

# MANIFESTO

## The New Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz 1616 - 2016

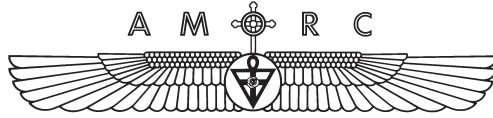


*Cosmica lex successit!*

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Antiquus Mysticusque Ordo Rosae Crucis

## **MANIFESTO**

**1616 - 2016**  
**The New Chymical Wedding**  
**of Christian Rosenkreutz**

First Edition: January 2016

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# MANIFESTO

As the author of this Manifesto, I would like to introduce myself, before you set about reading it. In the past, I was known by the name of Christian Rosenkreutz, mythical founder of the Order of the Rosy Cross, a secret society whose origin is dated by historians of esotericism to the beginning of the seventeenth century, but whose Tradition is a lot older than this, going back to the Mystery Schools of Ancient Egypt.

In the *Fama Fraternitatis*, published in 1614, it is explained in detail how and why, after having searched the world over for the most learned people of the time, I finally came to set up the Order of the Rosy Cross. Originally composed of a few members familiar with Hermeticism, Alchemy, and the Kabbalah, the Order went on to expand and has carried on right through to today. As its founder, I have continued to watch over its destiny, at times from the spiritual plane and at times while incarnated here below.

A second Manifesto was published the following year, in 1615: this was the *Confessio Fraternitatis*. Without going into detail, this is an extension of the *Fama* and complements it, by clarifying the rules and functioning of the Rosicrucian Fraternity as I had set them out. Things are also revealed in connection with the *Liber Mundi* (The Book of the World), the true purpose of alchemy, and the Knowledge possessed by the Rosicrucians for the successful spiritual regeneration of Humanity.

A third Manifesto, published in 1616, was then added to the two preceding ones: in a different style altogether, it gives an account of a dream I had at the time that I was establishing the Order of the Rosy Cross. During this dream, I saw myself on an initiatory journey lasting seven days, at the end of which I was invited to the marriage of a King and Queen, held in a mysterious castle. This allegorical dream, which is interspersed with alchemical references, has been the subject

of many interpretations, some of which are eloquent and inspiring, while others are far-fetched and even absurd.

In my current life, I was born on December 13, 1982 in Paris, the City of Light, where in 1623 the Rosicrucians made themselves known by putting posters up everywhere in the streets. I would like to remind you of what these posters said:

We, the Deputies of the Higher College of the Rose-Croix, do make our stay, visibly and invisibly, in this city, by the Grace of the Most High, to Whom turn the hearts of the Just. We demonstrate and instruct, without books and distinctions, the ability to speak all manners of tongues of the countries where we choose to be, in order to draw our fellow creatures from error of death.

He who takes it upon himself to see us merely out of curiosity will never make contact with us. But if his inclination seriously impels him to register in our fellowship, we, who are judges of intentions, will cause him to see the truth of our promises; to the extent that we shall not make known the place of our meeting in this city, since the thoughts attached to the real desire of the seeker will lead us to him and him to us.

As I wish to remain anonymous, I am not going to tell you either where I live or what I do, or anything that could lead you to me. In accordance with the rules that my brothers and I set for ourselves long ago, I must remain “invisible.” Perhaps we will meet one day, but if we do, it will be me who approaches you. However, I would like you to know that my love for the Rose-Cross remains unconditional, and that it is – and will remain – my spiritual path, until my ultimate and final reintegration into the Universal Soul.

You can be assured that I would never have taken the time or trouble to write these pages, had I not felt the pressing need to do so, following a dream I had on the night of March 20, 2015, the first day of Spring, the content and the nature of which impelled me to write an account of it. You be the judge: having gone to bed, after first taking the time to meditate on the day I had just spent which, it seemed to me, had been a constructive one, I fell asleep. When my sleep was at its deepest point, I suddenly saw myself in a glass egg about three meters tall and a few centimeters thick. Extraordinarily beautiful, the egg was completely translucent, and perfectly symmetrical and even. I was standing at the center of it, as if in levitation, and felt exceptionally well.

