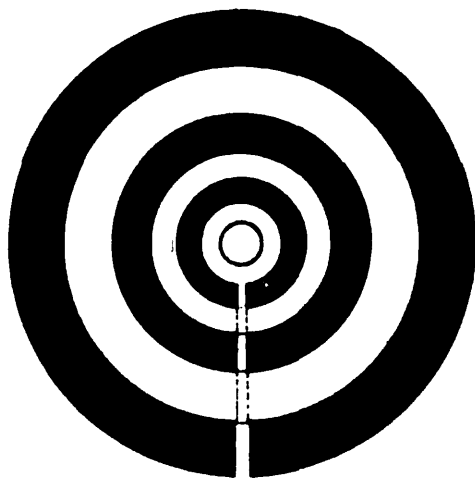


SPECIAL EDITION

*The
Invisible
Empire*



by
Raymond Bernard

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The Rosicrucian Order, **AMORC**

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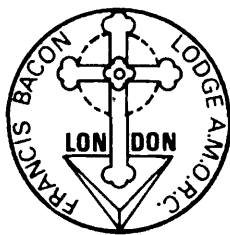
The Invisible Empire

by

Raymond Bernard
*Supreme Legate for Europe
Past Grand Master for
Francophone Countries*

SPECIAL EDITION

World
Convention



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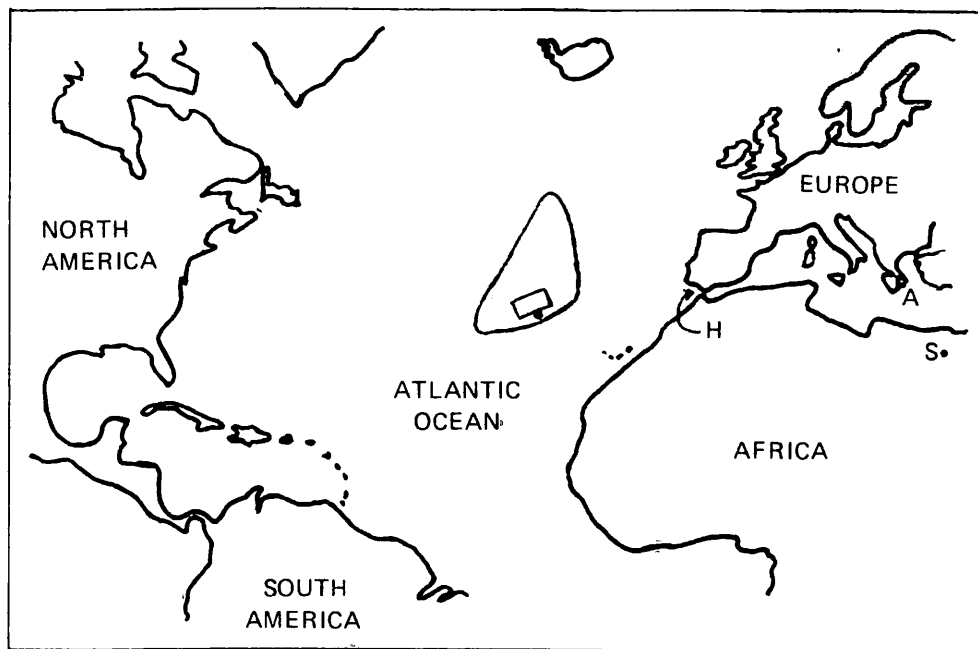
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FIG. 1



Probable Location of Atlantis, East of the underwater Mid-Atlantic Ridge on the Azores Plateau.

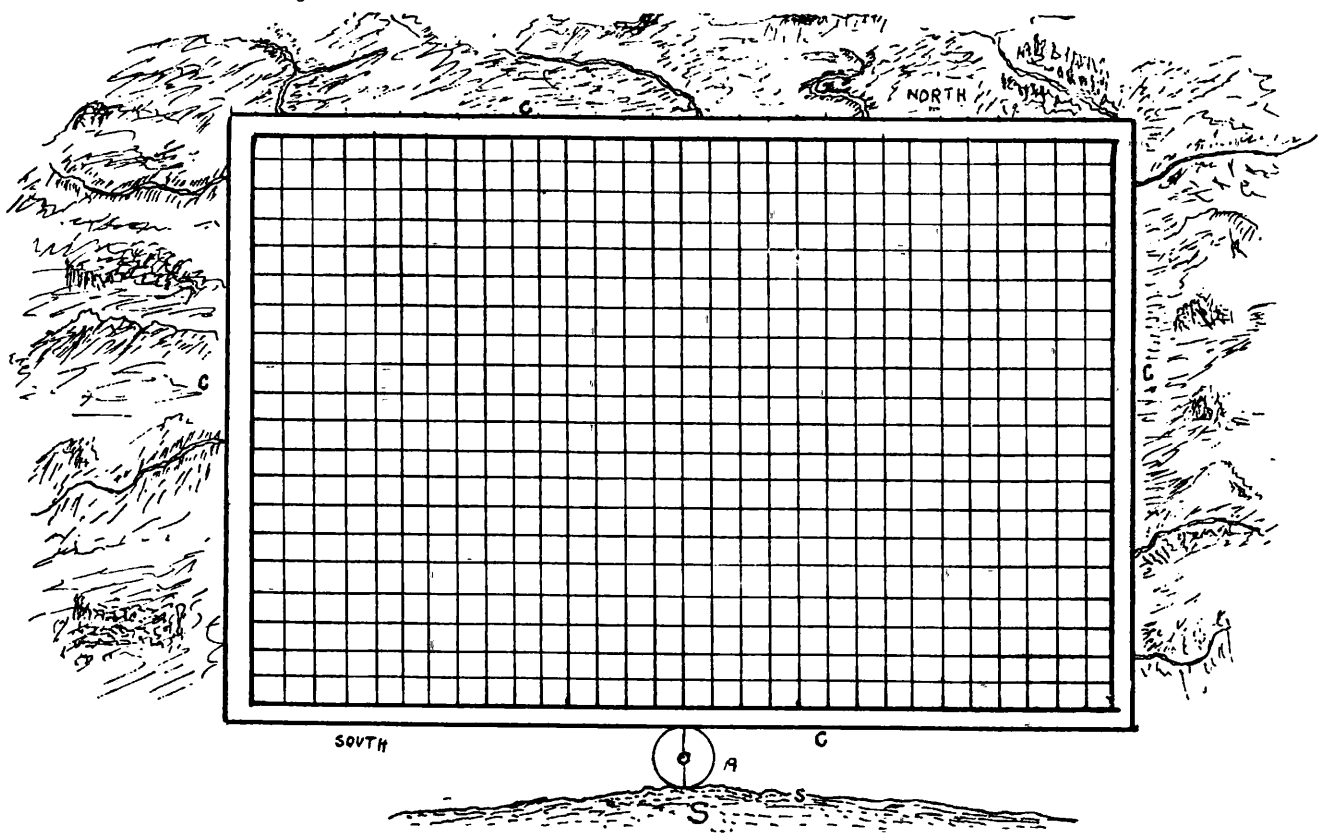
H 'Pillars of Hercules'

A Athens

S Sais

(Publisher's diagram)

FIG. 2

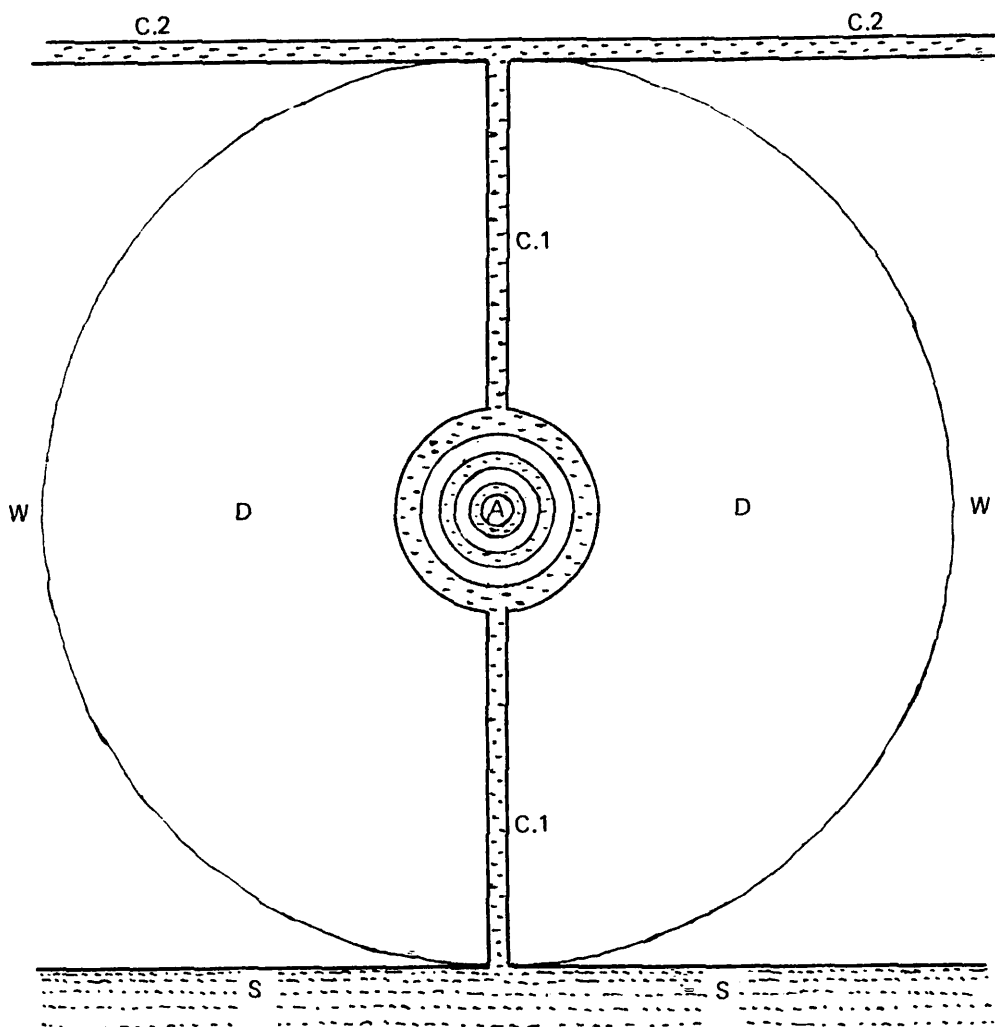


Island of Atlantis: Plain 2000 x 3000 stades or 227 x 341 miles enclosed on all sides by main canal 10,000 stades long and intersected by 29 vertical and 19 horizontal cross-trenches. On all sides except the south the plain is encircled by mountains with streams, villages, forests etc. At its central point (a) on the south the canal is joined by the canal which runs through the city to the sea.

S Sea

A City of Atlantis

C Main Canal

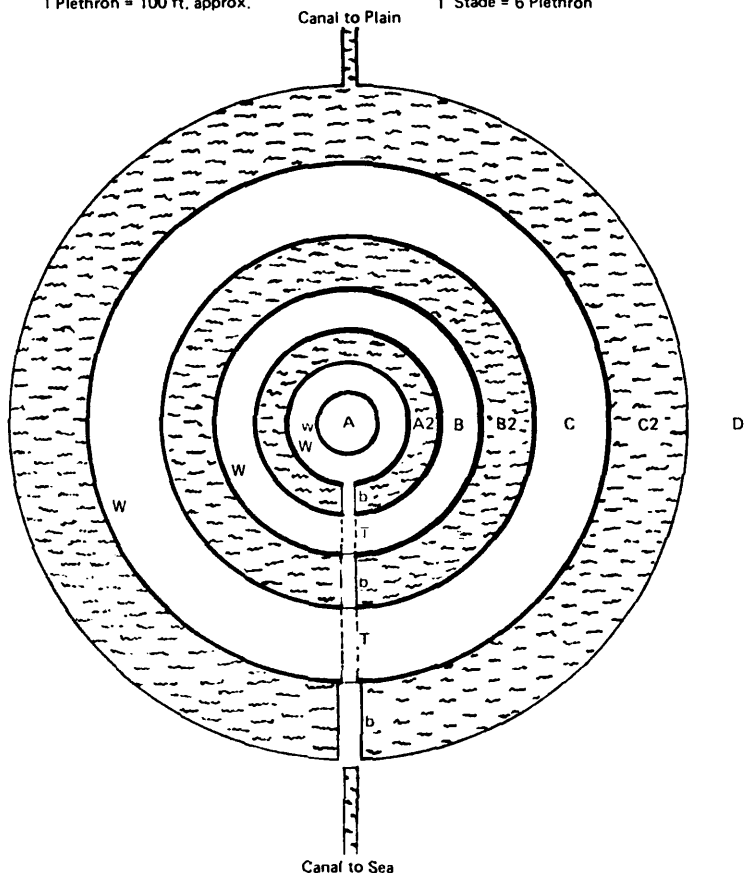


- | | | | |
|---|--|-----|---------------------------------|
| A | Acropolis | C.1 | Canal (50 stades or 5.68 miles) |
| D | Outer City | C.2 | Main Canal around Plain |
| W | Main City Wall (127 stades or 14.43 miles in diameter) | | |
| S | Sea | | |

FIG. 3

1 Plethron = 100 ft. approx.

1 Stade = 6 Plethron



- A Central Island (Acropolis) 5 stades in diameter, with Sacred Pillar, Temple, Altar
- A2 Inner Belt of Water 1 stade wide
- B Inner Belt of Land (2 stades) with Temples, Gardens, Barracks
- B2 Middle Water Belt (2 stades)
- C Outer Land Belt (3 stades) with Hippodrome Barracks
- C2 Outer Water Belt (3 stades)
- D Outer City
- b Bridges with Gates and Turrets at each end joining AB, BC, CD.
- T Tunnels for Ships under B & C
- W Ring Walls Round A, B, C, and Sacarium in A.

FOREWORD

The thousands of copies of this manuscript sold till now, the quotations which have been made with great success in writings or heard in lectures, and above all the numerous letters received from my readers, have been for me very encouraging and moving evidence. However, some of my correspondents have been led to such erroneous conclusions that it seemed necessary for me to write a foreword to be included immediately in this work and in all those which treat of similar subjects, with the purpose of preventing any further tendency to misleading interpretation or simply misunderstandings.

The fundamental purpose of this manuscript is to transmit certain knowledge of particular subjects of mystical tradition, which nowadays, particularly in France, continue to exercise a strong attraction upon whoever is interested in great questions beyond the limits of a non sensical item in the popular press. It is enough to be convinced of this, to notice the considerable success met with from the general public, by books dealing with these subjects. Now, most of these books are not built on any foundation. They do not have any basis OF TRUTH for meditation and reflection, and they lead their readers towards false and even dangerous conclusions.

It is also necessary to show the importance of the Rosicrucian Order AMORC in the world, and this manuscript is indeed to put it in its rightful place, that is first, regarding its objectives, its worldly activities and the number of its members. In spite of the great tolerance of our Order and its extreme liberalism, it has sometimes been necessary to show strict severity with regard to those who, deceived perhaps by their own errors, risk deceiving others and leading them into terrible ways which have no aspect of psychic equilibrium. To warn is a duty, especially if one such advertisement is directed to one who is on the sure and truthful path offered by the Rosicrucian Order AMORC. To stray from this path of certainty after assuming it, is incontestably to retrogress. My aim has been that my Rosicrucian readers may avoid committing this regrettable error of seeking elsewhere that which they will always find at the most opportune moment, the most efficacious for them, in the teachings of the Rosicrucian Order AMORC.

Such were the reasons which induced me to write this manuscript and some others. The manner chosen to communicate this knowledge is important. To understand certain subjects, it is *not enough to read them, one must experience them, and that is why I* adopted this form of writing. The result is that this manuscript is PARTIALLY ALLEGORICAL AND PARTIALLY ALSO IT RELATES FACTS. *It is based on* SYMBOLISM, for the SYMBOL is, in essence, a language, which each understands according to his development and which the Rosicrucian understands better than most. Thus, through ALLEGORY, through SYMBOL and through FACTS, subjects of the highest interest are examined, and this examination will lead you to an understanding more vast, more useful and more true, of the great questions which tradition, past and present, has applied itself in solving.

My dearest wish will always be that this lecture may be for you a source of inspiration, and a constant encouragement to carry on your efforts within the Rosicrucian Order AMORC towards greater light and Peace Profound.

RAYMOND BERNARD
Domaine de la Rose-Croix
Friday 17th October 1969

PART I

THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE

It is a foolish presumption to go about disdaining and condemning as false what does not appear likely to us; which is a common fault in those who think themselves uncommonly clever. I was once like that, if I heard talk of returning spirits, of prognostics of future things, of enchantments and witchcraft . . . I felt a pity for those poor people who were taken in by those foolish things. And now I find that I was to be pitied at least as much as they; not that experience has since shown me anything transcending my first beliefs, and certainly curiosity was not wanting; but reason has taught me that thus absolutely to condemn a thing as false and impossible, is to imagine our own brains to possess the privilege of knowing the bounds and limits of God's will and of the power of our mother nature, and that there is no more evident folly in the world than to measure those things by the rule of our capacity and ability.

Montaigne, "Essays", Chapter 27

You would not be satisfied for long in a world that mystery had deserted. Knowledge exiles to infinity everything it ought to destroy. Perhaps it is the mystery alone which reunites. Without the mystery life would be unsupportable. One sees it, and this is fundamental in all my thinking, the mystery is not interpreted thus as it is with agnostics, as a deficiency of knowledge, as a void to fill, but on the contrary as a fullness.

Gabriel Marcel, "L'Iconoclaste"

My happiness is to augment that of others
I must have the well being of all to be happy.

Andre Gide.

THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE

1

INTRODUCTION

Atlantis outside its legend, such would have been perhaps, for this manuscript, the most appropriate title. It was meanwhile placed uniquely in a past age of history which has never ceased to be actual and to which in the very near future, circumstances, because the hour has sounded, will revive all its vigour . . .

A history which has never ceased to be actual! This assertion should be taken in the most absolute sense, and to be more precise, it is fitting to affirm that if the continent called Atlantis disappeared thousands of years ago, the Atlanteans themselves have never ceased to perpetuate themselves and they still exist today. Why and how, is what I propose to explain to you in these pages. You will thus see a fascinating empire of long ago pursue its mission through the ages, in a different manner, secret "hidden" and nevertheless real, vigilant and active . . . The Invisible Empire of the external Atlantis will appear to you, in this story, in its sublime reality, waiting the coming day when it will rise again reclothed with its former power, in the presence of a stupefied humanity on the brink of the Abyss.

You are allowed to doubt and my purpose is not to convince. You will remember that the "Secret Houses of the Rose-Croix" was finished on the knell of a torturing "Never Again", completed nevertheless with the promise that other narratives would follow where the knowledge ALREADY received in exceptional meetings would be transmitted AT THE ORDAINED TIME under a form of which only the exterior attire, the circumstances, would be PERHAPS imaginary. This invisible empire, over which we are going to travel together, at all events, AS REALITY, and you will testify that it makes as much a part of your daily existence as the vital elements to which you are accustomed. In fact one could say that humanity lives or relives the history of Atlantis and that it has always been thus since the "continent" of Atlantis was swallowed up in the waves of the ocean.

It is then to a genuine discovery that I invite you. Of certain facts, unquestionably, many among you will have heard as it was in my case . . . before knowing and without doubt in the recesses of their subconscious will they have perceived, perhaps, a spark of truth enabling them to reassemble what is scattered into an illuminating whole. Our common proceeding will be different since we will go first of all to the heart of the empire and from this focal point, the unification realised will favour a total and definitive COMPREHENSION. Some of the revelations which I am authorised to transmit will appear fantastic to many. They were for me, although never for a single instant have I judged them fanciful. I could not, for I had faith in him who taught me. Besides, nothing in this world is ordinary. The universe remains a miracle all the time even if man, in his unreasonable pride, commits without ceasing the impertinence of forgetting the marvels

THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE

which surround him and of which he is part, to lose himself in the swamp of his egoism and in problems he creates for himself.

In this world stage, the scenery has been prepared from the beginning. The role which we must fill individually will take on a clearer dimension if we pay attention to the scene in which we act, and today we must do more. We must, in effect, envisage the scene in its entirety, as if the play were finished, the curtain ready to fall for good, and the new properties which the acts have required gradually for the unfolding of the drama will thus appear to us uniquely in their relation with the permanence of the basic scenery.

In this world which has welcomed us for one stage of our "return", Atlantis is at one and the same time the beginning and the end. Of that, this account will convince you perhaps. If it does not succeed, you will at least draw a different vision from it and let us say a "possible" history of humanity, so debatable that you should consider it. In any case, neither you nor I will have wasted time, although I will insist, at the risk of repeating myself, on my entire belief and my unshakable faith in what has been revealed to me. My end is not to secure your adhesion on a hypothesis well or badly erected. Such an intention would be puerile and out of place with the subject dealt with. Once again I do nothing but transmit that of which I am only the recipient for the moment awaiting the signal to be given authorising the communication to others and since the signal has come, here is the revelation, here is the Atlantean message, here is the Invisible Empire . . . only a necessary documentary part will precede nevertheless to allow us to understand better, to commune better.

THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE

2

THE EVIDENCE OF PLATO

It is to Plato that profane humanity owes everything that is known on the subject of Atlantis. In fact much more was given to him but he was only authorised to transmit what appeared in two of his dialogues: *Timaeus* and *Critias*. The quotations, which are for the most part extracts from authors of some theses on Atlantis, neglect important passages by not taking into account relative information on the lost continent which has brought error and confusion in the commentaries erected on this incomplete base. The whole of *Timaeus* and the whole of *Critias* should be read, studied, examined thoroughly, by whoever is attracted by Atlantean history. I would even say that all Plato is essential to know and be meditated upon by those engaged in the traditional and mystical quest. Plato is a "transmitter" in the most sacred sense of the term. He address himself to the crowd but also to the initiate; to him who knows how to read between the lines; to him who, over the ages, is able to put himself in unison with his thoughts and his wishes and to extract a universal expression of the eternal truth. In his work, he has disseminated widely what he was permitted to transmit and sometimes more. He reveals with discretion and circumspection but his dialogues reflect his profound knowledge and, for him who knows how to be watchful, there is always — in the turning of a phrase or of a smile, the word, the notion — the key to a major problem scarcely skimming the surface and sometimes simply suggested elsewhere in a work.

It is necessary to read and reread Plato just as it is necessary to read and reread the ancient authors, Plotinus, Plutarch, Pythagoras and many others. Truly one understands now that there is nothing new under the sun and that our modern times have not had so much to learn as to rediscover what the obscurantism of dead dogmas has, during the centuries, hidden with its jealous and fearsome ugliness. Rather than seek a little more light in the new works, which often only plagiarise this remote past, is it not better to return to the source to gather the pure beverage of the authentic wisdom? There is not, in truth, a better guide than this wisdom of the past; it includes all, the present, the complete man, and everyone finds himself there with all his problems, small and great, to which a valid reply, a logical solution is then given.

Thus, because custom requires it, and above all because respect and veneration recommends it, in what concerns me, it is important that the two texts of Plato referring to Atlantis may be reviewed here. The quotations will be longer than usual, but I have shown the reason for them and I ask for the most intense attention of my reader in a teaching where every word counts.

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TIMAEUS

There is in Egypt, said Critias, in the Delta, at the point where the Nile separates, a nome called Saitic, whose principal city is Sais, the country of King Amasis. The citizens honour as a founder of their city a goddess whose Egyptian name is Neith, and the Greek name, according to what they say, Athena. They are very friendly to the Athenians and claim some relationship to them. Solon came there in his travels and was received there with great honour and in the course of making enquiries from the priests who were most knowledgeable on these matters found out that he and all his countrymen were almost entirely ignorant about antiquity. Wishing to lead them on to talk about early times, he embarked on an account of the earliest times known here, telling them about Phoroneus, said to be the first man, and Niobe, and how Deucalion and Pyrrha survived the flood and who were their descendants, and trying by reckoning up the generations to calculate how long ago the events in question had taken place. And a very old priest said to him, "Oh Solon, Solon, you Greeks are all children, and there is no such thing as an old Greek."

"What do you mean by that?" inquired Solon.

"You are all young in mind," came the reply; "You have no belief rooted in old tradition and no knowledge hoary with age. And the reason is this. There have been and will be many different calamities to destroy mankind, the greatest of them by fire and water, lesser ones by countless other means. Your own story of how Phaethon, child of the sun, harnessed his father's chariot but was unable to guide it along his father's course and so burnt up things on earth and was himself destroyed by a thunderbolt, is a mythical version of the truth and there is at long intervals a variation in the course of the heavenly bodies and a consequent widespread destruction by fire of things on the earth. On such occasions, those who live in the mountains or in the high dry places suffer more than those living by rivers or by the sea; as for us, the Nile, our own regular saviour, is freed to preserve us in this emergency.

When, on the other hand, the Gods purge the earth with a deluge, the herdsmen and shapherds in the mountains escape, but those living in the cities in your part of the world are swept into the sea by the rivers; here water never falls on the land from above, either then or at any other time, but rises naturally from below. This is the reason why our traditions here are the oldest preserved; though it is true that in all places where excessive cold or heat does not prevent it human beings are always to be found in larger or smaller numbers. But in our temples we have preserved from earliest times a written record of any great or splendid achievement or notable event which has come to our ears whether it occurred in your part of the world or here or elsewhere; whereas with you and others, writing and the other necessities of civilization have only just been developed when the

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periodic scourge of the deluge descends, and spares none but the unlettered and uncultured, so that you have to begin again, like children in complete ignorance of what happened in our part of the world or in yours in early times. So these genealogies of your own people which you were just recounting are little more than children's stories. You remember only one deluge, though there have been many, and you do not know that the finest and best race of men that ever existed lived in your country; you and your fellow citizens are descended from survivors that remain, but you know nothing about it because so many succeeding generations left no record in writing. For before the greatest of all destructions by water, Solon, the city that is now Athens was pre-eminent in war and conspicuously the best governed in every way, its achievements and constitution being the finest of any in the world of which we have heard tell."

Solon was astonished at what he heard and eagerly begged the priests to describe to him in detail the doings of these citizens of the past. "I will gladly do so, Solon," replied the priest, "both for your sake and your city's, but chiefly in gratitude to the goddess to whom it has fallen to bring up and educate both your country and ours — yours first, when she took over your seed from earth and Hephaestus, ours a thousand years later. The age of our institutions is given in our sacred records as eight thousand years, and the citizens whose laws and whose finest achievements I will now briefly describe to you therefore lived nine thousand years ago; we will go through their history in detail later on at leisure, when we can consult the records.

"Consider their laws compared with ours; for you will find today among us many parallels to your institutions in those days. First, our priestly class is kept distinct from the others, as is also our artisan class; next, each class of craftsman — shepherds, hunters, farmers — performs its function in isolation from the others. And of course you will have noticed that our soldier class is kept separate from all others, being forbidden by the law to undertake any duties other than military; moreover their armament consists of shield and spear, which we were the first people in Asia to adopt, under the instruction of the goddess, as you were in your part of the world. And again you see what great attention our law devotes from the beginning to learning, deriving from the divine principles of cosmology everything needed for human life down to divination and medicine for our health, and acquiring all other related branches of knowledge. The goddess founded this whole order and system when she framed your society. She chose the place in which you were born with an eye to its temperate climate, which would produce men of high intelligence; for being herself a lover of war and wisdom she picked a place for her first foundation that would produce men most like herself in character. So you lived there under the laws I have described, and even better ones, and excelled all men in every kind of accomplishment, as one would expect of children and offspring of the gods. And among all the wonderful achievements recorded here of your city, one great act of courage is outstanding. Our

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records tell how your city checked a great power which arrogantly advanced from its base in the Atlantic Ocean to attack the cities of Asia and Europe. For in those days the Atlantic was navigable. There was an island opposite the strait which you call (so you say) the Pillars of Heracles, an island larger than Libya and Asia combined; from it travellers could in those days reach the other islands, and from them the whole opposite continent which surrounds what can truly be called the ocean. For the sea within the strait we were talking about is like a lake with a narrow entrance; the outer ocean is the real ocean and the land which entirely surrounds it is properly termed continent. On this island of Atlantis had arisen a powerful and remarkable dynasty of Kings, who ruled the whole island, and many other islands as well and parts of the continent; in addition it controlled, within the strait, Libya up to the borders of Egypt and Europe as far as Tuscany. This dynasty gathering its whole power together, attempted to enslave, at a single stroke, your country and ours and all the territory within the strait. It was then, Solon, that the power and courage and strength of your city became clear for all men to see. Her bravery and military skill were outstanding; she led an alliance of the Greeks, and then when they deserted her and she was forced to fight alone, after running into direst peril, she overcame the invaders and celebrated a victory; she rescued those not yet enslaved from the slavery threatening them, and she generously freed all others living within the Pillars of Heracles. At a later time there were earthquakes and floods of extraordinary violence, and in a single dreadful day and night, all your fighting men were swallowed up by the earth, and the island of Atlantis was similarly swallowed up by the sea and vanished; this is why the sea in that area is to this day impassable to navigation, which is hindered by mud just below the surface, the remains of the sunken island.

CRITIAS

Now first of all we must recall the fact that 9000 is the sum of years since the war occurred, as is recorded, between the dwellers beyond the Pillars of Heracles and all that dwelt within them; which war we have now to relate in detail. It was stated that this city of ours was in command of the one side and fought through the whole of the war, and in command of the other side were the kings of the island of Atlantis, which we said was an island larger than Libya and Asia once upon a time, but now lies sunk by earthquakes and has created a barrier of impassable mud which prevents those who are sailing out from here to the ocean beyond from proceeding further. How as regards the numerous barbaric tribes and all the Hellenic nations that then existed, the sequel of our story, when it is, as it were, unrolled, will disclose what happened in each locality; but the facts about the Athenians of that age and the enemies with whom they fought we must necessarily describe first, at the outset, the military power, that is to say, of each and their forms of government. And of these two we must give the priority in our account to the state of Athens.

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Once upon a time the Gods were taking over, by lot, the whole of the earth according to its regions — not according to the results of strife — for it would not be reasonable to suppose that the Gods were ignorant of their own several rights, nor yet that they attempted to obtain for themselves by means of strife a possession to which others, as they knew, had a better claim. So by just allotments they received each one his own, and they settled their countries; and when they had thus settled them, they reared us up, even as herdsmen rear their flocks, to be their cattle and nurslings; only it was not our bodies that they constrained by bodily force, like shepherds guiding their flocks with stroke of staff, but they directed from the stern where the living creature is easiest to turn about, laying hold on the soul by persuasion, as by a rudder, according to their own disposition; and thus they drove and steered all the mortal kind. Now in other regions others of the gods had their allotments and ordered the affairs, but inasmuch as Hephaestus and Athena were of a like nature, being born of the same father, and agreeing, moreover, in their love of wisdom and of craftsmanship, they both took for their joint portion this land of ours as being naturally congenial and adapted for virtue and for wisdom, and therein they planted as native to the soil men of virtue and ordained to their mind the mode of government. And of these citizens the names are preserved, but their works have vanished owing to the repeated destruction of their successors and the length of the intervening periods. For, as was said before, the stock that survived on each occasion was a remnant of unlettered mountaineers which had heard the names only of the rulers, and but little besides of their works. So though they gladly passed on these names to their descendants, concerning the mighty deeds and the laws of their predecessors they had no knowledge, save for some invariably obscure reports; and since, moreover, they and their children for many generations were themselves in want of the necessities of life, their attention was given to their own needs and all their talk was about them; and in consequence they paid no regard to the happenings of bygone ages. For legendary lore and the investigation of antiquity are visitants that come to cities in company with leisure, when they see that men are already furnished with the necessities of life, and not before.

In this way, then, the names of the ancients, without their works, have been preserved. And for evidence of what I say I point to the statement of Solon, that the Egyptian priests, in describing the war of that period, mentioned most of these names — such as those of Cecrops and Erechtheus and Erichthonius and Erysichthon and most of the other names which are recorded of the various heroes before Theseus — and in a like manner also the names of the women. Moreover, the habit and figure of the goddess indicate that in the case of all animals, male and female, that herd together, every species is naturally capable of practising as a whole and in common its own proper excellence.

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Now at that time there dwelt in this country not only the other classes of the citizens who were occupied in the handicrafts and in the raising of food from the soil, but also the military class, which had been separated off at the commencement by divine heroes and dwelt apart. It was supplied with all that was required for its sustenance and training, and none of its members possessed any private property, but they regarded all they had as the common property of all; and from the rest of the citizens they claimed to receive nothing beyond a sufficiency of sustenance; and they practised all those pursuits which were mentioned yesterday, in the description of our proposed "Guardians". Moreover, what was related about our country was plausible and true, namely, that, in the first place, it had its boundaries at that time marked off by the Isthmus, and on the inland side reaching to the heights of Cithaeron and Parnes; and that the boundaries ran down with Oropia on the right, and on the seaward side they shut off the Asopus on the left; and that all other lands were surpassed by ours in goodness of soil, so that it was actually able at that period to support a large host which was exempt from the labours of husbandry. And of its goodness a strong proof is this; what is now left of our soil rivals any other in being all productive and abundant in crops and rich in pasturage for all kinds of cattle; and at that period, in addition to their fine quality it produced these things in vast quantity. How, then, is this statement plausible, and what residue of the land then existing serves to confirm its truth? The whole of the land lies like a promontory jutting out from the rest of the continent far into the sea; and all the cup of the sea round about it is, as it happens, of a great depth. Consequently, since many great convulsions took place during the 9000 years — for such was the number of years from that time to this — the soil which has kept breaking away from the high lands during these ages and these disasters, forms no pile of sediment worth mentioning, as in other regions, but keeps sliding away ceaselessly and disappearing in the deep. And just as it happens in small islands, what now remains compared with what then existed is like the skeleton of a sick man, all the fat and soft earth having wasted away, and only the bare framework of the land being left. But at that epoch the country was unimpaired, and for its mountains it had high arable hills, and in place of the 'moorlands', as they are now called, it contained plains full of rich soil; and it had much forest-land in its mountains, of which there are visible signs even to this day; for there are some mountains which now have nothing but food for bees, but they had trees no very long time ago, and the rafters from those felled there to roof the largest buildings are still sound. And besides, there are many lofty trees of cultivated species; and it produced boundless pasturage for flocks. Moreover, it was enriched by the yearly rains from Zeus, which were not lost to it, as now, by flowing from the bare land into the sea; but the soil it had was deep, and therein it received the water, storing it up in the retentive loamy soil; but by drawing off into the hollows from the heights the water that was there absorbed, it provided all the various districts with abundant supplies of spring-waters and streams, whereof the shrines which still remain even now, at the spots where the fountains formerly existed, are signs which testify that our present description of the land is true.

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Such, then, was the natural condition of the rest of the country, and it was ornamented as you would expect from genuine husbandmen who made husbandry their sole task, and who were also men of taste and of native talent, and possessed of most excellent land and a great abundance of water, and also, above the land, a climate of most happily tempered seasons. And as to the city, this is the way in which it was laid out at that time. In the first place, the acropolis, as it existed then, was different from what it is now. For as it is now, the action of a single night of extraordinary rain has crumbled it away and made it bare of soil, when earthquakes occurred simultaneously with the third of the disastrous floods which preceded the destructive deluge in the time of Deucalion. But in its former extent, at an earlier period, it went down towards the Eridanus and the Ilissus, and embraced within it the Pnyx, and had the Lycabettus as its boundary over against the Pnyx; and it was all rich in soil and, save for a small space, level on the top. And its outer parts, under its slopes, were inhabited by the craftsmen and by such of the husbandmen as had their farms close by; but on the topmost part only the military class by itself had its dwellings round about the temple of Athene and Hephaestus, surrounding themselves with a single ring-fence, which formed, as it were, the enclosure of a single dwelling. On the northward side of it they had established their public dwellings and winter mess-rooms, and all the arrangements in the way of buildings which were required for the community life of themselves and the priests; but all was devoid of gold or silver, of which they made no use anywhere; on the contrary, they aimed at the mean between luxurious display and meanness, and built themselves tasteful houses, wherein they and their children's children grew old and handed them on in succession unaltered to others like themselves. As for the southward parts, when they vacated their gardens and gymnasia and mess-rooms as was natural in summer, they used them for these purposes. And near the place of the present Acropolis there was one spring — which was choked up by the earthquakes so that but small tricklings of it are now left round about; but to the men of that time it afforded a plentiful stream for them all, being well tempered both for winter and summer. In this fashion, then, they dwelt, acting as guardians of their own citizens and as leaders, by their own consent, of the rest of the Greeks; and they watched carefully that their own numbers, of both men and women, who were neither too young nor too old to fight, should remain for all time as nearly as possible the same, namely, about 20,000.

So it was that these men, being themselves of the character described and always justly administering in some such fashion both their own land and Hellas, were famous throughout all Europe and Asia both for their bodily beauty and for the perfection of their moral excellence, and were of all men then living the most renowned. And now, if we have not lost recollection of what we heard when we were still children, we will frankly impart to you all, as friends, our story of the men who warred against our Athenians, what their state was and how it originally came about.

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But before I begin my account, there is still a small point which I ought to explain, lest you should be surprised at frequently hearing Greek names given to barbarians. The reason of this you shall now learn. Since Solon was planning to make use of the story for his own poetry, he had found, on investigating the meaning of the names, that those Egyptians who had first written them down had translated them into their own tongue. So he himself in turn recovered the original sense of each name and, rendering it into our tongue, wrote it down so. And these very different writings were in the possession of my grandfather and are actually now in mine, and when I was a child I learnt them all by heart. Therefore if the names you hear are just like our local names, do not be at all astonished; for now you know the reason for them. The story then told was a long one, and it began something like this.

Like as we have previously stated concerning the allotments of the Gods, that they portioned out the whole earth, here into larger allotments and there into smaller, and provided for themselves shrines and sacrifices, even so Poseidon took for his allotment the island of Atlantis and settled therein the children whom he had begotten of a mortal woman in a region of the island of the following description. Bordering on the sea and extending through the centre of the whole island there was a plain, which is said to have been the fairest of all plains and highly fertile; and, moreover, near the plain, over against its centre, at a distance of about 50 stades, there stood a mountain that was low on all sides. Thereon dwelt one of the natives originally sprung from the earth, Evenor by name, with his wife Leucippe; and they had for offspring an only-begotten daughter, Cleito. And when this damsel was now come to marriageable age, her mother died and also her father; and Poseidon, being smitten with desire for her, wedded her; and to make the hill whereon she dwelt impregnable he broke it off all round about; and he made circular belts of sea and land enclosing one another alternately, some greater, some smaller, two being of land and three of sea, which he carved as it were out of the midst of the island; and these belts were at even distances on all sides, so as to be impassable for man; for at that time neither ships nor sailing were as yet in existence. And Poseidon himself set in order with ease, as a god would, the central island, bringing up from beneath the earth two springs of water, the one flowing warm from its source, the other cold, and producing out of the earth all kinds of food in plenty. And he begat five pairs of twin sons and reared them up; and when he had divided all the island of Atlantis into ten portions, he assigned to the first born of the eldest sons his mother's dwelling and the allotment surrounding it, which was the largest and best; and him he appointed to be king over the rest, and the others to be rulers, granting to each the rule over many men and a large tract of country. And to all of them he gave names, giving to him that was the eldest and king the name after which the whole island was called and the sea spoken of as the Atlantic, because the first king who then reigned had the name of Atlas. And the name of his younger twin-brother, who had for his portion the extremity of the island near the Pillars of Heracles up to the part of

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the country now called Gadeira after the name of that region, was Eumelus in Greek, but in the native tongue Gadeirus, — which fact may have given its title to the country. And of the pair that were born next he called the one Ampheres and the other Evaemon; and of the third pair the elder was named Mneseus and the younger Autochthon; and of the fourth pair, he called the first Elasippus and the second Mestor; and of the fifth pair, Azaes was the name given to the elder, and Diaprepes to the second. So all these, themselves and their descendants, dwelt for many generations bearing rule over many other islands throughout the sea, and holding sway besides, as was previously stated, over the Mediterranean peoples as far as Egypt and Tuscany.

Now a large family of distinguished sons sprang from Atlas; but it was the eldest, who, as king, always passed on the sceptre to the eldest of his sons, and thus they preserved the sovereignty for many generations; and the wealth they possessed was so immense that the like had never been seen before in any royal house nor will ever easily be seen again; and they were provided with everything of which provision was needed either in the city or throughout the rest of the country. For because of their headship they had a large supply of imports from abroad, and the island itself furnished most of the requirements of daily life, — metals, to begin with, both the hard kind and the fusible kind, which are extracted by mining, and also that kind which is now known only by name but was more than a name then, there beings mines of it in many places of the island, — I mean “*orichalcum*”, which was the most precious of the metals then known, except gold. It brought forth also in abundance all the timbers that a forest provides for the labours of carpenters; and of animals it produced a sufficiency, both of tame and wild. Moreover, it contained a very large stock of elephants; for there was an ample food-supply not only for all the other animals which haunt the marshes and lakes and rivers, or the mountains or the plains, but likewise also for this animal, which of its nature is the largest and most voracious. And in addition to all this, it produced and brought to perfection all those sweet-scented stuffs which the earth produces now, whether made of roots or herbs or trees, or of liquid gums derived from flowers or fruits. The cultivated fruit also, and the dry, which serves us for nutriment, and all the other kinds that we use for our meals — the various species of which are comprehended under the name ‘vegetables’ — and all the produce of trees which affords liquid and solid food and unguents, and the fruit of the orchard trees, so hard to store, which is grown for the sake of amusement and pleasure, and all the after-dinner fruits that we serve up as welcome remedies for the sufferer from repletion — all these that hallowed island, as it lay then beneath the sun, produced in marvellous beauty and endless abundance. And thus, receiving from the earth all these products, they furnished forth their temples and royal dwellings, their harbours and their docks, and all the rest of their country, ordering all in the fashion following.

