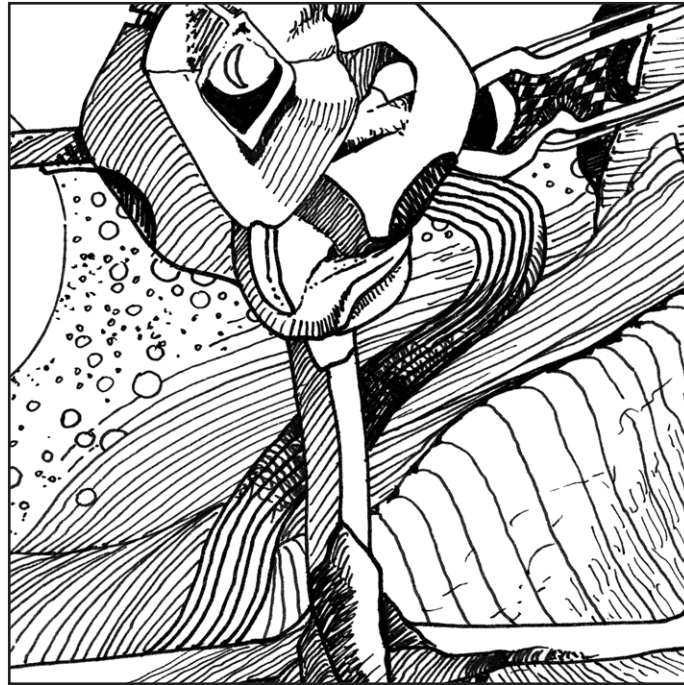


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Fernando Lobo
Ilse Wanten



⊙ R I G I N S

**“ART IS EVERYTHING CREATED
THAT REMINDS US OF OUR TRUE ORIGIN.”**

Fernando Lobo

A WORD ABOUT ORIGINS

There is a language without words. It is superior to any other language. When trying to explain to another person what my concept of an object is, language becomes a necessity. I endeavour to express the picture my inner eye perceives and all the feelings, sensations and thoughts that come attached to this picture. For this purpose, a language needed to be developed. A language without words.

Only humans are entitled to this privilege of expressing in images the characteristics which are lodged in the Soul. The difference in the impressions, brings out the difference in the movement of the Soul. This difference was the first origin of the difference in the symbol, that is to say that two people can look at an object, yet get a different impression of the same object. A picture is created in my Soul by looking at a rose, another by looking at a cat, and this is how we humans differentiate our symbols and our signs that form the basis on which we built our language of sounds.

If there would be no obstructions to our consciousness, if the doors of perception were open, we would be able to recognize the impact the finest of impressions have on other people, as well as on ourselves.

Then a language as we know it, a language of sounds, would not be necessary, since a language is nothing but an explanation of the expressions. The more words a language has, the less perfect it is and the more errors it is subject to. The hieroglyphs of old were a very graphical language and therefore a language of the eye.

The images that create ORIGINS were developed using a language of the heart not a language of the intellect. They form my graphic conception of what an object is, which even when being described with all the right words would create an entirely different concept (or image), when conceived by any other person.

Graphic conception becomes then a recognition of the truth of the object, removing one's view more and more from error and hopefully creating, as a result, a language of the Soul: a thought in pictures, no longer in symbols and arbitrary signs, speaking the nature of the object, on a path leading to freedom of expression in a reality where imagination IS the reality. And this is why, when creating these images, I think I'm being a heartist, not an artist...

Fernando Lobo

FOREWORD

I have always believed and known that Art can, and does, save the world. Art, in all its manifestations, provides Light energy, so much needed, especially in challenging times. When an artist 'creates Art' he is literally 'inspired'. Spirit and connected Lightbeings work through him as the Light spreads further among those present, or those observing the created art later. Those who are open to it can allow this Light energy to fully grasp them. For good reason, people can feel charged with new energy after an exhibition, a dance performance, or a concert. It is as if their strength has then increased again, and they feel more empowered to go on with their lives.

I will not easily forget when I first saw Fernando Lobo's black-and-white drawings. It was at the beginning of last summer, at a group exhibition in Antwerp, in which good friends of mine took part. I was asked to highlight the opening night with a vocal performance. Something I was very much looking forward to because I felt very strongly the need to anchor my own light, create ripples in the field and offer people new visions and energy through my physical presence and the sound of my voice.

The spot given to me in the bright expo space touched a narrow wall where the framed drawings were presented. One look at these little gems was all I needed to know that someone had been deeply inspired here. The Light information radiated from them. And what was more: here was someone who had been drawing for years – his whole life! – exactly what I had been seeing for so long now and trying to put into words ever since.