Once my astonishment had worn off, I observed the egg closely, and at that point saw – engraved in the glass high up and spaced evenly around its outside – the symbols of salt, mercury, and sulphur:  $\ominus$   $\text{♁}$   $\text{♁}$ . They were arranged in such a way that they could be connected up into an imaginary triangle.

Halfway up the egg, I recognized the symbols of earth, air, water, and fire:  $\text{♁}$   $\text{♁}$   $\text{♁}$   $\text{♁}$ . They were placed around its circumference so as to form an invisible square.

On the lower part of the egg, again evenly arranged around its outside, I could see the Hebrew letters aleph, mem, and shin:  $\text{א}$   $\text{מ}$   $\text{ש}$ . They could also be connected up into an imaginary triangle.

I also noticed that on the curve at the top of the egg, like a crown, there was a representation of the Sun, and that on the curve at the bottom there was a representation of the Moon.

Going from the top of the egg to the bottom, I could read on my left *Ad Rosam per Crucem*, and on my right, going from the bottom to the top, *Ad Crucem per Rosam*. This made up an esoteric formula that is familiar to all Rosicrucians, but about which I shall here remain silent...



First stage

*Lunae auspiciis...*



All of a sudden, the egg started to slowly rise vertically upwards, before gently coming to a stop. I could not say how long this ascent lasted, but I felt myself taken off into another dimension. This feeling was confirmed when, looking at the space around me, I could observe Earth. On seeing this amazingly beautiful sight, I could better understand why it is called the *blue planet* and why astronauts are so overwhelmed when they see Earth from their craft or from space stations, to the point of no longer doubting the existence of God. While I was immersed in my contemplation, a gentle voice coming from space made itself heard to me:

See the Great Work of the Moon: the human race that you are part of has reconnected with Nature, and is living in perfect harmony with it. Human beings have at last understood that the planet on which they have the privilege of living is their mother, and that the animals, for which they have the deepest love and respect, are their brothers and sisters; better yet, they know that all of the beings inhabiting Earth are vehicles for the Universal Soul, and that everyone – in their own way and at their own level – is taking part in Cosmic Evolution.

Attempting to see where this voice was coming from, I perceived – looking in my direction, not far from me – a silvery-hued ethereal figure. Both intrigued and transfixed by this vision, I was reflecting on what I should make of it in connection with the idyllic picture I saw before me, when the egg – in which I still found myself as if in levitation – rose upwards again.

*...Cosmica lex successit!*



Second stage

*Martis auspiciis...*



Once again – after how long, I could not say – the egg came to a stop. What I then saw before me was equally as transfixing and inspiring, but I had an even more extensive view of Earth. While I was gazing contentedly at it, another ethereal figure appeared, of an exceptionally radiant red. Looking at me with gentleness yet also with intensity, it said:

See the Great Work of Mars: the economy throughout the world is thriving, and is contributing to the well-being of all people, so that society is peaceful and harmonious; based on one currency, it is also fostering trade between countries, and leading to their coming together; there is no more shortage or poverty, for all people have what they need in order to be happy and to live in proper conditions on the material plane.

While I was looking at Earth and listening to the spiritual entity speaking to me, I noticed that the egg's glass had become slightly reddish in color, without actually affecting the colors of what I could see through it. I also observed that its original thickness had lessened somewhat, but this did not cause me any concern. I felt really well, and was experiencing a great sense of lightness.