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First of all they bridged over the circles of sea which surrounded the ancient metropolis, making thereby a road towards and from the royal palace. And they had built the palace at the very beginning where the settlement was first made by their God and their ancestors; and as each king received it from his predecessor, he added to its adornment and did all he could to surpass the king before him, until finally they made of it an abode amazing to behold for the magnitude and beauty of its workmanship. For, beginning at the sea, they bored a channel right through to the outermost circle, which was three plethra in breadth, one hundred feet deep, and fifty stades in length; and thus they made the entrance to it from the sea like that to a harbour by opening out a mouth large enough for the greatest ships to sail through. Moreover, through the circles of land, which divided those of sea, over against the bridges they opened out a channel leading from circle to circle, large enough to give passage to a single trireme; and this they roofed over above so that the sea-way was subterranean; for the lips of the land-circles were raised a sufficient height above the level of the sea. The greatest of the circles into which a boring was made for the sea was three stades in breadth, and the circle of land next to it was of equal breadth; and of the second pair of circles that of water was two stades in breadth and that of dry land equal again to the preceding one of water; and the circle which ran round the central island itself was of a stade's breadth. And this island, wherein stood the royal palace, was of five stades in diameter. Now the island and the circles and the bridge, which was a plethrum in breadth, they encompassed round about, on this side and on that, with a wall of stone; and upon the bridges on each side, over against the passages for the sea, they erected towers and gates. And the stone they quarried beneath the central island all round, and from beneath the outer and inner circles, some of it being white, some black, and some red; and while quarrying it they constructed two inner docks, hollowed out and roofed over by the native rock. And of the buildings some they framed of one simple colour, in others they wove a pattern of many colours by blending the stones for the sake of ornament so as to confer upon the buildings a natural charm. And they covered with brass, as though with a plaster, all the circumference of the wall which surrounded the outermost circle; and that of the inner one they coated with tin; and that which encompassed the Acropolis itself with orichalcum which sparkled like fire.

The royal palace within the Acropolis was arranged in this manner. In the centre there stood a temple sacred to Cleito and Poseidon, which was reserved as holy ground, and encircled with a wall of gold; this being the very spot where at the beginning they had generated and brought to birth the family of the ten royal lines. Thither also they brought year by year from all the ten allotments their seasonable offerings to do sacrifice to each of those princes. And the temple of Poseidon himself was a stade in length, three plethra in breadth, and of a height which appeared symmetrical therewith; and there was something of the barbaric in its appearance. All the exterior of the temple they coated with silver, save only the pinnacles, and these they coated with gold. As to the interior, they made the roof all of ivory in appearance, variegated with gold and silver and

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orichalcum, and all the rest of the walls and pillars and floors they covered with orichalcum. And they placed therein golden statues, one being that of the God standing on a chariot and driving six winged steeds, his own figure so tall as to touch the ridge of the roof, and round about him a hundred Nereids on dolphins (for that was the number of them as men then believed); and it contained also many other images, the votive offerings of private men. And outside, round about the temple, there stood images in gold of all the princes, both themselves and their wives, as many as were descended from the ten kings, together with many other votive offerings both of the kings and of private persons not only from the State itself but also from all the foreign peoples over whom they ruled. And the altar, in respect of its size and its workmanship, harmonized with its surroundings; and the royal palace likewise was such as befitted the greatness of the kingdom, and equally befitted the splendour of the temples.

The springs they made use of, one kind being of cold, another of warm water, were of abundant volume, and each kind was wonderfully well adapted for use because of the natural taste and excellence of its waters; and these they surrounded with buildings and with plantations of trees such as suited the waters; and, moreover, they set reservoirs round about, some under the open sky, and others under cover to supply hot baths in winter; they put separate baths for the kings and for the private citizens, besides others for women, and others again for horses and all other beasts of burden, fitting out each in an appropriate manner. And the outflowing water they conducted to the sacred grove of Poseidon, which contained trees of all kinds that were of marvellous beauty and height because of the richness of the soil; and by means of channels they led the water to the outer circles over against the bridges. And there they had constructed many temples for gods, and many gardens and many exercising grounds, some for men and some set apart for horses, in each of the circular belts of island; and besides the rest they had in the centre of the large island a racecourse laid out for horses, which was a stade in width, while as to length, a strip which ran round the whole circumference was reserved for equestrian contests. And round about it, on this side and on that, were barracks for the greater part of the spearmen; but the guard-house of the more trusty of them was posted in the smaller circle, which was nearer the Acropolis; while those who were the most trustworthy of all had dwellings granted to them within the Acropolis round about the persons of the kings.

And the shipyards were full of triremes and all the tackling that belongs to them, and they were all amply equipped.

Such then was the state of things round about the abode of the kings. And after crossing the three outer harbours, one found a wall which began at the sea and ran round in a circle at a uniform distance of fifty stades from the largest circle and harbour, and its ends converged at the seaward mouth of the channel. The whole of this wall had numerous

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houses built on to it, set close together; while the sea-way and the largest harbour were filled with ships and merchants coming from all quarters, which by reason of their multitude caused clamour and tumult of every description and an unceasing din night and day.

Now as regards the city and the environs of the ancient dwelling we have now well nigh completed the description as it was originally given. We must endeavour next to repeat the account of the rest of the country, what its natural character was, and in what fashion it was ordered. In the first place, then, according to the account, the whole region rose sheer out of the sea to a great height, but the part about the city was all a smooth plain, enclosing it round about, and being itself encircled by mountains which stretched as far as to the sea; and this plain had a level surface and was a whole rectangle in shape, being 3000 stades long on either side and 2000 stades wide at its centre, reckoning upwards from the sea. And this region, all along the island, faced towards the South and was sheltered from the Northern blasts. And the mountains which surrounded it were at that time celebrated as surpassing all that now exist in number, magnitude and beauty; for they had upon them many rich villages of country folk, and streams and lakes and meadows which furnished ample nutriment to all the animals both tame and wild, and timber of various sizes and descriptions, abundantly sufficient for the needs of all and every craft.

Now as a result of natural forces, together with the labours of many kings which extended over many ages, the condition of the plain was this. It was originally a quadrangle, rectilinear for the most part, and elongated; and what it lacked of this shape they made right by means of a trench dug round about it. Now, as regards the depth of this trench and its breadth and length, it seems incredible that it should be as large as the account states, considering that it was made by hand, and in addition to all the other operations, but none the less we must report what we heard; it was dug out to the depth of a plethrum and to a uniform breadth of a stade, and since it was dug round the whole plain its consequent length was 10.000 stades. It received the streams which came down from the mountains and after circling round the plain, and coming towards the city on this side and on that, it discharged them thereabouts into the sea. And on the island side of the city channels were cut in straight lines, of about 100 feet in width, across the plain, and these discharged themselves into the trench on the seaward side, the distance between each being 100 stades. It was in this way that they conveyed to the city the timber from the mountains and transported also on boats the season's products, but cutting transverse passages from one channel to the next and also to the city. And they cropped the land twice a year, making use of the rains from Heaven in the winter, and the waters that issued from the earth in summer, by conducting the streams from the trenches.

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As regards their man-power, it was ordained that each allotment should furnish one man as leader of all the men in the plain who were fit to bear arms; and the size of the allotment was about ten times ten stades, and the total number of all the allotments was 60.000; and the number of the men in the mountains and in the rest of the country was countless, according to the report, and according to their districts and villages they were all assigned to these allotments under their leaders. So it was ordained that each such leader should provide for war the sixth part of a war-chariot's equipment, so as to make up 10.000 chariots in all, together with two horses and mounted men; also a pair of horses without a car, and attached thereto a combatant with a small shield and for charioteer the rider who springs from horse to horse; and two hoplites; and archers and slingers, two of each; and light-armed slingers and javelin-men, three of each; and four sailors towards the manning of twelve hundred ships. Such then were the military dispositions of the Royal City; and those of the other nine varied in various ways, which it would take a long time to tell.

Of the magistracies and posts of honour the disposition, ever since the beginning, was this. Each of the ten kings ruled over the men and most of the land in his own particular portion and throughout his own city, punishing and putting to death whomsoever he willed. But their authority over one another and their mutual relations were governed by the precepts of Poseidon, as handed down to them by the law and by the records inscribed by the first princes on a pillar of orichalcum, which was placed within the temple of Poseidon in the centre of the island; and thither they assembled every fifth year and then alternately every sixth year — giving equal honour to both the even and the odd — and when thus assembled they took counsel about public affairs and inquired if any had in any way transgressed and gave judgment. And when they were about to give judgment they first gave pledges one to another of the following description. In the sacred precincts of Poseidon there were bulls at large; and the ten princes, being alone by themselves, after praying to the God that they might capture a victim well-pleasing unto him, hunted after the bulls with staves and nooses but with no weapon of iron; and whatsoever bull they captured they led up to he pillar and cut its throat over the top of the pillar, raining down blood on the inscription. And inscribed upon the pillar, besides the laws, was an oath which invoked mighty curses upon them that disobeyed. When, then, they had done sacrifice according to their laws and were consecrating all the limbs of the bull, they mixed a bowl of wine and poured in on behalf of each one a gout of blood, and the rest they carried to the fire, when they had first purged the pillars round about. And after this they drew out from the bowl with golden ladles, and making libation over the fire swore to give judgment according to the laws upon the pillar and to punish whosoever had committed any previous transgression; and, moreover, that they would not henceforth transgress any of the writings willingly, nor govern nor submit to any governor's edict save in accordance with their father's laws. And when each of them

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had made this invocation both for himself and for his seed after him, he drank of the cup and offered it up as a gift in the temple of the god; and after spending the interval in supping and necessary business, when darkness came on and the sacrificial fire had died down, all the princes robed themselves in the most beautiful sable vestments, and sat on the ground beside the cinders of the sacramental victims throughout the night, extinguishing all the fire that was round about the sanctuary; and there they gave and received judgment, if any of them accused any of committing any transgression. And when they had given judgment, they wrote the judgments, when it was light, upon a golden tablet, and dedicated them together with their robes as memorials. And there were many other special laws concerning the peculiar rights of the several princes, whereof the most important were these; that they should never take up arms against one another, and that, should anyone attempt to overthrow in any city their royal house, they should all lend aid, taking counsel in common, like their forerunners, concerning their policy in war and other matters, while conceding the leadership to the royal branch of Atlas; and that the king had no authority to put to death any of his brother-princes save with the consent of more than half of the ten.

Such was the magnitude and character of the power which existed in those regions at that time; and this power the God set in array and brought against these regions of ours on some such pretext as the following, according to the story. For many generations, so long as the inherited nature of the God remained strong in them, they were submissive to the laws and kindly disposed to their divine kindred. For the intents of their hearts were true and in all ways noble, and they showed gentleness joined with wisdom in dealing with the changes and chances of life and in their dealings one with another. Consequently they thought scorn of everything save virtue and lightly esteemed their rich possessions, bearing with ease the burden, as it were, of the vast volume of their gold and other goods; and thus their wealth did not make them drunk with pride so that they lost control of themselves and sent to ruin, rather, in their soberness of mind they clearly saw that all these good things are increased by general amity combined with virtue, whereas the eager pursuit and worship of these goods not only causes the goods themselves to diminish but makes virtue also to perish with them. As a result, then, of such reasoning and of the continuance of their divine nature all their wealth had grown to such a greatness as we previously described. But when the portion of divinity within them was now becoming faint and weak through being oftentimes blended with a large measure of mortality, whereas the human temper was becoming dominant, then at length they lost their comeliness, through being unable to bear the burden of their possessions, and became ugly to look upon, in the eyes of him who has the gift of sight; for they had lost the fairest of their goods from the most precious of their parts; but in the eyes of those who have no gift of perceiving what is the truly happy life, it was then above all that they appeared to be superlatively fair and blessed, filled as they were with lawless ambition and power. And

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Zeus, the God of gods, who reigns by Law, inasmuch as he has the gift of perceiving such things, marked how this righteous race was in evil plight, and desired to inflict punishment upon them, to the end that when chastised they might strike a truer note. Wherefore he assembled together all the gods into that abode which they honour most, standing as it does at the centre of all the universe, and beholding all things that partake of generation; and when he had assembled them, he spake thus: . . .

(The manuscript of Plato finishes on these words.)

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3

THE TESTIMONY OF IGNATIUS DONNELLY

By the side of the surprising hypothesis placing Atlantis in Sweden, in black Africa, or particularly in North Africa, the study of Ignatius Donnelly appears to reflect a great part of the truth. True, it is far, very far, from being complete and the different hypotheses are not themselves entirely wrong as we will learn later; they only make us understand the particular to the general, in attributing to the continent that which was only a colony. But Ignatius Donnelly, in his researches and conclusions, has only committed errors of detail and what he reports should be known even if the essential is not contained in it. This essential, after all, this manuscript will soon offer you a bewitching voice like the crowning of the testimony of Plato and that of Ignatius Donnelly which is now reproduced.

This book has been written with the aim of manifesting certain conceptions properly determined and quite new. The following will be found proved:

1. Formerly, in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, facing the entrance to the mediterranean, there existed a large island which was the remainder of an atlantic continent and which was known to the ancient world under the name of Atlantis.
2. That the description of this island left by Plato is not at all, as has been admitted for a long time, a fantastic fable, but is a true prehistoric history.
3. That Atlantis was the land itself where man, for the first time raised himself above savagery and rose towards civilization.
4. That the population of Atlantis, during the course of innumerable ages, developed into a numerous and powerful nation, whose excess population peopled with civilized races the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, that of the Mississippi, of the Amazon, the Pacific Ocean, South America, and in other parts the Mediterranean, the shores of Western Europe, Western Africa, the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Caspian Sea.
5. That Atlantis was nothing else than the world before the flood with the Garden of Eden or Paradise, with the gardens of Hesperides, the Fields of Eleusis, the gardens of Alcinoüs, of Mesomphale, with Olympus, the Asgard of the traditions of the ancient peoples who, all, constitute the reminder of a country where men for ages upon ages, lived in harmony and in peace.

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6. That the gods, the goddesses and the heroes of the ancient Greeks, Phoenicians, Hindus and of Nordic Mythology, were nothing else than the kings, the queens and heroes of Atlantis and that the acts or exploits which mythology imparts to them was nothing else than the confused remembrance of real prehistoric events.

7. That the mythology of the Egyptians and of Peru constituted the primitive religion of the Atlanteans, which consisted of a veneration for the sun.

8. That the tools and other utensils of the Bronze Age in Europe came from Atlantis, and that the Atlanteans were the first to work with iron.

9. That Atlantis was primarily the place where dwelt originally not only the ethnic Aryan stock or Indo-europeans but the semitic races, perhaps also the Tourainian race.

10. That Atlantis was annihilated by a terrible natural catastrophe which swallowed up in the sea the whole island to the level of the highest summits (these summits actually constitute the Azores), with almost all the inhabitants.

11. That only some individuals escaped on boats and rafts. They carried to the people established on the eastern and western coasts of the ocean the news of the terrible catastrophe, which knowledge has persisted even to our day among many of the people of both continents, in the form of a memory of a universal deluge.

Applying ourselves to the infinity of facts attributable to the most diverse sources, let us try now, after the results of our researches to reconstruct the general picture, as faithfully as possible, of what was antideluvian humanity and make Atlantis reborn before our eyes.

The kingdom of Atlantis, in the strict sense of the word, was constituted, as we know, by a large island around which was spread, probably to the east and to the west like thousands of stones between Europe and America, a large number of small islands. On the principal island there were volcanic mountains which rose to high peaks whose summits were covered with eternal snows. At the foot of these mountains there extended high plateaus on which the kings lived with their court. Below this region of the high plateaus there was the great plain of Atlantis. Four rivers descended from the central mountains, each one had its direction following one of the cardinal points, towards the north, south, east and west. The climate was the actual climate of the Azores, sweet and agreeable . . . The soil, volcanic and fertile, was, at its various levels correct for the production not only of tropical fruits but also those of the temperate zones.

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The primitive population was constituted at least by two different human races; one race dark brown or reddish, similar to the population of Central America, to the Berbers or to the Egyptians, and a white race similar to the Greeks, the Goths, the Celts and the Scandinavians. Between the various peoples numerous conflicts of races took place for conquest of supremacy. The dark brown race seems to have been the smallest concerning the stature, as the smallness of their hands indicates; the white race was much taller. Hence the greek legends relative to the Titans and Giants. The Guanches of the Canary Islands were men of high stature. Since the objects fabricated in the bronze age reveal a race having small hands and, for another part, the race which possessed vessels and powder for cannon took part in the war against the giants, one can conclude that the race with the dark skin was the most civilized and that it had the workers in metal and the navigators.

The fact that analogous customs and an analogous conception of life held sway on both sides of the ocean supposes a common origin. The fact that the explanation of many customs verified on the two continents can only be found in America indicates that there was in America a primitive population which, in its migrations, carried its customs with it but forgot their origin, and the occasion of their constitution.

The fact that domestic animals and the most necessary farm products are indigenous in Europe and not in America, could indicate that a primitive American population which emigrated in some manner from Atlantis was left destitute of civilization and that only after that a flourishing of civilization was produced in Atlantis.

At a more recent epoch, the relations of the Atlanteans with Europe were more frequent and more regular than with America. In that which concerns domestic animals of great size it was certainly much more difficult to transport them on the undecked ships of this time in Atlantis towards America, over a large stretch of sea, than from Atlantis to Europe which could be done in stages as far as the coast of Spain in passing by this group of islands, now submerged, which were found before the entry into the Mediterranean. It could also happen that the climate of Spain and Italy may have been more favourable to the growth of rye, wheat and oats, than to that of maize, since the drier atmosphere of America is more suitable to the latter. Still now little of wheat and barley is cultivated in Central America, Peru and Mexico and none at all to speak of in the low zones of these countries whilst, on the contrary, relatively less maize is cultivated in Italy, Spain and western Europe whose rainy climate is not at all favourable to this plant. As we have seen above, one has every reason to believe that in the times of long ago maize was already cultivated in the dry regions of Egypt and China.

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In the same way that linguistic science, in basing itself on the presence or absence of certain families of words in the diverse languages derived from the primitive Aryan language, has rendered possible a reconstruction of the history of the migrations of the Aryans; in the same way the time will come when the methodical and careful comparison of words, customs, arts and the conception of life existing on the two opposite shores of the Atlantic will permit the establishment of an outline, approximately exact, of the Atlantean history. The people of Atlantis had gone very far in the advancement of agriculture. The existence of the plough in Egypt and in Peru shows that this apparatus was also known in Atlantis. And as the horns of Baal established the high esteem they had for cattle, we must admit also that the Atlanteans had long since passed the stage where the plough is drawn by man (as in Egypt and in Peru in ancient times and still in Sweden in historical times) to arrive at the stage where the plough is drawn by a horse or at least by bullocks. They were the first who raised the horse as a domestic animal and it is also why the god of the sea, Poseidon or Neptune, has his chariot drawn by horses, as Plato described them. They had sheep and manufactured wool garments, they also raised goats, dogs and pigs. They cultivated the cotton plant and also made textiles of cotton; they cultivated maize, wheat, oats, barley, rye, tobacco, hemp, and flax, perhaps also potatoes. They constructed great aqueducts and knew about artificial irrigation of the earth. They had an alphabet and worked in zinc, bronze, silver, gold and iron.

When the population of this country, after a very long period of peace and progress, commenced at last to become superabundant, they sent to the east and to the west, even to the limits of the world, great colonising expeditions. This was not the work of just a few years but that of centuries and the situation which was created between these diverse colonies must have been more or less the same as that which existed later between the colonies of the Phoenicians, the Greeks and the Romans. The colonies mixed themselves in marriage with the autochthons, or primitive populations, of the diverse countries colonised and the cross breeding of the peoples which were produced during historic times must have already taken place during thousands of years beforehand, giving birth to new races and new languages. The result was that the small primitive races were modified in the sense of a crossbreeding of their shape and that the colour of their skin passed almost unnoticeably from the purest white to the deepest black by a series of intermediate shades.

In many respects, the composition of the Atlantean Empire resembled that which is Great Britain with the actual British Empire, the British Commonwealth. Atlantis was able to present the same variety of races except that it was a greater variety than the actual British Empire. It had colonies, like Great Britain at present, in Asia, Europe, Africa and America and like her she spread her civilization to the ends of the earth. From the third to the fifth century of our era we have already seen English populations spread themselves to the shores of France and America and set up colonies there, where the

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nationality as well as the mother tongue was continued by people of Atlantic origin. We could suppose that, likewise, there were Hamitic colonising expeditions from Atlantis towards Syria, Egypt and the country of the Berbers. If we imagine today a massive emigration of Scottish Highlanders, Welshmen, Irishmen and the inhabitants of Cornwall all abandoning at the same time the soil of the British Isles and transplanting their civilization in the new countries, we would have an exact image of what was accomplished in fact by these Atlanteans colonising expeditions. Great Britain, with its civilization of Atlantean origin, peopled by races coming from the same stock, renew in modern times the Empire of Zeus, and of Chronos, and, just as we have seen Troy, Egypt and Greece take up arms against the primitive stock, we have seen the same in modern times; French Brittany and the American colonies separating themselves from Great Britain who did not prevent the racial characteristics from being common but who did break the bonds of political unity.