As I peered at the little works of art during my preparations, like a gourmet who has learned the delicate intricacies of taste, I had to do my best not to get too carried away by them; so many feelings were sparked in me. Then, during my performance, our subtle energies intertwined naturally. The works in the background framed me and I acted as their extension by emphasizing their living, current aspect. That evening, I had one foot in the Antwerp of 2022, the other foot, however... pivoted to my heart's content in the timeless world of the Stars.

When Aryana asked me at the end of that summer to write texts to accompany these drawings, I did not have to think twice. Higher Light forces were at work here. Gratefully, I realized again how beautifully this wondrous Multiverse intertwines.

This book is an ode, a tribute, to the true origin of us all. The story of humanity's true origin on this planet Earth has been distorted to such an extent that many are now lost and groping in utter darkness. Only when this humanity succeeds in shining its Light back into that darkness, will it once again realize that man is first and foremost a Lightbeing with a multidimensional, galactic consciousness.

I believe this book to be a tool for transformation because it not only creates clarity about our ancestral lines; it helps heal them too. When we gradually realize that we come from the Stars, and from the higher dimensions, we will make a smooth transition into the higher vibrations. When we encounter other aspects of our soul, of ourselves, there, certain blockages will naturally unravel. The fear of death, for example, is one of them. Everything is bound to certain cycles. And so is the journey of the soul whose travel records, written down in Light language, are stored within us.

Fernando's drawings are like windows or portals through which you explore worlds and then enter them. They evoke exactly those light frequencies/dimensions that are still inside our DNA today.

With carefully chosen words, based on my cosmic memories, I create images that expand and give personal depth to these drawings. The viewer who takes the time to absorb this extraordinary story will be taken on a journey through time and space where his memory will be triggered no matter what. Who knows... he may come across various parts of himself. When these then all interact with each other, there is no turning back. Then insights, contemplation and healing flow organically into one another, creating a whole new, hopeful story about our origins, purpose and ultimate destination.

Now it is up to you.

Let your inner Light reveal your cosmic path to you.
Remember... and become who you have always been.

In love,

Ilse Wanten

ORIGIN OF ORIGINS

“Begeesterd” is the word that springs to mind as I listen to Aryana lose herself – because that’s how I can best describe what is happening – in a seemingly endless rave about her father and his work. It is not a word that can easily be translated into Dutch, that’s why I chose to keep it as the opening. It’s a beautiful word that holds the middle between the English *enthused*, *inspired*, *excited*, and a couple more terms I could think of.

We’re sitting at a dinner table filled with pages torn out of Moleskines. “It’s absolute madness”, she says, looking at the piles of drawings that are sprawled out in front of her. “The level of productivity is very high. Actually, it is so high that I can’t keep up.” As she describes the home of her father, I see a man who literally lives amongst his own creations. Rooms upon rooms filled to the brim with the fruits of his neverending labour. I find this little tidbit of information about Mr Lobo so fascinating... I feel like I’ve just gotten to know this Pisces man a whole lot better. He draws on the daily and never goes anywhere without his sketchbooks.

Aryana’s way of telling stories about her father has a hypnotic quality to it. She goes into an almost trance-like state that is very infectious. This is the sort of energy that inspires people. I can’t help but feel as if she somehow manages to transmit whatever it is her father is continuously channeling into this world. Because what he does, is, in fact, a continuous act. He is downright unstoppable. “It’s as though his hand is connected to his heart chakra”, Aryana explains.

“It’s like water, it keeps flowing. The stream of energy has to remain constant, it cannot be stopped. He’s not like other artists,” she explains, “who tend to stagnate in their work, or feel blocked, or who make one very specific thing that they had in mind.” Which Mr Lobo would be perfectly capable of, it’s just not the way he goes about his own art. “And that”, she says, “is exactly what speaks to me the most. It’s pure. It’s direct.” He has no idea before his pen hits the paper. A drawing simply emerges, live, if you will, from that place we are all looking for.

“These are energies, portals,” she explains, as she opens another box of black and white sketches. “Places we’ve been before, but never seen before.” And by “seen” she means with our human, physical pair of eyes. We have indeed seen them before in a non-physical way. “He gives us a visual account of another world.” By that world, she means the places that are often described in spiritual literature, but that cannot be captured, nor can be seen by ordinary people.

Aryana wants people to stop and wonder how her father’s art affects them, how it makes them feel. And if they are able to remember something, if it touches them, if it speaks to them, then the mission has been accomplished.