*...Cosmica lex successit!*

### Third stage

#### *Mercurii auspiciis...*



When the egg came to a stop for the third time, the view that presented itself to me from this “cosmic floor” – in addition to the beauty of it, which was still every bit as sublime – gave me the feeling of a somewhat frenzied world, but one that was nonetheless peaceful. I had the impression of an organized disorder, so to speak. Another ethereal figure, glinting an orange color, then appeared to me and revealed the following:

See the Great Work of Mercury: the men and women inhabiting Earth are behaving as world citizens, with everything positive that comes from this in terms of their relations: cooperation, sharing, unity, community... There is a World Government, which does not in any way replace national governments, but safeguards their sovereignty and promotes discussion between them. Globalization, long criticized and feared, is now bringing about union, mutual understanding, and social development for all people.

At this point in my dream, I felt sure that this peculiar ascent was going to continue and further delight my soul with sublime visions, but I did not know where it would take me. I therefore approached the next stage with curiosity and trust, taking my eyes off Earth without actually knowing whether it was real or not.

*...Cosmica lex successit!*

## Fourth stage

### *Jovis auspiciis...*

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Before starting to rise upwards again, the egg – whose appearance was becoming more reddish-colored at the same time as its wall was continuing to become thinner – tipped over, so that its upper part became the lower part, and vice versa. Curiously – and by what miraculous means, I do not know – this did not affect my body in any way. I remained in the same position, standing upright in levitation.

I had the impression that this stage of my ascent lasted a lot less time than the previous ones, as if I had been teleported, rather than transported. All the same, my view had become broader, and Earth appeared to me with considerably more perspective and from a lot further away. Words cannot describe what my soul then perceived. As before, an ethereal figure appeared to me. The bluish-colored gleams it was emanating almost merged into the astral blue everywhere around me. This is what it said to me:

See the Great Work of Jupiter: all countries and the world as a whole are being governed with wisdom, so that human relations are based on mutual trust and respect. The time when politics was partisan and narrow-minded has long gone: as you can see, it has become inseparable from philosophy, and its only purpose is to respond to the perfectly legitimate needs and wishes of all people, without discrimination.

*...Cosmica lex successit!*

## Fifth stage

### *Veneris auspiciis...*



The previous feeling of being teleported was repeated on the way to the next stop. The egg was continuing to get thinner, so that I had the impression the glass was turning into crystal. Its reddish color was continuing to become more and more pronounced, but not only was it not affecting what I could see outside in any way, it was in fact making it clearer.

Suddenly there came back to my mind the moment when, on the fifth day of the “Chymical Wedding,” I had the honor and privilege of looking upon Venus, deep asleep in a large four-poster bed. When I caught sight of the ethereal figure that had come to meet me, I understood why this vision had come to me: from where I was, its emerald-green radiations made me think of the Northern and Southern Lights, the Aurorae at Earth’s Poles, which give such a particular glow to them. Looking at me, the figure said:

See the Great Work of Venus: Peace is reigning at last on this planet, which gave birth to you such a long time ago. The use of weapons is banned, including by countries. The very idea of war is sickening to people, both those governing and those being governed. Fellowship between individuals and populations is no longer a utopian ideal: it is one that each person is cultivating in themselves, and is expressing in their daily life. Humanity is at last living in rhythm with Universal Love.

*...Cosmica lex successit!*

Sixth stage

*Saturni auspiciis...*



I would have liked to stay on this level of contemplation for longer, but the egg started to rise up once again. There was a sort of will or intention emanating from it, which I sensed without actually understanding it. The thickness of the glass had reduced so much that I had the impression it would be possible to put my finger through it, which I did not dare to do, in case I cracked it. In fact I was trying to guess at what, this time, would be bringing delight to my heart, my mind, and my soul.

When the egg came to a stop, there was the same sense of awe in the presence of so much beauty and purity. The more I gazed upon Earth, the more I had the feeling of being as one with it and with Humanity itself. Once again, an ethereal figure came to meet me. The violet tones emanating from it made it all the more airy and insubstantial. It then said to me:

See the Great Work of Saturn: Science is acting in the genuine interest of Humanity and with an absolute respect for Nature. It is concerned solely with contributing to the welfare of all human beings, improving their living conditions, and increasing their understanding, or to be more precise, their knowledge. In other words, Science has become profoundly humanistic, and is genuinely directed towards the happiness of all.