In that which concerns religion, Atlantis had already arrived at all the elevated and fundamental conceptions which, what ever it may be in the practice of their real influence, constitute nevertheless the basic theories of almost all modern religions. The conception of the divine was already sufficiently refined in that the Atlanteans had recognised the existence of a 'great and primitive first cause', general and all powerful. We find the sphere of this unique god in Peru and in primitive Egypt. They considered the sun as the powerful symbol and instrument of a sole god who manifested by it. Such a high conception could only be the fruit of an advanced civilization. Modern science has established how absolutely the entire life on earth is dependent on the rays of the sun.

Nevertheless the people of Atlantis had gone much further. The Atlanteans believed that the human soul is immortal and that it would live again in its bodily envelope. In other words they believed in the resurrection of the body and life everlasting. It is for this reason they embalmed their dead.

The Atlanteans had an organised priestly caste. Their religion was pure and simple. They lived under a monarchic regime. They had kings with a court. They had judges, chronicles, commemorative monuments covered with inscriptions, mines, foundries and powerhouses, weaving mills, mills for grinding grain, boats and sailmakers, aqueducts and canals and timber yards. They had processions, flags, triumphal arches for their kings and heroes. They constructed pyramids, temples, round towers and obelisks; they knew the sea compass and powder for cannon. In a word, they enjoyed a civilization which reached almost as high as ours. They did not have the printing press and the inventions founded on steam, electricity and magnetism. It is said that Deva Nahusha had visited the most distant colonies of India. An empire which extended from the Cordilleras to Hindustan, if not even as far as China, must have been in any case an empire of

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tremendous power. At its big fairs and in its big market-places the maize of the Mississippi, the spices of India, Zinc from Wales and Cornwall, the bronze of Spain, the amber of the Baltic, the wheat and rye of Greece, Italy and Switzerland must have been found.

It is not extraordinary that the downfall of this powerful primitive people, the sudden foundering of the lands under the waves of the ocean, in the midst of frightening earthquakes and atmospheric cataclysms may have left in the imagination of the human race ineffaceable memories. Let us suppose that, in the course of a days work of today even, the British Isles complete with their inhabitants and all the treasures of their civilization suffered the same lot and that they were swallowed up in the sea up to the summits of the highest mountains of Scotland, what a shock the British colonies would receive and even the entire human race! Let us again admit that, following on from this event, that the world was led to fall again into universal savagery, then men like William the Conqueror, Richard the Lion Heart, Alfred the Great, Cromwell and Queen Victoria would only survive in the memories of the new generations if transformed into gods and demons. But the memory of the enormous catastrophe in which the mother country would have disappeared, the centre of the world, would never afterwards disappear from the memory of man. It would remain more or less fragmentary in all the countries of the earth, at first in the telling of true historical impressions, then in the course of time, as a legend, a tradition, as a fable, as a tale. The memory of such an event would live on for those through thousands of transformations less profound and less terrible. It would survive in dynasties, in nations, in religions, and in languages. The memory of such an event would last to the end of time as long as there were men on earth.

It is with difficulty that modern science has again made a beginning in its mission to reconstruct the past and build up the history of forgotten civilizations of ancient peoples. In the body of this work no study could be more interesting or more attractive and none could offer more horizons than the history of this lost people, the history of humanity before the deluge. These men were the inventors of all our arts and all our sciences. They were the creators of all our fundamental conceptions of the science of the world and of life. They were the first civilisers, the first navigators, the first colonisers of the earth. Their civilization was already an old one when the Egyptians were at their beginning. Their empire had already existed thousands of years well before there could be any question of Babylon, of Rome, of London. This lost people were those of our forebears. The blood of these men runs in our veins. The words of which we make use were, in their primitive form, the ones which were heard in the cities, the palaces and temples of Atlantis. All the peculiarities of the races, the ethnic stock, the beliefs, all the differences of our thoughts give us occasion to come back in the last analysis to Atlantis.

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We could here express the wish that the modern civilized nations find at last an interesting aim for the generally useless cruises made by their war-ships. One might examine if it would not be possible to bring back from the bottom of the sea at least some remains of this lost civilization, certain of what was the Island of Atlantis, for example what the Admiralty maps name 'Dolphin Bank' lie only a few hundred fathoms below the surface. In the immediate neighbourhood of the archipelago of the Azores the methodical exploration of the bottom of the sea would certainly bring about some interesting results. One has at various times, organised at very great expense expeditions to salvage several thousand pieces of gold from wrecked ships. Why not do the same thing to raise the marvels lost with Atlantis? A single Tablet bearing inscriptions brought up from the depths where lies the Atlantis of Plato would have for science infinitely more value, and for human civilization an interest much more moving than all the gold which the Spaniards of long ago had stolen from the Peruvians and all the documents, precious as they could be, which one finds in the earth of Egypt and Chaldea.

Could not one also ask of oneself if the so called 'Phoenician money' which is found at Corvo, one of the islands of the Azores, might not have originated in Atlantis? Is it possible that the great Phoenician people, whose influence was so important in founding colonies, had visited these islands after the beginning of the historic period and had later left them deserted, as the Portuguese found them at their discovery? It might be true if we have begun to understand the past. One hundred years ago, the world still knew nothing of Pompey and Herculanium; nothing of the linguistic bond which unites the Indo-european nations; nothing of what was meant by the enormous quantity of inscriptions found in the tombs of Egypt and Babylon; nothing of the admirable civilizations which are revealed today by the mountains in the ruins of Yucatan, Mexico and Peru. But we have now arrived at the threshold of science and the progress of our knowledge develops rapidly. If we compare the science acquired during the last hundred years with the empty desert of theological thought of the middle ages, who could doubt that, in another hundred years, our museums will be adorned with statues, arms, utensils and jewels of the swallowed up Atlantis; that our libraries could possess the translations of the Atlantean inscriptions, illuminating in the light of our new knowledge all the past of the world and of the human race and bringing the solution of all these mysteries which thinkers and seekers of our time still seek in vain to penetrate?

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4

THE GREAT SECRET TESTIMONY

In various circumstances, as everyone knows, I have had the privilege of exceptional contacts. Some, I have written about, others not. Perhaps I will tell of these someday, since I am not forbidden to do so, but it seems to me that the moment has not yet arrived. Assuredly, when I read what is actually written or what has been written in recent times on the Master called H or on the Master called K, and others also, I receive the urge to seize my pen to transmit what I know to correct the grave errors committed and take up the challenge of the inconceivable sacrilege which consists of surrounding with the mystery of an H or a K the noble figure of Sublime Masters about whom those who speak so publicly and with pretended experience only enlarge upon a figment of the imagination not having any bearing, even remote, with the reality. But, immediately, I put down my pen, blaming myself for my ambitious pretention . . . How, in effect, on such very sacred subjects, would I dare to descend into the arena of strife! Why and on what authority would I judge another's work, when this work has brought comfort and consolation to some! Without doubt I have received from those who know more light on beings of primordial importance in the conduct of human destiny, and I would thus be prepared to re-establish the pure truth concerning them. But in doing this I would liberate this truth at the same time to a sterile and destructive criticism and I am still not able to make up my mind. If I had received a mandate to undertake this new revelation on subjects which cannot be verified at the level of the common man, I would not hesitate for one moment to do it. This mandate has not been given me. If it were, one day, I would know that what I would write would be sustained by a higher power and in consequence 'receivable' and comprehensible by all in their inner-most souls. It is necessary to wait. Truth, in order to be illuminating, must be transmitted at the precise moment when it is able to fulfill its role and achieve its end and those who know decide the moment. Thus, I wait but I am ready!

However, he who has instructed me on Atlantis and on its ACTUAL importance belongs to this domain, so it appears to me inappropriate to reveal to others before a signal which has yet to come. I have therefore held back for some weeks. I have put back the editing of this manuscript from which, moreover, two elements acquired since then were missing and I have come, finally, to a compromise judged satisfactory to my conscience. I shall speak then of Him with whom I have been in attunement. I shall explain the manner in which I met Him but I shall not go into details, except by allusion as to the position in the hierarchal assembly which he occupies in the esoteric plans. An assembly which is not of this world but which, in spite of all, is intimately mingled with it.

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Three cities have sheltered these talks . . . Talks! How wrong the term is; but how can one describe a lesson, with the instructor discoursing, timidly interrupted by useless questions? A disciple at the feet of the Master? Yes, that would be more exact for in these three cities, I was nothing else . . .

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5 BRUSSELS

Because I am French, perhaps I should feel flattered when a Belgian friend declared to me that Brussels is a 'little Paris', but to a Lebanese the same thing has been said of Beirut and elsewhere in the world, of other cities. Now, neither Brussels, nor Beirut, nor other cities are Paris in miniature. Each big city on our earth possesses its own originality and its unique marvels. Beirut has its own, the other capitals also and Brussels enchants me because Brussels is BRUSSELS and not just a simple copy of Paris. Diverse influences, during the course of the ages, have adorned Brussels with admirable jewels, that cannot be denied, but the finery is nothing but homage to beauty and if Brussels has received such ornaments from those who covet her, was it not at first an attempt — in vain — to conquer her natural charms?

Brussels, for those who linger there, is an emotional discovery which I have many times had the privilege of experiencing by night and by day and I am far from reaching the end. Among the treasures which my memory has collected, and yours, sooner or later, will share, the Grand Place is one to the Rhythm of which my heart will ever vibrate with love. It is such a sublime enjoyment and so varied according to the hour and the time, that from instinct one seeks to embrace it, even if other 'things' which one nevertheless must know in Brussels, have temporarily captivated our curiosity

On this night in June I have, a few moments ago, left the hotel AMIGO nearby and here I am on the illuminated Grand Place, bathed in its enchanting splendour and in the inexpressible joy which is excited by the contemplation of beauty. The evening strollers do not worry me. I am completely in the Grand Place and lost within myself.

"You love this place?"

The intruding voice brings me back suddenly to the time and space lost for a moment. I am about to reply with a banality when, looking at him who had challenged me, I started with surprise and incredulity. No! It is not possible! Him, here, in Brussels. Him, before me, Him speaking to me. With a sudden start of pleasure I recover total consciousness of the exterior world and, were it not for the place, I would already be kneeling but from my soul, already, has gushed forth all the love which in a single word I express:

"MASTER! You! . . . Here!"

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To meet this Master in Brussels, is certainly not extraordinary. The actual world and the considerable area he must cover in ALL spheres, primarily including that of collective and individual evolution, makes necessary on fixed occasions THE EFFECTIVE AND LIVING PRESENCE of those who assume the responsibility, near or far, of this evolution. It is naturally to the invisible Masters that I refer to here. The term 'invisible' does not signify in any way that they have NECESSARILY left the material plane and do not have any longer a physical body. 'By 'invisible' it must be understood that they are not seen or 'recognised' in a general manner. To accomplish their mission in conformity with the strict law of IMPERSONALITY they do not make themselves known and thus avoid the personal cult which, for so many postulants on the mystical path, is the irremediable stumbling block. There is, in fact, among a great number of otherwise valid disciples, the curious need of a 'tangible Master' capable of materialising the end to be attained; the unformulated hopes of self and the advice or counsels which inspiration alone and intuition not yet exercised, are not sufficient to reveal with a satisfying clarity. Such 'Masters' naturally exist in impressive quantity and, in the majority of cases, they are sincere with themselves and with their pupils. That they do not deceive themselves on their own reckoning, they may be 'in the truth', is evidently another affair but that is not the question. If they render temporary service to anyone they have their 'raison d'être' and a day will come when either they or their disciples will pass beyond this stage of illusion and error by an efficacious step on the impersonal and authentic path; such as, for example, the Rosicrucian Order AMORC, whose teachings and techniques — because they are addressed to adepts close to the point of 'no return' — must remind them without ceasing THAT THERE EXISTS NO OTHER MASTER THAN THE ONE THEY CARRY WITHIN THEMSELVES: THE INTERIOR MASTER: exterior masters, true or false, being nothing but his reflection more or less deformed.

It would not be a question, in any case, of confusing these reflections with the Invisible Masters whose role, in the first place, is that of 'silent watchers' in the initiatic universe and, in the second place, that of unknown 'guides'. Nevertheless, they are always present to the true disciple, to whom they make known their presence *when* he is ready.

It may seem difficult to place correctly the beings having a determined mission to fulfill in the harmony, manifested or not, of creation. The difficulty, however, is only apparent. First of all, it is essential to make a choice in the terminology and to compare the mystical or esoteric languages. It is clear that archangels and angels, thus named to facilitate the not very deep understanding of the religious faithful, will be recognised under other names and explained in a more profound way by a traditional school of the mysteries. Thus, the word 'Master' being employed — with whatever description there may be, 'cosmic' for one, 'invisible' for another, and different again for the members of

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the High Council of the A . . . and the Rose-Croix — it is necessary to refer to the hierarchical system which directs in all things ON ALL THE PLANES, including ours, and which wishes NO RESPONSIBILITY, NO FUNCTION AND NO MISSION ON ANY OTHER EQUIVALENT LEVEL. Thus each office is concerned above all with the particular work it involves and it is then in knowing *the object* of the mission that one can differentiate between the invisible or visible beings in question. This postulate being established, only a little reflection is necessary, and it would truly be proof of bad thinking or an unbelievable difficulty in reasoning to confuse the role of Maha with that of a Rose-Croix, or a Cosmic Master with an invisible Master, or with the 'Cardinal in White'. Nevertheless all have a trait in common: THEY ALL LEAD TOWARDS A COMMON END — THE SUMMUM BONUM

The Master before whom I stand at this moment is, above all a 'Silent Watcher'. His function in the secret world of initiation is of an import impossible to evaluate in human terms. He is called neither H nor K and his name, if he has one, has never been revealed, so that he is known to high initiates as the 'Unknown MASTER'. He is of middle height and those, not many, who have had the signal privilege of knowing him for what he is, are in accord in affirming that it would be hazardous to try to guess his age. The descriptions which have been made of him, twenty years ago, would not have to be modified, even by a little, to represent him as he is today. To see him thus clothed with a certain elegance, I ask myself if the masses would recognise in him the Master and I reply in the negative. To understand him, it is necessary to harmonise all ones being with his, it is necessary to put oneself at 'his' level, and as a consequence, to know first of all who he is. Otherwise, one would not conjecture having to deal with someone from whom emanates a force, a power, *a peculiar magnetism, and it is precisely that which makes plain the impersonality of the* Master and which, at the same time, protects him. THE MASTER DOES NOT REVEAL HIMSELF: HE ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE DISCOVERED, WITHOUT EVER, IT IS TRUE, MAKING THE TASK EASY.

Of all that, I am not ignorant and my emotion is no less profound to find myself there, before him, fascinated by THE LIGHT which he represents and transmits. I should keep silent, but I hear myself say, foolishly:

"I am at the hotel AMIGO."

"I am there too! Come!"

He, at the hotel Amigo, at my hotel! "Coincidence" is a commonplace word excluded from a masterly vocabulary. Then? . . . Seigneur! May my brain processes leave me in peace this evening. Such hours are too precious to be profaned by human

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considerations. "I am WITH the Master, I am WITH the Master."! Oh my soul, rejoice in the happiness of this sublime meeting! . . .

In his apartment, a polished round table separated the two grey armchairs striped with black which welcomed us. It is for Him to speak and I humbly await his words of wisdom. Turning towards me, he leant his elbows on the table and stretching out his hands to me, palm upward, he said:

"Place your hands flat on the top of mine!"

I turn slightly in my chair on the right and do what is asked. His eyes, then take possession of mine. Their brightness becomes unsupportable and yet I am not able to look away. His face came nearer and a slight halo surrounded us which seemed to absorb all my being as if I were suddenly totally united with the Master as if he and I were blended to the point of being only one . . . and it is an oblivion of infinite beatitude where all becomes HIM and where no separation exists . . .

And now the progressive return to where individuality takes form again, where unity is divided into two distinct beings, where my hands again become mine, where they leave their welcoming host and where, with closed eyes, my heart overflows with gratitude and love for the benediction received. I listen . . .

"I am not here for you, but I have wished for this meeting for many years — and your soul has responded to my call since you have come — Lately I have prepared the Way which you have followed and I have not ceased to 'watch'. Service is accompanied by sorrow but sorrow is the potion of life in this world and this world is but the temporary crucible of experience. Service is accomplished for itself and not for personal gain. Every moment you must be obedient, sometimes beyond your understanding. Be happy to obey . . . It is the greatness of man and the wisdom of the servant for he thus receives the constant help of his Masters and his work is sanctified . . . He who does not go beyond the doubtful and dreamlike limits of his ego and his ordinary emotion does not go far.

"But I have not brought you before me for considerations which I would have been able to inspire otherwise, as you well know, just as you are not ignorant of the lessons that I am able to give you and others if the service requires it, and when the right road must be followed against all.

"There is in the world, an apparent new attraction for Atlantis and that, naturally, is not due to chance. This strong interest which actually expresses itself in countries which are furthest apart from each other is so to say "provoked". Understand that it is the work

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of Those from whom, at a relatively recent date you received the "message" for yourself and others. My role and that of the members of the Invisible Conclave has been to stimulate in this direction the interest of responsible people able to transmit knowledge more cautiously and more precisely than the public information published in various languages by numerous modern authors. This secret knowledge, in fact, can now be given out to the most enclosed groups. You are going to transmit it, not in its entirety, nor as I propose to communicate it to you, but in its ESSENTIALS and when the moment has come for you to give it form and to write it, I will be near you to direct your thoughts in the direction required, taking into account the 'fixed' limits. Other responsible people will receive this knowledge in different ways. It will be presented in a distinct form adapted to the mode of thought and to the peculiarities of the groups to whom it is destined but the substance will be the same. So, do not preoccupy yourself with what will be said or transmitted elsewhere. Listen and prepare yourself to transmit it when the time comes . . ."

Atlantis! Certainly, at one time I was drawn to the study of this lost continent, then I was inspired rather by a desire of curiosity and I had not sought to go more profoundly into these researches. More recently, it is true, books arriving on my desk as a press service from several great printing houses had reactivated an interest, extinct only in appearance and there took place afterwards the extraordinary meeting with the 'Cardinal in White' related in my "Secret Meeting in Rome".

Curiously I was not surprised that the conversation of the Unknown Master turned to this subject. I waited to learn more on Atlantis, in one way or another. But, I reflected, had not the Unknown Master had something to do with this waiting? I am now certain. I was 'prepared' supposedly 'by chance' for this pretended 'coincidence' of the encounter with him on the Grand Place in Brussels. Did I need confirmation? His smile, just now, when he shakes his head while regarding me with benevolence would be the most striking of replies. Anew, I was captivated by the soft voice, occasionally scarcely perceptible.

"Atlantis, it is said, is a drowned continent, WHOSE INHABITANTS DID NOT ALL DISAPPEAR IN THE TERRIFYING CATACLISM. THOSE RESCUED HAVE HAD DESCENDANTS AND THESE DESCENDANTS STILL ACTUALLY EXIST KNOWING THAT THEY ARE OF ATLANTIS! . . ."

I am in the most absolute bewilderment and before any other than the Unknown Master, I would have immediately reacted with many questions and perhaps some objections. But he knows that of which he speaks and the truth is not to be disputed even if it is hidden to the point of giving rise to doubt in those who did not have the privilege which I have at this time of listening to the MASTER. . .

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“The continent as it was, has been described in a manner very nearly satisfactory by Plato, but the Egyptian priest, in his great wisdom and, it is true, UNDER ORDERS, had adapted the ‘religious and philosophic fact’, to put it within the comprehension of the Grecian age. In reality, even exoteric Atlantis, that is to say the religion of the masses, was monotheistic in the absolute sense, in a manner greatly similar to the Jewish belief and still more similar to Islam of our era. The first divine ‘manifestation’ FOR OUR PLANETARY SYSTEM was, for the Atlanteans, the sun and, more or less, the ancient Egyptian cosmogony reflected the EXTERIOR beliefs of Atlantis but in a rather less degenerate way on account of those who besides, had been ‘adjusted’ to the country of their adoption, to include especially the Nile and thus appeal further to the popular imagination.

“Atlantis, in its extraordinary degree of development in ALL DOMAINS, had in fact this peculiarity, that she exported her beliefs by adapting them to their new surroundings and taking scrupulous account of the peculiarities, the psychology, the conditions – observing the traditions of its society.