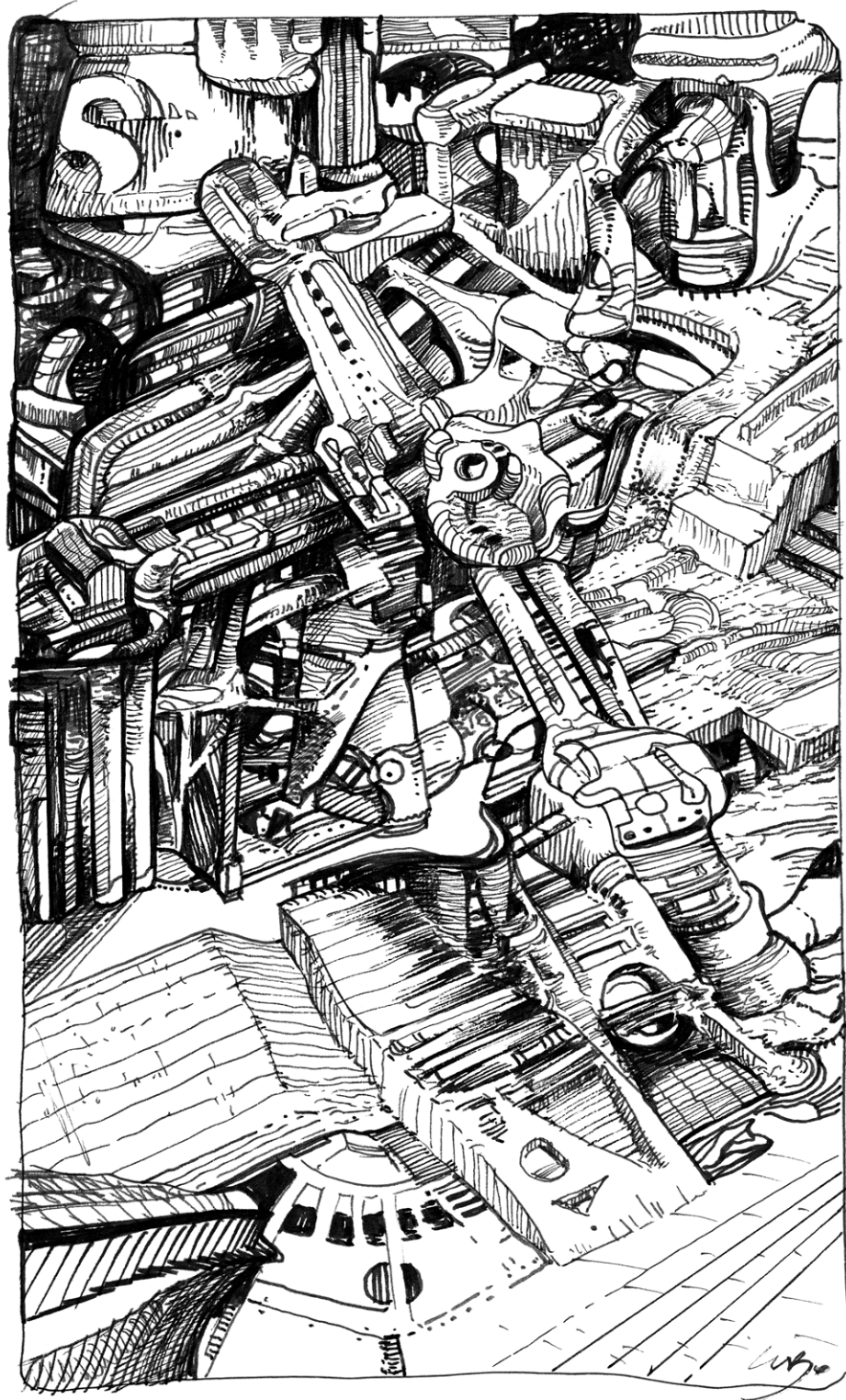
“I feel it in my bones that this is what I have to do and that it’s going to be a success.” She told me she did not want to become the focal point of the project, and I think that is very beautiful. However, without her, you would not be holding this book. “Anything is possible, so why wouldn’t I do it myself? This mustn’t be forgotten.”

There’s a hidden treasure in Portugal, and it has just been unearthed.

Evelien Van Steenbergen

In her early days, young Earth was only used as a satellite ground station by the Galactic Federation of United Worlds.

Our ships, which visited regularly, transported not only reserves and necessities but also scientists and ground crews.



I was assigned to one of the twelve areas,
where the first dolphins and whale-like creatures
invited me to come and play with them in the water.
The moon was shining... I almost felt at Home again...