*...Cosmica lex successit!*

## Seventh stage

### *Solis auspiciis...*



Through previous experience, I knew that a mystical dream – which was definitely what I was having – generally unfolds according to a sort of schematic pattern based on the coinciding of events, the science of numbers, and the law of correspondences. Therefore reason, more than intuition, made me think that the celestial ascent I was experiencing with such interest and joy would be completed by a seventh and final stage. And so when the egg started to rise up again, I felt sad at the thought that, afterwards, I would only be able to go back down again into the world I had left behind me. This feeling of sadness stayed with me until what I thought was the last point of stopping.

The egg in which I still found myself did indeed come to a gentle stop. The glass had become so thin that I could only make it out thanks to its coloring, now a vivid red. I still could not figure out how this coloring, which I had seen gradually deepening during my celestial ascent, allowed what I was looking at outside to pass through without it getting at all distorted. From this height, it was impossible to make out Earth, so radiant was the aura surrounding it.

Then an ethereal golden-glinting figure came to me and said, with the same distinctive gentleness:

See the Great Work of the Sun: religiosity has given way forever to a spirituality that is founded not on belief, but on knowing. The vast majority of human beings accept the

existence of the soul as an obvious fact, and know that they are living on Earth for the purpose of developing this soul, in contact with others. Rather than worshipping God the Father, Jehovah, Allah, Brahma, or any other God, they are endeavoring to understand and abide by the divine laws, in the sense of the natural, universal, and spiritual laws. Humanity is well on the way to its Regeneration, and even to its Reintegration.

*...Cosmica lex successit!*

The words “regeneration” and “reintegration” were still echoing within me when I saw coming, from the six directions in space, the six spiritual entities that had appeared to me at each stage of my celestial ascent. They placed themselves in a circle around the one who had just spoken to me, and then intoned the sound OM nine times in succession, on a note unfamiliar to me. On the ninth intonation, before my spellbound eyes, the seven entities merged together and gave rise to a white star, which flew off at great speed towards Earth and blended into the light emanating from it.

A few moments later, I saw rising up out of this light a winged shape of enormous size. As it got nearer, there was no longer any doubt: it was a Phoenix, the mythical bird so beloved by the alchemists. On seeing it coming towards me, I thought momentarily of an engraving I had looked at again a few days previously in the book *Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians*, which was printed for the first time in the eighteenth century and has always provided material for Rosicrucians to meditate on: in it can be seen two double-headed Phoenixes, one holding the Sun between its two beaks, the other holding the Moon.

## Beyond the Seventh Heaven

### *Phoenicis auspicis...*

Remembering this ancient engraving, I continued gazing at the Phoenix. It was majestic, with magnificent plumage exactly the same color as the egg in which I remained in levitation. While I was observing this, I became aware that the egg had completely dematerialized, or rather that it had turned into spirit, and that I was left on my own. The result was immediate: I fell into the void at an increasingly breath-taking speed. Clearly, I was going to hit the ground and perish...

Over the course of a few seconds, I re-experienced the most significant moments of this life that was coming to an end, especially those connected to my Rosicrucian progression, and also those I had experienced in contact with those dear to me who had brought me so much joy. I experienced neither fear nor regret, however. I knew that death does not mark the permanent end of our existence, but is just a transition of the soul to the spiritual plane. It was true that I had the feeling of still having tasks to carry out in this world, but this would be for later on; I will be reincarnating.