“It is clear – and certain non initiates have learned it – Atlantis, a highly civilised continent and having means of communication and transport compared with which those we now know are nothing, was in its time THE HEART OF THE WORLD. In other words, the entire world knew Atlantis and, all over the world, Atlanteans had missionaries and colonies more or less powerful. The ‘colonised’ people received knowledge according to their standard, and in certain particularly ‘developed’ countries, a direct connection was established by the ‘College of Sages’. That is to say, by the highest initiates of the time, guardians of the secret wisdom, and this affiliation was marked by a TEMPLE PYRAMID after the image of the supreme temple which held, in Atlantis, the college and where knowledge was preserved. One pyramid only, however, has reproduced the supreme pyramid and yet in a different ‘dimension’ – it is said to be that of Cheops. The others, throughout the world, comprising those which have been preserved up to the present time, reproduce only PARTIALLY the supreme pyramid. The ‘Great Pyramid’ then perpetuates for the whole world THE COMPLETENESS of the Atlantean wisdom while the others reveal only a PART of this wisdom, that which was destined for the continent or country where they were erected. In the near future, elsewhere, “discoveries” will be favourable for the benefit of humanity in this domain and these indisputable discoveries will put an end to the controversy for good.

“Atlantis knew perfectly the nature and power of certain cosmic forces, particularly those of telluric currents (earth currents) and the people applied them with care to agriculture and, moreover – perhaps above all – to maintain the harmony of those currents to avoid any geological catastrophe which was in the power of man to imagine.

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The pyramids alone fulfilled this purpose by the place, duly studied, where they were erected. Elsewhere, the 'points of protection' sufficed and such is the case, for example, of the dolmens and menhirs which marked at the same time with precision the places of 'conjunction of forces', of focalization of the universal energy, where efficacious ceremonies could take place. It is the same with these stones of greater or lesser importance that one still sees, numerous throughout the world, in some regions, in the fields, even in cities, but concerning them, they had an exclusive role, to 'amplify' so to speak cosmic energy and to increase the crops. One can consider in addition, that ALL these secondary elements were connected, from the point of view of 'energy', to the supreme temple and the entire earth became in this way an efficient receptacle for all the cosmic forces. Naturally, the College of Sages alone KNEW how. The Atlantean people and the colonised countries used in a practical manner the effects of this knowledge just as many actually employ electricity without a precise knowledge of their subject . . . From this fact, there came about abusive use, accidents, and finally, the supreme pyramid having been altered as a result of ignorant and ambitious usage, the planetary catastrophe which swallowed up Atlantis transformed the surface of the earth and was engraved in common memory under the inexact name of the 'flood'.

"What was produced thereafter is the logical consequence this outstanding event had for Atlantis in the world, since the whole world was connected with it. The 'colonised' countries governed by Atlantean 'administrators' often only partially possessing the WISDOM were left to themselves and on the basis of what already existed which had been brought by the Atlanteans and adapted to each religion, a new knowledge was developed with its own beliefs, mythology, superstition and rites. Besides this exoteric development, the Atlantean governors become by the force of circumstances, responsible for the country they administered, created local societies of a secret character and transmitted to the few they had gathered around THOSE WHO KNEW THE WISDOM OF ATLANTIS and this knowledge was more or less rudimentary according to the regions although the fundamental principles were everywhere similar. As a result, in Africa, for example, these initiatic societies which, if they took a different form from one country to another, have ALL a knowledge of a similar basis and an identical 'technique'. Lack of understanding and the part taken have brought the wisdom of Africa into disrepute until recently. One has confused exotericism with esotericism, altered the nature of the purity of the symbols to the length of making them a horrible caricature, one has given to the gesture or to the initiatic or symbolic action a real value underlining a pretended cruelty such as the western tradition affirming that 'the initiate will kill the initiator', one actually thought that this image expressed a real act! One has mixed superstition with knowledge, one has covered with the wrong name of 'fetishism' all the authentic wisdom but, modern ethnographers are retracting on the foolish conceptions of their predecessors and it is well for at the base of the instruction of the *Authentic* secret African societies — there are also some who are

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not — beyond the form and the exterior elements, IT IS A PART OF THE ATLANTEAN WISDOM WHICH IS PERPETUATED! And how many, alas, of these survivals have, elsewhere in the world, disappeared during the course of the ages: the Druids for example! In any case, ALL that has seemed in the past to appear 'superphenomenal' in the realm of knowledge and in the authentic tradition is simply the perpetuation of the Atlantean knowledge, spread abroad, after the catastrophe, in a frame suitable, from the psychological and symbolic point of view, to the countries where this perpetuation had to be accomplished.

"But there is another phase to consider and it concerns the perpetuation of the wisdom of the College itself, that is to say the wisdom IN ITS COMPLETE FORM and it is that to which I am coming . . ."

I listen with eagerness to the Unknown Master. What he relates does not surprise me, the greater part of the facts are known to me. As he himself declared, I had a short time ago experienced a revived interest for Atlantis and I had read with every attention "Atlantis" of Andrew Tomas, in his recent French translation. Now, Andrew Tomas has been a member of the Rosicrucian Order AMORC for a long time and his work is dedicated to the late Nicolas Roerich who was the Legate of Dr. H. Spencer Lewis to Tibet. Tibet. I am not unaware then that the questions posed by the author were in reality the true answers, thus presented to give a better lead in public thinking. But the Unknown Master, to all that had been written or not adds THE CONDUCTOR WIRE. HE REASSEMBLES WHAT IS SCATTERED. HE REESTABLISHED UNITY. For instance, he sketches in broad sweeps the history of the lost continent, avoiding going over again what is known in a general way; or what one can find in all serious theses. He simply underlines and at the same time reveals. I did not know the importance of the pyramids from this aspect and I had not been able to establish the correct relationship between the various buildings of this nature which still exist from Egypt to Mexico and in many other places. The Unknown Master has given for me a totally satisfactory explanation of this apparent and incomprehensible multiplicity of remains. He has made man himself and his unbounded ambition responsible for the catastrophe in which Atlantis disappeared. I have an inkling of the event which must have brought about the loss of its authors themselves in the final sinking: being compelled by foolish unrest for possession and power, tortured by not reaching to the highest rank of which they were ignorant, having lived in servitude, engaged in an artful manoeuvre in an attempt to gain for themselves the control of a rich continent and that at the risk of losing it . . . they lost themselves in consequence. However, they were in the end the 'instruments' of destiny for the hour of involution had sounded; the Atlantean Paradise had to disappear in order that the world might awaken to universal consciousness by keeping in its heart a vague memory of the wise lost continent, and in perpetuating on the earth, often without understanding, or without

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knowing the origin, what these Atlanteans had transmitted as a heritage in numerous practical ways and above all in agriculture. That, the testimony of Ignatious Donelly and several other seekers has revealed clearly, but the Unknown Master, himself, gave me the last key. Having sketched his subject in broad outline, this is what, now, fixes the points which, in reality are alone the profound reason for the encounter.

“The College of Sages, as you may guess, was not ignorant of the dangers which menaced the wisdom which was its mission to protect. It was only too conscious of the imperfections of human nature and the moral abuses to which the impulses of its ego led it unforeseen. You have learned from another source of that which the supreme sages had hidden in Egypt and you know that this was undertaken for its perpetuation and propagation under a new form consistent with the cycle which was opening before humanity. You were also given knowledge, near Rome, of the approach used by the ‘initiatic’ communication destined for a small number, for the elite of humanity, and I do not have to go over this question again. But what has not been revealed so far to you is this: THE ATLANTIAN SAGES HAVE ALSO SAFEGUARDED THE SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE WHICH MADE ATLANTIS A CONTINENT WHOSE CIVILIZATION HAS NOT YET BEEN EQUALLED *EVEN TO THE PRESENT DAY.*

“The world, after the cataclysm, entered into a period of obscurity. The thought which transmitted life and energy had disappeared. The ‘father’ was no longer, and the children were left to themselves. I have explained what the ‘tutors’ accomplished in Africa and elsewhere to maintain the partial knowledge they had received and to favour thus the development of a certain number, also in influencing in a discreet but efficacious fashion the beliefs and behaviour of the masses. The sages, certainly, would have been able to reconstitute the empire in all its power, in another continent. They had the means, but, IN VIEW OF WHAT HAD PASSED AND EQUALLY BECAUSE THAT WAS ACCORDING TO THE UNIVERSAL PLAN, they REFUSED and hid the whole of the knowledge preserved. IT WAS NO LONGER ONE COUNTRY OR ONE CONTINENT WHICH WOULD REFINED THE POWER AND CIVILIZATION OF ATLANTIS. IT IS *THE ENTIRE WORLD* WHICH WOULD BE CALLED TO BECOME *THE NEW ATLANTIS* AND THAT IN A LONG, A VERY LONG, JOURNEY, COVERING PERHAPS THOUSANDS OF YEARS, SINCE THE OBSCURITY BORN OF THE CATASTROPHE, UNTIL THE LIGHT BE REFOUNDED AT LAST. THEN, ONCE AGAIN, AND FOR THE LAST TIME, HUMANITY – ALWAYS FREE TO ACT FOR ITSELF – WOULD FACE A LAST CHOICE FROM WHICH WOULD COME AN ERA OF EXTRAORDINARY CIVILIZATION, OR, on the contrary, THE END NOT ONLY OF A CONTINENT, BUT THIS TIME, *OF THE WORLD.*

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"Now, the time of choice approaches. It will be marked by the REAPPEARANCE OF ATLANTIS, THE REEMERGENCE OF A CONTINENT LOST BEFORE A STUPIFIED HUMANITY and that is why you are here with me to receive this message, this warning, and to transmit it to those of whom you have charge. The sages, were they not right in leaving humanity to grow progressively 'by itself' instead of reestablishing the Atlantean empire immediately after the catastrophe and to 'guide' the evolution of the peoples of the earth? The answer is simple: THEY HAD NO CHOICE. THE LAW HAD TO BE FULFILLED. THE UNIVERSAL PLAN HAD TO BE DEPLOYED AS FORESEEN. But this DOES NOT SIGNIFY that the sages did not 'guide' this evolution. On the contrary they have done it with a care and a prudence worthy of the most respectful admiration. THEY HAVE LIBERATED TO THE WORLD IN PROPORTION TO ITS DEVELOPMENT – THAT IS TO SAY, IN THE PROPORTION THAT MAN WAS ABLE – TO UNDERSTAND, RECEIVE AND UTILISE WITHOUT DANGER THE 'DISCOVERIES' WHICH WERE SUGGESTED TO HIM. THEY HAVE LIBERATED – I SAY, IN THE STRICTEST SENSE OF THE TERM – THE SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE ACQUIRED BY ATLANTIS AND PRESERVED BY THEM AND THEIR SUCCESSORS.

"But we are approaching a subject requiring such deep examination that we cannot undertake it tonight for the hour is very late. I ask you not to question me. Reflect on what you have learned and complete your 'outside' information. I leave Brussels tomorrow but I will give you a meeting place in Geneva in six weeks time. I know your hotel there. You will be warned there of my presence. The moment has come for us to separate . . ."

"Master, humbly I ask your benediction for myself and for those I represent before you . . ."

He closes his eyes and I kneel, left hand on the heart and the right over the left. On my brow I feel the sacred breath, three times, calm the tumult of my thoughts and I float in an ocean of light whilst retentive of the illuminating and sweet melody of the sacred syllable: OM, OM, OM, . . . to the rhythm of which the soul vibrates and the tears flow from a disciple fallen at the foot of the Master in infinite gratitude.

After such moments, finding oneself alone is an experience that prayer is the only means of overcoming. Then, having regained my apartment, close to a little found table quite similar to the other below in the Master's apartment, head in hands, my being rushes forth in a hosana without end towards the eternal and the sublime . . .

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6 GENEVA

Switzerland is one of the countries I most admire. It has always been difficult for me to establish a difference in the temperament or the psychology of the Swiss of the Canton of Geneva and one born in the Canton of Vaud or any other. For me the Swiss all resemble each other for the remarkable qualities which characterise them. Without doubt they have their faults – what man has not – but the love I bear them makes me ignore them or rather I do not notice them. I hardly know, moreover, with what one could reproach them and the insignificant imperfections with which one taxes them sometimes are, I have said many times, but roused by envy and a bit of jealousy towards a tolerant, well ordered, workmanlike and practical people whose enthusiasm, if it has need to be founded on solid reasons, knows how to go far in the realisation of the end envisaged. It is said that the Swiss are the bankers of the world. That is perhaps the best compliment one can pay them, for one does not confide one's financial business to just anyone and money comes to Switzerland from all parts of the world. That implies a universal recognition of exceptional moral qualities. But there is more still. Switzerland has known, better than any country, how to make a haven for the noblest humanitarian objectives, she has become 'the conscience of humanity'. One of my friends repeats to whoever will listen: "In Switzerland, I can breathe normally and 'figuratively', and many think as he does. I also!

I do not wish however, that my affection for Switzerland should lead to confusion. I am profoundly attached to ALL countries of the world. ALL occupy, in my heart, an equal place, each one having conquered me by its own aspects, but 'the adventure' today, having led me into Switzerland, was it not right that I say briefly why I love this country and its inhabitants.

Geneva is, in Switzerland, an international city, cosmopolitan perhaps. Conventions are organised there, conferences are held there, where delegates arriving from countries with most opposed ideologies find themselves trying to crystallise their peaceful hopes for a turbulent humanity, in the right place, bewitching because of a celebrated lake lying between verdant shores protected by steep mountains, their tops often covered with snow. The city is beautiful, lively, modern with its animated centres, its remains of the past and its great history. Geneva, in fact, is Geneva and you know it or you will know it sooner or later, for if all roads are supposed to lead to Rome, most of them pass through Geneva . . .

To talk about hotels in relation to Switzerland borders on vulgarity. Switzerland, in fact, is par excellence hotel keeping in a fashion near to perfection. It is impossible to be discontented unless one is very hard to please or does not appreciate comfort and

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propriety. The Hotel President which generally welcomes me to Geneva is a jewel of finesse and elegance. It is in my opinion one of the most remarkable in Europe and the admirable furnishings of its salons would merit an attentive visit from any student of art . . .

It is in the salon next to the dining room of the hotel that I met again the Unknown Master and we remained there without being disturbed. The advantage of big hotels is that they permit important meetings and long conversations free from all curiosity or indiscretion. No one entered the salon while I was there with the Master. Whoever needed to wait patiently somewhere would easily have found another place in a salon as comfortable as ours. It is clear also that the Master had 'made the necessary arrangements' that we might remain alone for as long as was necessary.

I have never asked myself under what name and what profession, such beings, when they are travelling, inscribe themselves in an hotel. Their name is certainly the true one but what matter! A name means nothing in itself . . . as to the profession, to a degree much lower, if I consider my own case, I never give as a profession: 'Grand Master'! That would be pretentious and misunderstood with the risk of diminishing in the eyes of the profane the title as much as the organisation. Assuredly, the Unknown Master does not present himself as such! How, after all, would that be of interest to us? The Master interests us **FOR HIMSELF AND NOT FOR WHAT HE DOES**. What errors would we not risk committing by judging him on his outward behaviour without knowing the secret motives of his acts?

As at our previous encounter, the Unknown Master commanded me to place my hands flat on his, thus placing me in a state of total receptivity. I do not only hear him, **I SHARE WITH HIM, IN HIM**. The flow of words certainly reached my objective understanding but my whole being is impregnated with the vibratory rhythm of the higher consciousness. The words received would bring little without this integral oneness created in me in relation with the Master. They take, on the contrary, all their sense from the communion thus realised, for they suggest, they create the image and its environment and carry the power to go beyond them in a synthesis including the information, its consequences and its relation with absolute wisdom. The Unknown Master never moved his calm look from my eyes to the point when I sometimes ask myself if he was really speaking or if it were the 'sound of his projected thoughts' which was coming to me, and yet how not to **BELIEVE** that he was speaking at the moment since I hear his impressive voice of peace and sweetness.

"Here we meet again for a second talk. A third will follow, which will be the last on the great subject of this time. It will take place in Paris and you will not, for once, have to

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travel . . . in order to meet the Master! It is likewise in six weeks that I shall see you. In memory of an enthusiastic seeker of primordial truth, we shall meet in the Cafe de la Paix. But we are not yet there and I am going to continue my interrupted talk of Brussels. I know that you have utilised this interval to reread Plato and other testimonies. By doing this, you have made my task easier, as I am able to leave out many details of secondary importance to insist on the essentials and especially on the fundamental facts bridging the error between the apparent contradictions where the seekers were misled not in the facts but in their interpretation. You must not forget: **THE MASTER GIVES THE KEYS**, that is his role. To find is that of the disciple to whom the keys are confided . . . But, on the subject of Atlantis, it is true, I give more. Wherever possible, I comment, explain it and reveal the manner in which these commentaries, these explanations and these revelations give a **DIRECTION** to your thoughts and form an overall sure and definite knowledge. After our last talk the subject of Atlantis will be in every way known to you in all its truth . . .

“You will remember that in Brussels I finished my explanations by underlining that **ALL** the Atlantean knowledge had been preserved by the sages and hidden in order to be transmitted to humanity by them and their successors in a progressive way taking into account its development and its aptitude, during the course of ages, to draw profit largely constructed of what it believed to be new discoveries. I **DO NOT SAY** that the ideas suggested always border upon ideas similar to those of ancient Atlantis. For example, modern aeroplanes are not in any way comparable in shape to the “flying machines” of Atlantis but **THE RESULT IS IDENTICAL** for the same law or cause necessarily produces the same effects. However what I wish to intimate is clear: **ALL MATERIAL CIVILIZATION WHICH HUMANITY HAS BEEN ABLE TO REALISE IS A RESURGENCE OF ATLANTEAN KNOWLEDGE AND IT WILL BE THUS UNTIL THE MOMENT OF THE ‘GREAT CHOICE’ OF WHICH I HAVE ALREADY TOLD YOU.**

“Two questions necessarily are now raised: first, whence came the wisdom acquired by the Atlanteans? It is a most unreasonable hypothesis, for the pretended rationalist, which establishes the truth or, at least, comes near to it. This wisdom came from elsewhere, **FROM ANOTHER GALAXY**, and it was brought by those who became the first chiefs of the continent of Atlantis. They were *not* earthlings. They lived on the earth just as, in the more or less near future, our cosmonauts will establish on other planets and probably in other galaxies, bases or colonies. What a few years ago would have appeared a chimera or foolishness, is today acceptable to human thought and even this categoric revelation does not surprise you. Think further: how many earth people would then accept living elsewhere than on our planet, in the difficult conditions requiring constant material protection to maintain their own life? Only a few ‘missionaries’ would accept such a sacrifice. It is evident that to discover a different planet is exalting for the world which

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undertakes such an adventure and that adds to its own knowledge and its development, but, from there, to populating an inhospitable planet, there is an abyss which few would care to cross. Only those would do it who decide to sacrifice their life by totalling giving themselves. What happened in those remote times is comparable to the pioneer work accomplished by the first explorers of the unknown countries of our earth, with this difference however, those newcomers on our planet were not followed by others and, even amongst those who came, the majority left again abandoning for ever those who remained to carry out the work which they had decided to do in an irresistible feeling of compassion towards the 'rudimentary' beings peopling the earth. You must understand however that those who decided to remain **HAD ACCEPTED THEIR DESTINY, THE MISSION WHICH HAD BEEN IMPARTED TO THEM, FOR NOTHING IS DUE TO HAZARD AND 'THE SETTING OFF ON THE PATH' OF OUR EARTH WAS FORESEEN IN THE PROGRESSIVE DEPLOYMENT OF THE UNIVERSAL PLAN.** The universe is *ONE UNIT*. It is not enough to say that men are separate links on the same chain. It is thus in the entire universe **WHERE NOTHING IS SEPARATE EXCEPT FOR THE HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS . . .** Thus, the 'missionaries' undertook, let us say, the education of the most advanced people of the earth — the Atlanteans — and they made them the guide for the rest of humanity. They adapted and developed the extraordinary knowledge of which they were the bearers and the masses were inclined to consider them as gods endowed with infinite powers. Taking into account that it was not possible to transmit the same knowledge to all, these beings 'from outside' chose carefully those they would 'mould' completely, to whom they would impart the **COMPLETE** knowledge and with them they constituted the first 'college' of sages — that college so essential for the perpetuation of the wisdom to which I referred previously.

"There you have from whence came **ALL THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD** and if you reread attentively the sacred writings of all peoples in the light of what I have shown you, you will find confirmed by many allusions this great origin of human evolution, but other conformations will follow and the world will go from astonishment to astonishment . . .

"Now let us see how this hidden wisdom was perpetuated until our epoch and how it is still perpetuated. We touch at that point the most extraordinary revelations which I must make in this very special contact with you.

"What I must now reveal to you is scarcely credible, and the stupid, so called strong minds, of today would refuse credence to my words. You, assuredly, do not. Your faith is complete and this is why the universe reveals to you its most secret aspects. It is the privilege of all those who see beyond themselves, who go beyond their own poor reasoning, and the limits which they ridiculously impose upon themselves for fear of making a

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mistake. I say to you, in truth, it is better to run the risk of being mistaken a thousand times rather than miss the one principal revelation able to transform radically too narrow a vision of an infinite universe.

