize for having been disappointed of what that compassion was not more heartbreaking. I would have liked they could not bear the pain of humanity, and that they die of pity instead of drinking the hemlock or climb on the cross. I apologize for a requirement that is justified by nothing. Maybe were there sublime hidden virtues where I thought I saw weaknesses? But perhaps the weaknesses are inherent to the sublime virtues and sermons on the mountains would have no price if the path of the peaks was not bristling with rocks on which it falls? I apologize for distinguishing among all spiritual leaders, what seems to me more shocking than a vice, pride.

It is perhaps madness to place so high modesty and wanting to find it in characters almost divine. I apologize for not having been able to hear or not to have understood them. None of them has revealed to me the secret they claimed to know. Perhaps they simply did not know it or they only had of it a half certainty. I had to look for it elsewhere, where it is located, in the compact matter of doctrines, in the darkness of philosophies, under the clouds of particular revelations.

For the invisible silver chain of the true word has not ceased to circulate across the ages and through it, by conveying to each another, men avid of knowledge have been united to one another. These are the men who have not sought fame and remained most often obscure, who are the true spiritual seed of humanity.

I apologize for wanting to bind myself to this less glorious fraternity, which, far from the path of religions, has found the narrow path that leads to the knowledge of death.

## The world and the moon of the Hindus

The philosophy of India is like a mysterious forest as complex as all the planets of the creation. It is so punctuated by repetitions, incomprehensible words, invocations to numerous Gods that it is difficult to penetrate it.

In this forest, there are the primitive Vedas which ascend up to the sky as stone columns. There is the vast expanse of the Ramayana and of the Mahabharata. There are three baskets of the Tripitaka with copses of sermons and bushes of sung rules. There are ponds of still water where flourish the lotus of good faith and the lotus of mercy. One says to oneself that it will never be possible to embrace and penetrate everything. But if one does not let oneself frighten by the Mantras, the Jatakas, the Udanas and the severe laws of Manu, one finds at the end under the mountain of vegetations, the small and clear source where one can quench his thirst for knowledge.

In the ancient Brahmanical doctrine, the individual soul of the man is identical to the universal soul. This individual soul transmigrates through a series of lives which are painful. It frees from pain “only by its joining to the universal soul, joining realized by taking conscience of its identity with it, what is Moksa, the salvation”\*.

According to the Vedic hymns and the Brahmanas, the deceased passes through an interim period of one year during which it can haunt the places where it had lived. This period can be compared to the one, of the same term, that set the Jewish religion for the separation of the double. It is the reason which forbids families to visit the tombstone of the dead during the period of one year. Folktales of India as those of other peoples are full of stories of ghosts.

Philosophers of India did not put in doubt the survival of the soul. It has always been an absolute fact, considered as indisputable. This cer-

\* OLTRAMARE, *Histoire des idées théosophiques dans l'Inde*.

tainty must have come from a primitive legacy of knowledge, dating from the period when the tradition was still oral. Since ancient times, they had fixed the destiny of the soul after death.

There are two paths, the one of the Fathers and the one of the Gods. After death, some souls go to the moon and others to the sun. Naturally, the words sun and moon have to be heard symbolically. On the primitive data were established numerous theories which discussed a multitude of sects. The philosophy of India which has reached its highest point of height in the thirteenth century of our era with Shankara and his school, is based on the ancient wisdom that is found in the primitive writings and it is, in short, only an explanation and a comment of these writings.

At the moment of death, the subtle elements of the being are concentrated in the heart, then they rise and it is by the top of the head that the soul leaves the body it ceases to live in.

The ordinary man, "the man who do not know, says Shankara, entering these subtle elements which are the seed of the future body, to emigrate, accompanied by his previous works and will incorporate once again".

This is the destiny of the vulgar, even though this vulgar forms the vast majority of creatures. These are the works, the Karma which determines the future life of man who has taken the path of the Fathers and reaches the world of the moon. This one is enchained to the chain of transmigrations. He will come back on earth after a passage by a series of different states that the symbolic of texts designates by ether, air and rain.

Virtuous men and more advanced in the knowledge take the path of Gods and reach the world of the sun. There, they enjoy a relative immortality which extends to one or more cosmic periods. But at some point of the time, they will have to regain the path of transmigrations.

There is a permanent salvation only by the liberation which allows to escape to the world of forms.

"The liberation can only be achieved through a direct perception of the identity of the individual being with the universal self. It will be neither by Yoga (physical training), nor by Sankhya (speculative philosophy),



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# *Death and the Future Life*

It is only after the advent of the new idol, science, that men have ceased to admit the existence of a higher intelligence. This condition has become an absolute dogma, even for today's most occultists and theosophists. However, in light of recent discoveries, it is shown that men have no other future than to become perfect, and their goal is not to escape from humanity but attain its—illusory—summit.

How is the metamorphosis called "death" carried on in the afterlife? For thousands of years, Hindus have thought that innumerable incarnations and asceticism to reach a superhuman perfection were necessary to attain the status of God. Many Greek philosophers have estimated that the practice of virtues, along with daily wisdom with moderate participation in the pleasures of life, were sufficient to enable men to attain the highest degree of human life.

Animated by decades of extensive research on the subject of the metamorphosis of death, the author, Maurice Magre, has a unique goal: "I want the diseased to stop fearing death, the old man to think of his future youth, the dying to see the liberating light at the end of the tunnel, and families to sing with joy at funerals."



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