The underwater cities, bathed in White Golden Light,
had their origin on planetary systems like Sirius.
Thanks to their flowing harmonics, they were later used
as Healing Rooms. They would often restore my being.



Crystal Pyramids were a gift from the Sun People of Alcyone. Being transceivers of Pure Light, they embody a Mystery School throughout all worlds and ages.



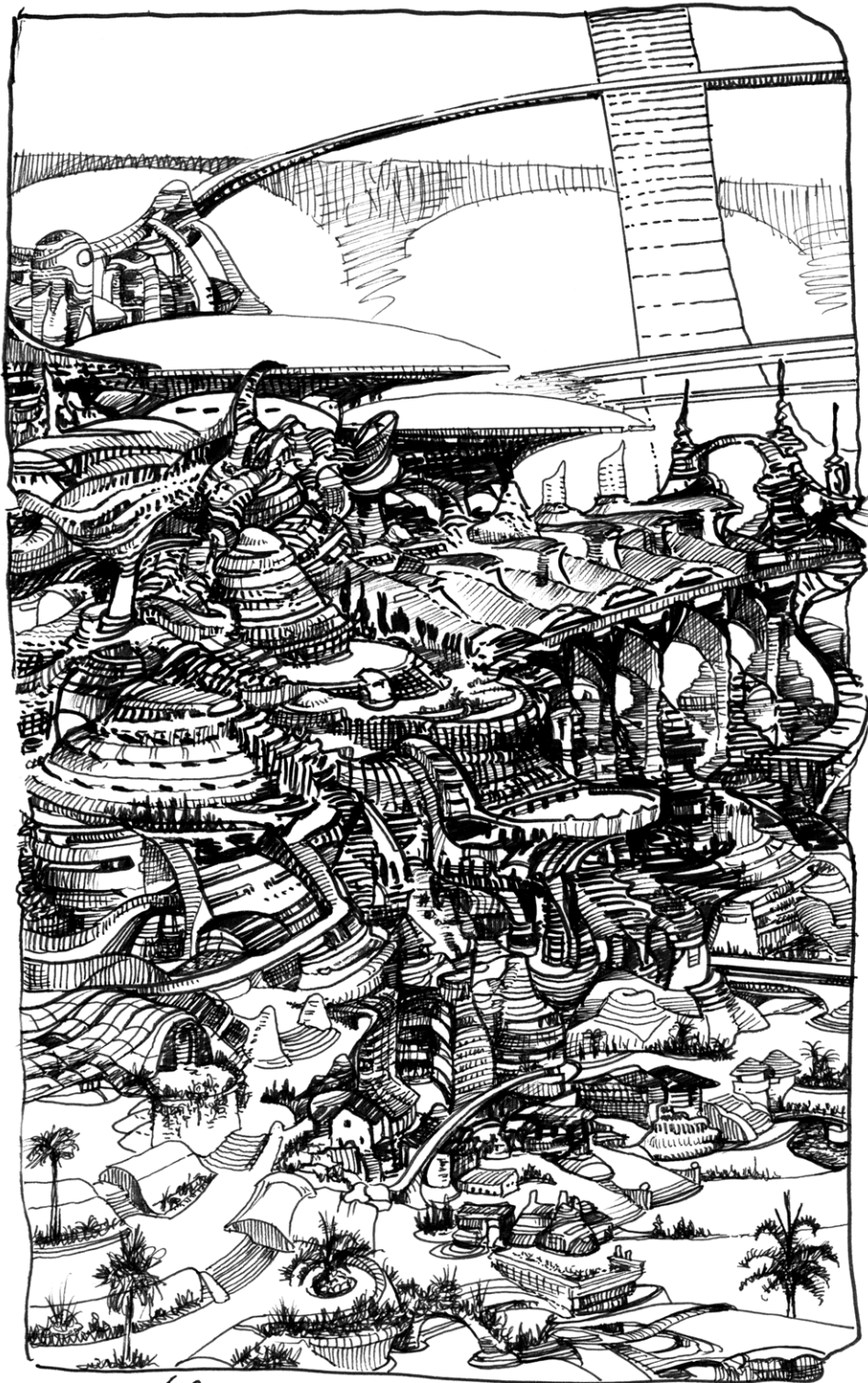
Right now I am wondering what our exploration vessel actually looked like. I'm sure it had a transparent section at the front. But it could also have been a device – a holographic mirror – that allowed us to control time: a looking glass.



At their peak, the cities of Atlantis combined
the best of all Star Worlds.

The climate, too, was idyllic because it
was artificially kept in balance.

It could have gone on like this for thousands
of years... had it not...



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