"I declared to you, in the first words of my message during our meeting in Brussels, THAT THE ATLANTEANS HAD NOT ALL DISAPPEARED IN THE CATACLYSM and you now know the work they have accomplished, according to their degrees of knowledge and their responsibilities but I added THAT THEY HAD A DESCENT AND THAT THIS DESCENT WAS STILL PERPETUATED. Extraordinary as that may seem, indeed, there are actually Atlanteans still living and there will be up to the moment of the great choice which will coincide, as I have stated, with the reemergence of the lost continent. The Atlanteans of whom I speak, are not those who, adapting themselves to new circumstances, contracted marriage with the people amongst whom they pursued, alone, the work I have mentioned, giving birth to new races, the Peuls in Africa, for example, and yet others elsewhere . . . I refer to the Atlanteans of pure origin whose perpetuation has been assured and IS STILL assured by marriages maintained within the race itself. These Atlanteans have wedded no one but Atlanteans and it has been thus since the catastrophe, that is to say for nearly 12.000 years . . . "

I cannot resist putting a question which troubled me and, for the first time, I interrupt the Master:

"But where are they? Is it possible that a race exists on our planet without anyone knowing it! The exploration of the earth has long since terminated! . . . "

"No! It has not! It is very far from being so! Every day a discovery surprises humanity and many enigmas have not yet been solved or else the explanations have not been satisfactory and are constantly being modified . . .

"In fact, a race perpetuates itself on the earth and the earth knows it not, for precautions are taken for its own protection since its role of witness must later become a role of actor and, believe me, a 'leading role'. It is from this race — the purest there is — that those are chosen who, periodically must replace a lost sage in the 'college', and it is an extremely rigorous choice, justified by the importance of the stake. So the College of Sages has always existed and it is it, as you have understood, which decides the 'imparting' to humanity of the scientific and technical knowledge and other things from the past . . . "

I do not know why, suddenly, I have an intuitive conviction that this 'college' was none other than which acted together with the High Council of the A . . . but I do not interrupt the Master. The truth which springs at me is my concern, He himself has put it precisely: "I give you only the tools . . . "

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"The College of Sages," continued the Unknown Master, "is also, in some way, the 'government' of this sacred race. It is it which assures, definitely, its existence in all countries. In reality, the word 'race' would seem exaggerated but there is no other more appropriate one to designate THESE SEVERAL THOUSANDS OF BEINGS FROM ANOTHER AGE — from an age of light — whose number is intentionally maintained CONSTANT.

"Where are they? Remember that I cannot reveal it with precision — even to you! Meanwhile you are not without knowledge of the questions the savants and seekers put to the world, the strange reports concerning beings who come from no one knows where, who make payments for purchases with an unknown money of purest gold, and other tales of the same kind! Yes, many enigmas are still presented to man and will not be solved until the time when no danger will be feared . . . "

These enigmas, in relation to the subject dealt with by the Unknown Master, I have noted in my readings since his first talk. The best enumeration I have been able to discover is related in the book "*Atlantis*" already mentioned and which I wish read by the greatest possible number of members of the Rosicrucian Order AMORC. At the time I wrote this manuscript, the last work of Robert Charroux was courteously sent me by its author and in "*The Book of Unknown Mysteries*" one finds also, most certainly in the style of Charroux, many enigmas offered to the imagination of the readers. Incidentally, I noticed in a mention of my "Strange Encounters" that Robert Charroux, in order not to incur my friendly reproaches, attributes nothing less than a "Master of Villeneuve" sufficient, I hope, to safeguard my anonymity. After all, what does it matter! The moment has come when the occult must be revealed with prudence.

Besides, the Unknown Master had just specified, "The enigmas will not be solved until the time when there will be no danger to be feared" and he added:

"Certainly, however, the time approaches for . . . THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE OF THE ETERNAL ATLANTIS, the hour of the final discovery will sound sooner than one could imagine. At any rate, remember this, THE ATLANTEANS WILL APPEAR BEFORE THE WORLD AT THE SAME TIME THAT ATLANTIS RISES AGAIN . . . They are 'in the world' at points carefully chosen SINCE the beginning, thanks to their exceptional wisdom. The places where they are assembled are situated in *all* continents and they are vital in the most absolute sense of the term . . . These are the 'centres of force' and the Atlanteans are in consequence THEIR VIGILANT GUARDIANS. One can also add that AT THE SAME TIME THEY WATCH OVER A HUMANITY, SOMETIMES INSECURE AND OFTEN IMPRUDENT. Sometimes, they alone, these few thousand beings under the direction of their College, bring into 'equilibrium' dangerous, even deadly, impulses, of

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men unconscious of the upheavals which they create in the universal energy on which rests the very existence of their planet . . . ”

Once more, I think of Maha, of the high Council of the A . . . It is IMPOSSIBLE if one admits THE ORDER, THE METHOD AND THE HIERARCHY ruling the universe not to suppose that, in one way, or another, the ‘occult government of the world’ does not make use of the powerful force represented by the Atlanteans and their College. Beyond the sublime function of ‘protector of the Atlantean initiatic knowledge’ from which every authentic tradition emanates, the College of Sages has a DIRECT influence on the development of civilization. Now the High Council is concerned exclusively with this development and its evaluation with regard to the established universal plan. There is then NECESSARILY *relationship* between these two organisms and it is evident that the College of Sages depends upon the High Council, under the precise supervision of one of the twelve. At least I cannot conceive things in any other way. If it were not so, a link would be wanting and such an eventuality is impossible, and if I am not wrong, then, the world, as I have often claimed, is really a SECRET WORLD, A WORLD OF MYSTERY. How I pity men exclusively devoted to the satisfaction of their egotistical desires and those who, in their foolish pretensions, say they are ready to overturn without pity all obstacles in order to realise their very low material designs. They will fall one day, and gasping with terror, too late they will bitterly regret having, in their brief existence, turned their interests away from the essential things to those relatively unimportant! True, they deceive nobody least of all those whom they think they deceive and who, on the contrary, are full of compassion for those misguided souls. But the world is made thus and it could not be otherwise. The law of evolution is rigid and no one escapes it. Everything must be experienced by man, and in the end, even the experience of egotism, which will be heavily compensated for sooner or later, by his ‘raison d’être’. By returning from our solitary meditation to an examination of the message from the Unknown Master, and the infinite results to which our reflections on this subject would lead us. Listen:

“Thus, you see, even in the material sphere, one finds again THE ONE LAW expressed on a different level! On the plane of individual evolution, man ‘remembers’ a lost paradise and he will refind it as soon as he becomes outwardly conscious of WHAT IS BEING SUGGESTED TO HIM. On the plane of planetary evolution, there is also a ‘memory’ of a lost paradise and this will be rediscovered as soon as the conditions are fulfilled. In both cases, after the BRUTAL INVOLUTION during which the bottom of the abyss is reached to become the point of departure, the RETURN begins and in both cases, EVOLUTION is accompanied by *progressive* steps. The law of analogy is truly IN ALL DOMAINS the key of the most complex problems and how many disciples forget it! How many also limit themselves in wishing at any price to generalise a secondary law and give it the power to bring to every question asked, a reply satisfactory perhaps for

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themselves, and then try learnedly and conceitedly to impose it on others! Take for example, the idea of akashic records. For some it is the 'deus ex machina' of the least problem. Now, nothing is more erroneous and as it is regrettable that such a wrong idea sometimes leads a completely sincere disciple, to a paralysing attitude which prevents him from seeing further and curbs his understanding. It is true that each, in a determined incarnation, cannot go beyond his measure, and if that is attained by him, his existence is a success and augurs well for the next! I speak naturally — and you transmit it — to those who are within distance of receiving new knowledge, this knowledge **MUST** now be revealed. What does it matter to us if, by chance, this information falls upon unprepared ground? This eventuality would not hinder the revelation of what must come into being at a determined time and the tolerance of the initiate is firstly for the intolerance of whoever is on the path of 'return' and quite as much, naturally, as for the profane . . .

"On the path of 'return'! All humanity, in fact, will henceforth follow this path and, collectively, you will now understand, it is towards **THE REFOUND ATLANTIS** that it is actually 'en route', before setting sail, if the stage has been duly cleared, towards new conquests which will bring about, in future ages, **THE UNION OF WORLDS, THE UNION OF GALAXIES**, in order that, all, at last, may be achieved, but when that time comes, **the STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS WILL BE UNIVERSAL.**"

"I think that these various considerations must conclude our talk for today. You know, our next meeting will take place in Paris. I ask you to prepare yourself carefully for it, for I shall continue my message and if circumstances permit, **I SHALL MAKE YOU SEE . . .**"

I do not dare here to ask the Unknown Master for his blessing, but he felt my appeal. Instinctively, I place my hands on my knees and close my eyes. Here is the breath and the OM, OM, OM, . . . Oh my soul, rejoice yourself whilst all my being abandons itself to the august presence. Thank you God of my Heart . . . Thank you, Oh Master, for including, at such a time, my unworthiness in the sacred rhythm of universal love . . .

Day by day, as the Unknown Master recommended, I prepare myself by sometimes difficult readings, all concerning Atlantis and by many meditations on this so important subject which is the object of special meetings where keys are given to me, for myself and others. Keys! How right the Master is! What he has confided to me projects a glittering light on the numerous theses written in diverse languages on Atlantis, and I have had great difficulty in procuring them. His explanations have filled in the gaps, they make a complete picture of what has been written, and put into place, the discovery of the one and the contradictory interpretation of the other. There is no more contradiction remaining. Thanks to the Unknown Master, they are complementary. The various authors have each

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presented ONE ASPECT And these multiple aspects are now harmonised and often UNIFIED. Reading them under such conditions is an exalting adventure.

"If the circumstances permit, I SHALL MAKE YOU *SEE*!" What did he mean by that? Did he wish to signify that his final description will make me relive the history of Atlantis! No, it could not be that. The Master had stated precisely *SEE*, and a Master never employs, on an important occasion, one word for another . . . "If circumstances permit . . ." I question that also. What circumstances? The Cafe de la Paix, in the heart of Paris, could not be the place chosen in order that circumstances would permit me to see . . .

But what good, all these questions which agitate my mind! The Master, he KNOWS. So I throw aside these useless reflections, and with confidence, I wait the coming of the time at last, the instant of the new meeting with the Master . . .

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7 PARIS

In speaking of Paris, my pen is hesitant, for it is not possible to describe Paris, it whispers, confides, talks and hums . . . Paris, it is each one, who by birth or adoption is a Parisian, it is each visitor, come from no one knows where and often from very far. Paris is history and a great history. Paris is a mystery or a cathedral, it is a picture, a sculpture, it is a comedy or better still an opera, finally a song and perhaps a smile. Paris is all that, and yet nothing has been said, I shall say nothing because Paris is you, and me and the world. Everyone has "his" own Paris for Paris belongs to everyone, and I have mine, certainly, but yours I cannot share.

The Cafe de la Paix has a choice place amongst the historic places of Paris, by the same right as its neighbour the Opera or the celebrated Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, Les Invalides, the Tuilleries and other famous monuments. The greatest do not often sit at its tables, the humblest sometimes . . . Mystery was installed there for a long time with Gurdjieff and with him a peculiar technique towards knowledge. . .

Today, if these people I see here could know *WHO* is there, within the building, with me, all, I am very sure, would forget their occupations or their idleness to try with curiosity or interest to see, to understand . . . I was on time, but already the Unknown Master had arrived and I did not like to ask him if he had had to wait for me.

Anyone will admit that in such circumstances, because they are unusual, there is always an element of uncertainty, even of doubt. One does not expect to encounter a Master in an ordinary place, a big hotel or a well known cafe. Assuredly, there is no doubt as to the PRESENCE of the Master, and the message he transmits. The uncertainty and the doubt concern the circumstances, the environment. Truly I am conscious that I am at this very moment in Paris, at the Cafe de la Paix, just as I am conscious of being on the Grand Place in Brussels, even at the Hotel President of Geneva, but I would have been conscious of it JUST AS VIVIDLY if I had found myself there psychically or even if the Master, judging the idea of these diverse 'exteriors' appropriate, had 'suggested' them to my consciousness without leaving his home and without me leaving mine. Actually, I am no less *consciously* in the Cafe de la Paix and I KNOW that the Master is there with me. Is it not this secret TRUTH which counts from the time THAT I PERCEIVE IT, THAT I SEE IT.

Here, the Unknown Master 'prepared' me differently. Without ostentation, he placed his right hand on mine and his eyes fixed on mine, he has created the STATE which now permits him to make himself understood COMPLETELY:

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"In this last interview, I shall finish the precious message of which you have already learned the essential facts elsewhere, since we have accomplished together a long voyage in secret history and considered what is envisaged in the future by reference to this remote past.

"You know now what Atlantis represented in days of yore and WHAT IS HAS NEVER CEASED TO REPRESENT. It is ALWAYS present and, for humanity, and without taking account of this, it is THE FIRST OBJECTIVE to be attained. You know of the cycles of humanity, the eras through which it has travelled and that into which it has just entered. These cycles, these eras which OTHERS watch to see that they fulfill the normal conditions, which are at present the different stages TOWARDS this objective which is the RETURN TO ATLANTIS. Before every new 'UPLIFT' towards the highest aims in a recurring journey, during the course of future ages, such as the Zodiacal constellations symbolise, it will be necessary FIRST that the epoch of 'return', with what that implies, should be passed through with success. I seem to repeat myself, but this point is of fundamental importance. Each change of era is the end of A world. When the time of THE GREAT CHOICE presents itself this could be, by the folly of men, the end of *THE* world. It is to be hoped however that this will be the departure for the highest summits. Humanity, truly, would be able to commit the fatal error for it is responsible for itself, but the universe has given it good guides and it is probable it will follow the impulses coming from them, be it only the instinct of self preservation. In any case, the universal plan has foreseen all the eventualities, including that of defeat. There are, in the universe, many 'bodies' where the soul-personalities would be able to pursue their ascension towards the attainment of Cosmic Consciousness, the termination of their evolution! Do not let us consider however an issue of this kind. For my part, I am confident. At times when its 'destiny' is at stake, the world does not lack resourcefulness nor clairvoyance . . .

"One question which has certainly occurred to you, concerns the degree of civilization that Atlantis had attained. I have replied implicitly to this question. Certain authors have made the Atlanteans a people essentially employed in agriculture and that is not quite true. Without any doubt, the Atlanteans had developed a prosperous agriculture but it came as a consequence of the application of their vast knowledge. Atlantis was a highly industrialised country and handled many metals and alloys lost as a consequence and of which only certain ones have been 'refound'. I can only repeat what I declared at our last meeting; all that our age has acquired in 'discoveries' and in material civilization, Atlantis possessed and it will be just the same with all that will be acquired in this regard in the future and up to the moment of the GREAT CHOICE.

"It is a subject on which I must now insist. In the world in general numerous soul-personalities actually in incarnation now have already lived in the time of Atlantis. They

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have inhabited an Atlantean body and gradually as the end, of which I have spoken so much, approaches, more and more of these souls will have been 'reborn' on the earth. There you have an explanation of the reason which now causes so many to be interested in Atlantean history. This attraction was practically nil in the past. It now grows without ceasing. Which proves, if there were need of it, the perfection of creation. Humanity is **MADE READY** for the conditions which it must undergo for its own good. Never is it left unprovided for. A 'situation' is installed slowly, and when the end is in view, a majority of the inhabitants of the earth will be formed of Atlantean souls and thus the **EVENT** will not take them by surprise on the level of inner perception. If I may employ this term, I would say that truly humanity is given every chance. In fact, there, above all, is the result of the law of Karma as far as the responsibility is concerned, since the beings who were responsible for a situation in the past find themselves again face to face with a similar situation, but this time, perfectly conscious of the choice which is being offered to them."

I have stated, repeatedly, that the Unknown Master repeats or even deviates from the subject to return to it later but I know too well the initiatic technique not to be aware of the importance which he attributes to every word. What seems to me at the time to be without great value — even commonplace — my memory registers with fidelity, for I **KNOW** that on reflecting on it, alone with myself a little later, I shall then be able to gauge more its tremendous simplifications by a complete understanding of the subject. I have never been, thank God, one of those who make an outcry about everything and anything. "There is nothing new in that" . . . "That is of no great importance!" There is a surprising conceit tainted with stupid pride in remarks of this kind. In fact, the objective self with its limits and its platitudes has been brought to the point when it would be vain to argue. He who acts as if he knew everything, even if he is assured to the contrary, is not ready for the greater light. Now, the light is not transmitted by learned works reflecting on exacerbated intellect. It springs from writings outwardly simple. What could be more simple than the Gospels and other sacred writings including the Upanishads? However these writings have nourished human meditation for centuries and will do so for a long time yet.

I often think, in relation to the teaching of the Rosicrucian Order **AMORC**, from the apparent simplicity of the monographs, from difficult and talented explanations of the veritable masterpieces of erudition that savants and specialists, members of the organisation for many years, would likewise be able to produce. Now, the teaching is on the contrary jealously maintained **AS IT IS** in extreme simplicity for it is thus that the desired objectives are obtained and have always been, and these aims are certainly not to overfeed an intellect which is already immoderately developed but as it must necessarily be, **WITH MODERATION** which constitutes one more obstacle to surmount on the Path. Now, curiously, it is never the savants, the true scientists who cast doubts on the simplicity of the teachings of the Rosicrucian Order **AMORC**, in appraisal, they attribute to it an **EFFICACY** from which they themselves benefit by their affiliation . . .

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So I draw from the message of the Unknown Master comfort and light. What he has transmitted to me is **CONSIDERABLE** and I inwardly gauge the price. He has infused **LIFE** into a legendary, theoretical idea. The direction given to my thoughts will have from now on, an incalculable effect in the attention which I shall henceforth pay to a question of so vast an importance and in the manner in which henceforth I shall envisage it. **THE MANNER** employed by the Unknown Master to transmit the message to me is **IN ITSELF** a lesson and a **SIGN**.

After a brief silence he continues.

“Thanks to this knowledge which I have given you concerning Atlantis, and the way in which the ‘light’ has descended on the earth to continue its work there, you have a **CONFIRMATION** of the **UNINTERRUPTED** transmission of primordial wisdom. This goes from one galaxy to another, from one planet to another — for the time of its existence — and is offered to ‘the living soul’ in the form best adapted to him. There have been, everywhere in the universe, **BEARERS OF LIGHT**, missionaries like those who arrived on the earth to **AWAKEN IT**. The light received by humanity will soon be carried by it to others, and the transmission will continue in the same way and what one calls ‘time and space’ are not obstacles to the universal plan. Under human traditions, learn to perceive **THE PRIMORDIAL TRADITION**, and put yourself in attunement with its rhythm on all occasions. There you will distinguish **THE LIGHT** which ever shines, not only in our world but also in the entire universe. In that way you will better share in ‘aiding’ men to find again ‘the light which was lost’ long ago in Atlantis . . .

“The **GUIDING LINE** has been revealed to you. It is for you now, to utilise it to obtain a more exhaustive knowledge of this subject and many others. I have fulfilled my mission and I have shown you the road. Constantly hold the thought in your mind of the invisible empire of Atlantis — an empire not lost or situated on some immaterial plane — but **LIVING** and perpetuating itself on earth, **IN THE MIDST OF MEN** . . .

“You will remember that I promised to allow you to **SEE** and circumstances are favourable to it, but naturally not here . . .”

The circumstances? I repeat. I could not keep that question to myself. The Unknown Master accepted it with understanding and explained.

“You are not without knowledge that certain **EXPERIENCES, TO HAVE AN EFFECTIVE RESULT**, require a set of conditions without which the aim cannot be attained completely. Now, the experience I am going to give you requires on the one hand that you are ready for it and you are — particularly today — and on the other hand, that

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certain planetary influences come into being at a determined time — which is equally the case for you, for myself and for the place where we will meet again tonight at 11.00pm.”

“Where is this place Master?”

“It is at the Notre Dame!”

“But the cathedral is closed at such a late hour . . . ”

Scarcely had I uttered this observation when I felt myself blush with confusion. What a want of confidence in the Master! mentally, I ask him to forget my inexcusable doubt, and paying no attention to my interruption, he continues:

“I shall await you at the main entrance.”

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8

THE EXPERIENCE

Well before the time, I wander near the cathedral, passing rare passers-by who regard me with curiosity, some with suspicion but I do not pay any attention to them and my thoughts turn inwardly, on my existence where for a long time the 'Mystery' has had its place. How before every great step of my life, I review with astonishment the years gone by and their strange changes of fortune, my heart full of gratitude for the privileges from which I have benefited. I measure the quality of my being — that quality without which the third point — which makes me what I am — would not exist. How we ought to give thanks to the limits of our human nature! Without them, without their incessant presence which remind us that we are ALSO men, what would we become in our proud contemplation of ourselves and our divine heritage? The time passed before the distorting mirror of our self indulgence, we would entangle ourselves in paralysing glory and would neglect the sacred step towards more light, and if more is given to some, is it not that greater service is required of them. Required . . . not the right word since to serve is a reward, a delight, a joyous gift to the soul . . .