As I was about to hit the ground, I felt myself being caught. Looking up, I realized that the Phoenix had just taken me gently between its claws and, in so doing, saved my life. Better yet, it continued to fly off, and took me far beyond the Seventh Heaven. From this celestial elevation, I could see not only Earth, still enveloped in the radiant light of its aura, but also the other planets of our solar system, from Mercury the smallest to Jupiter the most massive. But the manner in which I was perceiving them was not in any sense an astronomical one; instead, I was aware of the hidden energy coming from them, and better understood the meaning and the significance of all that I had seen before.



The Phoenix then headed towards the Sun, leaving behind it Earth which, with astonishing rapidity, became nothing more than a luminous point in the vastness of space. Although we were getting closer and closer to the Sun, I could look at it without being blinded. Likewise, I was not in any way troubled by the heat of its rays. Rather, I had the impression of turning into spirit, to the point of no longer being aware of my body, and of feeling I was pure soul. Never had I experienced such a sensation of freedom, purity, and peace.

With the Phoenix and myself about to dissolve into the Sun, I got myself ready, so that I would experience this merging with as much clear-headedness and intensity as possible on the inner plane. At this point, I heard extraordinarily beautiful music, in comparison to which our most wonderful symphonies are like the work of infants. It was unquestionably the “Music of the Spheres” so beloved by Pythagoras, wisest of all sages. There then came into my mind this music poem known to Initiates:

*Ut queant laxis  
Resonare fibris  
Mira gestorum  
Famuli tuorum  
Solve polluti  
Labbii reatum  
Sancte Ioannes.*

Soothed by this cosmic chant, I trustingly allowed myself to be absorbed into the Sun, having first looked the Phoenix in the eyes for a final time and thanked it, not so much for having saved my life as for what I was experiencing while with it. At this exact moment, I had the profound feeling of being as one with it – or more precisely, of marrying my soul with its soul, and thus undergoing the “Chymical Wedding” aspired to by every Rosicrucian. And then

came Illumination: going back in consciousness to the beginning of Creation, I witnessed the Big Bang, the astounding cosmic explosion from which the Universe sprang forth, and which then continued extending to the furthest reaches of the Infinite.

I saw too how God – the absolute, eternal Intelligence, Consciousness, Energy – breathed into the forming Universe a pure and perfect Soul, and how this Universal Soul came to give life to all the creatures that, for eons of time, have been inhabiting the Universe. What I sensed as an obvious fact was then confirmed to me: there are an infinite number of worlds in Creation, and ours is one among many others; some of them are more evolved, and others less evolved.

Then, like a speeded-up film, I saw the major stages in the formation of Earth taking place, from the igneous state it was in at the beginning, to the forming of the continents that we know today. I also witnessed the appearance of life – from the first creatures that developed in the seas and oceans, via the much-talked-about reign of the dinosaurs, to humankind itself. Human beings definitely do not form a separate realm: they are the culmination of an evolutionary process going back to the first creatures that inhabited our planet.

Humanity's overall history, taking in all countries and periods of time, then passed across the screen of my consciousness. In a few moments, I saw many prominent events; strangely, all of them were positive and constructive, which made me think again of the wonderful visions that had been presented to me earlier on. This journey through time made me especially happy, and only served to renew the confidence that I have always had in Humankind, knowing as I do that we are of divine origin and that the soul that gives us life is inherently benevolent.

I thought the journey was coming to an end, when I saw myself at the period when I made myself known for the first time by the name of Christian Rosenkreutz. It was very emotional for me re-living the initiatory journey that led me to found the Order of the Rosy Cross, along with the time spent in assembling the knowledge that my brothers and I wanted to pass down to posterity; this included particularly the time when we copied out the *Liber Mundi*, having put commentary of our own into it.

The idea of seeing “from the outside” how my death – or more precisely, the transition of my soul – had taken place, together with the grave where my body was at rest, was already one that I was relishing when a vehicle alarm snapped me out of my sleep. It was still dark but, rather than going back to sleep, I got up so that I could write down as accurately as possible what I had dreamed about. Once I had done this, I meditated until daybreak on the meaning of all that I had seen, heard, and felt during the course of this strange voyage outside of time and space, not forgetting to thank the God of my Heart for having inspired it within me.



The reason I wanted to share this dream with you is that I thought it might be thought-provoking for people in a helpful way. I am well aware that, as this year 2016 begins, the world is a long way away from the idyllic visions I had during what I have described as a “celestial ascent”: its situation is, in many spheres, rather worrying. Do these visions therefore have merit as premonitions, or are they just the fantastical projections of the future I passionately hope will belong to the whole of Humanity? It is up to you to decide...

Who has never dreamt of a world which, if not perfect, is at least a better place for all, regardless of which country people live in? If we truly want it to, this dream can become a reality. Of course, this entails our acting appropriately, both individually and collectively. Four centuries after the publication of the *Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz*, this *New Wedding* is therefore a message of hope, as well as an invitation to imagine, today, what the Humanity of tomorrow can – and must – become. It is this that spurred me into recounting my dream to you.

As you probably know, the alchemists of the past were working mainly on the transmutation of base metals into gold by means of the Philosophers’ Stone, an ultrafine Substance that they obtained through an operative process comprising seven major stages. However, some of them, including myself, devoted themselves not to material alchemy, but to spiritual alchemy. What mattered to them was not the obtaining of gold: it was the acquiring of wisdom. This remains the goal of the Rosicrucians who live among you, for I know just how much they want to contribute to improving the world.

In the *Positio Fraternitatis Rosae Crucis*, published in 2001 by the Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis, can be read the following about alchemy:

As you surely know, the Rosicrucians of the past practiced material alchemy, which consisted of transmuting base metals – such as tin and lead – into gold. What we often ignore is that they also devoted themselves to spiritual alchemy. Contemporary Rosicrucians give priority to this form of alchemy, for the world needs it more than ever. This spiritual alchemy consists, for all human beings, of transmuting each one of their flaws into its opposite quality, so as to acquire precisely the virtues to which we have referred earlier. In fact, we believe that such virtues constitute human dignity, for we are worthy of our status only when expressing virtue in our thoughts, words, and deeds. Undoubtedly, if all individuals – whatever their religious beliefs, political ideas, or other thoughts may be – made the effort to acquire these virtues, it would be a better world.

In 2014, AMORC published a second Manifesto entitled the *Appellatio Fraternitatis Rosae Crucis*. Complementing the *Positio* in the same way that the *Confessio* complemented the *Fama*, the *Appellatio* is not unrelated to the dream I have recounted to you in these few pages. Indeed I would go so far as to say that this second Manifesto contains the keys to it, and indicates the way for this dream, this Utopia, to become reality. Having read the *Appellatio* and deliberated on it, I would urge you to do the same, and bring out the full meaning of this *New Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz*. So that you can see for yourself, I would like to give you a short extract from the *Appellatio*:

Anthropologists believe that modern humans appeared around two hundred thousand years ago. Compared to a single human lifetime, this may seem a long time. But in terms of its cycles of evolution, humankind is only in its adolescence and is showing all the characteristics of this in so far as it is searching for its identity and destiny, is carefree and even reckless, considering itself to be immortal, indulging to

excess, defying reason and disregarding common sense. This evolutionary stage, with its share of difficulties, trials, and failures, but equally its satisfactions, successes, and hopes, is a necessary transition that should allow humankind to grow up, mature, flourish, and finally reach fulfillment: that is, fulfill itself on both the material and the spiritual planes. But in order for this to occur it must become adult.

With these thoughts, I will now let you get back to your business, and carry on with mine. As I said to you at the beginning, I continue to watch over the destiny of the Rosicrucian Order. Perhaps some day we will be meeting one another. In any event, may I convey to you my most fraternal thoughts and send you my best wishes for Peace Profound, with the hope of a future that is as good as it possibly can be for the whole of the world...

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