If more is given to some! My existence, preeminently, is devoted to the service of an immense cause and assuredly several precious attainments have been given to me because of it. In vivid introspection, I try to evaluate them at their true worth. What is the most important? For a long time, I hesitate, then my thoughts coming back to the experience which is to come to me and the 'receptivity' upon which it certainly depends, I fix my choice on one very definite 'attainment' of my present life inherited perhaps from those which preceded it:

I cannot, from all evidence, see the world as it appears to the majority — naturally I understand the world is supposed to be outside myself for so they try to teach me. On one hand, and there is no merit for it so far as my present incarnation is concerned, my comprehension of what surrounds me has always been different from that of others. More precisely, as far back as my memory goes, I have constantly perceived the 'outside' as all beings do, but to this so to speak 'common' perception something else is always added — a 'something' made of sensation or impression, at times of 'sight' and more rarely of 'hearing'. The best description seems to be that of a different 'state' and if today I am able to offer this explanation, it is because the expansion acquired in the Rosicrucian Order AMORC has progressively led me to consider — I should say to know — that this world of which I say I am conscious, is nothing, in the last analysis, but THE PROJECTION OF MY OWN CONSCIOUSNESS. In other words, I am the creator of my own universe; which is only the *objectivation* of myself and I thus contemplate SOLELY that which I have projected outside myself just as a painter expresses on a virgin canvas the world he carries within himself. Every initiate will understand what I am attempting to explain. He will understand

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BECAUSE HE LIVES IT. In reality, this state does not belong exclusively to the initiate. It is the state of ALL beings wherever they are and wherever they are found, with this sole difference, that very rare are those who are conscious of it. The others live and move in the ocean of a colossal illusion.

Thus, to go back to my personal experience, it is evident that very early, I was able to project outside myself, more than others can. That does not mean that I was conscious of it from the beginning. The idea would never have occurred to me that others were not able to . . . let us say 'perceive' the exterior world in a manner similar to me. At the time I noticed it, approaching adolescence, I was taking at the same time my first steps on the path of knowledge and thanks to ONE who was sent to me, I had the signal privilege of learning not to perceive less, but to benefit from an advantage which forced me to enlighten and enlarge my initiatic growth which I enjoyed in the beginning without in the least understanding why. I thus accustomed myself to worldly conditions and I believe I was not unsuccessful in this undertaking to the point where a psychologist, in his still rudimentary science, would have called simply a disassociation of personality since, curiously, I became more and more consciously the spectator of myself in watching the actions, reactions and associations of my objective self INCLUDING my thought, as if they were those of another and in drawing from this permanent analysis conclusions and knowledge which, in consequence, directly reacted on my behaviour, the course of which, it is true, the Rosicrucian teaching was progressively building up. It is certainly more difficult and even more troublesome than one would generally suppose to hide from others one's particular possibilities. But I had another privilege, that of being early guided towards initiatic knowledge. If this had not been the case, I shudder to think what would have happened to me, to the arrogance of which I might have become the prey, with all that it implies of error and desire for material power or, on the contrary, a dull and spiritless life with which I might have contented myself in the coil of constant introspection or of sterile and permanent examination of other people.

In any case, what certain people would perhaps hurriedly call a 'special faculty' enabled me to have at a very early age a particular conception of our universe. To say that this conception has been, from the first, what it is now, would be at least an exaggeration. A conception, to be of value, to become truth, must be rooted in experience and the knowledge which is drawn from it. Otherwise it is nothing but intellectual speculation. I do not know if my present conception will expand itself further to the rhythm of experiences which are still to come to me from life, that is to say, in the last analysis, from myself. However I doubt if it will be possible for me to go beyond my present knowledge since all, including the 'new', is integrated in such an astonishingly absolute and definite manner.

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To understand better, if not to approve, that which follows, these explanations have appeared necessary to me. The personal conception which I have just mentioned will, in fact, impregnate my story, particularly in the commentaries I shall make as events happen.

Leaving all tangible, actual, living facts, it is to the plane called astral that we are to be led. In the main, The Invisible Empire arises from the domain of initiation. True, everything in this world is initiation, from trifling affliction to intense interior joy, but, once again, **IT IS ALWAYS OURSELVES THAT WE INITIATE**, for we are the beginning and the end without knowing it, until the moment of the **FIAT** which reveals us to ourselves **IN OUR UNITY**, in our oneness, in a word in **THE ABSOLUTE WHICH WE ARE AND WHICH WE HAVE NEVER CEASED TO BE**.

The astral plane! Much has been written on this subject without the seeker, eager for knowledge, gaining from it anything but dissatisfaction. Without doubt, it is because the astral plane, is also, nowhere else but **IN US** — and the quest, in the last resort — is to infinity that of **'KNOW THYSELF'**.

I feel that it is above all to this 'faculty' that I owe the experience which is proposed for me at this hour of the night . . . The time! Abruptly, I return to objective consciousness and instinctively I consult my watch. In a few minutes it will be 11 pm! I hasten . . . **HE IS THERE**, near the cathedral and without a word, without a sign, he precedes me; **YES**, the cathedral is open. How could I have doubted that it would be **FOR HIM** . . .

A few paces from the high altar, he made me a sign to be seated and there we were, the Unknown Master and I, shadows in the dimness scarcely tinged with flickering glimmers, glimmers, in the heart of the immense sacred building; a disciple amongst disciples, seeking greater light; a disciple ready to receive; a disciple in the expectation that the magic power of the word and the thought of a Sage still in this world without being of this world, is prepared to harvest the riches of a sublime experience.

"Art thou ready?"

This authoritative "thee" and "thou" here assumed a particular solemnity to which my emotion is sensitive.

"I am ready, Master, May your will be done."

Suddenly, **IT IS NIGHT**, total, absolute, as if, by some malignant enchantment, I was brutally struck blind. It is night, and **IT IS ANGUISH**, a mortal torment of the soul, the body breaking with infinite fatigue and paralysing the thought in torturing

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forgetfulness. But that only lasted for a brief instant — the time of ‘a death’ — and in the appeasement of an inconceivable well being, my fascinated gaze now observes the astonishing spectacle of petrified human figures which gradually come to life and movement till all are living again. ATLANTIS! As I write this magic name I am filled with confusion but at the moment of the EXPERIENCE I am convinced of its truth and I accept quite naturally its meaning, ITS ACTUALITY (PRESENCE? EXISTENCE?) At regular intervals, a face springs up in the foreground, driving into the background the living tableau on which it is superimposed and the look fixed on me is impressed for ever in my memory . . . What I SEE, that in which I SHARE, is the living illustration of the message of the Master. The abstraction becomes alive, words become objects, without astonishing me because I UNDERSTAND. THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE OF THE ETERNAL ATLANTIS BECOMES BEFORE ME A BODY PERCEPTIBLE TO THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF MY SOUL and this body, I am part of it, I know it as if it were mine, as if no separation existed between it and me, as if joined in communion with it, ALL was gathered in a shining unity where I find myself again in a transport of consciousness. The final impression, after the image of attendant groups in scenery which I know to be real is that of an assembly of men facing me and who seem to be saying: “ATLANTIS LIVES! WE ARE ITS GUARDIANS.”

A fire springs up I know not from where and it is still night and my bewildered eyes open on the semi darkness where the Master awaits me, his face close to mine. I do not feel any fatigue but on the contrary a comforting calm, a peace rarely attainable. It is impossible for me to describe the experience in any other way. An experience of this kind is *submitted to*, it is not communicable by means of words. Only the STATE and the impression can be transmitted. The KNOWLEDGE acquired is received at the level of the consciousness to be perceived later, bit by bit and eventually transmitted to others. In this experience, which I have described exactly, I LIVED the message of the Unknown Master without receiving indications completing it or expalining it. As always, ritual must pass into the domain of reason to accomplish its end as the Rosicrucian wisdom underlines. It is the ‘initiator’, it ‘introduces’ knowledge, it is a beginning. My experience, like the greater part of the experiences of the same nature, has been the crowning, the final aspect of a particular teaching — of the ‘reason’ I have been raised for the ‘Purpose’, and in the last analysis, the instruction of the Rosicrucian Order AMORC, in its terminal phase, accomplishes for its properly prepared members, similar work to the highest degree there is.

I have fulfilled my pledge. Circumstances lent themselves to it and THOU HAST SEEN . . . The moment has arrived for us to part . . .

“Oh Master! I beg a benediction, and that this may be spread to all those who tread the Path with me!”

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I kneel for the last time before the Unknown Master, my hands in his, eyes closed, my heart beating with an ineffable joy, in silence, sharing in the power of an OM which echoes to infinity under the arches of the sacred temple, while the incense of a last communion entirely envelopes me and I receive for myself and for others, the miracle of a special benediction.

The Master has left me alone, and I now direct my steps, a voluntary prisoner of my thoughts and my memories, towards the world where duty awaits, where my brothers wait. It is to them that I will confide the message for I have only received it FOR THEM. Thus will be accomplished the will of the Masters, the will of the Unknown Master . . .

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9

CONCLUSIONS

Atlantis is a subject of the highest interest for anyone who, responding to the enlightened incentives of his inner self, has entered upon the path of knowledge. My hope is that after the perusal of the Invisible Empire, the attraction of the wisdom of the lost continent may be for all still more powerful than before. A study of this nature, conducted by an adept of the traditional wisdom, with for 'a convincing link' the message of the Unknown Master, will be profitable to him on points which he sometimes finds difficult to understand at first sight. He will know how to link together the researches made by classical science and to distinguish in specialised works that which brings justification to his own conclusions. Even with the passionate rationalist who rejects with uncertain arguments the very existence of Atlantis, he will often find another confirmation.

Lastly, he will turn with curiosity to complete his information, towards the so-called wrong tradition of the ancients, he will pursue his investigations into a domain where he will find exciting satisfaction.

In an account of a journey which he undertook with me in Africa — this account follows — Emmanuel David, mentions an adventure, in the most noble sense of the term, which I experienced recently in Africa, and which he experienced with me. An adventure in two phases giving exactly the elements which were needed for me definitely to write this manuscript and to publish it at the date originally announced. True, even without these two elements, I would have passed on what the Unknown Master had revealed to me and I needed no confirmation in order to do it. But I KNEW that experience of a double initiation in one of the African countries formerly guided by Atlantis would add SUBJECTIVELY to my story the 'living' certainty with regard to the perpetuation of a part of the Atlantean wisdom in *some* authentic secret societies of Africa. The initiation received in the manner described, I have, in fact, judged necessary to add it to the end of the 'Invisible Empire', without taking into account the work previously prepared. That is to say how necessary it was to await the two elements mentioned. Once again it was proved to me that patience in the domain of knowledge, is never demanded without profound reason.

The list of works I have written out for my readers are those which, in my opinion, it is necessary for them to read in order to possess, in regard to Atlantis, and the traditions which are connected with it, the solid and expansive bases of the edifice of valid conceptions which each has the right to build for himself. Meanwhile, the keys supplied by the Unknown Master remain essential in all research undertaken on Atlantean civilization and they will be largely sufficient for anyone who is not inclined to go deeper into this subject.

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A warning is necessary before we separate. The question of Masters is fundamental for the disciple of the true tradition and the Rosicrucian Order AMORC includes this carefully in its teaching. The highest degree of the organisation furnishes, in this regard, the surest and most elaborate details there are and if these statements have been reserved for the last grade of the Rosicrucian teaching, it is because the interest of each postulant on the path demands it. Prudence, in mystical evolution, is a law which one does not violate without grave, sometimes dangerous, consequences; and this law of prudence is applied in particular to the subject of Masters. The Rosicrucian student must be warned and this warning the Rosicrucian Order AMORC and its directors, at the risk of repeating themselves, never cease to lavish on those whom they have the charge of directing, in recommending to them PRUDENCE AND PATIENCE and in assuring them that the teaching from which they benefit includes ALL KNOWLEDGE that anyone can hope for from one of the biggest and most ancient fraternities of the world. The subjects, nevertheless, not being introduced until the moment when they can fulfill their objective of wisdom and at the same time be of practical help for the disciple.

That being remembered, it is with deep satisfaction that I shall continue to share with my readers the exceptional adventures which it is my privilege to encounter.

I admit I still hesitate about relating certain experiences although I am not unaware of the interest which they would present for many among you, but the greater part concern a different plane from ours. They relate to what is called the astral or psychic level and I constantly leave this subject until later for fear of involuntarily sowing confusion among those for whom I am responsible within the Rosicrucian Order AMORC. If I do decide one day to undertake a work of this nature, I shall in writing it surround myself with all possible guarantees, by renewing many times a warning already published so often. But before coming to the telling of some part perhaps of experiences so personal, some new revelations are being prepared, which it will be my mission to tell you in one way or another. If such is the case, ONE knows that I am available and always ready, to serve you, to respond to every appeal, if it pleases the Masters to direct them to the disciple which I am always, like each one of you.

TOSSA DE MAR (SPAIN) April 1969

PART II
AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE
by Emmanuel David

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1 JOURNEY . . . EVIDENCE

The immense privilege of accompanying the Grand Master Raymond Bernard, in his recent journey in Africa was given to me and having followed him step by step, it gives me joy and honour to report what he has done, what I saw, what I heard and what I understood.

Our Grand Master, in the first place, had to go to Cotonou, the economic capital and little seaside city of the Republic of Dahomey, where the national Rosicrucian convention was to be held, on 2-4 April and in the second place, on the return journey, to stop at Abidjan, on the Ivory Coast, to consecrate the new Temple there for the Raymond Lulle Lodge.

So, on Saturday 29 March we flew from Paris — Le Bourget — by the regular plane at 10.30 am.

If you look at the map of Africa, you will see that Abidjan is on the line of flight, well before Cotonou (1000km separates these two cities) so that for the outward journey we had a stop of three quarters of an hour at Abidjan. But as soon as we had put foot to ground we were surrounded by numerous Ivory Coast Rosicrucians who pressed forward with fervour to salute the Grand Master. This was the first contact with the warm African fraternity, and also, one may mention, with the local temperature, heavy and humid, so different from that of Paris which we had left in the morning at under 2 degrees.

Then, after hurried 'farewells' our plane resumed its flight towards Cotonou, circling round a wonderful storm to land one hour late.

COTONOU Immediately we landed, we were caught up again, surrounded, crowded, embraced by a multitude of enthusiastic Rosicrucians, whom the Grand Master knew, for the most part, having already met them five years previously. These numerous representatives of Cheops Lodge, of Cotonou, rapidly pulled out our baggage, and so far as we were concerned, accomplished all the formalities of disembarking, and led us towards the parking places where, in curious disorder, all the cars were waiting.

And, from this first evening, the festivities began. That word is not too strong. They were to be prolonged during our whole stay for all our meals became fraternal and generous banquets. Now, that evening, it was the Grand Councillor for Dahomey, Rogatien Dossou-Gbête, who began the long series of receptions by a marvellous dinner on the terrace of his house. The night was dark and warm and the atmosphere rapidly became

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euphoric, the variety of drinks and the quality of the often highly spiced dishes need not be enlarged upon.

Attentively observing, I immediately felt the love that all these pure Rosicrucians had for our venerable Grand Master. During the whole length of my stay, I noted, with profound joy, the touching sincerity of the heart-felt sentiments of our African Brothers and Sisters.

These happy moments of relaxation and expansion led us towards morning to the Southern Cross, our hotel, under the cocoa trees, near the ocean.

It was the next day, at 9 o'clock, that the work of the Grand Master began, tiring work, which lasted for ten days.

The committee in charge of organising the National Rosicrucian Convention had arranged things well. It had obtained full possession of the Palace of Congress for several days, vast buildings, built along the whole side of the magnificent Square of Independence, facing the Presidential Palace. A very fine example of architecture, besides, in a modern way, of local inspiration, with harmonious proportions, but unfinished due to lack of credit; the only true buildings of Cotonou, this seaside town, which could not properly be called a town but a hamlet, similar to what it was a hundred years ago. Cocoa trees, heavy with fruit, bordered the other side of the immense esplanade which opened out onto the infinity of the ocean.

So, this morning the 30 March, at 9 o'clock, there assembled, for the first working session of the Lodge, the various officers, the Past Masters, the members of committee, as well as representatives from other lodges and Chapters, a session which was prolonged until 1.30 pm.

But, something important, it was during the course of this session that the Grand Master spoke for the first time of customs still existing in Dahomey. He recommended the setting up of a committee charged with gathering together all possible documents to permit the study of the African esoteric traditions and the separation, in the same way that one separates good grain from tares, of the true holders of traditional knowledge from witchcraft.

These proposals, giving evidence of the great tolerance of our Order, made a great impression on those present who, in fact, were all, or almost all, profoundly attached to their customs, to their ancestral beliefs, to the secret societies, to the marvellous. These proposals were the beginning of a process which led our Grand Master towards new 'strange encounters'. By his wish, I was to witness it.

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After the session, one of those present sought out the speaker and confided to him his initiatic affiliation. He proposed to bring about a meeting with two great chiefs of a secret African society. This was accepted without hesitation. Then this resulted in a luncheon at the home of the delegate for foreign affairs for Dahomey, Henty Ahiha.

I have already said with what care we were surrounded and what fine attention we received. I am pleased to render homage to the unparalleled generosity of the African members who offered us with the same fervour, their affection and devotion. And that all the more so, in that many amongst them, without doubt, had restricted themselves to severe privations in order to offer us such receptions.

Towards 3 pm, on the same day, Sunday 30 March, a visit to the usual temple of the Cheops Lodge of Cotonou. A long mud wall, an old door, a sandy courtyard, where domestic animals were running about, where half naked children were playing, a road which led to a modest building (it is the temple) and on each side, seated in two ranks, in the shadow of the trees, all the members of the Lodge were waiting for us. What joy on their beaming faces, what a marvellous spiritual exchange immediately realised in the swift communion. Perfect harmony which became more intense all through our stay.

After a short meditation conducted by the Grand Master in the Temple, surrounded only by the officers of the Lodge, we rejoined all those who were waiting for us outside and seated ourselves in the midst of them.

After the address, we repaired in a body to visit the site where the future Temple would be built, a vast square, already cleared, bordering a great road and which soon would see the erection of the first foundations.

What confidence, what tenacity animates our Rosicrucians of Cotonou!

After that, it was the return to the Palace of Congress and then began the series of audiences which lasted during the whole stay in Africa, for several hours each day . . . I would underline here, to show the eagerness of our members to meet the Grand Master, if only for a moment, to tell him of some personal problem, to seek consolation from his presence, encouragement or counsel. I can say that during his stay the Grand Master gave audience thus to more than one hundred and fifty Rosicrucians.

Monday 31 March was the day at New Port, political capital of Dahomey. We arrived there after an hour's journey, about 11.30 am. At the entry to the town many members of the Pythagoras Chapter were waiting for us and there was immediately the same communion and the same harmony.

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After a short visit to the Secretary General of the Ministry of National Education, we went to lunch in a fine house in the suburbs and I mention it here because it was there that we first wore the boubou, this national costume, ample and light, so agreeable to wear in these countries of perpetual dogdays. It was only taken off when making official visits.

Towards 3 pm, without my being informed of it, which was better for my peace of mind, our car was driven towards the busy suburbs of the capital, swarming with people and small open air markets, the whole of the picturesqueness unchanged for centuries, to stop, on a little square where buildings of dried mud occupied the whole of one side. We were in the monastery of a secret African society. The initiate who had arranged everything, prepared everything in view of our visit, waited for us to introduce us into this very esoteric world. The Grand Master, quite at his ease, already happy with this new strange contact, looked closely at those beings outside, old folks, women and children, who were huddled under a portico, without one being able to say what they were doing there, or what they were waiting for in the midst of indefinable odours and in a silence which perhaps our intrusion had provoked.

The first astonishment passed, our guide who was also our interpreter, asks us to accompany him. In his wake, we passed under a long tunnel, passing shadowy figures of all ages, immobile and looking at us with a questioning gaze, to arrive at a court bespattered with sunshine, a kind of caravansery, where, between the buildings and walls of red earth, still crowded, standing, lying down, in the midst of plumed ornaments, variegated weapons, anomalous objects, men, women and children, old folks, curious and indifferent.

An outhouse stood open, where a bench was found, without doubt prepared for our visit and we seated ourselves, smiling. There again, in the shadows, inert forms were seen, lying on the beaten earth and who did not even bother themselves to look at us. Phantoms or dying people? Our waiting was not long, a curious personage advanced and in his right hand a small double bell, which he shook at irregular intervals and on different rhythms, without doubt a means of corresponding with others. He preceded two chieftains – Africans – whom I saw coming towards us.

Very black, white hair, features hollowed, engraved fiery eyes, naked bodies, this and dessicated, gnarled limbs, decked with beads and feathers, bust ornamented with thick collars, amulets or fetiches, bracelets on their arms, clothed round their haunches with tissues streaked with colours, they also had a little double bell in their right hand.

After a shrill dialogue of little bells, the two chiefs of the secret society sat themselves down, one on each side of the Grand Master who, with an authority which astonished me immediately took charge. In a few words, which the interpreter translated,

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he said to the two chiefs, that he came to them, not in curiosity, but as a seeker and that he desired to obtain example of their knowledge, in his office as a representative of a world-wide Order, giving out the true knowledge he would add to their own powers. After an exchange of answers, punctuated by the shaking of the little bells, the two chiefs, grave and impassive, decided to proceed to the initiation of their visitor who, with command, held them by the arms without letting go.

All three rose, to the intermittent sound of the bells and prepared to cross the court. It was at this moment that the Grand Master, turning back towards me, who had remained wisely seated on my bench, told me to accompany him. With justifiable trepidation I followed him.

We were conducted towards a little building, in the same red agglomerated earth where by a little narrow door, covered by a poor curtain, we entered by stooping down into a recess without windows, scarcely two metres long, about one metre fifty wide. The only piece of furniture was a bench against the wall, where the illustrious candidate sat down surrounded by the two chiefs. I remained standing, with the guardian priest and the interpreter. The curtain fell back. One was able to see however; how? I do not know. Atmosphere heavy, odours heavy, I was not reassured, I admit, but the shining and relaxed face of him who preceded me, gave me the necessary courage, and always this tormenting sound of the bells.

Then the initiation of the Grand Master proceeded. Mine also. On all that passed I must be silent, but know that it was frightening. They assured us that we were the only two white people to have received this signal favour to this day . . . !

When we had left the monastery and its mystery, while the car brought us to the Porto Novo Chapter, the Grand Master paid me a compliment which repaid me for my fears:

"I watched you" said he, "and I congratulate you on your behaviour, not a muscle on your face flinched."

At the Pythagoras Chapter, installed provisionally in administrative premises, the Grand Master, welcomed with uproarious fervour by the assembled members, gave audience until 7 pm. A Convocation followed, the first for us on African soil. The Grand Master who was officiating, conducted a mystical experiment on a high plane, attained without trouble, so high was the vibratory rate filling the temple.

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On Tuesday 1 April was the day for Abomey and we paid a visit to the Nefertiti Chapter. The long journey, nearly 140 km gave us the opportunity to admire the wild countryside dotted with cocoa trees, giant silk-cotton trees and red termites bursting through the greenery like castles in a fairy tale.

As on the previous day, we were awaited; the same effusion, the same transport of brotherhood, even the same complete harmony. All together we made the first visit to the temple, in truth, a good one to them, built on their own ground, but without a roof! We did not stay long. A visit to the Prefect, then to the delegate of the government. Then a return to the temple.

There, shaded from the sun, under a screen of palms in place of a roof, in an impressive quiet, the Grand Master consecrated the temple. The emotion was great, the ceremony moving, the rate of vibration high. Then as the magnificent ritual comes to an end, the Grand Master solemnly declares that from this day the Chapter becomes the Nefertiti Lodge.

Towards 3 pm. we found ourselves in an agreeable house some 6 km from the city, in the midst of vegetation so new to us, cocoa trees and giant trees throw out an encroaching greenery. A tunnel of interlaced palms was sheltering a table set for 60 for another fraternal banquet.

Then from 4 pm until 8 pm there were more audiences with the Grand Master. When at last they were finished, a car took us in the darkness to an unknown destination. For me at any rate . . . After a short journey the car stopped and we saw, in the glimmer of lamps, a long low construction, with high walls, a decayed doorway. It was not without a slight heart throb that I heard the Grand Master say to me with a teasing smile:

"We have the exceptional good fortune to be received this evening by the Grand Chief of a secret society of Dahomey. I think that there also we will be initiated."

Our interpreter knocked at the door. It was answered. It was opened a little way. A man, with bare torso, is framed in the opening. Something was said. "He goes to advise the Grand Chief" said the interpreter on the door being closed again. We waited a while. Again the door was opened, wide this time and we enter.

All is dark, a large courtyard. Buildings are outlined against a clear sky where the moon makes fleeting appearances among the clouds. We cross a court which seems immense, without any light and following the man with the naked torso. We creep into an obscure doorway, we turn to the right, to the left. Shadowy figures seem to insinuate

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themselves, whispering is heard. A little door in the wall is opened at last on a great empty space where, suddenly, a shed is perceived, this time vaguely lit between two low columns, and then we distinguish, seated on an armchair, the Great Chief of the secret society of Dahomey who was awaiting us.

Obediently, I have followed the Grand Master with a step as decided as his own, and without the least constraint I take my place in an armchair which was offered to me near the Great Chief. Rather strong, but not very tall, draped in cotton robes and with a turban, he had a kindly countenance. His age? I was not able to determine this. A dialogue then commenced, thanks to our interpreter. And there, not the least sound of bells.

In the silence which surrounded us, in the mystery of these dark buildings where indiscernible shadows continued to pass, in the moving glimmer of a hurricane lamp, under the hard and fixed look of the man with the nude torso, I listened as if in a dream to the slow song which was for me the discourse of the Great Chief and which our frater translated word for word.

I noted that before the dignity of the man who was speaking thus, the Grand Master, recognising the value of his wisdom, did not seek to dominate him, but on the contrary considered himself as a disciple who wishes to know more.

And now, on all which follows, I must again be silent. I will simply add that all fear had left me and it was in the greatest tranquillity of spirit that I accepted, like him who served as an example to me, the new initiation which was given to us, at 9 pm 1 April in the heart of Dahomey.

Then our meeting being ended, the Great Chief rose and asked us to follow him. He himself wished to show us the 'secret' temple which was only a few minutes walk away. In the night, lit from time to time by a wavering moon, we followed a stony path, passing before two giant baobab trees (the first I had seen) and, in the shadow of their foliage, there crouched a flat construction with a thatched roof above, rough cast in limestone and covered with symbols in a design of lively colours which a torch lamp illuminated suddenly. Our guide translated for us the explanations (which I scarcely understood) given by the Great Chief. Then bending almost double, we slid by means of an opening into the interior of the temple. A long passage without ceiling to the high timber work of the roof, surrounded a central structure with white walls also covered with symbolic frescoes which brought forth new explanations from the Great Chief who was deeply interested in his subject. The doors were open to the night. We were not asked to enter. A few moments later, we left our host, after lengthy congratulations.

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It was not far short of 10 o'clock when we arrived, still impressed with our visit, at the home of him who received us at Bohicon, a suburb, 9 Km from Abomey. Renewed audiences of the Grand Master deferred our dinner, so much so that it was past midnight before we resumed our road to Cotonou. One hundred and forty Km, as I have already said, almost two hours journey. But time does not exist.

The next day, 2 April, a Wednesday, the national Convention of Dahomey was opened. But rising extremely early, in spite of his late arrival from Abomey, our Grand Master kept a rendez-vous which had been made for him with the President of the Republic of Dahomey, Dr. Emile Derlin Zinsou. We were told he ought to stay only a few minutes, however, our very venerated Grand Master was received at 8.30 am and did not leave the palace until one hour later . . . Enough said.

For three days, 2-4 April the Convention unfolded its displays, its works, its ceremonies. The convocations, the forums for questions, the degree forums, the speeches, the conferences, all took place in the beautiful Congress Hall. The intermissions, the making of contacts, the exchange of ideas, took place in the great hall.

The mystical convocations took place in the festival hall, with long and slender columns, admirably transformed into a Rosicrucian temple. The ceremonies were marked with the most intense fervour, and I repeat, they rose to an exceptionally high degree of vibration. All the mystical experiences to which our Grand Master went, with a tremendous force of concentration, were successful on all planes.

In this vast temple, so charged with vibrations, our Grand Master installed in their offices all the officers of the Cheops Lodge of Cotonou, those of Pythagoras Chapter of Porto Novo, those of the Nefertiti Lodge of Abomey and named four Chevaliers of the Rose-Croix, the first in Dahomey.

Lastly, it was in this temple that a woman master officiated for the first time at Dahomey, Soror Odile da Piedade.

In the course of these three days, our Venerable Grand Master had, also, long hours of audiences which were often prolonged very late into the evening.

Then came the day of the closure, Saturday 5 April. One last mystical convocation took place at nine o'clock and was prolonged.

On coming out, Rosicrucian amateur photographers; all wished to have a souvenir photo of our Grand Master or to be photographed near him. This continued for more than an hour. A grand Banquet followed, excellent and very gay. It was agreed to meet again in five years time.

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At 4 pm, before more than four hundred people, our Grand Master gave a public lecture in the festival hall on the theme "The Rose-Croix in Modern Times". Very much applauded, he replied to the numerous questions put to him with the ease and clarity customary to him.

The National Rosicrucian Convention of Dahomey of April 1969 had ended. Its organisation had been perfect, its success complete. There only remained the sadness that it was over, but everyone felt more strongly than ever the hope that the Convention of 1974 would be even better and would be attended by considerably more members.

The work there was finished; a rendez-vous was made for the airport where the same evening we were to leave Cotonou for Abidjan. At the time fixed, more than forty Rosicrucians had managed to free themselves to attend our departure and to wish us a last good bye.

What emotion, at the last minute, when we exchanged fraternal embraces, and what secret tears! At 10.30 pm, the plane took off. A last look through the porthole to see the roofs of the airport and the innumerable hands of our African hosts which were waving like flags.

ABIDJAN: It was shortly before midnight when the plane landed. Great crowds of happy Rosicrucians. They swept us along to the coaches to take us to a cordial and fraternal reception. The return to the Ivory Hotel was late again.

However, the next day, Sunday, from 1 am we found all assembled at the new temple of the Raymond Lulle Lodge, a fine-looking temple, in its own grounds and recently built. Nevertheless, we were so numerous that the air cooling system was insufficient for such an assembly.

The ceremony began. Surrounded by all, the Grand Master proceeded to the solemn consecration of the temple observing a ritual of great beauty. Then, a mystical convocation of great fervour followed during which the new officers of the Lodge were installed.

At midday, we found ourselves again at the Grand Hotel, on the top floor where the view extends over a magnificent panorama going from the elegant quarter of Cocody to the new bridge which bestrides the lagoon with its six roads. Long tables were erected where more than 100 invited guests would take their places for a fraternal feast.

After a very lively meal, our Grand Master asked permission to reply to the many written questions which had been sent to him. He did this with authority and clarity for more than an hour.

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Then, after the inevitable photographs we returned to the Ivory Hotel where interviews were resumed until evening. During this time, I myself had many contacts with my brothers and sisters of the Ivory Coast; from the hall of the hotel, constructed on the high ground above the lagoon, one could see the city and its lights. Abidjan is a very beautiful city, Europeanised in its high class quarters, and seemed to be fully built. Everywhere timber yards, everywhere new estates sprang up from the ground, everywhere manifestations of a well conceived urbanisation, according to plans rigorously followed. To go round the lagoon for 2 or 3 Km to the Ivory Hotel by good roads is an excellent drive.

The next day, Easter Monday, a holiday, we took, in a group, some moments of relaxation and made another excursion of a very different kind.

First, we went by coach to Grand Bassam, some 40 Km from Abidjan. There, other members of AMORC awaited us in great numbers. The greater part were loaded with arms and luggage (I should say the accessories for a picnic and revivalling) in what they call down there a 'Launch', a heavy boat with a motor, broad and squat, and some (including the Grand Master and myself) in a smaller faster launch. We cast off and after crossing the lagoon, took the canal of Assinie. We disembarked one hour later.

When we were all reunited, we went into the bush, luckily lightly clothed, discovering without ceasing new aspects of the country, across a plantation of palms, to arrive at the ocean of enormous billows after 2 Km of walking! Need I tell you the bathe was delicious! As for the picnic, it was perfectly organised, with its couscous, its chops grilled on the embers, its fish and its cool drinks (even the ice travelled) so that a siesta under the palms became necessary, except for the Grand Master who, without respite gave interviews. We returned at 7 pm. One left with regret.

The 8th of April was a day of visits to the social administrators and ministers. The 9th, the same. In the morning we were received by the Minister of War, the Minister of Education and Sport, the Minister of Urbanisation, the President of the Economic and Social Council. We were even admitted, by exceptional favour, and thanks to the mediation of a member of AMORC, to visit the Presidential Palace, built by an architect from Paris.

In the afternoon, after an excellent reception at the home of his excellency the Ambassador of Gabon, we set off, in a group of some ten Rosicrucians, to pay a visit to the Prophet ATCHO.

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After leaving Abidjan around 4 pm we drove agreeably along a twisting road with small valleys, bordered by giant trees to Bingerville, a small town without great interest about 30 Km away and quickly passed through it to continue to the village of the Prophet, Bregbo, some 10 Km further on. A track rather than a road, brought us, in clouds of dust, to the first houses. We leisurely passed the cemetery, a veritable garden, without other ornament than flowers and we stopped a little later on a vast sandy esplanade surrounded by a few houses.

A surprise awaited us. Ranged in two ranks, in full sunshine, a score of 'Vestals' were watching for our arrival. All clothed in white heads covered with white rolled veils. They seemed to be in the charge of a High Priestess, high in figure and in function, who held in her hands a wooden clapper.

At her signal, and at the moment of our descent from the car of the Grand Master, they ran forward to meet him and surrounded him in a long file on each side and drew him along in their slow march. Each of the Vestals had a wicker basket filled with flowers and scented leaves. At the sound of the wooden clapper of the High Priestess, they covered us with them in a harmonious and wide gesture repeated three times. They accompanied us thus for some 100 metres, as far as the Prophet who, before his temple, also awaited us. Very big, very black, whitening hair, heavy and massive, but the face bearing the imprint of great goodness, he received us very cordially.

The first contact with our Venerable Grand Master was warm. He essayed immediately to gain the confidence of the Prophet in some words translated by the interpreter, in the little hall where we were introduced. Almost immediately, we came out again to take our place under a kind of large tunnel covered with palms and branches, where ranged in a square, in several rows, a large number of the faithful were already seated on benches.

One bench was empty, where the Prophet seated himself and placed the Grand Master on his right. I sat down on his left. In the middle of the empty square, there was a table, long and narrow, around which, at irregular intervals, walked the Vestals, always led by the High Priestess with her wooden clapper.

In front of us, very near, the limpid lagoon clear under the sun, there were several canoes dug out from the trunks of trees and cocoa trees.

From time to time, a voice of a man, or the voice of a woman shouted guttural words in a piercing note, repeated to the percussion rhythm of Calabashes filled with stones. All took it up in chorus. A silence followed and the Vestals then resumed their walk round

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the table, at the same time covering us with flowers and leaves, and bowing very low to us. A renewed silence. Our Grand Master rose. He spoke with passion and assured the Prophet of his respect, and his confidence in his knowledge and in his mission. Then he resumed his seat . . . A new voice arose in the ranks of the faithful, a new chorus, same rhythms, a renewed silence, a walk by the Vestals. The Prophet made a sign that he was going to speak. He replied to our Grand Master by assuring him in his turn of his great respect for his high office, he acknowledged what he owed to the white people and the lessons he had learned from their knowledge. He spoke for quite a while, with assurance and goodwill, ceaselessly paying homage to our Grand Master.

After one last walk round by the Vestals, one of them sprinkled us with a penetrating perfume, the Prophet rose and the interpreter told us to follow him into the temple. We then entered with him into a small square room, where surrounded by handrails, was a table, covered with a cloth down to the ground, the Altar of the Prophet. In front of it there was a simple statue of St. Michael slaying the dragon and a framed reproduction of the Descent from the Cross, by Rubens. Behind the handrails, we waited. Then the Prophet said to the Grand Master that he was going to pray for him. In his prayer, said with fervour, we only understood the name Raymond Bernard.

We came out of the temple a little later, followed by all the Vestals, accompanied by the Prophet. A warm embrace put an end to this wonderful interview.

We set out at last for Abidjan, enriched with new knowledge, but also still quite filled with the spell of this moving reception. The night fell on Abidjan. This was our last night in Africa:

The next day, at the airport, the same ceremony as at Cotonou was repeated. There was once again a crowd of Rosicrucians who did not wish to leave us until the very last minute. It was after 10 pm. The sadness of goodbyes, the Anguish of parting, the last and numerous embraces. The embarking, the plane started to move, accelerated quickly, it took the air, but always, there below, hands waving, those whom we had just left.

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2 CONCLUSIONS

It is said that journeys are an education for the young, Let us say rather that journeys educate the old, for when age has assuaged our passions, we see with other eyes, we understand better or differently. Thus without ceasing, down there below, notably during the interviews of the Grand Master, I watched, I listened to Africans (members of our Order), I spoke with everybody, on most diverse topics, and here is what struck me most.

In the first place, the quality of their mysticism . . . it is pure, profound and often of moving sincerity.

In the second place, I admired their knowledge, whether in the course of discussion in a forum, whether in the subtle questions which they ask, or in the course of our conversations; I have concluded from it that they dedicate themselves assiduously to their Rosicrucian studies, that they penetrate to the depths of their monographs and that they put it into practice.

In the third place, I have been touched, almost to the point of tears, with their affection and their devotion. I can never say enough of their spontaneity, the gracefulness of their welcome, the generosity of their receptions. Certainly, without a doubt, the better to entertain us, they must have suffered severe privations, for life down there is difficult for many, above all in Dahomey, where the salaries are extremely low. As the Grand Master said, their country seems to be just as underdeveloped as their mysticism is overdeveloped.

In the fourth place, their ideal Rosicrucianism. Yes, in spite of material difficulties which they must surmount without ceasing, our African brothers and sisters carry their ideal very high and consecrate all their efforts to its extension. They likewise have ambitious projects which they bring to a successful conclusion thanks to the unshakeable faith which animates them.

Thus, the Lodge of Cheops of Cotonou already has its own ground, the Nefertiti Lodge of Abomey has its temple, on its own ground, a temple which requires nothing more than a roof. Not for long. As for the Raymond Lulle Lodge of Abidjan, one looks further ahead still. Not content that it is already established, it is about to start on great undertakings. In fact, it hopes, to obtain from the government a concession of some 10.000 square metres, and there construct a bigger, vaster and more beautiful temple. Our Grand Master has even suggested to them that he would give to this new building, if it is built and it will be built, the name of "The African Domain of the Rose-Croix".

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Finally, knowing the confidence we all have in our Grand Master and the veneration with which we surround him, having now followed him step by step in his journey, I wish to write this:

For ten days, our Grand Master carried out his multiple duties from early morning to late at night, **without a single moment of rest**. Not once has he been able to return to his hotel to rest or to change his clothing, though from morning till night (when we were not wearing the boubou) our damp clothing clung to our bodies. Without respite, even at meal times, he has given interviews, spoken, replied to the numberless questions put to him, officiated for hours in an emotional atmosphere, **conducted mystical experiments at a very high vibratory rate**.

Approached by some, pressed by others, always affable, gay, prompt at repartee, anticipating the answers to a question, he has never shown the least weariness . . . and yet!

I admired his power, his self mastery, **the command he had over all**, his noble curiosity when I, at his command, was made to follow him (and I admit it, trembling a little) to meet mysterious and fantastic beings, whether at the homes of the Great Chiefs of the African Secret Societies, or the Prophet ATCHO.

How much better I now understand his 'Strange Encounters' and their messages.

To close, think of the miracle which the Rosicrucian Order AMORC makes possible; to disembark in an unknown country 9000 km away from its headquarters, and see, from the moment of arrival, arms held out, shining faces, hearts offering themselves. This perfect communion, this immediate harmony, this is the true fraternity, the fraternity of the Ancient, Mystical Order of the Rosy Cross.

FRANCIS BACON LODGE PUBLICATIONS

The Francis Bacon Lodge (London) of the Rosicrucian Order (AMORC) contributes toward authoritative Rosicrucian literature by publishing certain, generally unavailable works of internationally acknowledged, modern Rosicrucian leaders. The publications listed below are not for casual reading but for serious study and, like the books sold by the Supreme Grand Lodge of AMORC, are offered to members as additional material to their regular, official studies.

The publishers recommend that the works of each author be read in sequence, as listed.

Raymond Bernard

Supreme Legate for Europe and previously Grand Master for all Francophone Countries and author of "Messages From The Celestial Sanctum". By means of the following allegories he transmits special information for the purpose of showing the importance of the Rosicrucian Order and also for correcting certain misconceptions.

STRANGE ENCOUNTERS: with those who are responsible for guiding and ensuring the harmonious development of human society throughout history and into the future, in accordance with established cycles of 'evolutionary' development.

SECRET HOUSES OF THE ROSE-CROIX: elaborates upon the function of the inner, invisible College of the Fraternity of Rose-Croix Adepts and their especial state of consciousness. It also reveals their connection with the AMORC and their concern for each sincere Rosicrucian student.

A SECRET MEETING IN ROME: which divulges the modern mission of the Order of the Temple and its connection with Atlantis, Pharaoh Akhnaton and the Rose-Croix as well as the esoteric relationship between Christianity and Islam and the quest for the Holy Grail.

THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE: relates that the mission of the Atlantean Sages has continued throughout history and is approaching its climax. This volume includes the first publically known account of the legendary Atlantis as described by Plato, reviews the evidence of Ignatius Donnelly and gives an account of visits to authentic West African initiatic societies.

Harvey Spencer Lewis

Late Imperator of the AMORC for North and South America, one of the directing triumvirate of Imperators of the federation of ancient, esoteric societies, the FUDOSI and prolific author of numerous monographs, articles and books.

THE DIVINITY OF MAN: a compilation of nine articles from "The Rosicrucian Digest" based upon the dictum, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God" and first published to commemorate fifty years of activity of the Order in the jurisdiction inaugurated by Dr. Lewis.

